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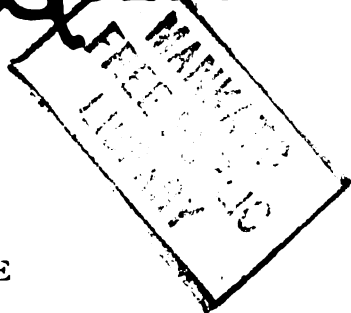
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No. vol. 114

Accession No. _____

THE
Catholic World



A
MONTHLY MAGAZINE

OF

GENERAL LITERATURE AND SCIENCE

PUBLISHED BY THE PAULIST FATHERS.

VOL. CXIV.

OCTOBER, 1921, TO MARCH, 1922

NEW YORK:
THE OFFICE OF THE CATHOLIC WORLD
120 WEST 60TH STREET

1922

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THE Catholic World

VOL. CXIV.

OCTOBER, 1921

No. 679

THE AMERICAN SPIRIT.

BY GEORGE N. SHUSTER.

I.



EVERY once in a while there arises in us as a nation the praiseworthy desire to find out what we are really like "inside." People have been talking and talking; at intervals, no longer leisurely, a journalist appears in New York harbor, takes a taxicab to the Biltmore, the Twentieth Century Limited to Chicago, and a special train to the District of Columbia. Shortly afterward, we are regaled with variations on several standard themes: the impressiveness of our grain-elevators, the sky-line of Toledo, Ohio, Chicago poets, and college football. Our idealism is admired with a smile; our lack of artistic sensibility is deplored, and our natural resources (of which the great journalist receives a comfortable sample) are declared magnificent. Occasionally, some less popular guest stays long enough to venture successfully a bit of illuminative criticism, but it is only a bit after all. Again, some of our more radical compatriots indite books in which the chaos of American life is duly contrasted with the superb, though isolated, symmetry of the author's philosophy. And the upshot of the whole business is that laudable question: "What are we really like?" Some of us are growing a little impatient for the answer. Nobody seems able to discover behind the vague formula of "Americanism" anything like a formative spirit.

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IN THE STATE OF NEW YORK.

VOL. CXIV. 1

There is no obvious tradition, no apparent collective effort. We resemble some rather turbulent ocean, in constant upheaval, but never "getting anywhere."

Nevertheless, there are discernible in our life as a nation certain definite spiritual forces, not all of which have been eminently desirable, but which, generally, have been sufficiently self-conscious for expression. It is the *mêlée* resultant from their interaction which makes us what we are: and a tentative effort to disentangle this is all that we shall try to do here. The scope of American life has been regal, involving so complex and thrilling a migration of souls, so evident, and yet so disguised, a shifting of moral course, that one feels constantly in the presence of tremendous drama. It is true that we have given these things no adequate expression. Literature, always the log-book of the national soul, is with us only vague reading. Still, for all its brusqueness and incoherence, the tale has been written with some attempt, even, at art.

One naturally begins the story where it began. Among the numerous vessels of discovery, the *Mayflower* is almost the only one popularly remembered by name. The reason for this rather peculiar fact is that the Puritan stepped from its deck. He is a strange figure, not altogether attractive, but it is he who made America and whose character explains so largely the product. It must be borne in mind that he came to establish not freedom, but the Puritan, and that he succeeded rather well. Of equal importance is the fact that living in primitive America he was free from the volatile influence of the past, and could be serious to his heart's content. As one reads the sober, Hebraic accounts of that straight-jacketed Colonial life, one cannot help agreeing with Cotton Mather that "the devil was exceedingly surprised when he perceived such a people here." And they allowed the Evil One no respite. The furious persecution of witches, a harrowing affair not altogether bottomless, was, like modern Spiritism, the product of a generation that looked steadily at hell, but quite forgot the existence of heaven. Never has a people dwelt more intimately with thoughts of perdition than the Puritans: they made a veritable atlas of the netherworld, building, with remorseless fervor, ghastly cities for the damned. Yet, despite this fearful intellectual energy, the Puritan was really weak. He was a fighter like Cromwell, but not so great and grim; he was a

poet like Milton, but not nearly so great and grim. It is significant that there came out of his ranks no supreme warrior like Grant or Lee, no master-poet like Lanier, Poe or Tabb, and no towering statesman like Jefferson or Lincoln. He did do something for education and even for Democracy, but his most enduring achievement was putting the seal of reticence upon America's lips. It has not yet been broken.

This odd and rigorous reserve of speech was entirely the result, not of conscience which everybody has, but of the habit of suspending a microscope over that conscience. As the Puritan neared hell, he seemed to congeal, to freeze with fear. The sexual reticence which hangs over American art is not Victorian drapery, but frost, and the sad trouble is that when it thaws there are ugly streaks. One must admit, however, that there was a praiseworthy nobleness about all this Spartanism; an intense hardness of intellect and will that stood and struck like steel. When Thanksgiving Day was celebrated in the shadow of Indian massacres, when the fighting farmers stayed put at Lexington, when the knell of slavery was sounded, the Puritans sang their way to death with hymns that roll with the ominous stolidity of stones. Such firmness can fashion heroic pioneers. And if the American woman, like Lot's wife, did turn (very nearly) into a pillar of salt, she at least averted corrosion. It is to be regretted that she has not been able to figure either in realism or romance; but the average American is secretly glad that she was his mother.

Puritanism never truly entered literature until it had compromised, but it did color subsequent writing with its abstermious gray, or rather it acted like a control-lever on the national heart. Its own productions are scarcely worth preserving even as history, consisting as they do of insipid hymns and boresome tracts, which attain occasionally to a sombre dignity, as in Jonathan Edwards' treatise, *On the Will*, or Julia Ward Howe's "Battle-hymn." In general, this literature was mere twaddling on raucous strings, and its atmosphere was as humorless as a death chamber. For a long while novels and drama were kept in subjection as mere ungodliness, but finally the greatest artist of American Puritanism sat down to write the story of sin. Nathaniel Hawthorne was haunted by beauty which, however, never conquered him, but shadowed his mind as something intangible and lonely,

something that reaked of a splendid witchery and was just as unfathomable. This shy and inflexible artist dwelt with the problem of evil, and in *The Scarlet Letter* looked deeper into the human heart than any other American of his time. About all his work there is a delicate, vibrant imagination that pierces life like a rapier, but with almost the same objectiveness. Primarily his tales and novels are statuesque fairy stories, Red Riding Hoods made of luminous granite. It is worthy of note that when he finally came in touch with the older, symbolic art of Europe, he was bewildered and almost hurt. *The Marble Faun* uncovers the incorrigible Puritanism of its author.

The man who looks best inside the elusive Hawthorne is the blunt farmer-poet, Whittier. Nobody would look to him for melody, religious experience or dreams; but in his rise from the soil Whittier brought along not only the ruggedness of the landscape, but also the vigor of the field. No other poet, even in New England, has said "Right" so emphatically and "Wrong" so fanatically. He put the Puritan conscience into angular quatrains and nailed the lids. And yet, because he was really a fervent Quaker, his harshness is saved everywhere from cruelty. Having seen slavery and other matters that wounded his heart, he cried out fiercely; but his primal interest was peace. Love of nature and of the simple domestic joys of farm life cast a cheerful glow over *Snowbound*, his masterpiece. No other strictly Puritan poet attained such stature. Only in the twentieth century, in the figure of Robert Frost, has there appeared a singer to tell the farmhouse story in an equally autochthonous way.

II.

It was inevitable that Puritanism, always an exclusive cult, should degenerate into a caste. For the doors of the American world were gradually thrown open: cargoes of people came in, and cargoes of books. Neither had been selected with discrimination, but they did a world of good. The nice provincialism of early days was gradually ground to bits and blown like fine sand over cornfields and mining towns, mushroom cities, and extremely serious colleges. As Thomas More, in his far-off day, had looked eastward to the Athenian dawn, so the best of the Americans opened their windows to

Europe and began also to construct Utopias on a land they scarcely knew. This business of retrospection was sporadic, but finally successful. Our trouble to this day is not that we have looked to Europe, but that Europe is not altogether a good thing to look at. In two overlapping streams the Protestant culture and the modern philosophy rolled in upon us, and for a while bade fair to bowl us over. The Puritan struggled in the waters but did not drown; indeed, his share in establishing the first great political ideal of America, independence, was great and commendable. However, that finer, broader dream, Democracy, really sprang up in the South, where Rousseau found a disciple in Jefferson and thereby wrote the first *Contrat Social*. The Virginian was a pacific deist without the brilliant wit of Voltaire; nevertheless, he is a greater man, for he was really a Democrat. Others may deserve more credit for the actual structure of American government, but it was Jefferson who laid the immutable foundation, which is liberty.

Although the Declaration was signed and the Constitution written before the opening of the nineteenth century, the intellectual independence of America really began later on. We had escaped from the shell, but it took time to learn how to stand on two feet. The first successful efforts for the liberation of the national spirit were made by Irving and Cooper, purveyors of romance. Neither became quite satisfactorily a man of the world, but they left globe-trotting children: Rip Van Winkle, Leatherstocking and Tom Coffin. Moreover, though both were aristocrats, they wrote for America that folklore which is so indispensable a part of popular civilization. Meanwhile, however, two great poets began the battle for Democracy in the very stronghold of the Puritan. To place Longfellow and Whitman on the same intellectual story may be a critic's sin, but it is historical common sense. The virtues of both have been challenged, and justly; the faults of both have been forgotten, charitably. But between them was fought out a very exciting contest for the common people, and the victory is still in doubt. Longfellow saw, attenuated with distance and dim with twilight, the shining towers of mediæval Christendom; Whitman, with a certain raucous egoism, beheld the ancient horn of Triton in the hands of a German professor. This was the real issue between them, despite the extraneous

quarrels about Longfellow's hexameters and Whitman's lack of them. Both strung their lyres to greet Democracy, and both failed to meet with the expected response. Longfellow was too weak and outnumbered a man to bring into America the Christian saints; Whitman was too much of an egoist to keep them out permanently. But when all has been said, the people preferred Longfellow; his simple songs fitted into their homes with a touch of beautiful friendliness that went to their hearts. They knew the Blacksmith and Paul Revere; even Evangeline was one of them. And despite the attempt of intellectuals to appeal to foreign judgment for a deification of Whitman, it needs no great learning to realize that the people of England and the Continent have never heard of him, though they delight in Longfellow.

Here the rift in Puritanism was already wide enough to admit the breath of the Middle Ages and of the Greek heyday, but the battle for freedom was fought out even more bluntly in prose. The most exclusive families of Boston supplied two men, the witty and urbane Doctor Holmes and the broad, interesting man of letters, James Russell Lowell. The latter, an optimistic Matthew Arnold, read many books and criticized them well, but he did even better things: he put before the world a New England "Courtin," a Yankee politician, and the quiet grandeur of Lincoln. Lowell not only understood Democracy, but he had hopes for it, splendid hopes that honor the man, though they have never been realized.

Meanwhile, Ralph Waldo Emerson, a sharp, ascetic, young clergyman, had preached an heretical sermon in the Boston house of prayer. By nature, he was a Puritan, but he had become intoxicated with things beyond the pale. Not only had the time come when the world would throw off the trance of hell, but eager minds were full of the weird, incoherent mysticism of Swedenborg and the unbalanced idealism of the earlier Teutons. From these to the scientific pantheism of a later time was only a step, which Emerson made and yet did not make, like a boy learning to walk on stilts. He never really took his own advice about hitching the wagon to a star; he tried to skip from one to another vaguely, erratically, confident that the brightest orb was his own soul. In general, Emerson resembles a man forever fumbling with his glasses, yet always boasting of his vision. However, though not a philosopher, he

saw something clearly for the reason that he was a poet. He knew that it was time to stop being a Puritan, that a Democracy needs ideals and, most of all, individuals. With a smile (Emerson never laughed) he tossed Jonathan Edwards' devils into the fire; but he preached with emphasis the freedom of the will. More than this he did not accomplish, and the world, fond of a few sparkling sentences, will not pause to decipher the dreamy messages that he thought were his.

Emerson had during his life a very skilled antagonist. Whatever was inconsistent in the Transcendental doctrine, whatever vagaries had come to America with the new philosophy, were gruffly handled by another great, though nearly forgotten, Puritan, Orestes A. Brownson, who was converted to the Church at a time when that step was distinctly unpopular. He was a man with the *intransigent* soul of Veillot; a giant, tireless mind with no gift for poetry, but instead a scintillant sweep of intellect. He pounced upon amorphous statements and spineless syllogisms with the regularity and energy of a machine. One who skims over the vast fields of his solid journalism cannot understand how he managed to rout so many weeds. Brownson was a hard man who should not be forgotten, but who cannot be loved. He had nothing within him that is timeless or can stand apart from the matters of his day. We regard him now as the first belligerent champion of American Catholicism, long despised, but gradually grown strong with the coming of devoted Irish and Southern Germans. The American Newman, when he comes, will be a half Emerson, half Brownson. He is sorely needed.

Nevertheless, the Christian tradition for which Columbus had originally risked his life, which the heroic Jesuits of Canada had carried on foot, with so much glory, to the inmost wilds, and which was spread out very thinly over the whole land, did have its protagonists. On the fringes of the Louisiana canebreaks there had gathered a motley neighborhood of Spaniards, French, Indians and, later, negroes; they lived out a semi-feudal existence, with all the grace and faults of a declining Christian age. The individuality and charm of this people is preserved to the indefinable word, "Creole," which George W. Cable and Grace King have since endeavored to explain in romance that has a flavor all its own. Moreover, the South of Lee and Jackson, which recognized the abyss of

slavery and strove honestly to bridge it, was the nearest approximation to the ideal of chivalry that America has known. The life of General Lee is our finest national poem; he was a man whose love and battle were as mystically exalted as those of Arthur, and his greatest victory was also dark, pathetic defeat. There blew through all that vital time of the Southern rebellion a muffled wind of romanticism, that walked in the awful shadow of slavery with some of the fervor and gayety of the Christian days. Men did not know what beauty had risen from the American ground until that ground was soaked with blood and the novelists surveyed it, sympathetically, from a more callous and more worthless era. Moreover, in one of our greatest poets, another aspect of mediævalism manifested itself: the terror of Poe and his use of gruesome symbolism. This visionary, who led his life absolutely alone except for a brief, tragic love, had somehow imbibed that morbid introspection which later seized upon the French decadents. Inexplicably, this ghostly ghastliness is bound up with the roots of Christendom, perhaps because the faith was born in tombs; at least, it was along this route that Baudelaire, Villiers and Huysmans later came into the light of Catholic faith.

In general, however, the era of which the Civil War was the nucleus pined in an atmosphere of sentimentality and mental debility. Religion had become, even with Daniel Webster, a mere matter of "kindness, justice and brotherly love." Architecture was abominable, journalism worse, and information very second-rate. Literature was limited to charming *vers de société*, and a pocketful of sober thinking. Nevertheless, the idealistic energy which threw the nation into the Civil War was stupendous. As a period this war was dominated clearly in the North by Lincoln, whose speeches combine the geometry of Euclid with the homely art of splitting rails. His great, sad face illumines the first page of that bloody book like an etching of Consecration by a Flemish master. Men lived faith, then, and if they had not wearied at the game and turned completely to economics the story of their descendants would, perhaps, have been different. It was out of the South, loyal to the older beliefs of America, that the finest spiritual results came. There was born out of anguish and chaos the most artistic body of verse that we have produced. Most of it was signed by four men: Sidney Lanier, Irwin Russell, Father

Ryan and Father Tabb. Lanier was a broken Confederate soldier with a broken lyre, but he is the only American poet who saw, magnificently, things beyond the horizon; everyone who would realize how close we came to having a brother to Francis Thompson should read the "Symphony," where the conception and style have not a little intense Gothic quality. Irwin Russell, first of the negro interpreters, sang in a group of spirited dialect ballads of that tragic black man whose blood is on our hands and whom we have left in the ditch where we have "emancipated" him. Of Father Ryan and Father Tabb it is enough to say that they strung the beautiful loves of the priest, which Lacordaire has described so intimately, on a rosary of winged lyrics that are as small and complex as microcosms. The South was full of glaring faults, especially aristocratic pride, but the people of the Virginian country stood for the shreds of the Christian standard amid the ruins of their own tradition; this in itself is sufficient evidence for the bravery, the nobleness, of that tradition.

The Puritans of the North gradually bleached their skins with artistic realism and the thin paste of intellectualism. Society round about them gorged itself with a primitive naturalism that was quite ostensibly silver-plated. Thoreau, a keen-faced, flinty-minded, insect-hunting individualist, saw clearly the increasing barrenness of the American world and fled it as instinctively as an anchorite. He was a genuinely original man with a strange composite passion for Walden pond and Greek. The trouble is that for all his clarity of vision, he was too blind to go farther than himself. There is no force in him because there is no movement, and the poor fellow will eventually become a curio in an intellectual museum, whose atmosphere he would have despised. The rest of the Northerners went a-hunting, and brought back Germans, Russians and pessimistic Frenchmen. Mr. Henry James studied them all from Turgenieff to "Gyp," observed a great deal, and, finally, adopted a cosmopolitan æstheticism which ought to be called the Higher Mathematics of Psychology. Mr. William Dean Howells, a genius cursed with refinement, a writer whose books keep, nevertheless, the Puritan chastity and a powerful individual charm, studied Heine first and Tolstoi afterward, and successfully ironed out of his soul any feeling that was belligerently vital. No sane person will suffer

insomnia from reading these books, and despite their admirable purpose and workmanship they are traveling with the irresistible force of gravity to anemic libraries. Various artists, particularly of the short-story, acquired not a little of the cruelty of Maupassant and the skepticism of Anatole France; in general, however, we owe a larger and sadder debt to the more ruthless Parisian naturalists and their English disciples, not, indeed, for their genuine art, but for their dismal science.

However, we must not forget that the American who had wandered over the mountains and deserts to the forests of the Middle West and thence farther to the gold fields of California, began to tell stories about himself. Generally, he started with a laugh, and kept it up heartily. Out in the great clearings was born that terrible reputation for humor that has so incessantly dogged us. One of the first to gain such fame was Artemus Ward, a gentleman, almost a rough, uncut Thackeray, who made fun of everybody's foibles with misspelled English, and did it so good-naturedly that he ought really not to be forgotten. Bret Harte proved an exception, for his whole-hearted love for Dickens led him to shed tears copiously whenever occasion demanded. The distance from tears to laughter is never very great, and there was much to laugh at; it was an era of cheap art and of perfervid eloquence over things not understood. The expedition of tourists to Europe had begun, doubtless, to the delight of Continentals with a little imagination and a taste for money. A journalist, whose name was Mark Twain, kept a log of a very decorously conducted tour; this was published with riotous success, and the era of sham-breaking had begun. Everything in the world is more or less imperfect and, therefore, a fit subject for a joke, especially if one is somewhat ignorant but quick-witted. Clemens, the iconoclast, was nothing more than a Puritan dressed up a plainsman and skeptical of hell, a droller Puritan, indeed, than Calvin, but not necessarily a more discerning one. He did have a clear eye for local color and a firm conviction that nineteenth century Democracy was the ultimate in human achievement. But he lacked the stern, old fibre of the New England Puritan; his attempt to joke with life ended with his own collapse, in his discovery that he himself was a sham. And the last word about Mark Twain is his tragedy.

III.

The upshot of this later, non-traditional enthusiasm for Democracy was cynicism. America investigated her house, and found a great many shoddy places which nobody knew how to fix. The narrow, old fire of Puritanism sank and smoldered in its ashes, but there was nothing to take its place. So the nation staggered on like a drunken man trying to keep his legs and distraught with hallucinations. Institutions began to sag; the intellectualism which we had so carefully absorbed and with which we strove to supplant what vestiges of the Christian tradition remained with us, corroded the vessels of our thought. Journalism, heaven knows, has wrought havoc enough everywhere, but in America its chief crime has been uselessness. In general, it has had almost no understanding of the old ideals of Democracy, for which America was created: our highest political *telos* was apparently the Protective Tariff. More than that, the popular press became ultimately the property of the commercial classes who used it relentlessly to further the dreams and pleasure of the "tired business man." Soporific phrase! The resulting naturalistic languor, the absolute indifference of the general public to art in any form, the drab treacle of æstheticism, and the sprawling subservience to various fleshy gods, gave to Doctor Johnson's definition of patriotism a terrible aptness. Under the guidance of *Poor Richard's Almanac*, a race of pioneers and homely philosophers was slowly being remade into a tribe of clerks! From end to end of America, the time-gods hung out their bunting and shot their clanking adages at the passerby. The universities, harboring quite largely a colony of mildly skeptical savants who imported the latest things from Germany and England, mingled the turmoil of football games with a few Darwinian *dicta*. Artist after artist, gently bewildered, professed his inability to understand the new era, or else understood it only too well and wrote accordingly. Those in whom Puritanism lingered, took refuge in an older time and wrote romance from nowhere. Hence, the uncanny professionalism, the absolute insincerity, and the amazing *atechnie* of most American fiction.

Against all of this, there appeared a great many rebels.

The peculiar condescension with which the Catholic Church has been treated in America has forced it to do most of its good work in silence, which we shall not attempt to uncover. Most of the other enemies of the time-spirit were journalists or critics with well-thumbed Ibsens in their pockets. We began to hear a great deal about the proletariat and a Future, in fact, about all the final decadence of Europe. The majority of these rebels were quaint, interesting egoists who added to the general *mêlée* hectic statements about Democracy, which they believed in only when it believed in them. Others were aristocrats of their own making, who gazed scornfully upon the madding crowd and proclaimed the all-importance of the last thing they had happened to imagine. Sex, too, was discovered and given a salacious prominence that it had never enjoyed in wildest Bohemia. Endless was (and is) the number of up-to-the-minute poets with crooked rhythms and philosophies of life, but hiding a saving bit of dynamite somewhere in their hearts. Novelists galore rescued their heroes from surrounding society by some system or other: the "chemistry of life," Socialism, Spiritism, free-love and artistic ennui were tied in the race for popular favor. Indeed, the distintegration of intelligence could scarcely have been carried further. Our break with the central traditions of history had resulted in the setting-up of a thousand interrogation points deemed unanswerable, in a gradual, certain weakening of social ties and, worst of all, in the attempt of the rationalistic professor to substitute sociological experiments for the spiritualization of Democracy.

Then, suddenly, a great and composite people, a large share of whom were not even in possession of the full rights of citizenship, were summoned to battle for a principle about which they knew nothing tangible. Their vigorous answer is known to all the world. Half unconsciously, the *Mayflower*, which had fled from Christian tradition, was wrought into a numberless fleet whose dim goal was the rescue of that tradition! It is true that the memory of this great struggle is now something we forget with pleasure or recall with contempt. Every purpose we had officially proclaimed was dropped somehow into the discard; and the one clear truth that impressed itself upon the majority of us was bitter experience of the carefully veneered illiberality, the spurious glitter, of the

civilization for which the great Americans had died in vain. Almost symbolically, the men who had seemed the fairest torches of our national vision were snuffed out. Roosevelt, the only smith-like energy felt in our politics since Lincoln, died unflinchingly, though the blow was cruel. Joyce Kilmer, whose brave glad heart seemed the fountain of new and manly song, lay suddenly still, like a broken flower at a shrine.

All that has passed, forever. We are too near the new life to understand it fully, but, evidently, the great struggle now is between disillusionment and hope, between reaction that is too gray and revolution that is too red. Men realize that some rule must be found to believe in and go by. Thought is critical, brilliant with journalistic satire, uproariously egoistic. As for ourselves, we feel that never has the opportunity or the need of the Catholic spirit been so very great. After all, the tradition of Christendom has long been disillusioned from the makeshifts of modern culture: for four hundred years it has been a mute sermon on the subject of Return. After all, too, it has long been magnificently hopeful. When, in the darkest days of Amiens, Marshal Fayolle heard whispers of despair, he said with splendid firmness: "We shall sing *Alleluia* in the Cathedral." And, from the beginning, the pledge of Catholic belief to the despondent individual or the broken society has been ultimate rejoicing in the eternal edifice of God.

May the words ring loud! Our task here and now is to engraft upon the expression of American life, as we have heard it, the words that are the timeless testament of Christendom. Build up the best that our fathers have said with the wisdom of Augustine, Bernard, Thomas and Dante, to make a living tree of guidance that shall bring forth the fruit of peace. Steer the *Mayflower* into better seas, having resolved that Democracy shall be more than even "normalcy;" that it must be, not a sign-post, but a maker of signs.

THE INSPIRATION OF HOLY SCRIPTURE.

BY CUTHBERT LATTEY, S.J.

II.



AT the outset of an essay upon this subject justice demands that the writer should acknowledge a heavy debt to Father Christian Pesch's work, *De Inspiratione Sacræ Scripturæ*,¹ at once a monumental study of the subject, and a model of right method. The first part of this work deals with the history of the doctrine, and contains copious extracts; the second, or dogmatic part, is built upon the first, and contains frequent references to it. This seems to be the one safe and scientific way of handling any dogma; the first function of theology is to analyze the deposit of faith, to discover what are the truths contained in Scripture and Tradition, and for this purpose nothing can be more useful than to lay before the student the relevant texts in chronological order. Some points he will find clear and explicit from the outset, others become so at a definite point of history, such as the Council of Trent, others again are still being discussed, and the Church is still developing their full significance. A good example of a teaching manual constructed upon this method is to be seen in Père Bainvel's *De Scriptura Sacra*.²

In a short article, however, it is evident that such a treatment cannot be attempted, and it must suffice, for the justification of much that is said, to refer to the work of Father Pesch just cited. Our own brief consideration of the subject had best make beginning from the fundamental fact of Divine authorship. The Vatican Council, after rejecting certain errors, declares emphatically that the Church holds the books of the Old and New Testament for sacred and canonical "because, having been written under the inspiration of the Holy Ghost, they have God for author, and have been delivered to the Church herself as bearing this character" (*ut tales*).

¹ St. Louis: B. Herder Book Co. 1906. ² Paris: Gabriel Beauchesne. 1910.

How is God author? He appropriates, as it were, the faculties of the human writer, working upon intellect and will to produce a definite piece of writing, and so arranging matters by His external Providence that the human writer's inspired desire to commit to writing his inspired thought is successfully carried out. "By His supernatural power He so excited and moved them to write, He so assisted them while they wrote, as that all those things, and only those things, which He Himself ordered, they should both rightly conceive with their mind, and should wish to write down faithfully, and should express fitly with infallible truth; otherwise He would not Himself be the author of the whole of sacred Scripture." These are the words wherein Pope Leo, in the *Providentissimus Deus* (November 18, 1893), analyzes the process of inspiration. But it may be well to go on at once to translate Father Pesch's set definition: "Biblical inspiration is a charismatic enlightening of the intellect and motion of the will and Divine assistance bestowed upon the sacred writer, to the end that he may write all those things and only those things which God wishes to be written in His name and delivered to the Church."³

This definition it will now be our purpose to examine. The enlightening of the intellect and the motion of the will are said to be "charismatic," because their primary object is not the sanctification of the person concerned, nor have they a place in the ordinary course of God's supernatural dealings with the individual soul. When, for example, the author of the second book of Machabees was engaged in abridging the five books of Jason of Cyrene,⁴ the fact that his mind was working under Divine influence, that his abridgment was taking just the form which God wished it to take, did not of necessity mean that he was any the holier for it, and in any case it was not that particular form of Divine influence that made him the holier. In this sense God's action upon him was "charismatic," a convenient term taken from the "charismata" or "gifts" of a like nature which form the subject of First Corinthians, chapter twelve.

As the term "charismatic" is much abused in certain modern theories of the early Christian ministry, it may be wise to refer the reader to Father Keogh's excellent appendix on the subject of this latter in First Corinthians (Westminster

³ Page 437, section 428.

⁴ 2 Machabees II. 24 (23).

Version), and especially to his remarks about "charismata" on page fifty-five. Here it must suffice to point out that such "gifts" as those of tongues and prophecy resembled that of inspiration in being given primarily for the benefit of the community, rather than for that of the individual receiving them; and so the word "charismatic" has been formed from these "charismata."

The human writer puts down "those things, which God wishes to be written in His name;" these words signify the Divine authorship already spoken of. "Delivered to the Church;" Father Pesch, as will be seen, is here echoing the words of the Vatican Council, quoted previously, and we may now examine their significance. To inspiration, they add the note of canonicity. Supposing someone were to maintain that the *Imitation of Christ*, let us say, or the *Spiritual Exercises* of St. Ignatius, were inspired, there would be nothing contrary to the Catholic faith in that. Such a view might be held as a pious opinion, neither accepted nor rejected by the Church. But with Holy Writ it is different; the inspiration of the books of Scripture is part of the deposit of faith, and is taught by the Church as such. As in the case of some other dogmas, the final fixing of the canon of the Scriptures took many centuries; it was the Council of Trent that closed all discussion by its solemn definition, and that because of Protestant errors.

On the other hand, in the case of this, as of all other dogmas, the deposit of faith must be held to have been closed at the end of the apostolic age; all that followed was only the better realization of the deposit already made. Now it is the very fact that the inspiration of a book is itself part of the deposit of faith and of the official teaching of the Church, that makes that book, not merely inspired, but canonical Scripture; it has been "delivered to the Church" as inspired, the Church is the official guardian both of the book and of the very truth that it is inspired, which latter must be believed by the faithful, not as a pious opinion, but as an article of faith. The book plays a public and official part in the Church, as a recognized channel of revelation; the theologian and the exegete examine what Almighty God may have revealed therein to the Church on the subject of faith and morals; it plays a part in the liturgy, and in other ways is honored and esteemed as the word of God. We have no certain ground for saying that everything inspired

is in the canon of Scripture, but all canonical Scripture is inspired.

The term "canonical" may now be held sufficiently explained, but certain other words may be examined, in order to a still clearer notion of inspiration. Revelation is a direct communication from God, delivered externally by vision or by words alone, or internally by action upon imagination or intellect. The phenomena of Christian experience, such, for example, as those discussed by Father Thurston, S.J., in the *Month*,⁵ or recounted in the *Life* of Gemma Galgani by Father Germanus, C.P.,⁶ indicate the possibility that sound or sight may have had nothing physical corresponding to them outside the recipient of the revelation, even while ruling out of court the hypothesis of sheer delusion. Almighty God can work directly upon the inner sense no less than upon the outer; or He may communicate directly with the intellect itself. To examine the various possibilities at length, however, belongs rather to a study of prophecy or mysticism; those who wish to do so will find it useful to study the late Père Poulain's *The Graces of Interior Prayer*,⁷ especially chapter twenty. Revelation was essential to a prophet, who also received a mission to deliver to some person or persons the truth revealed to him; but it is not an essential feature in inspiration. The author of Second Machabees, for example, may have acquired his knowledge of what he came to write simply from the study of Jason of Cyrene; when he was actually writing his own work, the Divine action was upon his intellect and will, but by way of inspiration, guiding his intellect, but not of necessity revealing any truth directly to it.

Indeed, it does not seem necessary to suppose that the writer was even conscious of inspiration; there seems no good reason to deny that God could act unperceived on intellect and will, as He seems frequently to do in the case of actual grace. Yet what is actually written under inspiration, and all of it, is truly called revelation, because it has God for author; and that even though we could have known, or do know, the truths in question from other sources. Revelation, then, is not essential to the *process* of inspiration, to the appropriating of the writer's faculties by God, to the making an instrument, albeit

⁵ August-December, 1920: "Limpias and the Problem of Collective Hallucination."

⁶ London: Sands & Co., 1914, pp. 115-117.

⁷ English translation. London: Kegan Paul. 1912.

a human instrument, of him; but everything that is inspired is in virtue of that very fact also revealed, precisely because the writer has been an instrument whereby God has spoken His mind. The *result* is revelation, though the process of revelation need not, of course, take written shape; it is no way essential to revelation that it should be written. Every word that Our Lord spoke, for example, was true revelation, the utterance of God.

Another term that it will be useful to bring into comparison at this stage is "infallibility." Infallibility in a person or persons may be described as the impossibility of their judging or asserting what is false; but in so far as we apply the term in a technical sense to Church and Pope, it signifies an impossibility limited by certain conditions. The Church is infallible, that is to say, the *ecclesia docens*, the Church teaching, the body of bishops as a moral whole, with the Holy Father at their head; and these are infallible, either when they are defining articles of faith in a general council, or when, in the ordinary exercise of their pastoral office, they are regularly teaching certain doctrines as articles of faith, to be held by all the faithful. And "the Roman Pontiff," according to the Vatican definition, "when he speaks *ex cathedra*, that is to say, when in discharge of his office of pastor and teacher of all Christians, in virtue of his supreme apostolic authority, he defines a doctrine touching faith or morals as to be held by the whole Church (then), through the Divine assistance promised him in Blessed Peter, he enjoys that infallibility wherewith the Divine Redeemer wishes His Church to be equipped in defining doctrine touching faith or morals; and, therefore, the definitions of the aforesaid Roman Pontiff are in themselves, and not by reason of the consent of the Church, irrevocable."

Infallibility is primarily a *negative* prerogative; it guarantees that something will *not* happen. It does not imply that an answer will at once be forthcoming to every difficulty, or that an answer, if given, will always be opportune, or couched in the best possible terms; only this is sure, that if a doctrine is taught under definite conditions, then there will be no error of faith or morals in the doctrine. And this, needless to say, means on the positive side the certainty of truth. The "Divine assistance" might take various forms; Almighty God, so far as we can judge, can prevent any such error by the ordinary

exercise of His supernatural Providence, without any particular revelation or anything of that kind. Again, infallibility as explained above is a *permanent* prerogative; Church and Pope are infallible continuously, and to the end of time, and the infallibility is operative wherever the conditions are fulfilled. In a certain sense, indeed, we may even say that it is always in operation.

Now, neither inspiration nor revelation can well be called either negative or permanent. In both, God's action is positive; in revelation He is directly imparting information, while in inspiration the human mind is acting as His instrument. Inspiration and revelation are also alike transitory in their mode of action, in fact, if we confine our attention to the deposit of faith and to Biblical inspiration, they came to a definite end with the close of the apostolic age. We possess the results, the contents of a revelation and inspiration given long ago, but the process is not repeated, at least, not in any shape which demands our assent as Catholics.

The intellect of the sacred writer, then, is enlightened in order that he may attain the truth which God intends him to commit to writing; not necessarily enlightened by way of a direct revelation (though what is written is revelation), but always and necessarily in this sense, that God has appropriated his intellect for the purpose in hand, using it as His instrument, guiding it by His illuminations, in order to the right conception of what is to be written. There is a similar "charismatic" motion of God upon the will. That, too, He appropriates; He stirs up desires therein in a way that He knows will be effective, so that the sacred writer, His human instrument, will actually desire to write what God designs he should write. In the enkindling of the will, no less than in the enlightening of the understanding, we naturally suppose a process closely akin to the movements of actual grace, which Catholic theology has investigated more closely; but the essential purpose of these charismatic motions is not the sanctification of the individual, but the signifying of the mind of God through the written document.

Yet the Divine appropriation of intellect and will would not suffice without a certain "assistance," a special working of God's supernatural Providence, supplementing that appropriation, and itself also directed to the production of the

written document. It may be divided into external and internal assistance. If the human instrument chosen by God to write is to accomplish that Divine purpose, the means to do so must be at his disposal, writing materials and the power to use them, leisure, and other such things which we may reckon in the main external. A special supernatural Providence attends to all these things, so that the work actually eventuates. It is also required to control to some extent the inward working of the sacred writer's mind. Thus, as Father Pesch points out,^a there is no reason in the nature of things why a sacred writer should not, upon occasion, have inserted matter of his own into a book otherwise inspired, and thus have mixed up matter which had God as the principal author, with matter which had not, in short, why he should not have written part of his work without any charismatic motion of intellect and will to influence him. We know from the tradition of the Church that this has not happened, and it is due to this Divine assistance that it has not happened.

It is a question now debated, however, where precisely the charismatic motion of intellect and will ends, and where the mere assistance begins. The discussion seems to have begun about the time of the Council of Trent, and to have owed its origin to the exaggerations of the Protestants. We may distinguish roughly three schools. The first, which may be considered obsolete, may be called that of "mechanical" inspiration: even the choice of words is in no way due to the co-operation of the intellect and will of the sacred writer with the charismatic influx, and if his style has an individuality of its own, that is a mere coincidence, and in no way due to his own personality. The words come to him from the Holy Ghost ready-made, as it were, and all he does is to put them down. He has not contributed in any true sense to the production of them. This is the theory stated at its baldest, yet Father Pesch^b quotes passages from earlier Catholic theologians which at least come dangerously near to this. The second hypothesis is that of "verbal" inspiration, sometimes called "neo-verbal," in contrast to the older and exaggerated theory of verbal inspiration just mentioned. The whole internal process in the writer's mind, up to the very choice of words, is subject to the charismatic action, so that the work produced is

^a *De Inspiratione*, p. 486.

^b Sections 278-282.

totus a Deo et totus ab homine, all of it from God and all of it from man. If, for example, a rough and uncultivated writer use a rough and uncultivated style, it is not merely because the Holy Ghost has selected such a style for him, so as to make it a mere coincidence, but because the writer's own natural powers, upbringing and the like produce their natural effect, even while under the action of the charismatic motion. The Holy Ghost is working through him as a truly human instrument, not, if such an expression may be used, with reverence, for clearness' sake, as a kind of glorified pen. In our own century this view has been put forward in two little books, one by Cardinal (then Father) Billot, *De Inspiratione S. Scripturæ*,¹⁰ the other by Père Bainvel, *De Scriptura Sacra*.¹¹

The champions of "non-verbal" inspiration, sometimes dubbed in Loisy's phrase, approved by Cardinal Billot,¹² "vivisectionists," distinguish the idea, *verbum mentis, modus concipiendi sententia*, from the word used to express it, *verbum imaginationis, modus loquendi, verbum*, and restrict the essential function of inspiration to the former. The essential function, be it noticed; for nobody denies that God can, if He will, carry the inspiration further. The question is, can it rightly be called inspiration at all, or at all events Biblical inspiration, if it be supposed non-verbal. That Biblical inspiration is not in all cases merely non-verbal is highly probable, from the way in which it seems at times to be implied that the very words have been selected by God; the question is, once more, must we suppose that it is never merely non-verbal. Let us also notice here that there can be little serious doubt about the psychological possibility of this "vivisection," since experience shows that we can have an idea in our minds without a word to represent it, or, at least, to represent it adequately. Those, for example, to whom it falls to write or speak much, are, at times, only too conscious of a difficulty in finding words which will give satisfactory expression to their thought; self-expression is an art often acquired at a great price. In the same way, those who are speaking in a language wherein they have only a moderate facility, may find themselves brought to a halt by their inability to find a word for something; no word of any language may be in their thought, but there can be no doubt as to what the idea is that awaits expression.

¹⁰ *Romæ, ex typographia polyglotta S. C. de Propaganda Fide*, 1903.

¹¹ *Paris: Gabriel Beauchesne*. 1910.

¹² *De Inspiratione S. Scripturæ*, p. 56.

The Divine action, then, that peculiar and particular charismatic working upon intellect and will which constitutes the essence of inspiration, might on this hypothesis be confined, so far as what is necessary and essential to it is concerned, to the formation of ideas and the desire to express them, and it would belong to God's ordinary supernatural Providence to see to it that they found fitting expression. He could not, of course, in any case remain indifferent to that. This view will be found explained and defended in Father Pesch's massive work, and in Vigouroux's *Manuel Biblique*,¹³ the wide use of which in the French seminaries has led to the sale of many thousands of copies.

Is there, then, any peculiar advantage in the view that inspiration need be no more than non-verbal? The matter cannot be discussed in full here, but it may be enough to point out what seems at once the chief advantage of this view, and the chief guarantee that it is sound. The Biblical Commission, under date of June 27, 1906, while defending in general the Mosaic authorship of the Pentateuch, expressly answered in the affirmative the question whether "the hypothesis of those can be allowed, who think that he (Moses) committed the work, itself conceived by him under the *afflatus* of Divine inspiration, to another or to others to write, in such a way, however, that they should faithfully express his meaning, write nothing contrary to his will, and leave out nothing; so that eventually the work, composed in this way, and approved by Moses, the chief and inspired author, would be published in his name." Moses is here distinguished from the scribe or scribes who may have written for him, not merely as the chief, but as the inspired author (*principe inspiratoque auctore*), and it, therefore, seems clear that in this hypothesis which the Biblical Commission goes out of its way to permit, we have Moses on the one hand, inspired and supplying the ideas, and the scribe or scribes on the other, not inspired, but supplying the words. In other words, it would be a case of non-verbal inspiration, and not open to the objection of psychological "vivisection," since ideas and words would come from different persons.

Perhaps it is hardly putting it strongly enough to say, as above, that the Biblical Commission "goes out of its way" to permit this hypothesis; an examination of its answers seems

¹³ Paris: Roger et Chernoviz. 1913.

to show that sometimes, after laying down a general principle, it goes on to give a question and answer which is apparently intended as a suggestion towards meeting some of the chief and obvious difficulties, such as, in this case, would be the alleged difference in style between the documentary sources of the Pentateuch usually propounded by the critics. That is to say, it appears safe to infer that the Biblical Commission means to hold out the possibility that any differences in style may be due to scribes or secretaries. And this inference is confirmed by an answer given under date of June 24, 1914, in regard to the Epistle to the Hebrews. The question is: "Whether Paul, the Apostle, is to be considered in such a way the author of this epistle, that it must necessarily be affirmed that he not only conceived and gave forth the whole of it under the inspiration of the Holy Ghost, but that he also gave it that form in which it is extant." And the answer is in the negative, "saving the further judgment of the Church." Here again the difficulty raised is largely that of style, and the solution is suggested that the style, as such, need not be due to the author. If, then, as seems tolerably clear, it is a legitimate interpretation of the action of the Biblical Commission to say that twice over it meets an important objection by suggesting a solution which involves merely non-verbal inspiration, it can no longer be urged, in the face of such authority, that such a doctrine whittles down inspiration unduly or abandons anything that is essential.

From inspiration, we pass naturally to inerrancy. We cannot begin better than by resorting once more to the *Providentissimus Deus*, in a passage near the close: "So far is it from being possible, that any error should underlie Divine inspiration, that this latter by its very nature (*per se ipsa*) not merely excludes all error, but as necessarily excludes and rejects it, as it is necessary that God, the supreme Truth, should be the author of absolutely no error." This entire freedom from error, therefore, is to be held as a necessary consequence of the Divine authorship; and yet not simply as that, but as a truth revealed in itself, and evidently contained alike in Scripture and Tradition. The constant teaching of the Fathers and of the Church in all ages puts it beyond doubt that we must treat this truth as an article of faith.

And now we may hark back to infallibility, in order to

compare with it this same inerrancy. Infallibility, then, as has been explained, is primarily a negative prerogative; Almighty God has so arranged that in the teaching of Pope and Church, mistake, under certain conditions, shall be impossible. We can surmise that, speaking relatively and in a human way, very little Divine action is needed to secure such a result, though we cannot be sure that God always confines Himself to that little—to the bare essential. Biblical inerrancy—for it is more practical to confine ourselves to the case of Holy Writ—is also something negative, a freedom from error; but the Divine action which it accompanies is something primarily positive. It cannot be considered as a mere exercise of supernatural Providence, such as might suffice for infallibility, but God Himself is the author of what is being written, and the human writer is but His instrument, and it is precisely because God is author that there can be no error, and is none. In this sense, while inerrancy, in the strictest sense, remains something negative, it is inextricably bound up with a very positive Divine action, the Divine writing.

Again, infallibility, as has also been explained, is something permanent, continuing in Pope and Church till the end of time; but Biblical inerrancy, like the inspiration which it accompanied, is, in a certain sense, over and done with. Biblical inspiration, that is to say, came to an end with the close of the apostolic age; as we have seen, it could not outlast the giving of the deposit of faith, since it is essential to a book of Holy Scripture that the fact of its inspiration should form part of that deposit. And Biblical inerrancy, in the strictest sense, means this, that God, writing those books as He was through His human instrument, necessarily wrote them free from error. The results of that inspiration and that inerrancy will always remain in the Church; there will always be with her faithful copies of those books inspired long ago, and, in so far as they are faithful copies, they will always enjoy that freedom from error of which Biblical inerrancy is the guarantee.

SHANE LESLIE'S "MANNING."

BY HENRY A. LAPPIN, LITT.D.



R. SHANE LESLIE'S remarkable book¹ is the most important contribution to the history of the Church in England since the late Wilfrid Ward's *Newman* appeared in 1912. And, indeed, this brilliant and confident narrative, this portrait so full, vivid, and complete, goes far to convince us that the new editor of the *Dublin Review* possesses no small share of his distinguished predecessor's talent in the art of ecclesiastical biography. It is a pleasure to record our sense of the devotion and skill which characterize every chapter of Mr. Leslie's work. The author modestly puts it forth as "a supplement rather than a supplanter to Purcell's grandiose *Life of Cardinal Manning*." Because of the letters and documents therein supplied, Purcell's amazing volumes will always be indispensable to the student of the Catholic Revival in England, but henceforth readers who seek a truthful and unbiased account of the great Cardinal's life and labors will be well advised to begin with the later biography, using Purcell's *Life* for the illustrative material so copiously provided, and scrutinizing with jealous eye the sinister conclusions Purcell so frequently drew therefrom.

For Purcell's *Life of Cardinal Manning* is one of the curiosities of biographical literature. Out of a generosity nothing less than heroic, the Cardinal gave Purcell access to a selection from his private papers and diaries, so that by writing the official *Life* Purcell might recoup himself for severe financial losses sustained many years before when he was editor of a Catholic newspaper, the *Westminster Gazette*. Purcell made the basest of returns by publishing a misleading and defamatory biography which presented a figure utterly unrecognizable by Manning's most intimate friends: the figure of an unscrupulous careerist, devoid of loyalty to his friends and knowing no generosity towards his foes. A year later, Father H. I. D. Ryder, Newman's Oratorian friend and colleague,

¹ *Henry Edward Manning. His Life and Labors.* By Shane Leslie. New York: P. J. Kenedy & Sons.

wrote a masterly vindication of Manning from the aspersions of Purcell; a vindication which, however, remained unpublished until 1911.² M. Thureau-Dangin in one of the footnotes to the second volume of his classical chronicle of the English Catholic Revival, reproached Purcell for having judged Manning "*à sa propre mesure, c'est-à-dire à une mesure étroite et mesquine*," and recommended a biography by M. l'Abbé Hemmer based upon Purcell, "*mais en l'allégeant et en le corrigéant*." There is also an interesting refutation of Purcell by the Protestant, Francis De Pressensé, reprinted from the pages of the *Revue des Deux Mondes*.³

But none of these rehabilitations of Manning can have reached more than an inconsiderable number of the readers of Purcell, and so far as the general public is concerned, the mischief wrought by Purcell has remained unrepaired until now. Indeed, a new lease of life was recently given to the popular caricature of Manning, in the lengthy account which formed more than one-third of the contents of the clever Mr. Strachey's *Eminent Victorians* (1918). Mr. Strachey out-Purcells Purcell, and his study of Manning is the most Voltairean composition in the whole range of modern English letters. Clearly, there was need of a candid, detailed and thoroughly-documented biography which should be written without *partis pris* or malice prepense. To supply this need there was no living man better qualified than Mr. Shane Leslie. In the course of his exacting task he has had access to the ecclesiastical archives of England, Ireland and America, and has studied *all* the documentary "evidence in the case." No praise can be too high for the sympathetic understanding he reveals of political and ecclesiastical issues, his sobriety of temper and judgment, and the grace, distinction and impressiveness of his writing.

* * * *

One of the two most important events in the history of post-Tridentine English Catholicism occurred on the ninth of October, 1845, when on the morrow of a night wild with equinoctial wind and pouring rain, John Henry Newman, the flower of Anglican devotion and learning, made his profession of Faith into the toil-worn hands of Father Dominic—the

² *Essays*. By H. I. D. Ryder. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. 1911.

³ *Life of Cardinal Manning*. By Francis De Pressensé. Translated by Francis T. Furey, M.A. Philadelphia: John Joseph McVey. 1897.

Italian Passionist who as a boy had sought his wandered sheep on the lonely slopes of the Apennines and now, at length, drawn thither by a mysterious attraction that had endured throughout thirty years, had come over into England to bring back her strayed souls to the Fold of Faith. The other took place on Passion Sunday, 1851, when Henry Edward Manning, ex-Archdeacon of Chichester, sacrificing his ambitions and friendships and the certainty of ultimate promotion to the most exalted dignities the Church of England had in gift, knelt beside his friend, James Hope-Scott, at the feet of an obscure Jesuit, and entered the Catholic Church. To his companion in conversion Manning declared: "I feel as if I had no desire unfulfilled but to persevere in what God has given me for His Son's sake." "After this," he wrote to Robert Wilberforce, "I shall sink to the bottom and disappear."

In 1850, the then reigning Pontiff restored the Catholic hierarchy in England. Nicholas Cardinal Wiseman, the first Archbishop of Westminster, died fifteen years later; Rome appointed the ex-Archdeacon of Chichester to be his successor, and the great reign began. Newman, meanwhile, was living in comparative obscurity at the Birmingham Oratory. The fortunes of the Church in England were to be largely intertwined with the lives of these two great converts. Wilfred Ward has most illuminatingly noted ⁴ the contrasts between Manning and Newman. To him "they, to some extent, embody two distinct types of mental character which we now see widely represented in the Catholic Church. Each man was fascinated by a type in conformity with his own earlier life. The Rector of Lavington and the Archdeacon was drawn to the Church of St. Francis of Sales and St. Charles Borromeo—of the pastor of souls, and the guide of consciences, and of the saintly official ruler. The study of such historical characters brought out in Manning a special affinity for the post-Reformation Church, of which they were representatives; that is for the Church in action, and in controversy with those who had rebelled from her authority.

"Consideration of deeper intellectual problems, wide and penetrating thought among churchmen, was not the characteristic of the period immediately succeeding the Reformation. True, these qualities are to be found a little later in the writ-

⁴ *Ten Personal Studies*, pp. 292, 293. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. 1908.

ings of such divines as Suarez and de Lugo; while the works of Petavius will ever stand high as specimens of frank treatment of the history of theology. But the success of the Counter-Reformation was due to other gifts in which the Jesuits specially excelled—ascetic life, ready and persuasive speech, controversial rather than philosophical ability. The whole seminary system then introduced was on these lines. The old mediæval disputations once symbols of almost unbridled freedom of speech and speculation, were reorganized and marshaled to defend fixed propositions affirmed by the Catholic, denied by the Protestant. Authority and devotion enjoyed paramount influence; intellect was but the servant whose business it was to defend their claims. Manning with his high ascetic ideals, his enthusiasm for the priestly caste, his ready but not deep intellect, found in this atmosphere an entirely congenial home.

"To Newman it was, before all things, the Church of the Fathers which typified the genius of the Catholic Church. The days when Christian thought was building up theology as the expression of Christ's faith best suited to educated men in view of the controversies of the hour, persuasive to the intellect of Alexandria or Athens, were the days congenial to the man who had lived his life among thinkers and scholars in Oxford. On the patristic era of Church history, he tells us, his imagination loved to dwell as 'in a paradise of delight.' Theology occupied primarily, not in refuting 'heretical rebels,' but in intellectually interpreting and applying the genius of Christianity, satisfying the deeper thought of its own champions rather than merely scoring immediate successes in argument, was his ideal."

It was almost inevitable that two such widely different temperaments should, at times, find themselves in opposition. Much has been written about the differences and antagonisms that arose between them. Commentators like Purcell and Strachey have (*lacrymis coactis!*) mourned over Newman in the rôle of the dove in the eagle's nest. Not the least valuable part of Mr. Leslie's book is his sixteenth chapter: "The Case of Dr. Newman." "Their differences," remarks Mr. Leslie with perfect truth, "were exaggerated by a horde of Protestant journalists, Catholic busybodies, and excitable converts." From a letter written by Manning to Lady Herbert (January

15, 1866), he quotes: "It is strange what efforts they make to believe that we are divided—above all, Dr. Newman and myself. *I should be ready to let him write down my faith and I would sign it without reading it. So would he.*"⁵ Surely, this is a sufficient answer to the extraordinary statement in Mr. J. E. C. Bodley's reprinted lecture⁶ that "Manning seriously believed that Newman was not an orthodox Catholic."

In meditating upon the relations between Newman and Manning, it is unwise to leave out of account the extraordinary, even feminine, sensitiveness of Newman, and one must always keep in mind the fact that Manning was the chief official custodian of the Catholic and Roman Faith in England, and that it was Newman's delight to exercise, throughout practically the whole course of his Catholic life, the self-imposed function of an apologetical pioneer. It was not unnatural that the Archbishop of Westminster, the man at the helm, so to speak, should have his reserves and dubieties concerning one whose printed utterances, even his hero-worshipping biographer, Wilfrid Ward, admits, perplexed at times "the simple and literal reader," who had, in a moment of excitement, described the Infallibilist party at the Council as "an insolent and aggressive faction," and had then completely forgotten having done so! Nor did Newman ever fully realize to what extent Manning had *refrained* in his regard, and how frequently he had, unknown to Newman, interfered in the latter's favor. He had held back W. G. Ward's hand from smiting Newman, although the article Ward had prepared for the *Dublin Review* "had been examined and was considered to be calm and moderate and to contain nothing which ought not to be published . . . I am most anxious [wrote Manning] that Dr. Newman should be spared all pain." Manning even went the heroic length of suppressing his book on the Blessed Virgin "for fear of collision with Newman."

There is the pathos of frustrated magnanimity in these sentences from a letter of Manning's to Gladstone: "I have in many ways through all these years endeavored to see him where he ought to be. My constant effort, unknown to him, has been to draw him from the obscurity to which influences not good and an over sensitive mind, not unnaturally pained

⁵ Italics are the reviewer's.

⁶ *Cardinal Manning and Other Essays*, p. 15. By J. E. C. Bodley. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. 1912.

by events I know, have induced him to withdraw." And when a pamphlet by the illustrious Oratorian in reply to Gladstone's attack on "Vaticanism" failed to meet with the approval of Rome, Manning, feeling that there was danger of his being unjustly censured, assured Cardinal Franchi that "the heart of Father Newman is as straight and Catholic as ever it was." Later on, Manning impressed upon the authorities his conviction that "in the rise and revival of Catholic Faith in England there is no one whose name will stand out in history with so great a prominence." And when, three weeks after this, the Holy Father, besought by the Duke of Norfolk to raise Newman to the purple, asked for Manning's endorsement, it was unhesitatingly forthcoming.

Long before this, the Archbishop had written to the Duchess of Buccleuch (in 1869): "As to Dr. Newman, I believe if you knew the truth you would exactly reverse your present thoughts. I am supposed to have crossed him. I have done all in my power for nine or ten years to set right many things caused by himself or his friends which have stood in his way. Finally, I have his letter binding me to desist from the endeavor I was making that he should be consecrated a Bishop. All this cannot be stated. Meanwhile, the direct reverse of the truth is put about." But, before the end, Newman was made a Prince of the Church. With the evening came the light. There is sadness in Mr. Leslie's reflection that "Newman passed to his grave without suspecting the cause that turned the Papal sunlight on his path." Their differences, as Father Ryder acutely noted, in the essay already referred to, were psychological, not theological. "That two wills so strong, two minds so choice, and yet so diverse, should have united on the one Creed," Mr. Leslie finely says, "remains a matter of pride rather than distress to Catholics." Mr. Leslie's sixteenth chapter justifies the existence of his book, if justification were needed.

In his treatment of the Errington case, Mr. Leslie, with the aid of the now newly-added Talbot letters, finally and triumphantly vindicates Manning from the charge (which emerges by implication from Purcell's pages) that he sought to mount the steps of the Archiepiscopal throne of Westminster by blackening the names of all the other suggested candidates. This—"The Wars of Westminster"—is the most exciting chap-

ter in the new biography. (Mr. Leslie has a genius for chapter-headings!) Hardly less thrilling is the account of the struggle between Gladstone's Government and the Irish Episcopate over the appointment to the vacant Dublin Archbishopric in 1885, Dr. (afterwards Cardinal) Moran, being the Government candidate, and Dr. Walsh of Maynooth (for whose recent loss the Irish Church mourns), the choice of the Bishops. During these anxious months, Manning kept in close touch with the Vatican, as well as with the Government and the Irish Bishops; and was trusted by them all. From the "Persico and Parnell" chapter, Manning emerges as a wise and faithful friend to Ireland. Archbishop Walsh's continuously increasing esteem for his brother of Westminster, is sufficient attestation to Manning's political integrity. Had Manning chosen the State instead of the Church, no dignity, short of the highest, would have fallen to his lot.

But it is not the political chapters of this biography that will make the deepest impression upon readers. The most moving and edifying pages are those which reproduce a portion of the diary of the newly-appointed Archbishop while on retreat just before his consecration. It was a saintly priest of the Congregation of the Passion who received Newman into the Church; and when the other protagonist of the Catholic revival set about to make his soul in preparation for the Archbishopal office, it was to the monastery of the Sons of St. Paul of the Cross in London that he repaired. There, for eight days, the Archbishop-elect searched his heart and strengthened his soul against the days of care and trial that were awaiting it.

The selections from his written self-communings during this time is the best part of Mr. Leslie's gift to us. How strange these words will sound to those who have accustomed themselves to think of Manning as the suave, crafty diplomat-churchman ever lusting after influence and power and popularity: "I don't think any pleasure or society or worldly honor have hold over me. I have been so long unpopular and disliked and misrepresented that I hope I have expiated the flood of popularity I had before I was in the truth and healed of the temptation for the future. But I must watch over this, and if at any time I cease to find pleasure in the lowest and hardest works of the Pastoral care, or if I ever soften down the truth

or am silent when I ought to speak out, I shall have a sign that the world is still in me." This is the authentic voice of saint-hood.

On the seventh day of his Retreat, June 4, 1865, Manning looked down over London from the heights of the monastery garden, even as his Master once—if we may reverently draw the comparison—looked out over Jerusalem, and the heart of the great Democrat-Pastor that was Manning's most essential self, throbs through these solemn and beautiful sentences:

When I look down upon London from this garden and know that there are before me nearly three millions of men of whom only two hundred thousand are nominally in the Faith; that hundreds of thousands are living and dying without baptism, in all the sins of the flesh and spirit, in all that Nineveh and the Cities of the Plain and Imperial Rome ever committed; that it is the capital of the most anti-Christian power of the nominally Christian world and the head of its anti-Christian spirit; that in a moment it might be set afire with fury against the Catholic and Roman Church, I confess I feel that we are walking on the waters and that nothing but the word and the presence of Jesus makes this great calm . . . They will be my chalice more than ever. To labor and suffer for souls who will not be redeemed. To go down into fire and into the water to save souls and to be wounded by them—all this I look for. And I look to be chiefly wounded, as Jesus was, by my own brethren. All these osannas are but for a time, a sort of holiday of the kind hearts here and there. The great deep remains ready to lift itself up when the time comes. As soon as I begin, the wind will shift and blow shrill and sharp another way . . . I propose to keep always before me St. Charles' devotion to the Burial of Jesus. I suppose he loved it because it was the most perfect humiliation of God Incarnate, to be taken down from the Cross, wound in linen, and hid out of sight in the earth which He had made. I cannot escape many things which will demand of me a heroic patience and self-control. In this end I will try to remember the Winding-Sheet and the Sepulchre.

And as he left his Retreat his gaze fell upon St. Paul's and Westminster bathed golden in the rays of the declining sun—" . . . all this seemed to cry to me: 'Come over and help us.'"

He went over and helped them. There was not a major work of mercy or philanthropy in his diocese in which he did not nobly share. He was the Cardinal-Archbishop of the children no less than of the workingmen, halting the building of his great cathedral so that he might direct all his efforts to their education. (He gave the poor children of the neighborhood the right to play in the enclosure intended for the cathedral site.) He built and arranged for the support of orphan asylums, industrial and reformatory schools, and splendidly-equipped parochial schools. He declared that "a child's tear not wiped away cries to God as loudly as blood spilt upon the ground."

He aided and abetted that modern journalist knight-errant, W. T. Stead, in his campaign against criminal sensuality. The Irish members, headed by poor Parnell, went in a body to congratulate him on his silver jubilee. He had a handclasp for Henry George, Ben Tillett and John Burns. He settled the London Dock Strike. He was an honored member of that mausoleum of English exclusiveness, the Athenæan Club. Bryce, Gladstone, Ruskin were proud to be known as his friends. (And Ruskin, indeed, described the Cardinal's literary style as "the purest and simplest speech of modern times.")

And when they buried him at Brompton Oratory on January 21, 1890, "behind the Bishops of the Church and the Peers of the Realm marched solid lines of the laboring men." The poor and those that labor were the Cardinal-Archbishop's chief mourners.

"Pastoris Boni opus Consummatum Deo obtulit."

BALLADE.

BY ELEANORE MYERS JEWETT.

"She appeared to me clothed in most noble hue, a subdued and modest crimson, cinctured and adorned after the fashion that was becoming to her most tender age."—*Vita Nuova*.

WHEN Dante lived in Italy,
A dreamy-eyed young Florentine,
How oft the huddled homes would be
Blood stained by Guelf and Ghibelline!
What cruelties there must have been!
What wrongs closed thick about his head!
But Dante's eyes could only see
A little maiden clothed in red.

When Dante wandered, musingly,
The gossipy, grim streets between,
Folk drew their children to the knee
And whispered, "There goes one who's seen
Both heaven and hell and walks serene
Among the living and the dead!"
But, vision-wrapt, his heart would see
A little maiden clothed in red.

And when in lonely exile, he
Brooded, o'er some lone foreign scene,
On shattered hopes and enmity,
His sad eyes cold and clear and keen—
Over his austere face and mien,
Often a softer light would spread
As Dante watched in memory
A little maiden clothed in red.

ENVOI.

Beatrice, down many a century
This radiant dream of you has sped—
Heaven holds no fairer rose than she,
The little maiden clothed in red!

SOCIAL ORGANIZATION OF ITALIAN CATHOLICS.

BY J. P. CONRY.



PROBABLY it is not an exaggeration to say that in no European country is the social organization of Catholics going forward in a more thorough or more comprehensive fashion than it is in Italy. If the Catholics of Italy in past decades lost any time in gathering their forces and consolidating their ranks for the regeneration of their country, they are certainly now making up for it. Their methods are interesting and business-like. Let us take a survey of them. The degree of success already obtained among the 40,000,000 people that cover this land of fruit and flowers merits inspection.

Catholic activity in Italy is carried on in three distinct fields. First, the Catholic Movement strictly so-called; second, the Economic Social Action; and third, the Political Action. We shall enter each in turn.

The *Movimento Cattolico* or Catholic Movement strictly so-called is made up of the following organizations:

- (1) The Popular Union among the Catholics of Italy;
- (2) The Society of the Catholic Youth of Italy;
- (3) The Union of the Catholic Women of Italy.

The first of these was instituted by Pius X. in June, 1905, by the Encyclical, *Il Fermo Proposito*, in which the Pontiff, ever alive to the needs of the hour, traced out the nature, the necessity and the ends of Catholic organization in this peninsula. The result of the Encyclical was the foundation of the Catholic Union, the mother organization of the Catholic Movement in Italy, from which all other associations depend. It coördinates all other Catholic associations and prescribes their several programmes "for combating by every just and legitimate means the godless and the anti-Christian civilization of our day, for repairing in every way the grave evils that come from this civilization, and for bringing back Jesus Christ into the family, into the school, into society."¹

¹ Pius X., *Il Fermo Proposito*.

The Popular Union embraces not only diverse Catholic associations, but also individuals who belong to no association. In each parish the members constitute the parochial society, which is dependent upon the parish priest. All the parochial societies depend upon the diocesan committee. This committee depends upon the Bishop of the diocese. And all these diocesan committees in Italy, to the number of two hundred and fifty (there are about two hundred and fifty dioceses in Italy), depend upon the Central Directive Committee of the Catholic Movement, which has its seat in Rome and whose President is nominated by the Holy See. This Central Directive Council in Rome functions by means of three secretariates: The Secretariate for Propaganda; The Secretariate of Culture (or formation of the social conscience); The Secretariate for Liberty of Schools.

The duty of The Secretariate of Propaganda is to extend the membership of the Popular Union and keep in touch with the Diocesan Committees and the parochial groups. On it devolves the task of developing the power and influence of the Union throughout the country. Though a few lines suffice to describe its *onera*, its responsibility is far-reaching.

The purpose of The Secretariate of Culture is to spread broadcast the knowledge necessary for the people to comprehend and to solve, according to the principles of Catholic doctrine, all new social problems. It has instituted at the head office, Rome, a Bureau of Information which collects and furnishes to the members of the *Unione Popolare* scientific directions on Catholic teaching, indications as to books worthy of being consulted on the social problems that come up for solution and, moreover, it keeps them *au courant* with conferences, lectures, etc., on social questions of the day. It publishes and circulates books, pamphlets and leaflets on such questions.

Every year it holds a "Social Week," to which are invited, also, members of analogous foreign societies. Here live questions that have presented themselves during the past year, are discussed with a view to giving sure directions to members who may feel doubtful as to the proper line of action to pursue.

By the organization, in different parts of Italy, of courses of social study, it prepares young captains of the Catholic Movement who will carry the organization far afield. About

one hundred intelligent Catholic youths are gathered in one of Italy's beauty spots where lectures are given after the manner of the Summer School in America. For example, last year the celebrated monastery of Monte Cassino, the shores of Lago Maggiore in North Italy, the island of Sardegna, and the beautiful little city of Siena, with its wealth of religious associations, were chosen as the scenes of these Summer Schools, and the disciples (young priests and young laymen ready to devote part of their spare time to the work of propaganda), who followed the fifteen day course, aggregated five hundred. These courses are intended to perfect in a technical way the minds of the students and presuppose a certain amount of culture.

The Secretariate for Liberty of Schools directs the struggle for the liberty of the schools, that liberty which, little by little, the Freemasons and the "Liberals" (Bless the mark!) of the peninsula have so curtailed these past thirty years. To achieve its end, the Secretariate has adopted the following means: It has awakened the conscience of the members of the Popular Union to the importance and the necessity of having full freedom of action, within reasonable bounds, in the schools. It has organized leagues of Catholic fathers to defend the Catholic schools in every municipality in Italy. It promotes meetings to bring the school question strongly before the public eye.

In this struggle for the schools the Catholics demand: First, liberty in all grades of education, so that each person be free to open a school without any control on the part of the State except inasmuch as hygiene, morality and public order are concerned; second, that every school be authorized to confer academic degrees; third, that to the State be reserved only the conferring of professional degrees by virtue of which the holder may *exercise his profession* as lawyer, physician, etc. In order that citizens may have a guarantee of the competency of students of Catholic schools for the exercise of the liberal professions, the Catholics demand that a *State examination* be held indifferently for all students, whether coming from State or private schools. For obvious reasons, they also demand that the examining board be composed of teachers belonging to both State and Catholic schools. I may add here, by way of parenthesis, among scholastic associations worthy

of special mention are: *L'Associazione Nazionale Nicolo Tommaseo* and *La Federazione degli Istituti Scolastici Privati*. Both defend the moral and economic rights of their members and uphold education on Christian principles.

La Società Della Gioventù Cattolica Italiana, or Society of the Catholic Youth of Italy, is an organization for the moral and intellectual formation of Italian youths according to Christian principles, to habituate them to profess openly the Catholic religion, and to educate them for the defence of the rights of the Church and of religious liberty. It is composed of clubs and associations scattered over all the dioceses of the country, and it is directed by diocesan councils, all under a President-General in Rome. At this moment the clubs of Italy's Catholic boys number 2,300 with a membership of 70,000.

Among the societies established among the young men of Italy, the following are worthy of note: "*La Federazione Universitaria Cattolica Italiana*," founded in 1896, the end of which is to bind together Catholic students in defence of their religious and moral interests, and to aid the apostolate which these fearless young fellows uphold in the university ambients.

When we reflect that the university in Italy is usually ground hostile to Catholic ideas, we realize how much the Catholic student needs such a federation. "*La Federazione degli Associazioni Sportivi Cattolici Italiani*," has for its aim the physical education of the youth, side by side with his religious life. "*L'Associazione Scoutistica Cattolica*," develops the strength of the Catholic Boy Scouts, which corps is kept completely separated from what, for want of a better name, we must call "lay" scouts. Count de Carpegna, one of the Noble Guards of the Holy Father, is President of this body.

"*L'Unione Femminile Cattolica Italiana*" is the third great organization. It has for its purpose the education of the Catholic woman of Italy for the full observance of her duties, religious, civil and social, and the unification of all Italy's Catholic women in confessing and defending Catholic principles. This great body is divided into two sections: "The Union of the Catholic Women of Italy," which comprises both married and unmarried over thirty-five years of age. Its members total 150,000. Besides its general purpose it endeavors to aid its members from an educational and social standpoint; to

keep in touch with school mistresses in order to watch over Christ's interests in the schools; to promote the Christian spirit in the family and in social life, and to cultivate love and obedience in the home. "The Association of Catholic Young Women of Italy" comprises unmarried women of every condition of life up to the age of thirty-five years. This has for its aim the religious, intellectual and moral formation of its members; preparation for their maternal mission; the open profession and defence of the Catholic Faith; obedience to the Holy See and filial affection for the Vicar of Christ.

The "*Azione Economico-Sociale*" comprises the "*Movimento Sindacale Cristiano*" and the "*Movimento Cooperativo Cristiano*." The first of these movements is promoted by the Italian Confederation of Workingmen, which includes all organizations of factory hands, farmers, men given to commerce, and guilds of masons, bakers, railway employees, cloth makers, post office officials and others. Every category has its seat in every municipal town. They now comprise over thirty national federations, and are continually on the increase. They form the great Italian Confederation of Workingmen with a membership of 1,500,000. This is the greatest organization of its kind in Europe, excepting that in Germany.

The "*Movimento Cooperativo Cristiano*" is the largest and most important of the Italian Catholic organizations. In numbers and importance it far outstrips a similar movement run by the Socialists, and in no other country is it conducted on so vast a scale. It began in 1874 under Pope Pius IX. and is promoted by the "*Federazione Cooperativa Italiana*," which comprises the following organizations:

(1) The National Confederation of Coöperative Stores in which grain, wines, etc., are sold. This has 3,500 affiliated stores. Its head office is at Genoa.

(2) Italian Federation of Loan Banks founded to save farmers, traders, etc., from the clutches of usurers. It has 3,000 branch offices. Its head office is in Rome.

(3) National Federation of Farmers' Societies with 800 affiliated branches. It sells seeds, manures, farm implements to farmers. Its head office is in Milan.

(4) Italian Federation of Banks having 51 branch offices. Its head office is the *Banco di Roma* in Rome. On June 30,

1920, its capital and deposits were 1,006,000,000 lire. They are now much more.

(5) "*Unione Nazionale delle Cooperative di Produzione e Lavoro*," which is of recent date. Its end is to promote the welfare of mills, building societies, etc.

(6) The Italian Fishermen's Coöperative Society. This has organized thousands and thousands of the fisher folk on the shores of the Mediterranean and the Adriatic to save them (and the public as well) from the maws of the middleman. The Society receives the takes fresh from the fishing boats, sells them and divides the profits among the fishermen. It is a joy to the hardy sons of the sea, while it is anathema to the biped Italian sharks who heretofore exploited the toils and dangers of the fisherman, as well as the public at large.

(7) "*Il Banco di Lavoro*." This gives financial accommodation to any of the industrial organizations above mentioned.

(8) Finally comes the "*Consorzio Nazionale di Approvvigionamento delle Cooperative di Consume*." This buys goods wholesale and sells to its retail societies.

These organizations constitute about 7,000 societies scattered all over Italy.

In latter years the political situation of Catholics in Italy has undergone a great change. Up to 1904 the "*Non Expedit*" of Pius IX. prohibited Italian Catholics from presenting themselves as candidates for the Chamber of Deputies, nor might Catholics cast their votes at the political elections. But Pius X. made exceptions in individual cases so that, in time, there came to be about thirty Catholic deputies in the Chamber. These, however, constituted neither a party nor a group.

A big change came in 1919 when, with the tacit consent of the Holy See, the Popular Party of Italy (which is not Catholic in the *professional sense* of the word, since non-Catholics may enter its ranks if they follow a programme inspired by Christian principles) was elected one hundred strong. This party took as its programme the defence of religion, justice and the Christian spirit, and though it counted only one hundred out of five hundred and eight deputies in Monte Citorio, it soon became what the German Centre Party was in the Reichstag in Bismarck's day, or the Irish Parliamentary Party in the English House of Commons in Parnell's day, the arbiter

of the situation. As the Socialist Party refused to collaborate with any party, no side could govern without the Popular Party.

At the elections held in May, 1921, the Popular Party returned from the urns numbering one hundred and nine deputies, strong, picked men. Not only to the example of France, but to the strength of the Popular Party is due the attitude which the Italian press, as a whole, has adopted in favor of a permanent reconciliation between the Holy See and Italy.

TO A YOUNG LADY ON HER EIGHTEENTH BIRTHDAY.

BY J. CORSON MILLER.

I MAKE a birthday-song for you, lady,
A shy, little twist of rhyme;
Woven of silver leaves of friendship,
And mellowed by suns of time.
Take it—'tis tied with the ribbon of faith,
And sprayed with the honey of youth,
And every blossom and baby-bud
Was plucked in the garden of truth.

May life for you be a house of laughter,
Where the lamp of love hangs high;
Hidden away from the winds of sorrow,
And clean as a star-brimmed sky.
I give you the jewels of maidenly virtue,
To wear with an innocent art;
May Conscience be ever the key that shall open
And close the hushed gates of your heart.

For the days crowd down, like an army with banners,
To plunder, to kill, and to maim;
May you keep your soul as a lily-white fortress,
Against the shrewd enemy, Shame.
Then Heaven will smile, and Beauty shall bless you,
And Joy shall remain with you long;
And you shall be wrapped in the mantle of angels,
When Death comes by like a song.

WHY GOD BECAME MAN.*

BY LESLIE J. WALKER, S.J., M.A.

IV.

TRUTH INCARNATE.



HERE was an immense amount of truth in the world in the pre-Christian period of man's history. Man, as he developed, had drawn many valid inferences from the facts with which he was confronted, had projected many ideas into the objective world, the reality of which experience bore out. He knew that he belonged to a sinful race, and that all were involved in this sin, even the dead, who in another world still lived, and were still interested in and affected by his doings. He felt acutely the need of redemption, and sought to attain it by ritual observance and sacrifice, which were essentially social actions. But he was aware, too, and was becoming increasingly aware, that religion is also a personal affair, a matter of conscience, involving a right relation between himself and God, between society and God, and between himself and society. Ever prone to anthropomorphize, ever credulous of myths, ever ready to worship the manifestation in place of what it presupposed, man was at any rate firmly convinced that God was a real Being Who could become known to mankind, and that only thus could mankind rightly solve its problems.

The philosopher, also, was intensely desirous of knowing God, and had made much advance in purifying the concept of God and in raising man's ideal of morality. He was, in general, agreed that there could only be one God; that God was also Providence; that evil was opposed to Providence; and could be overcome, if man only knew God and would act in accordance with this knowledge. But his ideas were unsystematized, and, hence, tended to exaggeration, to conflict,

*A series of articles dealing with fundamental Christian dogmas from the point of view of their value, intellectual and practical, psychological and social, by the author of *Theories of Knowledge* and of *The Problem of Reunion*, etc.; lecturer in Theology in the University of Oxford.

and so ultimately to disappearance. Was God immanent or transcendent? Was His nature in any way diverse? Was evil an independent reality? Was God identical with the universe, or identical with man's soul, or was He merely the animating principle of the universe, or did He live in a world apart, wrapt up in self-contemplation?

Each thesis was maintained, yet without sure foundation. Hence criticism, and the tendency of each to go over into its opposite. If God were wholly one, whence plurality? If many, whence security? If identical with the universe or with fate, what need is there of God at all? If God be unknowable, He is useless; if known wrongly, evil results and immorality gains a sanction; if He can be conceived rightly only in the abstract, practical religion disappears. Knowledge is of immense value, if only we can be sure that we know. But the philosophers were not sure. The cornerstone was missing. All was uncertain, wavering, ever giving place to decadence or issuing in despair. The truths were there, almost all the truths that Christianity herself preaches. What was wanting was something that should put each in its true perspective, and at the same time give life to it, bringing it back from the realm of the abstract into the sphere of concrete experience.

Could God do this? Could God solve the problems which puzzled the philosophers? There was no one in those days, either philosopher or plain man, who would have denied God's power in this matter. God might inspire a prophet, had done so many times; though only with partial knowledge, and though the prophets were by no means agreed. He might also Himself become incarnate; was supposed to have done so quite frequently; though in a crude kind of way, and without any striking benefit resulting in the matter either of morality or truth. God's problem, if I may so put it, was not how to manifest Himself, but how to convince man that this manifestation of Himself was genuine; not how to save the world, but how to convince the world that in reality its salvation had been wrought. If He came by way of inspiration, He must secure that inspiration should be recognized, must guard against illusion and false prophets, must convince men that the chosen prophet was preaching what he knew, and not mingling with it fancy and speculation. If by incarnation, He must secure that this incarnation should not be treated as one

amongst many, or as the incarnation of some subordinate and imaginary deity. He must also secure, whichever plan He chose, that this manifestation of Himself should endure.

Christians claim that God chose to manifest Himself by way of incarnation, in accordance with an eternal plan which the universe had been progressively realizing, and amongst a people whom, for centuries, He had been preparing for this event. We have traced the development of this plan amongst the Gentiles. Before studying its culmination in the coming of Christ, we must look for a moment at its development amongst the Jews. For the best way to answer the question, has a revelation been made, is to study how it was made—to watch it being made.

The concept of God as “I am Who am” was far in advance of the age in which it first appeared, so much so that its significance was for a long time but dimly appreciated even by the people to whom this name was made known. They did not understand it, but they believed that God had spoken, and clung to the letter of His word. Therefore, it grew amongst them, their notion of God on this account becoming progressively more pure and more spiritual.

Evolution, here as elsewhere, was largely due to the efforts of individual men, notably to the prophets. But the endurance of this seminal notion, amid disaster and infidelity, the absence of reversal, its steady development as the keynote of Jewish theology, the note that bespoke not merely monotheism, but a monotheism of transcendent purity and depth, indicates something more than the mere inspiration of prophets. God was with this people, as He said.

Jahweh was the God of Israel, the Father of the people whom He had selected for a special purpose in the economy of His Providence over man. Vaguely, this purpose was recognized by the people themselves: in them all nations were somehow to be blessed. How, they knew not. But gradually, as prophetic insight grew, it became clear that a Messiah, a King, a Redeemer, was to come, Who should establish a new order of things. There was to be a new Kingdom of Israel in which the Gentiles also should be embraced.

The fundamental fact was plain, though as to the manner of its realization views were diverse and discordant. A temporal kingdom was at first expected, a kingdom won by con-

quest. Even when the Jews became a subject race, the hope of a conquering Messiah still lived on. Slowly, however, the temporal expectation was transformed into one more spiritual, as the concept of God grew more clear. The new order was to be a Divine order, a kingdom of justice and of God. It was to bring about an intensification of Israel's sonship. And He Who was to effect this was to be a supernatural Being, Who was to come on the clouds of heaven, was to be called Emmanuel, God-with-us, or God-sent, was to be the manifestation of Jahweh Himself, come now in justice and in power.

It has been thought that in the Jewish Scriptures there are traces even of the doctrine of the Trinity. Wisdom is personified as something other than God; as something which He knows, and which finds favor with Him and gives life; and, again, as the emanation of Divine glory, the splendor of eternal light, the mirror of God's activity, and the image of His goodness. Memra, or the Word, is conceived as something which goes forth from God, and has a mission or function; as that by which God creates and in which the universe subsists. The Spirit is spoken of as a Divine force or energy without which life fails and with which it develops; as that which gives power to the saints, martyrs, prophets, and servants of Jahweh; as something which is to be poured forth in abundance, when the Messiah shall come, both upon Him and upon His posterity.

That there is something more here than the mere personification of Divine powers or activities is possible. But if there be Wisdom, a Word, and a Spirit, as well as Jahweh, there is plainly no Trinity. The most one can say is that the idea of some diversity in God is suggested, though without any clear indication whether it be personal or not; or whether it really be in God, or between God and some Divine emanation, such as the Alexandrian *Logos*, which was neither personal nor strictly Divine, but rather an idea-force operating as a Divine intermediary. In regard to the Trinity, and more especially in respect to the Messiah, the truth was already adumbrated, but before its threads could be woven together and their significance rightly discerned, it was necessary that the reality should appear.

The reality did appear in Christ.

The Synoptic Gospels give us an account of the Christ as

He was known to those who were most intimate with Him during His life. They present us with a plain, ungarnished record of His life, and of some of His parables and sayings. They have stood the test of a criticism, far longer and more detailed and more acute than has been given to any other documents in the world. And they remain unassailable today, except on the *a priori* ground that the facts they contain are impossible. The Evangelists draw no inference from their facts. But to accept them is to accept the fact that God has become manifest in the world.

He, Whose life the Evangelists record, certainly gave evidence of wonderful power, alike over diseases, over nature, over death, and over those whom evil spirits possessed. All recognized this, enemies as well as friends; and all attributed it to a supernatural agency. If it was due to special knowledge, then it was due to knowledge which even yet the human race does not possess. If it was due to the devil, then the devil, as Christ Himself argued, must be divided against himself.

It was mainly the works of Jesus that at length convinced His disciples that He must be the Christ. But, also, He appealed to prophecy. He was the One for Whom Israel had been looking so long. The visions of the prophets admitted of many interpretations. Now He to Whom they pointed had come, and in Him their true interpretation was made plain. This is His message to John the Baptist,¹ to the synagogue,² and to His own followers.³ It is also the message which the Apostles were to preach later on to the House of Israel, and to which the Evangelists call our attention in the course of their narrative.

Christ also impressed His own generation by the manner in which He spoke. Of the Father He speaks as One having an intimate experience, an experience that is peculiar to Himself. "No one knoweth the Son, but the Father; neither doth anyone know the Father, but the Son, and he to whom it shall please the Son to reveal Him."⁴ He frequently reminds his hearers that they are children of God, but never confuses His own Sonship with theirs.⁵ He is in a unique sense Son of God,⁶

¹ Matthew xi. 2-6.

² Luke xvii. 21.

³ Luke x. 23, 24.

⁴ Matthew xi. 27; Luke x. 22.

⁵ Compare Matthew x. 29 with x. 33; Luke xi. 13, xii. 39 with xxii. 29, xxiv. 49.

⁶ Matthew xxi. 37, 38; Mark xii. 6, 7; Luke xx. 13, 14.

and as such is recognized by God at His Baptism and Transfiguration. He insists that in the absolute sense there is only one Master, only One Who is good;⁷ yet Himself claims to be Master⁸ and does not refuse the title, "good," though He inquires on what ground it is used of Him. He comes as God's messenger, yet speaks in His own name, contrasting what the Law says with His own teaching.⁹ He announces God's kingdom, but Himself claims to be King,¹⁰ is charged with this, mocked on account of it, and crucified under this title.

The attitude of man towards God should, the Christ teaches, be one of humility, penitence, confidence. Towards Himself he encourages precisely the same attitude. "Come to Me . . . and I will refresh you; take My yoke upon you . . . and you shall find rest for your souls."¹¹ He, like God, is present wherever His disciples are gathered together.¹² What is done to His brethren is done to Him, and shall gain for the doer admission to His eternal Kingdom.¹³ Those who confess Him, He will confess before His Father.¹⁴ Like God, He can read hearts, forgive sins, foretell the future, and will come as the Judge of the world.

In the Synoptic Gospels Christ's claim to a unique Sonship, in virtue of which He has power, co-equal with that of the Father, is manifest alike from His actions and words. He vindicates His claim by the exercise of this power, the evidence for which the Gospels record. But, though the conclusion is implied in the evidence, the Synoptists do not draw it forth. Their aim is to depict Christ as He was known to His contemporaries, to set forth the evidence as it grew. During His lifetime the full significance of His claim was not recognized by His disciples. It was His enemies who saw the more clearly the purport of His words, and for the blasphemy implied by them, if His claim were not true, put Him to death. To the disciples the passion and death came as a staggering blow, in spite of the fact that Christ had foreseen and foretold it. Their growing faith was shattered. They still retained their love for the Master, but they gave up all hope that He might prove to be the Messiah. Consequently, they were no less staggered by the report that the tomb had been found empty than

⁷ Matthew xix. 17, xxiii. 8; Mark x. 17. ⁸ Matthew xxiii. 10; Mark xiv. 14.

⁹ Matthew v. 21, etc.

¹⁰ Luke xix. 38-40.

¹¹ Matthew xi. 28-30.

¹² Matthew xviii. 20.

¹³ Matthew xxv. 34-40.

¹⁴ Matthew x. 32; Mark viii. 38; Luke xii. 8.

they had been by the spectacle of His death; and were reluctant to believe it, till they themselves had investigated the matter. The inference that He had risen, as He promised, backed by the report of some who had seen Him, was for the rest an idle tale, till they had seen Him for themselves.

Such is the essence of the narrative as given by the Synop-
tists. They describe Christ from the point of view of a con-
temporary who witnesses the facts, and beholds the faith of
the disciples increasing or waning as the *prima facie* evidence
demands. Those facts are recorded which were common
knowledge and with which all were struck at the time.

The Fourth Gospel presents Christ from a different point
of view, namely, from the point of view of one who, already
having accepted His claim to divinity, in the light of this faith
looks back upon the facts of His life. During His lifetime He
was not understood, John says.¹⁵ Now, we do understand Him:
He was the Word made Flesh.¹⁶ Facts which at the time had
created no great impression on the minds of the disciples,
and had rapidly sunk into their unconscious memory, from
the new viewpoint become important, and so are recalled.
John tells the same story as the other Evangelists, but with
many additional incidents and sayings, which at the time had
appeared incomprehensible. There is still no public preach-
ing of "the mysteries of the kingdom," which were to be re-
vealed only after Jesus' death. But there is frequent refer-
ence to them, especially in private conversation; and both to
the representatives of the Old Church, the "Jews," and to His
Apostles, the nucleus of the New, Jesus declares plainly Who
He is.

John also, unlike the other Evangelists, summarizes in a
preface the doctrine for which he is about to adduce evidence,
and throughout his narrative introduces comments with a view
to showing that the doctrine then preached in the Church is
the same as that taught by the Lord. He still presents to us
the historical Jesus, but presents Him now, not as He appeared
to unappreciative and half-converted disciples, but as He was
in reality, God become manifest in the flesh.

John the Baptist confessed that he was not the Christ,
but had come to prepare the way for the Christ, Who was
really "before him," and so was "preferred." What does this

¹⁵ John i. 10, 11; ii. 22; xii. 16.

¹⁶ John i. 14.

mean? It means, says John, that "no man hath seen the Father at any time," but that "the Only-begotten Son, Who is in the bosom of the Father, hath declared Him," of Whose "fullness we have all received."¹⁷ It means that the Word Who was in the beginning with God, and Who was God, hath now become Flesh, and is dwelling amongst us.¹⁸ John the Baptist said: "He must increase and I must decrease," because "He that cometh from above is above all." He that cometh from above testifieth "what He hath seen and heard." Therefore, "he that hath received the testimony, hath set to his seal that God is true. For He Whom God hath sent, speaketh the words of God; since God doth not give the spirit by measure, but loveth the Son and hath given all things into His hand."¹⁹

This is what Jesus Himself declared to Nicodemus. "Truly, truly, do I say to thee that We speak what We know, and testify what We have seen. No man hath ascended into heaven, except He descended from heaven, Who is in heaven, namely the Son of man. And as the serpent was lifted up in the desert, so must the Son of Man be lifted up, that whosoever believeth in Him may have life everlasting. For God hath so loved the world as to give His Only-begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him may not perish."²⁰

In like manner He attested His Divine origin and Sonship to the Pharisees, in whose presence He had forgiven the woman taken in adultery. "I am not alone, but am one with the Father that sent Me. Therefore, in giving testimony of Myself, the Father also giveth testimony of Me. If you believe not that I am He, you shall die in your sin, for what I speak in the world are the things that I have heard of Him that sent Me."²¹ And again to the Jews: "If you continue in My words, you shall know Truth, and the Truth shall make you free. For, as sinners, you are the slaves of sin, but if the Son, Who abideth for ever, make you free, you shall indeed be free."²² "I speak what I have seen and heard with My Father. This Abraham did not. For from God I proceeded and came, and before Abraham was, I am."²³

"Chacune de ces sentences a l'autorité d'un témoignage irréfragable, et la sereine assurance d'une science éternelle,"

¹⁷ John i. 15, etc.¹⁸ John i. 1-14.¹⁹ John iii. 30-35.²⁰ John iii. 11-16.²¹ John viii. 12-16,²² John viii. 31-36.²³ John viii. 38-42, 58.

says Père Lebreton,²⁴ and so clearly was their purport grasped by the theologians of the day that they took up stones to stone Him for blasphemy.

John, on the other hand, is not a theologian. He has outgrown the crude realism of Philip, who, at the Last Supper, could exclaim: show us the Father, and it is enough for us. He knows now that He Who seeth the Christ, seeth the Father also. His Gospel, none the less, is a historical narrative, not a theological dissertation. Had it been otherwise he would have realized at once the outstanding difficulty that his narrative presents. Not only are the works of Jesus *given* Him by the Father,²⁵ His power to do judgment,²⁶ His life in God,²⁷ His dominion over all flesh,²⁸ in a word, all that He has;²⁹ but He prays to the Father,³⁰ obeys the Father,³¹ and acknowledges that the Father is greater than Himself.³² How, then, does He "make Himself God."³³

John sees no difficulty here, though his words later on were to give rise to bitter controversy in the Church. And the reason is precisely that John's sole aim is to depict Jesus as He was. He claimed to be "the Only-begotten Son of God;" to be "in the Father and the Father in Him;" to "have all that the Father hath, as the Father hath all that is His;" to "have come forth from the Father," yet to have been existent "in the beginning;" to be "able to do nothing of Himself," yet to be capable of "whatsoever He seeth the Father doing;" to "give life as the Father gives life;" and to "have worked, as the Father works, even until now." Therefore, John records this claim, as he records Christ's statement that He was less than the Father, "to Whom He would return," and the fact of His obedience and His prayer.

If we distinguish between the sense in which Christ is inferior to God and the sense in which He is God's equal, we can doubtless resolve the apparent contradiction between the statements which imply subordination and diversity and the statements which affirm equality and immanence. But John does not make this distinction. He does not bear witness at one time to the Humanity of Christ and at another time to His Divinity. He envisages just the one living Person, God's Only-begotten Son Who in the flesh manifests the Father because

²⁴ *Les Origines du dogme de la Trinité*, p. 399.

²⁵ John v. 36.

²⁶ John v. 22, 27.

²⁷ John v. 26.

²⁸ John xvii. 2.

²⁹ John iii. 35; xii. 3.

³⁰ John xvii. 1, 2.

³¹ John xiv. 31; xv. 10.

³² John xiv. 28.

³³ John x. 33.

He was one with the Father, and Who also is obedient to the Father. The emphasis is not on the two natures, nor yet on the personality as such, but on the living Reality which is Christ. Recognizing that Christ is God, John would re-tell, from the point of view of faith, the story which the other Evangelists have already told from the point of view of a mere human eyewitness. But the story is still of real life. The Humanity is there, no less than the Divinity, and is discernible from it, but John would have us see them functioning together in the concrete. And for this very reason, he solves, though unconsciously, both the problems which were to crop up later on and the problems which had been puzzling the world for so long.

How bring together the ultimate Reality and humanity, which seems so far removed from it? Some had placed their trust in sacrifice and ceremony. Others, more thoughtful, had insisted that knowledge must be the prime factor, knowledge which should permeate a man, and so bring him into union with the Known. Some had sought this union through obedience to the laws of the universe, which God was thought to animate. Others, conceiving God as transcendent, had removed Him so far from the universe that a later age had to invent all manner of intermediaries in the endeavor to unite them again. Man had displayed an immense ingenuity in devising means of bringing God to earth. But in vain. The truth was in fragments; nowhere was there certainty; nowhere had the fragments endurance or vitalizing power. Now Truth has come into the world. You wish to believe in it? Then behold it in Christ, says John. His works, His words, His authority, His power, His intimacy with the Father, His love for mankind, His meekness, His pity, His zeal, His obedience, His patience, His suffering, His triumph over all things, even death, testify Who He is. He is no mere man, but Truth Incarnate. He speaks not of Himself, but what He hath heard and seen. He was what He claimed to be. He, and He alone, hath had experience of God.

Salvation comes through knowledge of the Truth declare one and all the philosophers. *Christ is Truth.*⁸⁴ In this is eternal life that they may know Thee, the only true God, and Jesus Christ, Whom Thou hast sent.⁸⁵ In Him we know the true God, for He is in the Father, and the Father is in Him.

⁸⁴ John xiv. 6.

⁸⁵ John xvii. 3.

His words are the words of the Father, and His actions bespeak the love of the Father.³⁶ He is the Light which came into the world,³⁷ the true Light.³⁸ He that liveth in the Light, liveth also in the Truth.³⁹ And those that believe in the Light, shall become children of Light, and shall walk without stumbling.⁴⁰

Therefore, He is also the Life.⁴¹ You seek water? I will give you living water, which shall become in you a fountain of water, springing up into life eternal, and of which whosoever drinketh, shall never thirst again.⁴² If any man thirst, let him come to Me and drink.⁴³ Your fathers did eat manna, and are dead? Behold, My Father giveth you the true bread which cometh down from heaven, and giveth life to the world. I am that Bread.⁴⁴ Yes, even sacramental Bread. For My flesh is meat indeed, and My blood is drink indeed. He that eateth My flesh and drinketh My blood, abideth in Me and I in Him. As the living Father hath sent Me, and I live by the Father, so he that eateth Me, the same also shall live by Me.⁴⁵ As the branch cannot bear fruit of itself, unless it abide in the vine, so neither can you, unless you abide in Me.⁴⁶ That you may be one together in Me, as I and the Father are one, you in Me and I in Him.⁴⁷

The yearning which the Brahmin had for union with God is here satisfied by no abstract Absolute, but by union with the living Christ, Who is God. The true way which Zoroaster sought, and knew could come only through the Truth, is here made manifest in Truth, which has now become Incarnate in the world. That identity with the World-spirit which the Stoic hoped to attain through obedience to the natural law, is here promised through obedience to Christ, Who will accomplish it in us, as the Father accomplisheth it eternally in Him. The transcendent God of Aristotle has come down to the earth: the eternal Thought of thought has expressed Itself now in human fashion, thereby becoming intelligible, even as are the thoughts of man.

Nothing is lost, neither of goodness, nor of truth. Religion is still to be a matter of conscience; but we shall walk without stumbling only if we become children of light through

³⁶ John xiv. 10, 12.

³⁷ John viii. 12; ix. 5; xii. 46.

³⁸ John i. 9.

³⁹ 1 John i. 7, 8; ii. 4.

⁴⁰ John vii. 12; xii. 36, 46; cf. 1 John i. 7; ii. 10.

⁴¹ John xiv. 6.

⁴² John iv. 10-14.

⁴³ John vii. 37.

⁴⁴ John vi. 32-51.

⁴⁵ John vi. 52-59.

⁴⁶ John xv. 4.

⁴⁷ John xvii. 11, 20-23.

belief in the Light that reveals. There is still to be sacrifice, for the Christ is lifted up; and contact with God is still to be established in sacramental ways, which shall centre round a sacramental food. But the sacrifice we offer will no longer be merely a figure, nor our sacraments merely symbols. We shall offer to the Father His Only-begotten Son, and shall partake of the Body and Blood of the Lord.

The problem of evil also is solved, not by a denial of its existence, but by the advent of a power in which evil can be surely overcome. In the process to which all created being is subject, God, by becoming man, now shares. He has abolished neither suffering nor sin; but has borne in His own Person the consequences of sin, and over suffering has triumphed, from death has arisen. The allurements of the world and the flesh remain; but if we believe in Him, trust Him, abide in Him, against Whom they had no power, we shall no longer fall a prey to their false charm. Suffering, disease, disaster will still be evil to those who seek their happiness in the creature; but to those who in His way seek God, they will become but a means to this end. God has gained the victory, therefore victory is assured through the Son, with Whom we may become one, as He is one with the Father.

John's vision of God-become-man has been compared with Philo's concept of the *Logos*. Possibly, the author of the Fourth Gospel had some knowledge of Alexandrine thought. Possibly, it is for this reason he introduces the term "*Logos*" into his preface. But he uses it only in the preface, and there only twice. Moreover, the striking parallelism between this preface and the opening paragraphs of Genesis suggests that John has chiefly in mind the "spoken word" of God. In any case the vision of John as developed in his Gospel and the Alexandrine doctrine are radically different. Philo's *Logos* is an intermediary being, which expresses imperfectly the thought of God, and is used by Him as instrument and model in the creation and sustentation of the universe. It is a kind of "concrete universal," expressed in phenomena and serving as their unifying principle. It is, therefore, essentially cosmological in character. John's *Logos* is not. It is essentially spiritual. The beings which it unifies are human beings, and the life in which it unifies them is both spiritual and divine. There is no reference to the cosmological functions of the

Christ-*logos* except in the one passage which says that by Him all things were made. Philo's *Logos* is imperfect and impersonal; John's is both perfect and personal. Philo's *Logos* is the shadow, image, or imprint of God on the world, in knowing which we know God only with that imperfect knowledge which may be derived by arguing from effect to cause: is "Son of God" only in the metaphorical sense, in the same sense that the world is described as the "second Son of God." John's *Logos* is the perfect image of God expressed in a human being, to behold Whom is to behold God Himself, because with Him God is one, and in Him, incarnate in the flesh, is the eternal Father's Only-begotten Son. The one is a "mediator," half cosmical, half Divine, linking together God and the world. The other is wholly Divine, and becomes a Mediator only by identifying Himself with an already created race, which He would redeem from sin, and elevate to union with the Father.

John is not philosophizing, still less seeking to harmonize religious with philosophical belief. And it is precisely because he is not seeking this, but to depict for us the Jesus Whom he knew, that in the Reality thus presented the half-truths of the philosophers find at once synthesis, vitality, and perfection. In philosophy we start with a problem, which is solved, if at all, only after a tedious and uncertain process of reasoning from premise to conclusion. In Christianity we start, as in history, with the concrete fact, in which, when we have grasped it, we find that the solution of our problems is already contained. Philosophy starts with a question, of which it seeks the true answer. Christianity starts with Truth Incarnate; then finds the questions which are answered.

John's message and that of the Synoptists is the same: the Messiah has come; God has become manifest; the Word is made flesh. Truth is no longer abstract, It dwelleth amongst us. Knowledge is no longer divorced from experience, for of the Christ man has experience, and in Him of the Father, whence all knowledge and all reality proceed. Then, He Who has linked truth with reality, knowledge with experience, returns to His Father, and the root of man's certainty is gone.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

MY LITTLE BLACK BOOK.

BY CHARLES C. CONATY.

(Concluded.)

BEFORE THE ARGONNE.



IN all the hundreds of years during which these church bells had summoned the inhabitants of the little village to Mass, or had sounded the Angelus, or proclaimed the death of some faithful soul, they had never rung out with such peals of joy as they did this glorious September afternoon. For it was the day we learned of the San Mihiel drive, and the good Curé of the village in which we were billeted (his name is on the page before me) insisted that the victory should be celebrated by the ringing of the bells. And the celebration ceased only when we were no longer able to pull the ropes, so exhausted were we. Then the parish priest who (as I learned during my short stay with him) was a sort of book merchant for all the priests of that district, showed us about the old church, explaining its history. Still attesting the power of the "grand family" of the town was a half-obliterated black line, painted around on the outside wall of the church about ten feet from the ground. In the olden days, the death of a member of this family was made known by a stripe of mourning painted around the church walls!

Though our kitchens had not yet arrived, our lot was fairly comfortable, and we were anticipating a much needed rest after our long period in action from the Marne to the Aisne. But anticipation was all we had, for after two days in this village, we were ordered to be ready to march at nightfall. Just as we were ready to leave, a column of about four hundred replacements arrived. Poor lads, how tired they looked!

When they learned that they must start out almost immediately their comments were stifling. The pack carried by some of them reached actually to their heels. Our old men relieved them of much surplus equipment, but, untrained and soft from lack of preparation, many of them fell by the way during the march of that and subsequent nights. These men

(most of them, at least) had not had a moment's training, either in America or France. Now they were going into the line. They were of no help to us, rather a hindrance. Though we were only about forty per cent. strength, we could have fought better and had fewer casualties with just our old men than we did in our filled-up state. These new men were in action four weeks from the time they had left their homes for camp. They lacked a knowledge even of how to load and fire their rifles. Above all, they lacked the habitual obedience of a trained soldier, and, as a result they drove our officers to desperation. They seemed unable to realize that obedience meant safety, and so would flock together even in the very front line. Not only were many of them killed as a result of their lack of training, but they were the cause, unwittingly, of the death of many of our officers, both commissioned and non-commissioned. The fault was not theirs; it lay rather in a system, or rather a lack of system, which permitted untrained men to be in action. It was simply criminal.

Night after night we marched, resting during the day-time, and finally we camped in the Argonne forest, a few kilometres behind the four-year-old line. Our few days here were spent in a feverish attempt to get the green men into some sort of shape, for we knew that a drive was in preparation.

It was a busy time for me, making the rounds of my own battalion and reaching out to attend to the Catholic boys in the "outfits" nearby which had no priest. Ordinarily, my altar was the medical cart. On Sunday, however, we removed the tail-board and placed it on top of a few boxes of ammunition, covering the whole "edifice" with an O. D. blanket. This altar had been put up under a large tree in a location which seemed the most suitable for a large gathering, though we were fairly well concealed from aerial observation by the trees. About gospel time in the Mass, it commenced to rain and by Communion time we were all of us drenched. But, of course, no one even thought of leaving. I turned around and gave the boys General Absolution, and then gave them all Holy Communion.

I shall never forget that morning and those boys as they knelt there on the wet ground, the rain falling on their bared heads, as they received the Body and Blood of their Lord. How near we were to the Heart of the Master! Two of the

boys improvised a covering out of a shelter-half supported by two sticks, which they held over my head. The intention was good, but the result disheartening. Instead of receiving the rain drop by drop, I received it in streams. But as I see processions of the Blessed Sacrament, in which a magnificent canopy is carried over Our Lord, I always think of that day when Our Lord's canopy was a shelter-half. Giving Communion that morning was very difficult as the particles kept sticking to my wet fingers. After Mass, I distributed all the rosaries and prayer books and medals which I had fortunately received a few days before from the Chaplains' Aid Society. But a few days later I was taking some of those prayer books and rosaries from the pockets of those same boys. They had met the Master.

An hour or so after Mass I gave a talk to the boys who were not Catholics, trying to prepare them for what I knew, was in store for them, for all of us. Before long, many of them would be before the judgment seat of God. My experience with non-Catholics (or Protestants if you will) led me to pity them from the bottom of my heart. Of religion, as such, they know nothing (I am speaking now of the vast majority of those with whom I came in contact). At most, they have but a hazy belief in God, a vague confidence of heaven, and a dim, very dim, conception of hell. Of Christ and His teaching they are sadly ignorant. Protestantism has taken faith and hope and love of God from their hearts. In return it has given them nothing. In this time of trial, they found themselves without any support of a religious nature. And bitter was their realization of their spiritual poverty. The presence of Christ meant nothing, and they wondered unceasingly at the courage and strength which the Catholic boys derived from attendance at Mass and the reception of Holy Communion.

After all, Protestantism, beginning with negation, has reached its logical conclusion in the negation, or at least disregard, of everything Christian. Some, of course, had a sort of faith; many were naturally good; many learned to pray with shells and bullets as instructors. Not that they were cowards, but, for the first time in their lives, they felt the need of a God. I yearned, indeed, to help them, to share with them the faith which meant so much in our trials, but there was no

foundation on which to build. Their cry for food had been answered by a book being thrust into their hands. Holy, yes, the Book of God, but how were they to understand it even if they had time to read it? Their spiritual condition is a simple and logical result of the principle of Protestantism. It has produced a spiritual blight. Its ministers have nothing to minister, no authority to teach. They realized it—and the boys did.

To many the War was a revelation from a religious viewpoint; wherever one went, one found always a priest with a definite work. His work was not to talk in vague terms of God and morality. When he talked it was generally definitely—and briefly. His chief work was the administration of the Sacraments, and, to the Catholic, it made no difference who or what the priest was, he was always a priest—one who could offer Mass, and one from whom he (the Catholic) could receive the Sacraments. By the American tests of efficiency and “workability” and results, the Catholic Religion proved itself.

These days granted us before the start of the drive were too few to permit me to learn our new men as I would have liked. However, I spoke at least once to each of the companies, and between hearing confessions, giving Communion and doing all manner of commissions for the boys, my days and nights were filled up. From experience, our boys had learned that the chances of receiving the last Sacraments were very slight. There must be no waiting—no chances must be taken on that score, at least. Death was always close, one must be ready. So, during the summer my boys had received Communion about once a week, sometimes oftener. It was our great source of strength. More than ever we realized that the Real Presence of Christ in the Blessed Sacrament is the very heart of our Faith. It is at the base of the priesthood. Without it we would have no Mass. It is the full realization of Christ's love for men. And love, after all, not fear, is the essence of Christianity. Much valuable time and many words have been wasted in the attempt to inspire men with a fear of death and a dread of hell. Men are not afraid to die, nor is the knowledge and fear of hell a very powerful deterrent from evil doing. It was the love of Christ which appealed most strongly to men, the love which He showed by His suf-

ferings and His Sacrifice; the love He gives so abundantly in the Mass and in Holy Communion. To us He was always "Gentle Jesus."

TRENCH MORTARS.

"Chaplain, this is going to be 'some' drive, believe me," said the Lieutenant as he stretched himself full-length on the ground under the little shelter which we had constructed by stretching our united shelter-halves from tree to tree. "I saw the maps this morning, showing the various objectives of the different divisions, and if the drive works, it will mean the end of the War."

"The end of the War?" I replied in wonder, "then God be with us. But when does it start?"

All conversation the last few days ended with the query as to when this much-prepared-for drive would commence. But my companion had no definite information on this point. It was evident, however, from the completeness of the preparations, that the start would be soon. And not long after our conversation the Major stuck his head under our home and informed us, in all secrecy of course, that the "show" was to start this very night. Our battalion was to be the Divisional reserve force, to be under the direct orders of the Divisional Chief-of-Staff. Hence, we would not take part in the initial attack following the all-night barrage, but would be used for any emergency which might arise during the progress of the advance. Which all sounded very well to us, though the aftermath proved that being Division reserve was far from a desirable honor. For it meant being shifted continually from one part of the line to another, filling up "holes" in the line, bolstering up the weak places, a sort of general utility outfit.

Darkness that night found us all ready for the march towards a point where we were to remain awaiting further orders. Marching along the road to the front, we met the French soldiers, relieved by our troops, hurrying back to the rear. They did not seem very sad at being deprived of a part in the drive. Which was only natural, considering what those brave, blue-clad men had already done. There was little to distinguish this marching from previous marches until our barrage started at eleven o'clock. The number of guns firing,

the quantity of shells fired during that all-night bombardment of the enemy positions, is beyond my knowledge. But I do know this, it was the worst experience I ever had. The noise was like the roaring of a thousand Niagaras, the earth shook with the concussion of the guns; the shells filled the air with their whistling. Compared with this, the artillery I had experienced in the past three months was as nothing. Though scarcely a shell came from the enemy, I confess I was thoroughly frightened by the noise of our own guns. It was uncanny, horrifying; and the noise beat against the ears till it seemed as though they must burst. Some of the new men, never having heard the guns fired before, were literally shell-shocked. The immense howitzers belched forth their shells with a flaming mouth, and the force of the concussion lifted us off the ground. We passed the 155 rifles; and, finally, the 75's hub to hub, barking so rapidly as to seem like machine guns. And so for miles and miles along the front the roar arose as if from some deep-throated infernal monster. The ensemble was awful; striking fear into one's very soul.

As we neared the front, the road became rougher and rougher; soon it could no longer be distinguished from the shell-torn ground about it. Four years of bombardment had obliterated the least sign of it. We followed some wheel-ruts made by the artillery, and, turning off to the right, soon located a corduroy road, leading through some woods behind a hill. To walk on the round surfaces of the timbers in such a road is, at best, a difficult task; but to have to walk single file, forced continually to step off into the brush and mud to avoid being smashed beneath a snorting stream of baby tanks, such as made our progress a slow and dangerous one that night, is simply beyond description.

We laid on the hillside awaiting our orders till about three o'clock that afternoon. Of how the drive was progressing, we knew nothing, but the absence of any shelling from the German lines seemed to point to a retirement on their part. Orders came, finally, that we should start at once and affect liaison between the left of our divisional line and the line of the division on our right; if necessary, to fill in the line. Rounding the hill, we came upon a battery preparing to move their guns forward. The Germans had retreated till they were out of range, so these artillery men told us. We found out

later that this was far from true, but the mistake had been made, and we could get no artillery support when we needed it badly, to help us overcome the resistance we met with a few miles further on—at a point well within the range of these guns.

Soon we had our first glimpse of a real “No Man’s Land.” It was as if a blight had hit this mighty forest and left in its wake a swath about four miles wide in which nothing remained save the churned earth, an occasional charred tree-stump, but no living thing, not even a blade of grass. Four years of continual shellfire had wiped out almost every vestige of vegetation, turning a once beautiful forest into a pock-marked desert, which oppressed one more than death. Through it ran systems of trenches, shellholes of varying sizes, all manner of barb-wire entanglements. Only this morning, our men had crossed this desolate, ill-omened ground in their charge; nor could they ever explain how they managed to get through the wire. Overhead two planes were fighting; there in front of us lay the woods which we must enter, following the little white markers which the engineers had used to note the course of a road they would construct across this wilderness of death. Crawling around shellholes, jumping across trenches, we finally reached the beginning of the wooded country and located the tracks of a narrow-gauge railroad, which we followed into the heart of the woods.

Darkness falling but added to our difficulty. Our progress was necessarily wary and slow, depending on the scouts out in front of the column. But, at length, the line was located and the ordered liaison accomplished. The line was solid now. After outposts had been stationed, the remainder of the battalion found protection and shelter in an old German trench. It had been covered with boughs and branches of trees to camouflage it, and as it was not very deep, we had to crawl along almost doubled up; for it had but one or two points of entry and we feared to disturb the covering lest the noise be detected by the enemy. Here we spent what remained of the night, unable to stand erect, unable to lie down, so crowded were our quarters. The rain came through the covering, and, though we sat against one side of the trench and stuck our feet into the opposite side, we could not keep from slipping now and then into the water which was about six inches deep

in the bottom of the trench. If we could smoke! But we were too close to risk it.

Orders came that at half-past six the line was to attack. At the break of dawn, before it was yet bright enough to be seen by the enemy, we crawled from our places, stiff and sore, our bodies cramped, to form for the attack. While the companies were forming, we must have been seen, for, of a sudden, we were shelled by trench-mortars. The explosion of these shells was terrific, and the destruction they wrought was appalling. In less time than it takes to tell, the bombardment was over (though it seemed to have lasted for ages). But a few feet from where I was, an entire platoon was wiped out. Twenty men were killed outright; thirty wounded. The shells fell so rapidly there was no escape, nor any possibility of help. Some of the dead bore not a trace of a wound; the concussion had killed them. While I was trying to bind up the wounds of the injured, and get them into the trench where they might have what protection it afforded, the line attacked. The doctor was wounded before he had dressed a single man, and went to the rear with those of the wounded who were able to walk. As soon as we dressed the wounds of those who could not walk, we picked out the serious cases, and sent them back as rapidly as we could get men to carry them, on the rude stretchers made from blankets stretched over poles cut from trees. The work was slow, and it took wonderful courage and patience on the part of the wounded to lie there for hours till men could be found to carry them back. It meant a carriage of several miles, for, at that time, the ambulances could not get across the "No Man's Land."

So many Americans were wounded in that drive that those who were at all able to walk, in most cases walked all the way back to the hospitals. In addition to those hit in the barrage, many others were wounded in the attack and during the day, but, somehow or other, we got them all back. During the night orders came that at the coming of daylight we should proceed up a certain road and await orders at a little town. It would have been easy to obey save that that "certain road" was so well covered by machine guns that a shadow could not get by.

When the companies left, I kept a few of the boys with me to bury the dead. All told, we buried twenty-five of our comrades in that trench, a little cross at the head of each one's

grave, a large cross marking the location of our little cemetery. Some of those I buried had never fired a rifle in their lives—yet they had been killed at the front. These poor, mangled bodies housed souls but a few hours ago! We all of us cried more than once during that day of sad duty. We never became accustomed to death. Some of the dead were in such shape that the boys told me they could not bring them to the trench, so I had to bite my lips, and, collecting the torn bodies with a shovel, tie them up in a blanket. And so we laid them to rest, these boys whose names fill these pages of my Little Black Book. We knew that God had already rewarded them.

ADAM.

The duties of a Chaplain, as outlined in Army Regulations, are, to say the least, rather vague. In a sense, a Chaplain is an anomaly, a free-lance in an organization in which there is no freedom, the nature and scope of whose work depends, to a very large extent, upon his own conception of it. To my status as a Chaplain I transferred my conception of my calling as a priest, that I should, as far as in me lay, try to be “all things to all men.” Primarily, I was a Chaplain to care for the spiritual interests of the Catholic soldiers; secondarily, for those of the boys not of my faith. But man is composed of body and soul and his spiritual and physical needs are dissociated only in theory; in practice they are interlinked and interdependent. And so my work as a Chaplain was a mixture of spiritual ministrations with a variety of occupations extending from referee of boxing matches, doctor, interpreter, conciliator, to banker. And I was a never failing source of writing paper and cigarettes.

It must not be wondered at, therefore, if my Little Black Book shows me in the rôle of a banker, for here are the names of many boys, and, opposite the names, the amount of money I held for each. In spite of the fact that I accompanied them wherever they went and was just as liable to be hit as any one of them, the boys seemed to think that their money was safer in my keeping than in their own pockets. My remonstrances at taking money were invariably laughed at, for the boys had it that I couldn't be hit! I had the same belief—for a while!

Among the names on this page is that of Adam. I never

could pronounce his last name properly, and I never attempted to spell it. Like most Polish names, it is composed almost exclusively of consonants from the latter part of the alphabet. I have come to the conclusion, from my experience with Slavic names, that the children of those races must start with "Z Y X" instead of "A B C."

From the land of his birth, Adam had gone to America in search of freedom and fortune. Freedom he found; a fortune was not given him—though he was a coal miner. He had never married, and when his adopted country called its sons to arms, he was among the first to offer himself in the cause of justice, ready to show his love for the land which had given him liberty, by fighting, and dying if need be, that that liberty might be preserved. He was a big hulk of a man, well over thirty-five years of age. His reddish hair and bristling mustache gave him a rather forbidding appearance. I doubt not that today he would be taken for a Bolshevik on sight. He was fierce only in appearance, for I found him one of the gentlest and kindest of men, with a mind so clean and a heart so pure that everyone loved him. He was a big brother to the other Polish boys in our battalion. His knowledge of English enabled him to help in many ways those who knew scarcely a word of it. He was invaluable to the officers and men alike. But, above all, he was anxious about the religious welfare of his boys, and he saw to it always that they attended Mass and received the Sacraments, for, of course, they were all Catholics. I can never forget how helpful he was to me, for he acted as a "go-between" for me with the Polish Catholics. How often did I call on him to make in Polish the announcements I had just made in English! I can see him yet, standing up in the congregation, explaining in his language (and with more gestures than I had used) what I had said about confession or Communion. My boys could be divided into three groups: those who spoke English, Italian, or Polish. I might add a fourth (to which they all belonged) those who swore. Adam's command of Polish, added to my knowledge of English and Italian, solved all lingual difficulties.

As regularly as pay-day came (which, in truth, was not at all regular), Adam would come to me with a handful of French money, generally about twenty-five dollars' worth, "given" to him by his Polish boys to be sent to some poor

Polish parish in America. I sometimes thought Adam must have used a good bit of moral suasion to get his boys to the "giving" point. "I told them, Father, that it would be better for them to do good with their money, rather than spending it foolishly or losing it shooting crap. And I told them, too, that God wouldn't forget them for helping some poor church." Then, giving me a piece of paper with the name of the priest to whom the money was to be sent carefully written out, he would ask me to write him a letter and tell him to pray for the American soldiers who sent the money. Truly, Adam, was a veritable directory of poor Polish parishes in America.

We were camped in the forest some few miles behind the line in the Argonne, waiting for the drive to begin. As I lay in my little tent one day, I saw Adam's ruddy face looking in at me.

"Well, Adam," I said, as I crawled out, "how are you anyway?"

"Oh, I'm all right, Father. I just thought this was a good chance to see you and give you some money."

"Money?" I replied. "What do you want done with it? Want another Polish church built in Pennsylvania or Ohio?"

"This money," he said, handing me two one hundred franc bills, "is my own. I want you to keep it, and, after I get killed, you send it to some priest in America for his church and ask him to pray for me."

I looked up astonished, thinking he must be joking. I was so surprised by his remark about "after he had been killed" that I scarcely noticed his failure to give me a definite place to send the money. He was smiling at me as if he had said nothing at all unusual.

"What do you mean, Adam, 'after you get killed?' What makes you think that they're going to get you this time?" I asked him.

And, smiling all the while, he answered that he couldn't explain just why he felt that way, but still he felt sure that this would be his last time. He "knew they would get him this time," and so he wanted this matter arranged beforehand.

Here it was again, that premonition of which so many boys had told me. Nothing tangible, just a presentiment that they would "get their's the next time." I had seen it come true so often that, though I wondered at it, I had no doubts at all

about the outcome. It was as if I was talking to a condemned man. What the explanation of these premonitions—"hunches" the boys called them—may be, I cannot say. It may be that, feeling that they were due, that they were going to "get it," these boys, unconsciously, were less prudent than usual, exposed themselves recklessly. It may be so, though I confess that neither that explanation nor any other I have ever heard, satisfies me.

"Well, Adam, you don't seem to be very much excited about it. Doesn't it worry you any?" I asked him.

"Why should I be worried, Father," he replied, still smiling. "I'm all ready now. Better ready than I ever have been. Since we came to France we haven't had a chance to do anything wrong. We've been living all right. We get to Mass and Communion so often that I guess we'll never be any better than we are now. No, I guess God will take care of me. I'm ready to meet Him."

"God bless you, Adam, and His Blessed Mother be with you," I said to him reverently as he left me. I felt I was in the presence of a saint.

A few days later, during an attack, Adam was hit by a machine gun bullet. He died before they had carried him back to the dressing station. I did not see him. But I feel that he died with that same whimsical smile on his face, that same beautiful faith in his heart. And I know that "God took care of him."

In a little church in one of our Western States, where a struggling Polish settlement is trying to worship God according to the faith which that race has suffered so much to preserve, there is an altar furnished "in memory of an American soldier who gave his life in the Argonne for the land of his adoption and the land of his birth—America and Poland."

THE QUARRY.

Time touches with a healing hand the wounds of mind, as well as those of body. Thus is the horror and bitterness of actuality tempered in memory's pictures, which, though clear and distinct in every least detail, are yet free from clashing contrasts. The unpleasant things form a soft background, against which memory paints the things which were pleasant.

Already our recollections of the War are losing the sharp edges of pain. Yet are we doomed to live in the past, never quite adjusted to normal conditions of life. For those of us who saw hard fighting, life holds little to stir our interest, nothing to arouse our enthusiasm. The climax of our lives has been reached; we are on the long down-grade, our hearts and minds still on the heights we have passed. Children, in years to come, will listen to our tales of the Great War with that mingled respect and pity and doubt which was ours when we, as children, listened to the stories of the Boys in Blue. And some young soldier, fresh from fields of fame, will laugh at the mention of the World War, and scornfully remark (as I heard remarked not so long ago about the Civil War): "Why that World War was a joke! Those fellows don't know what 'real' war is. Anyone who was wounded in that war ought to have been court-martialed for carelessness. They could see the shells and bullets coming in plenty of time to get out of the way."

But we shall always have our memories, for the most part sweet; all very precious. And but a slight impulse is needed to start this motion picture machine, which we call memory. Once started, it unfolds its pictures in swift succession on the screen of imagination. And mine is started by the sight of the names of three boys who were killed on the seventeenth of October, 1918, and whom I buried that same day.

After seemingly endless ages we were relieved from the Argonne and found ourselves back, out of "range," in a little village which we filled to overflowing. It had little of beauty or comfort to commend it, but it was *safe*. Most of the officers were quartered in a hospice managed by some Sisters of St. Charles. Great, indeed, was the joy of these nuns when I told them that I was a priest. Now they could have daily Mass once again; a joy denied them since the outbreak of the War had deprived this village (as it had so many others) of its priest. Ah, yes! they would cure the cough of Monsieur L'Aumonier. They would brew him some herbs which would give him back his voice. For, in truth, the Chaplain could scarcely talk above a whisper as a result of having become too intimately acquainted with some gas. But one draught of the home-brew was sufficient to convince the Chaplain that the cough was preferable to the cure. The taste still lingers.

To fill up our depleted ranks, about four hundred new troops were sent to us the day after our arrival in this village. I met them as they marched into town, and was talking with some of them when the town crier appeared, beating loudly on his tom-tom, and then told his news to the natives who had answered the tocsin.

"Whaddyuh call that guy?" someone asked me.

"Oh, he's the town crier," I answered, "a sort of village newspaper. You see, these little towns don't get any papers and the only news they receive is from him."

"Whaddidhe say that time?"

For all I knew he might have said that the War was over. My little knowledge of French was helpless in the torrent of words which swirled from his lips after rushing madly between his two teeth. But the question had to be answered.

"He's just telling the natives," I answered, "that they can sell wine to the soldiers who came yesterday, but they must not sell any to these soldiers who have just arrived. They have just come from America and are not used to it."

What a storm of indignant protests my translation aroused! But in the excitement and indignation the boys forgot, for a few moments, their fatigue and hunger. A little "kidding" was the only medicine we had for "tired, aching and swollen feet."

Before we had finished our third day in this little town, we were ordered back into the line. At nightfall, we rolled our packs and were ready for the trucks, choking the main street of the little town. The trucks came and went! The commanding officer of the truck-train had orders to pick us up at the next town. So, in order that obedience might triumph, we had to walk three miles in the rain to the next town. Then, after several very uncomfortable hours in the trucks, we were put out of the trucks and had to walk back about four miles because the trucks had carried us too far! I refused to hear what the boys had to say about the whole affair.

Then came the march up to the front, along a road which followed a small stream running through a valley. For the most part we shuffled along in silence—too tired even to talk. Up ahead, an occasional *Very* light or starshell cast its weird light over the horizon; then, as we rounded a hill, we could hear the shrill shriek of shells and see the flash as they ex-

ploded in the city through which we must pass. There may have been a man among us who wanted to go through that town, but I doubt it. No, if we followed our desires, we would have started for home right then. We old-timers had been through enough to have a wholesome dread of anything which exploded; and the new men were having their first attack of "quivers," a disease which produces a sudden weakness in the region of the knees and the pit of the stomach. And yet, single file, five paces between men, we went through the town and crossed a bridge which was under constant fire. And that is precisely what bravery and heroism mean to me: the will-power which makes men go where they don't want to go; go, when every fibre of their being cries out against going. It is the triumph of the spirit over the body; a victory of the will aided by prayer. For we all prayed, perhaps but a word or a thought, but yet a prayer. Atheism doesn't thrive on shellfire.

Daybreak found us in a valley, in which the Germans, during their occupation of it, had constructed a number of barracks and some very pleasing little cottages. The valley, because of its depth and narrowness, seemed to be a perfectly safe position. But within an hour we were being shelled, and three of our boys were killed outright and several others wounded. As soon as the wounded had been cared for, we buried the dead in a little green plot of grass, round which flowed a little stream, singing the *requiem* of these departed lads as it journeyed towards its own grave in the far-away ocean. And there, as its waters mingled with the waves, it whispered of the brave lads who were buried by its banks. And the waves took up the story, and lisped to the shores of America the tale they had heard of America's brave dead.

Taking over the front line positions that same day, we occupied, as battalion headquarters, a cave in a hillside overlooking a little town in the valley. This cave, formed originally, I presume, by the action of the river, had been used for centuries as a quarry. The Germans were quick to take advantage of its safety, for it had a roof of many feet of solid rock. They had blocked up the entrance, all save a small trench, and had shored up the roof with heavy timbers. It was, by far, the safest place we ever had, and could easily shelter a battalion. Here "Spike," the Major's orderly, made a

reputation as a cook. His specialty was griddle-cakes; his griddle, a flattened out tin can; his fire, a can of solidified alcohol. And as he worked, he sang. He told in his sweet tenor of the doughboy's sweetheart, "Pretty K-K-K-Katie, whom he would meet by the g-g-g-garden gate." And he lilted another doggerel, which ran:

The rain rains on the flowers and makes them beautiful,
Why doesn't a cloud burst on the Chap-e-lain?

Though this sector was known as a "quiet" one, and was, in fact, inactive in the sense that there was no driving, yet there was noise enough both from shelling and bombing. The village below us was shelled regularly. In this village, away underground in the subcellar of a ruined palace, we had our dressing-station. It was so far down that no shell could reach it. By the light of a candle one of the ambulance drivers was writing home. Suddenly the thought struck him that the folks at home might like to know what a "cootie" really looked like, so he put a drop of candle grease on the piece of writing paper, and, capturing without much difficulty one of his own brand, he "interned" it in the candle grease. But, I suppose, the censor removed it as likely to give dangerous information or comfort to the enemy.

In spite of the shellfire to which the village was subjected, our boys were continually prowling about it looking for souvenirs. The palace was the especial object of their curiosity. They were continually "salvaging" things, for our men had no more respect for property rights than any other soldiers. Anything which did not have its owner sitting on it could be, nay, should be, salvaged. In our cave, one day, I discovered a stack of French magazines, evidently salvaged from the village. Some were being devoured when I entered, and it seemed as if everyone who came in got immediately interested in French literature. But it was not till some remarked on the badness of the French people, their looseness and general immorality, that it occurred to me to find out what the magazines were. And then I told these "clean-minded" Americans what I thought of them! I noticed that they hadn't missed a page; and one regretted his ignorance of French! Too many of our soldiers brought back from France the same impressions of France and its people which they carried over. France, to

them, was "Gay Paree," and they did their best to justify their preconceptions. Handicapped by a lack of knowledge of language and customs, our men had practically no chance to meet or know the decent class of French people. The vast majority of the members of the A. E. F. never got even close to a large French city.

There came to us one day an aviator, sent up for observation with the infantry—from the ground. A splendid chap, who took in good part our abuse. After being bombed a few times and witnessing the way we were harassed by enemy planes (having no help from any planes of our own) he understood our viewpoint. Nothing destroys morale quicker than aërial activity on the part of the enemy. There are many things, even in war, far more pleasant than being bombed, or fired upon by the machine gun of an aëroplane. Besides gaining experience, he gained his first cootie, which, he maintained, would make him the envy of the entire squadron. One would think he had been decorated, he was so proud.

All the occupants of the cave were asleep in various keys and pitches save the Adjutant (on duty) and myself. We sat at the table drinking our K. of C. bouillon by the flickering light of a candle. I had just finished a letter home, and one to the mother of my orderly, to tell her that her boy was well and to let her know what help he had given me during the past few weeks.

"Joe," I said, "this little War can stop anytime, as far as I'm concerned. I've had more than enough."

"Chaplain," he answered, putting down his tin cup, "them's my sentiments exactly. I'm forced to agree with you in spite of the fact that I'm a Methodist. I'm ready to demobilize right this minute."

"This morning," I continued, "I went up and buried a boy near G Company's P. C. Then I took a stroll around the line. Believe me, it gave me the blues. The old crowd is practically gone. Of course, there are some left, but not many. I ran into 'Slim,' and he was crabbing because when he asked the Doctor what to do for a sore on his leg, he was told 'not to sleep on the wet ground and not to carry any sidearms.' The line is just a series of strong points; no continuous trench. I stopped at each group of riflemen or automatic gun team. Some took me for a waterboy; one crowd thought I was a run-

ner. All I could think of was the old crowd. They knew me, and I knew them. I heard one chap ask his neighbor, 'who's the gink?' He was told that the 'gink' might be a Chaplain. Which brought the query, 'What in blazes (I'm using synonyms) is a Chaplain?' I felt like a stranger in my own home. When we started, this outfit was over sixty per cent. Catholic; now its practically Mormon—except you."

"No sir, Chaplain, I'm no Mormon! I sure do wish I was back with the little wife now. Someone was saying today that only three of our original officers haven't been hit or gassed."

"Yes, and you three are like the rest of us, half crazy," I answered.

"Chaplain, you better go lie down. I'm the only sane man around here, and now I'm going to write home and tell the wife about our crazy priest."

"All right," I answered, making for my bunk, "but don't forget to tell her I went crazy trying to keep you straight."

ST. JOHN OF THE CROSS.

BY ANNA MCCLURE SHOLL.

WHERE Sierra Morena's crags soar high
Through cloudless air, no sharper to his gaze
Than Carmel's steep he passed the soundless days
In Pegnuela; shaping towards the sky
His sacred pilgrimage. Obscure nights lie
Upon that path where scarcely he can raise
Tired eyes to God; though yet his heart will praise
Love's mystery—the willingness to die.

The sun shines gold upon the convent floor—
There is a greater Sun—the night descends—
Blacker the soul's night on her endless quest!
The Spanish Spring sweeps through an open door
All blossom-perfumed; but no solace lends.
Time is no more where his strong heart would rest.

THE MORAL OBLIGATION OF CIVIL LAW.

BY JOHN A. RYAN, D.D.



THE State performs its functions by means of law. Through the direct or indirect authorization of law, taxes are collected, public money is expended, public services, such as the post office, the public schools, the department of justice, the fire department, the police department, are administered, and the various regulatory measures affecting individuals and associations are ordained and enforced. It is law that warrants and supports every civil act performed by any official in any of the three great departments of government, the executive, the legislative and the judiciary. When a public official proceeds without the authorization of law or exceeds the scope of the law, his action has no civil validity.

The authority of the State to make laws is derived from God.¹ He has endowed men with such qualities and needs that they cannot live reasonable lives without the State. Therefore, He wishes the State to exist and to function in such a way as to attain this end, to promote man's temporal welfare. It does so by means of law. Hence, civil law is genuine moral law, not merely a kind of legal or physical coercion. It binds in conscience. Herein it differs from the rules of a social club. The latter do not produce moral obligation. Even though they should be disregarded to such an extent as to destroy the club, its members would suffer no vital injury. On the other hand, men are deprived of a necessary means to human life and development when there is general disobedience of the laws of the State. The moral law which binds men to live reasonable lives, obliges them to adopt one of the essential means to this end, that is, to maintain the State and to obey its laws.

Such is the rational basis of the doctrine laid down in Holy Scripture, and taught without variation by the Catholic Church. According to this doctrine, the civil law binds in conscience, as such; not because it includes, nor only in so far as it includes, natural, or supernatural, or ecclesiastical law.²

¹ Cf. Pope Leo XIII., *The Christian Constitution of States*.

² Cf. Bouquillon, *Theologia Moralis Fundamentalis*, no. 223.

No declaration of any Church authority can be cited in favor of the contrary opinion. A few individual writers have held it, but the overwhelming majority of theologians teach that the civil law is morally binding on its own account, because of the moral authority possessed by the State.³

Of course, all ethically valid civil laws must be in harmony with the moral law of nature. A statute which is contrary to a precept of the natural law, has no moral force, however solemnly it may have been enacted, or formidably sanctioned, or vigorously enforced. Such an enactment is not law at all, but, as St. Thomas calls it, "a species of violence."

Indeed, all civil law may properly be regarded as either a reaffirmation of the natural law, or as an application of its precepts, principles or derived conclusions.⁴ Of the former kind are the statutes forbidding theft, assault and adultery. To the latter class belong the laws which determine individual property rights and prescribe the imposition and collection of taxes, and ordinances for the regulation of traffic on streets and roads. The natural law dictates that men should acquire and use external goods with a just regard to the rights of their fellows, but it does not inform them just how this requirement is to be observed and applied in particular cases. In virtue of the natural law, men are obliged to maintain the Government, but there is no specific precept requiring this end to be attained through a certain form of taxation. We are enjoined by the natural law to refrain from inflicting physical injury upon the neighbor in our common use of the public streets, as well as in other relations, but we are not told whether the speed limit should be ten miles an hour or twenty. In all such cases, the general provisions and precepts of the natural law stand in need of specific and precise determination by the positive law. Civil statutes for this purpose derive their immediate moral authority and validity from the State itself. Their binding force cannot come directly from the natural law, since the latter is so general in its provisions that other specific determinations, for example, other property regula-

³ The greatest authority on law among Catholic theologians, Francisco Suarez, S.J., declares that this is the "common opinion of Catholics." His own defence of the proposition is summed up in three declarations: the civil legislator makes laws as the minister of God; the legislator is required by the Divine and natural law to pass laws; this power and its exercise are necessary for the common good. *De Legibus*, lib. iii., cap. 21.

⁴ Cf. Cronin, *The Science of Ethics*, II., pp. 599, 600.

tions and traffic regulations, might be equally in harmony with these general provisions. Natural law cannot oblige men to comply with its general provisions in a particular way, when another way would be equally efficacious. The function of prescribing one method rather than another belongs to the State. Its right to make such a prescription, flows from the fact that it is the authorized and the only competent agency to determine and enforce necessary and uniform methods of carrying into effect the general principles of the natural law in all such matters. The obligation of the citizen to observe these methods and regulations, is based ultimately on the natural law, but its immediate and formal basis is the State.⁵

The objection might be raised that all the foregoing instances and the reasoning that they are intended to illustrate, refer only to civil ordinances which are *necessary*. The moral obligation to obey such statutes is as clear as the obligation to maintain an effective political organization. In both cases we can trace the compelling and obligatory influence of the natural law. Its precepts require men to deal justly and charitably with one another, and to make and obey whatever civil regulations are necessary to attain this end. But the case seems to be different with civil statutes, which prescribe and administer things that are merely *useful*. Government regulation of street traffic is necessary, but government ownership of railroads is not necessary. Whence comes the moral obligation upon the citizens to obey the law which forbids them to own a railroad?

The answer is that the obligation is derived ultimately from the natural law, precisely as in the case of the traffic ordinance. Just as the State has the authority to prescribe one maximum rate of speed rather than another, so it has the right to determine that goods and passengers shall be carried by the Government rather than by private corporations. In

⁵ It is in this sense that St. Thomas speaks of civil law as a "participation in the eternal and natural law." Suarez draws the distinction clearly between a civil law conceived as obligatory because and when it contains or applies a *specific precept* of the natural law, or a necessary conclusion therefrom, and a civil law, or the whole body of civil law, conceived as obligatory because it is based on the *general principle* of the natural law which requires civil ordinances to be obeyed. He declares that if those who deny that the civil law binds in conscience, hold to the latter instead of the former conception, the dispute is perhaps merely one of language. They agree with him in principle. *Idem., loc. cit.*

both cases the end is the common welfare. In both cases the State must adopt some means to attain this end. In each case more than one means would be adequate. Some speed limit must be prescribed, but it need not be fifteen miles per hour rather than twenty. As compared with the latter, the former is merely useful, and *vice versa*. The case of the railroads is exactly parallel. They are necessary for the common welfare. They can attain this end substantially under either private or public ownership. The issue between the two methods is merely one of utility, and the State is not clearly obliged to choose one rather than the other. But it must authorize some one of the two. When it adopts Government ownership, its action is morally binding on the citizens for the same reason that makes its traffic regulations morally binding. That is, it is determining a method of promoting the common good, in virtue of its authority as the only competent determinant of such matters. The obligation of the citizens to accept the determination actually made, *i. e.*, Government ownership, comes immediately from the authority of the State, but ultimately from that principle of the natural law which dictates that men should maintain an effectively functioning political organization.

Individual citizens may think, and their opinion may be correct, that Government ownership of railroads is less useful, less conducive to the common good, than private ownership. Nevertheless, they are morally obliged to accept the former for the sake of that same common good. Their refusal to do so would cause greater injury to the community than the continuation of and their acquiescence in the duly established arrangement. It would imply that a group of individuals may at any time reject any civil ordinance with which they do not agree. The contradiction is obvious between this position and the requirements of right reason, of the natural law, of the common good, and of individual welfare.

The sum of the matter is that every law enacted by a legitimate government, and not contrary to any provision of the natural law, whether its prescriptions are evidently necessary or merely useful, is in some degree morally binding on the citizens. The fundamental reason is the necessity, according to the Divine plan, of an effectively functioning State for human welfare.

It has just been said that every genuine civil enactment is morally binding "in some degree." This phrase brings up for consideration certain modifications, or qualifications, of the general principle. It suggests these questions: Do civil laws bind under pain of mortal sin? Does their obligatory character depend upon the will of the legislator? Are some civil statutes "purely penal?" Does the validity of civil laws depend upon their acceptance by the people?

To the first of these questions the answer of the great majority of Catholic writers is in the affirmative. The reason is tersely stated by Suarez: "Inasmuch as civil law binds in conscience, it necessarily produces a degree of obligation proportionate to its subject matter; if the latter is of grave importance, the obligation of obeying the law will likewise be grave."⁶ Generally speaking, the person who violates a civil statute which prescribes some action of great importance for the commonwealth, is guilty of mortal sin. This proposition can be logically rejected only on the assumption that no civil law can be of great importance.

Such is the obligatory force of a momentous law, considered in itself. But we are confronted with the second question raised above. Does the obligation depend upon the will of the legislator? It is the unanimous, or practically unanimous, teaching of Catholic authorities that the intention of creating a moral obligation is of the essence of law; so that, a prescription by legislators who positively and explicitly intended that it should not bind in conscience, would not be a true law. It would be merely a direction, a counsel, or an expression of legislative preference. If the *existence* of moral obligation depends upon the will of the legislator, the same dependence must logically be predicated of the *degree* of obligation. Hence, the general opinion among Catholic moral theologians is that the legislator has the authority to render grave laws only slightly obligatory.⁷ That is, a law which of itself would bind under pain of mortal sin, brings upon the transgressor merely venial guilt when this is the desire and intention of the legislator.

In order that a civil law should become obligatory to a grave degree two conditions are, therefore, necessary: first, that the subject matter be of great importance; second, that the

⁶ *Op. cit.*, lib. III., cap. 24, no. 2.

⁷ *Cf. Suarez, op. cit.*, lib. III., cap. 27.

legislator should intend the law to have this effect in the forum of conscience. Either of these conditions lacking, the law binds only under pain of venial sin. If the subject matter is of slight importance, the legislator cannot perform the inherently contradictory feat of making the obligation grave; if the legislator does not wish a gravely important law to bind under pain of mortal sin, it will not be obligatory in this degree.

A very important question arises here concerning the form which the legislator's intention must take in order to make an obligation slight which, from the nature of the subject matter, would be grave. Suppose he does not think about moral obligation at all, but merely has in mind the enactment of a law. In that case the law will bind in conscience, and the degree of the obligation will be determined by the importance of the subject matter. This is the normal effect of a true law, and it is always produced, so long as it is not positively excluded by the intention of the legislator. Suppose that the legislator explicitly desires that the law should be obligatory, but does not think about the degree of obligation. As in the former case, the obligation will be determined by the subject matter. If the latter is gravely important, the law will be gravely obligatory. Therefore, a civil law of great importance always binds under pain of mortal sin, unless the legislator forms a positive intention to the contrary. A merely negative attitude toward the obligation will have no effect upon the obligation.⁸

The opponents of the doctrine that the legislator can render slight the obligation of a grave law, contend that the degree of binding force carried by a civil law depends exclusively upon the subject matter. The legislator's power is merely that of making or not making the statute.⁹ This argument would lead logically to the conclusion that the existence of any obligation at all is entirely independent of the will of the legislator. Should the members of a legislative body explicitly will that their enactments should not be binding in conscience, this reservation would be without effect. Suarez declares that such an enactment is not a true law; but this seems to be mostly a question of language.

Consider an ordinance which is clearly necessary for the common good, as that which regulates the speed of vehicles. Does not the very necessity of this measure make it binding

⁸ Cf. Suarez, *loc. cit.*

⁹ Cf. Suarez, *ibidem*.

in conscience? It is true that a different law might be equally adapted to meet this necessity; and the inference might be drawn that the citizens who observed the provisions of this alternative and hypothetical rule would be under no obligation to obey the existing law. The reply is that the common good requires the enactment and the observance of *one* ordinance. Human welfare is not safeguarded through a kind of private interpretation by the citizens themselves of what constitutes a reasonable rule or standard. Now it is the proper and necessary function of the legislators to enact this uniform regulation. Once it has been chosen out of several possible ordinances, it becomes morally binding because of its necessity for the common good, no matter what the legislators may think of obligation. It is reasonable and necessary that they determine the provisions of the law, but it is neither reasonable nor necessary that they have power to determine the question of its moral obligation.

Even laws which are not necessary for the common welfare may conceivably be obligatory, against the desires of the legislators. For the common good may require that a law of this sort, even though no more useful than the alternative arrangement, be obeyed for the sake of social order. Violations of it might be detrimental to the public good merely because they were violations of duly enacted law. In such a situation, why should the unwillingness of the legislator to impose moral obligation have any moral effect or significance?

Whatever may be thought of the foregoing argument, the question whether the legislator has power to render a grave law only slightly obligatory, has no practical importance in modern communities. No legislative body ever thinks of exercising such power. Therefore, modern civil laws dealing with gravely important matters always produce their normal effect of binding under pain of mortal sin.¹⁰

The doctrine that the moral obligation of civil law depends to some extent upon the intention of the legislator, is sometimes made the basis of an extraordinary view of modern civil legislation. It is nothing less than the conclusion that the ordinances of practically all modern legislative bodies have no binding force in conscience. Laws do not bind in conscience unless the legislator intends them so to bind; now

¹⁰ Cf. Meyer, *Institutiones Juris Naturalis*, II., p. 569.

contemporary lawmakers cannot have such an intention since they do not believe in the existence of genuine moral obligation. Such is the argument. Tanquerey rejects it on the ground that, whatever may be their general and theoretical attitude toward the reality of moral obligation, modern legislators do desire their enactments to have the utmost possible force and authority; hence, they *implicitly* intend them to be morally binding.¹¹ Bouquillon takes a similar position, declaring that the legislator need not expressly intend to impose an obligation in conscience, that it is sufficient for him to have the intention of issuing a genuine command.¹² Lehmkuhl holds the same view as Tanquerey and Bouquillon, and points out that if explicit intention to bind the conscience were indispensable, the laws enacted by pagan rulers would be without obligatory force, which is surely contrary to the teaching of Holy Scripture.¹³ Suarez declares that the design of the legislator to make a true law suffices, and that the formal intention to bind in conscience is not necessary. He notes that legislators, particularly unbelievers, rarely advert to the question of moral obligation.¹⁴ Indeed, it seems to be the general opinion of the moral theologians that an implicit intention suffices; that is, the intention that the enactment should have all the moral authority which attaches to a genuine law.

This conclusion seems to be entirely consistent with the "necessity of intention" doctrine, as regards two classes of lawmakers who have no explicit desire to bind in conscience; namely, those who believe that civil law is morally obligatory, but do not advert to this fact at the moment of legislating, and those who theoretically disbelieve in genuine moral obligation, but who are willing that, if perchance it does exist, it should attach to their ordinances. In the minds of both these classes, there is inherent a true implicit intention to make the law binding in conscience.

As regards those lawmakers who are firmly persuaded that civil laws are not obligatory in the proper sense, for example, those who, with the English jurist, John Austin, reduce the moral obligation of legal statutes to the evil chance of incurring the penalty for violation—it is not clear that there

¹¹ *Theologia Moralis Fundamentalis*, no. 343.

¹² *Theologia Moralis Fundamentalis*, no. 223.

¹³ *Theologia Moralis*, I., no. 211.

¹⁴ *Op. cit.*, lib. III., cap. 27, no. 1.

exists even an implicit intention to produce moral obligation.¹⁵ Tanquerey contends for the reality of such an intention on the ground that the legislator desires his laws to exercise all possible compelling force upon the will of the citizens, and, therefore, is quite willing that the latter should feel bound in conscience. Nevertheless, this is not an implicit intention to impose *objective* moral obligation. It does not recognize the objective bond which is the essence of genuine obligation, the bond between the will of the lawgiver and the will of the law receiver. The only thing covered by such an intention is the state of mind of the citizen. That this should be affected by a persuasion of obligation, the lawmaker is perfectly willing; that the objective moral bond constituting obligation should extend from his will to the will of the citizen, the lawmaker has not even an implicit intention, for he totally rejects the possibility of such a bond. His intention comprises only a subjective condition, not an objective relation. It is hard to see how such legislators can have even an implicit intention, either to make a true law, or to impose moral obligation.

As a matter of fact, it is very doubtful that many contemporary legislators deny to civil laws the possibility of moral obligation in the absolute and comprehensive manner supposed in the preceding paragraph. Probably, the great majority of them accept, at least in some vague way, the existence, or at any rate the possibility, of a juristic moral bond between law giver and law receiver. This is a sufficient basis for an implicit intention to bind in conscience. Therefore, the general opinion of moral theologians that modern civil laws bind in conscience, is consistent with their teaching that this moral force is in some degree dependent upon the will of the legislator. To be sure, the case for the moral obligation of contemporary laws becomes clearer and simpler if we accept the theory that their obligatory character is independent of the legislator's will, and is inherent in the laws themselves.

The third question raised above concerns those laws which jurists and theologians call "purely penal," or "merely penal," or "disjunctive." They are defined as laws which oblige the citizen either to obey them or to accept the penalty appointed for their violation. The obligation is not absolute, but conditional. If the citizen is ready to submit to the penalty, he

¹⁵ Cf. Slater, *Questions of Moral Theology*, pp. 279-288.

can licitly disobey the provisions of the law. Generally speaking, however, he is not bound in conscience to undergo the penalty until it has been formally imposed by the court. He is not obliged to give himself up, nor to forego his civil right of legal defence.

The great majority of moral theologians hold that the legislator has authority to enact laws of this sort. In the first place, it is contended that the object of the law and the common good may sometimes be more effectively promoted by a statute which leaves the citizen free to disobey the law and become morally liable to the penalty, than by one which gives no such choice, but entails moral guilt every time it is violated. Such are laws which men transgress with uncommon frequency, but whose object can be adequately attained through the infliction of penalties upon their violators. A purely penal law is in some sense a concession to human weakness. The second reason given by the theologians to support the proposition under consideration, is the legislator's power over the obligatory character of his enactments. Just as he can determine that a gravely important law shall bind only under pain of venial sin, so he can make the obligation of certain laws disjunctive. That is, he may attach the obligation either to the observance of the law or to the acceptance of the penalty, so that the citizen has the option of being bound to the latter instead of the former.

It is to be observed that a purely penal law must carry some obligation. The legislator cannot enact a statute which would bind the citizen neither to obey its provisions nor to accept its penalties.¹⁹ Such an enactment would not be a true law, inasmuch as it would lack an essential element, namely, moral binding force. Hence, the legislator must have at least the implicit intention of morally obliging the citizen to accept the penalty in case of violation.

It seems, however, that the practical obligation of a purely penal law is attenuated almost to the vanishing point. If the violator of the law is not obliged to make known his transgression, nor to waive his legal right of defence, his duty of "accepting the penalty" is merely that of submitting to the sentence of the court. That is, he must not break jail nor evade payment of a fine. When the offender evades appre-

¹⁹ Cf. Suarez, *op. cit.*, lib. III., cap. 27, no. 3.

hension, he escapes all moral obligation; when he successfully contests prosecution, he likewise remains free from moral accountability; when he is convicted, his moral obligation is merely that of omitting actions from which, in most cases, he is physically restrained by the sheriff or the policeman. In a word, the moral obligation of a purely penal law is next to nothing, its moral sanction, *i. e.*, the effectiveness of the moral element in preventing violations, is practically nothing.

These facts create a strong presumption that the field of purely penal law is extremely limited. The objective reason why civil law carries moral obligation is found ultimately in human welfare. If the law be deprived, or all but deprived, of its moral element, its efficacy for the promotion of human welfare is greatly, even fatally, weakened. Nevertheless, the assertion is sometimes made that, in our day, all civil laws are merely penal. Some who use this language, do not mean what they seem to mean. They wish to assert the theory, sufficiently discussed above, that modern laws do not bind in conscience, inasmuch as modern legislators have not the proper intention. If this contention were sound, civil legislation would not even rise to the dignity of purely penal enactments; for the latter do entail some moral obligation. Those who, using the phrase in its proper sense, declare that all modern civil legislation is purely penal, are happily neither numerous nor authoritative. According to the common opinion of moral theologians, the presumption is always in favor of complete obligation.¹⁷ Like all other presumptions, this one can be overcome only by positive facts and arguments. With regard to any particular law, the burden of proof rests upon him who contends that it is purely penal.

As commonly given by theologians, there are three tests by which a civil law may be adjudged purely penal: first, the declaration of the legislator; second, the attitude of popular tradition and custom; third, the enactment of a penalty so severe that it is out of all proportion to the law's importance. However, the second and third of these criteria are not valid universally; for the custom may be socially injurious, and the heavy penalty may be designed to prevent unusual frequency of violation, not to indicate that the law is to be regarded as purely penal.

¹⁷ Cf. Tanqueray, *op. cit.*, no. 347.

Bouquillon adds another restriction which seems to be fundamental. It is that no law can be reasonably regarded as purely penal unless the burden or penalty attached to its violation is *specifically* adapted to attain the end of the law.¹⁸ The penalty must be such as to compensate for the failure of the law; it may not be merely coercive. Thus, heavy fines may offset the loss to the public treasury through the non-observance of tax laws. In such a case, the law might fairly be interpreted as purely penal. But the imposition of fines and imprisonment would not adequately achieve the end of a traffic ordinance, *i. e.*, safeguarding life and property. It is not easy to controvert this argument.

The final question concerning the degree of obligation attaching to civil laws is whether their binding force depends upon popular acceptance or ratification. At first sight, an affirmative answer would seem to contradict the general doctrine of the foregoing pages, namely, that civil legislation binds in conscience. However, there is no necessary contradiction; for civil ordinances might conceivably not attain the complete character of laws until they had been ratified by the people. In that supposition, the people would constitute an essential part of the legislative authority. The obligation of individual citizens to obey a statute, would begin when the latter had been formally accepted by the people as a whole. Only then would "the will of the legislator" have become fully manifest and formally effective.

Suarez informs us that in his time this was the commonly held opinion of the jurists.¹⁹ He cites eight or ten important names, and admits that their view seems to have been anticipated by Aristotle. Their argument was briefly as follows: In order to make binding laws, the legislator must have both the authority and the will. In fact, he has neither. That he lacks moral *power* to legislate validly without the people's consent, is shown by the fact that his authority to govern and to make any laws at all is derived from the people; and they have given him legislative authority, on condition that his ordinances shall become binding only when accepted by the people. That this condition is attached to the grant of authority, is evident from the "most ancient usage of the Roman people," and from the fact that popular acceptance is the best indica-

¹⁸ *Op. cit.*, p. 353.

¹⁹ *Op. cit.*, lib. III., cap. 19, no. 7.

tion that a law really promotes the common good, just as the contrary attitude of the people proves the law to be socially harmful and thus without validity. The *will* to make binding laws without the consent of the people is wanting to the legislator because he cannot have a genuine intention of doing something for which he lacks authority.

In passing, it is worthy of note that these ultra-democratic jurists all wrote before the beginning of the seventeenth century. This is the period when Catholic teaching supported political absolutism and political oppression generally, according to the perverted notions that still pass in many quarters as history. When Major, who is one of the writers cited by Suarez, declared that the community is superior to the prince in all things that pertain to sovereignty, he enunciated a doctrine that even now gives many of us a disagreeable shock when it falls upon our ears in such a modernized version as "the people are the masters, the public official is their servant." It is likewise noteworthy that in support of their theory of popular acceptance of laws, these writers appealed to a principle which no one disputed in their day, namely, that rulers and legislators derive their authority from the people. The inference drawn from this principle by the jurists, was not admitted by the moral theologians, but the principle itself was universally received.

Generally and *per se*, popular acceptance is not necessary for the validity of a civil law. Such is the unanimous teaching of the moral theologians. As stated by Suarez, the following are the main reasons which support this principle:²⁰ In every State that is not a pure democracy, the people have transferred supreme political power to the rulers and legislators, and have not retained the right of accepting or rejecting legislation. Secondly, the authority to legislate would be plainly futile if the people were morally free to obey or not to obey. Thirdly, usage shows that laws are held to be binding as soon as they have been regularly enacted and promulgated. In short, civil laws are obligatory without popular ratification, on account of the original grant of power to the rulers, on account of universal custom, and because this is necessary for the common good. It is not possible to overthrow this argument.

The general principle is subject, however, to certain qual-

²⁰ *Op. cit.*, lib. III., cap. 19, no. 7.

ifications and exceptions. Suarez notes that popular acceptance of the law is essential to its binding force when the people have attached that condition to the grant of legislative power. In the kingdom of Aragonia (a part of mediæval and benighted Spain, be it noted!), he says the laws of the monarch do not become binding until they are ratified in public assemblies. On the same principle, certain enactments of legislative bodies in Switzerland, the United States and Australasia obtain the full force of law only when they have been approved by a popular referendum. Even in these States, the great majority of laws are recognized as valid as soon as they have been promulgated by the supreme legislative authority.

In the second place, Suarez points out that when a law is very frequently disregarded by the greater part of the people, the legislator may, through tacit consent, permit the law to be deprived of binding force. However, this is not an instance of direct popular authority over the law, but rather of revocation by the legislator. His tacit repeal of the law is, indeed, occasioned by popular refusal to accept. In the third place, the law does not bind if it is not just, for an unjust law is no law at all. Fourthly, a law which is unreasonably burdensome to the people may sometimes lack obligatory force—at least when it is so harsh that it is tantamount to an unjust enactment. Finally, when the majority of the people disregard the law to such an extent and in such a way that its observance by a minority becomes detrimental to the State, it ceases to bind the individual citizen.

To sum up: The Catholic Church as well as natural reason teach that civil law binds in conscience. The ultimate basis of this obligation is the natural law; the immediate basis is the authority of the State. Civil laws of grave importance are gravely obligatory, unless the legislator formally intends their binding force to be slight. The general teaching of moral theologians is that a law is not binding without at least the implicit intention of the legislator. Some civil laws may be purely penal, but their number is probably small. In general, civil laws are binding without popular ratification.

GOLD.

BY SISTER M. MONICA.

CONQUISTADORES,

Say, are ye men, or gorgeous trailing shadows?
Riding gaily past in your creaking leathern saddles—
Following the lure, the lure of El Dorado?

Crouching here, I heard your bold joyous jesting,
Heard your rich, sweet voices, the languid Spanish cadence,
Caught the dark eye flashing glints of future gold
Of El Dorado.

Then I raised my head, stood straight, looking and laughing—
Daughter of the Chibchas, with blood of the proud caciques;
I, leaning at the pool, with the sleek water-skins on my shoulders,
Here in the amber sunset, laughed, and clapped my hands.

O Conquistadores that ride for El Dorado,
O it was I that missed not the glance you threw as you passed me,
The sudden spasm of thirst that cut across your vision,
The old, old call of beauty that brings a man back to the heart-
smoke.

Throbbled an instant between us the old primeval message
From ye to me whose accents are mute to one another.
Swift and light as the rainbow, when morning strikes the cataract,
Throbbled it, and was gone.

One turned his head and looked back as his horse galloped
forward,

Down the wind broke his voice. Now falls the night and silence.

Come back, O come back, with your clanking spurs, O Adelantados,

There is no gold.

Believe not the tales the subtle old cacique told ye.

There is no El Dorado out in the tangled selvas;

Only the slime and the ooze and bleaching bones in the darkness,
And wandering wraiths of your forefathers long disappointed
before you.

Noon blazes out in the splendid heat and over the abyss curl the
waters;

Into the mist the cockatoos plunge, like living arrows, shrieking,
And death's grim talons await you.

Last night ye chaffed and drank by the dying embers in moonlight.
O it was I that stole out in the long, green dark of the cedars.
You think the Chibcha girl knows naught but the tongue of her
mother;

But the speech of pale bronzed faces softly aglow in the firelight
Sings, sings to the heart.

At dawn, when rose splashed the east, and all the world was
expectant,
Crouching figures I watched, that knelt on the grass where the
dew dripped,
Tall and lustrous stood one with arms high upraised before you,
Lifting a little white disk shot through by a ray of sunlight,
Lifting a shining cup to the infinite blue above you.
Murmuring followed of voices.

And, oh, it was then that I quivered beneath the touch of the
Spirit—
The Spirit that cries to me all day long from the dumb lips of
mountains,
And breathes with the tender fragrance of earth looking up after
rain,
And beckons me out of the distance of indeterminate llanos—
Spirit Whose echo the world is, spoke to me, and I answered.

O Conquistadores, yourselves have El Dorado.
Yours is the land that is paved with gold and threaded with pearl-
disks.
Here ye find neither the gold ye can give nor the gold that ye
covet.

Come back on your trail, on your trail of defeat, O Adelantados,
Glowing and mettled with hope, O joyous Conquistadores,
Give to us of your gold, give to the Chibcha cacique,
Give of the gold that I saw gleaming there around your disk and
your chalice.

Still ye ride on and on, and the pale, thin distance enfolds you,
Night and the jaguar, hyena-hunger, thrust of the javelin,
Lure you on to the golden mirage, the mirage of your dreams.
Ah, are ye men, or gorgeous trailing shadows,
‘Conquistadores?

THE THIRD ORDER OF ST. FRANCIS: TODAY.

BY MICHAEL WILLIAMS.



THIS year of Our Lord 1921 has been remarkable for important meetings and conferences of men and women throughout Christendom to consider, and seek the solution of, vast and tremendously important problems affecting the welfare of humanity. Without attempting to catalogue these conferences, their scope may be indicated by recalling the assembling of the League of Nations, the many meetings of the Supreme Council of the Entente Premiers, the Anglo-Irish Conference, the signing of the American-German Treaty of Peace, the Russian-American Famine Relief Agreement, and the limitation of armaments Conference, which is to be held in Washington next month. Yet it may be doubted whether any of these momentous events will prove to be more truly important or more thoroughly practical than the world-wide conventions of the Third Order of St. Francis, marking the seventh hundredth anniversary of the founding of the Third Order of Penance. These conventions have been held throughout this year, the American convention, meeting this month in Chicago, being the first national Tertiary Convention ever held in the United States.

The late William T. Stead, that eccentric, yet sincere social reformer whose work in London gained the approbation of Cardinal Manning, created a somewhat violent though evanescent sensation during his lifetime by writing a book entitled, *If Christ Came to Chicago*. Against the swirling background of Chicago's incredibly strenuous industrialism and commercialism, its shrieking uproar and crowded millions of hurrying and contending men and women, the English publicist placed his picture of Our Lord the Redeemer of Mankind. He sought to prove to Christ's followers the necessity of exciting themselves more earnestly and efficiently to follow the example of their Master, Who went about doing good. Stead's literary device had the perfervid and exaggerated emphasis that apparently is inseparable from the attempts of

our Protestant brothers (self-isolated as they are from the consolations and the assurances of the sacramental view of life) to apply the teachings and example of Our Lord to the solution of modern day problems; but it is withal a genuine cry from the heart and from the soul, a cry that means: "Help, Lord, or we perish."

If Stead could have lived to be present in Chicago this month when the followers of that most devoted follower of Christ meet in the great inland city of the New World, he would know that not only the example and the spirit of St. Francis of Assisi, but the example and spirit, yes, and the actual Presence, of Jesus Christ are there, doing the same work that He came to do among men in Galilee. For in Chicago, as in Rome, in London, in Quebec and wherever the Tertiaries have met, the convention of the Third Order of St. Francis means a vast, immediate and enduring application of the one, true, essential, and permanent reform of the evils now so grievously afflicting the world: a reform referred to in the following wonderful passage of the Pastoral Letter issued by the Hierarchy of the United States two years ago:

One true reform the world has known. It was effected, not by force, agitation or theory, but by a Life in which the perfect ideal was visibly realized, becoming the "light of men." That light has not grown dim with the passing of time. Men have turned their eyes away from it; even His followers have strayed from its pathway; but the truth and the life of Jesus Christ are real and clear today—for all who are willing to see. There is no other name under heaven whereby the world can be saved.

Through the Gospel of Jesus and His living example, mankind learned the meaning, and received the blessing, of liberty. In His person was shown the excellence and true dignity of human nature, wherein human rights have their centre. In His dealings with them, justice and mercy, sympathy and courage, pity for weakness and rebuke for hollow pretence, were perfectly blended. Having fulfilled the law, He gave to His followers a new commandment. Having loved His own who were in the world, He loved them to the end. And since He came that they might have life and have it more abundantly, He gave it to them through His death.

The essential mission of the Third Order of St. Francis is to carry out, under Christ, this work of reform instituted

by Christ: and to carry it out, so far as the ability is given them to do so, in His own way: by living it: by *doing* the work—not merely writing and talking about it, theorizing or dreaming about it, still less, by leaving it to others to do.

There are today, it is estimated, about two and a half million members of the Third Order of St. Francis spread all over the world. There exist in almost all civilized languages numerous Franciscan periodicals, widely circulated, even beyond the membership of the Order. This estimate of membership was made some years before the War, and before the impetus given the Franciscan movement by the preparations for and carrying on of the world-wide celebrations of the seven hundredth anniversary of the Order. While, no doubt, the War made inroads upon the membership in many countries, on the other hand, it is probable that the new enthusiasm and interest created by this year's manifestation of the vitality and practicability of the Franciscan spirit, will result in its vast increase.

The prophetic cry of St. Francis, fulfilled throughout seven centuries, is probably destined to an even greater realization:

I hear in my ears the sound of the tongues of all the nations who shall come unto us: Frenchmen, Spaniards, Germans, Englishmen. The Lord will make of us a great people, even unto the ends of the earth.

The United States of America were undreamed of, even by the prophets, when St. Francis spake these words, but from the blood of Frenchmen, Spaniards, Germans, Englishmen, and most of the other races and nations of the earth we of the United States have sprung, and, from that very fact, the Franciscan movement with us possesses a most Franciscan, because universal and truly Catholic, character which must delight "the little poor man" today in Paradise.

Historical evidence seems to deny the popular and prevalent view that the Third Order of St. Francis was the oldest of all third orders—for "there were somewhat similar institutions in certain monastic orders in the twelfth century, and a third order properly so-called among the Humiliati, confirmed, together with its rule, by Innocent III. in 1201."¹ Yet, undoubtedly, it has been, and still is, the best known, the most widely distributed of all third orders, and the one with the greatest influence. While one school of Franciscan students

¹ *Catholic Encyclopedia*, Vol. XIV., p. 641.

claim that the secular third order is a survival of the original ideal of St. Francis, a lay-confraternity of penitents; and while, according to others, the name of St. Francis became attached to pre-existing penitential lay-confraternities without having any special connection with or influence on them, the more authoritative Catholic teachers on the subject describe the origin of the Order as directly and consciously due to the Seraphic Father.

That origin was the living example of St. Francis, as he tramped the hills and vales of Umbria, during those crowded years after that epochal year, 1207, when Messer Pietro di Bernardone stood with his naked son, so recently the coxcomb and most sprightly gallant of the prodigals of Assisi, before the Bishop and received back the clothes of scarlet and fine linen and the money with which he had gladly supported that son's frivolities, until, in 1230, Francis, stricken in hands and feet and side with the sacred wounds of Christ, died singing the Psalm of David. His preaching, and the example and preaching of his first disciples, exercised such a powerful attraction on the people that many married men and women desired to join the First Order of Friars or the Second Order of Nuns that had gathered around the incomparable Lady Clare. This being incompatible with their state of life, St. Francis devised a middle way, and, assisted by his friend and protector, Cardinal Ugolino, later Pope Gregory IX., he composed and gave these men and women of the world a rule animated by the Franciscan spirit.

It was probably at Florence that the Third Order was first introduced, and 1221 was most probably the earliest date of the institution of the Tertiaries. The original rule prescribed simplicity in dress, a good deal of fasting and abstinence, the recitation of the canonical office of the Church or other prayers instead, confession and Communion thrice a year; it forbid the carrying of arms or the taking of solemn oaths without necessity—a commandment which accomplished wonderful things in toppling over the more tyrannical powers of feudalism, particularly its obligatory military service, which led to interminable wars. The brothers and sisters were instructed to assemble in churches, designated by the ministers of the Order, to receive religious instruction; they were also to exercise works of charity; all members were to make their last

wills three months after their reception; when a member died the whole confraternity was to be present at the funeral and to pray for the soul of the dead; while other provisions forbid the reception of heretics or those suspected of heresy in the Order, and provided disciplinary measures. Pope Nicholas IV. approved the rule of the Third Order in 1289, which rule, with the exception of a few points bearing especially on fasts and abstinence, mitigated by Clement VII. in 1526 and Paul III. in 1547, remained in vigor till 1883, when Pope Leo XIII., himself proud of being a Tertiary, modified the text, adapting it to the modern state and needs of the Order.

In his *History of St. Francis*, the Abbé Le Monnier declares that: "The Third Order may be said to be one of the greatest efforts ever attempted for introducing more justice among men. . . . They (the Tertiaries) changed the then existing order in favor of the weak and humble." The chief source and instrument of the social power possessed by the feudal nobles of the early thirteenth century was the exaction of the oath of fealty and military service from those who sought their protection or became their clients, or who were in any way dependent upon them. "In this manner," says Father Cuthbert,² "the greater part of the people became mere tools of the nobles, and it is easily understood how such a system could lend itself to the most crying tyranny and injustice. The noble could demand the service of his vassal in pursuit of some feud, however unjust; and, according to the recognized system, the vassal had no right to refuse. St. Francis, by laying upon his Tertiaries the precept never to take an oath except in certain specified cases, and never to bear arms except in defence of the Church, struck a fatal blow at the entire system. How the petty tyrants of Italy, where the Order originated, strove at first to prevent the spreading of the Order, and how, when they could not succeed in this, they tried to neutralize its effects, is well told by Le Monnier. They failed, because the conscience of the people was now against them. The question was not now one of politics, but of religion. The Rule of the Order, however, was framed not merely against the feuds and civic rivalries of the time, but also against the excessive luxury which characterized the rise of the merchant class, the progenitor of modern industrialism. The Tertiaries lived fru-

² *Catholic Ideals*, p. 201.

gally, and were forbidden to dress beyond what was becoming to their station in society; and the money thus saved from luxury was given to the poor. One can but faintly imagine the difference wrought in society by the widespreading of an Order founded upon such principles; and we listen without surprise to the remark of a contemporary writer that it seemed in many places as though the days of primitive Christianity had returned."

Not only did the prohibition against carrying arms, as the Third Order movement extended through Italy, deal a death blow to the feudal system and to the ever-fighting factions of Italian municipalities; it resulted also in bringing together on equal terms as Christian men and women, animated by the same fraternal spirit, the rich and the poor, nobles and common people, learned and unlearned, and thus the social classes were drawn nearer each other, and the ideal of Christian democracy was advanced. Popes, Bishops, and ecclesiastical potentates, down through seven centuries, with kings and poets and peasants, princes and paupers, statesmen and scientists, soldiers, merchants, artists, authors and teachers, soldiers and discoverers, men and women of all sorts and conditions have donned the humble garb of St. Francis and followed him as he followed Christ.

How far the religious ideal of St. Francis was carried out by the secular Third Order may be judged by the fact that not less than a hundred Tertiaries, both men and women, have been raised to the altars of the Church. Such great names as those of St. Elizabeth of Hungary, and St. Louis, King of France, St. Ferdinand, King of Castile, St. Margaret of Cortona, and Blessed Angela of Foligno, that marvelous mystic, head the list which is continued to our own day with the name of Blessed Jean-Baptiste Vianney, the Curé of Ars; while the names celebrated in history for literature, arts, politics, inventions, great discoveries, are well-nigh interminable.

The Franciscan movement when it was launched was, and has always continued to be, in those times and places where it has been active and not passive, a positive social reformation. Its great mission was, and still is, to work the way of God among men through human instrumentalities by clutching and dealing with the actual, burning problems of living men and women; and to do this by leading "men forward to heaven

by making the way on earth straighter and more like unto heaven," as Father Cuthbert writes in the essay quoted above.

It was the adaptation of the rule by Leo XIII. and his vital interest and belief in the Third Order which gave the first great impetus to the modern revival of the Tertiaries movement. Pope Pius X., and after him our Holy Father, Benedict XV., maintained the interest and the faith shown by the great Leo, until the present year brought to a climax the long continued and widespread efforts to revive the fine flame of Franciscanism. Even outside the Church voices have been heard invoking the name of Francis as though it still had a magic power over men's minds. His life and his work through the Third Order have been held up as models in the official literature of the Salvation Army, the Anglican and Protestant Episcopal Churches, and by other religious bodies. A French Calvinist clergyman became a foremost protagonist of Franciscanism, so that the name of Sabatier is stamped permanently upon the literature of the movement. And he is but one among many non-Catholic authors who have glorified the name and invoked the spirit of St. Francis. In the book issued by the Salvation Army in England there is the following passage: "I wish God would let St. Francis come back to us. He is badly wanted. What a difference one good man makes in a naughty world! What a lot of us poor, wandering, pleasure-loving, paltry, proud sinners he is worth! What a leader he would make! And wouldn't I like to be the lowest private in *his* Salvation Army?"

The present Franciscan movement is a response to the call of the three last Popes that the Third Order become once again a great social influence. The same hope is expressed by scores of the most eminent leaders in the Church throughout the world, as is evidenced by the great mass of letters and other messages elicited by the many national congresses that have been held. At the Limoges Congress, in 1894—the first of the national congresses of the Third Order—the Tertiaries pledged themselves "to work for the reign of social justice," and resolutions were passed seeking as their object to bring the Third Order into touch with the actual needs of today. More practical organization as a means of achieving this object, is insisted upon by those most competent to speak on the subject of modern Franciscanism.

"Granted that the Third Order as an institution has within itself the power to save society," says an editorial writer in the *Franciscan Herald*, "the question may be not impertinent: Is the Third Order in this country fitted for the task? We give it as our measured opinion that it is not at all equipped to undertake any kind of national work; because it lacks the one requisite for such work—organization. So far as we are able to judge—and we shall be glad to be convicted of error—the influence of the Third Order on national, or even local, conditions is nil. There is not a single reform movement of any dimensions with which the Third Order, as such, has identified itself; neither has it launched any undertaking of its own for the betterment of social or moral conditions in any section of the country. We are aware that this is an extremely humiliating, though we hope not damaging, admission. We have made it merely to impress those whom it may concern with the paramount importance of organization. If the Order till now has shown no signs of life, it is because it is as yet a *rudis indigestaque moles*—a rude and shapless mass. The soul, indeed is there—the spirit of its Founder; but it cannot function through the body for lack of the proper organs.

"It is one of the avowed purposes of the coming national Tertiary convention to give the Order some sort of organization. We are glad that those in charge of convention affairs are alive to the necessity and the opportunity of gathering and grouping the scattered Tertiary forces; and we hope that they will be able to impress the assembled delegates with the urgent need of organization and federation."

That well considered and practical methods of organization are required by the Third Order in the United States to enable it to carry on the great social service mission which the Holy Father has called upon it to do, is made clear by another writer for the Franciscan press, who, in referring to a paper read by Father Cuthbert at the Tertiary Congress at Manchester, England, in June, writes as follows: "They will find therein (in Father Cuthbert's address) a confirmation of what the *Franciscan Herald* has preached in and out of season from its very first issue down to the present; to wit, that the Third Franciscan Order has a twofold purpose, which is comprised in the words the Church applies to St. Francis: *Non*

sibi soli vivere, sed aliis proficere vult—He wished not to live for himself alone, but to benefit others.

"In some altogether unaccountable way the opinion has gained ground in these parts that the Third Order exists only for the personal sanctification of its members, and that it has no right corporately to engage in social or charitable work. We have all along contended that the Third Order has not only the right, but the duty, to work for the spiritual and material welfare of society, and that it cannot neglect this solemn obligation without forfeiting the esteem and support of its friends and challenging the criticism and contempt of its enemies. We will go even further and say that, unless a Third Order fraternity as a society engages in some sort of charitable activity, it has no right to exist. For then, having lost its virtue and savor, like the salt in the Gospel 'it is neither profitable for the land nor for the dunghill. It is good for nothing any more but to cast out and to be trodden on by men.'

"As Father Cuthbert very pointedly says: 'The Third Order as originally instituted was not merely for individual sanctification—it was meant to assist the Church in the purification and uplifting of the Christian world. It was an apostolate as well as a personal profession. . . . Anyone with a knowledge of the political and social conditions of the thirteenth century will recognize how much the Tertiaries of those days had to set themselves against the prejudices and common opinion of the social world of their day. But they did so set themselves against the world, not only individually, but as a body; and so contributed to make the world a little more Christian in practice than it had been.'

In this address, Father Cuthbert further said:

"If the Third Order is to regain its corporate influence as a means of social reform—if it is to help the world at large to become more Christian—Tertiaries individually and corporately must again concentrate upon those two fundamental principles which give their Order its specific character in the Church: they must again stand forth as apostles of peace and goodwill amongst men, and again give a clear example of unworldliness and austerity against the sensual paganism which is everywhere in evidence. . . .

"Today, as in the thirteenth century, many are crying 'Peace,' yet the world is a pandemonium of discord; in place

of the individual feuds we have national and industrial strife, as bitter and un-Christian as any individual party warfare. In this conflict of peoples and parties which is threatening the stability of all political and social life in Europe, religion, generally speaking, is absent, and the teaching of Christianity is silently ignored or openly flouted, and, as in the thirteenth century, so today, this un-Christian conflict of peoples and classes is largely supported and abetted by people who, in private life, are more or less practical Christians. The weakness of practical religion today, as in most periods of Christian history, is that men who, in private life, have a Christian conscience, in public life—*i. e.*, in political, social, and industrial life—shed their Christian conscience and fall in with the practical paganism of the world round about them.

“In this imperfect world of ours there must needs be national rivalries, industrial conflicts, and social differences of opinion; but these rivalries and conflicts need not be carried on in defiance of Christian moral and religious principles: it is the absence of Christian principles and the Christian spirit in public life which both foment the evil and adds the sting of bitterness to the conflict when it does break out.

“We have heard a great deal in recent years of what Tertiaries might do in the world; but here is the work Tertiaries did in the past—and it is a work badly needed today—the Tertiary apostolate of fraternal charity and of an austere Christian simplicity of life.

“And, in saying this, I am but echoing the words of one whose authority to speak is greater than mine—none other than the Sovereign Pontiff, Benedict XV. For in his recent Encyclical Letter on the Third Order, the Holy Father solemnly admonishes Tertiaries to take upon themselves, in the spirit of St. Francis and their former brethren, the apostolate of peace and goodwill in the face of the dissensions which are rending the civilized world, and to set an example of Christian modesty and simplicity, so that some healing may be brought to a world smitten with hatred and sensuous luxury. It is a call to Tertiaries to take up their original apostolate and to concentrate upon their original vocation.”

New Books.

HOW FRANCE BUILT HER CATHEDRALS. By Elizabeth Boyle O'Reilly. New York: Harper & Brothers. \$6.00.

The daughter of that eminent journalist and poet, John Boyle O'Reilly of Boston, tells in these graphic pages the life history of the Gothic Cathedrals of France. After an introductory chapter, "What Is Gothic Architecture," in which she discusses its essence, origin and development, answering at the same time those critics who consider it the layman's expression of revolt against the Romanesque art of the monks, she describes in detail the Gothic cathedrals of France.

She first tells us of the original work of the Abbot Suger of St. Denis, who made Paris the centre of Gothic art. He was the first to wed definitely the pointed arch and the intersecting ribs. He dared to make piers so slender that the beholders were astonished they could carry the weight of a stone roof; he dared open his walls by windows so large that his choir was called by the people the lantern of St. Denis. At the dedication of St. Denis in 1144 the daring Abbot proved to the assembled prelates the superior beauty of the Gothic vault, and sent them back to their dioceses its ardent apostles. A chapter on the primary Gothic cathedrals treats of Noyon, Senlis, Sens, Laon and Soissons. The era of the great cathedrals was inaugurated by Notre Dame of Paris. With Chartres, Rheims and Amiens, all dedicated to our Blessed Lady, it ranks among the master cathedrals of France. Here St. Louis prayed before he went to his crusades, and here his body rested in death. Here the Duke of Bedford had Henry VI. crowned King of France, and here a *Te Deum* was sung when the news of the capture of St. Jeanne d'Arc before Compiègne reached the English. In this cathedral ruled Bishop Maurice de Sully, the peasant, and his successor, Eudes de Sully, the feudal baron, descended from Louis VII. Guillaume d'Auvergne, who finished the northwest tower, was the prime minister of St. Louis in things ecclesiastical—at once theologian, philosopher, mathematician and linguist.

Illuminating appreciations of Chartres, Rheims and Amiens are followed by other chapters describing the lesser great cathedrals of Bourges, Beauvais, Troyes, Tours, Lyons and LeMans; the Plantagenet Gothic of Perigieux, Angers, Saumur and Poitiers; the Midi Gothic of Clermont-Ferrand, Bordeaux, Toulouse, Narbonne, Arles and Montpellier; the Burgundy and the Normandy Gothic.

"Architecture," as the author says in her introduction, "is the living voice of the past. Architecture is history written on great stone pages of perennial beauty for us to read—if *only we would.*"

NOTES ON LIFE AND LETTERS. By Joseph Conrad. Garden City, New York: Doubleday, Page & Co. \$1.90.

This volume, by the celebrated Anglo-Polish novelist, is made up of various essays which have appeared in magazines and journals during the past twenty odd years. The first quarter of the volume includes essays on Henry James, Daudet, Maupassant, Anatole France, Stephen Crane, and Turgenev. The greater part of the book is given over to essays on various subjects, chief of which are "Autocracy and War," written after Russia's defeat by Japan, the "Crime of Partition" (referring to Poland) and "Poland Revisited." Conrad's critical subtlety, his imagination, and his powers of appreciation are admirably shown in his treatment of Daudet, Maupassant and Henry James. Of the latter, he says: "His books end as an episode in life ends. You remain with the sense of life still going on; and even the subtle presence of the dead is felt in that silence that comes upon the artist-creation when the last word has been said."

It took the eyes of a student and a thinker (Mr. Conrad is both) to point out that the Russia, whose debacle in the Japanese conflict startled the world, has owed her power to a myth. Unaccountably persistent, he says, is the "decrepit old spectre of Russia's might, which still faces Europe from across the teeming graves of Russian people."

The most impressive thing about this impressive criticism is the ringing tones of its prophecy. Russia suffers from the "political immaturity of the enlightened classes and the political barbarism of the populace," and Russian autocracy, having no historical past, cannot hope to have an historical future. The word "revolution" in Russia is a word "of dread as much as of hope." He continues, with an insight truly amazing in the light of today's events: "In whatever form of upheaval autocratic Russia is to find her end, it can never be a revolution fruitful of moral consequences to mankind. The coming events of her internal changes, however appalling they may be in their magnitude, will be nothing more impressive than the convulsions of a colossal body."

Like the late Professor Sumner of Yale, Mr. Conrad points out that "never before had war received so much homage at the lips of men or reigned with less disputed sway in their minds."

He was right and the world has paid the awful price of its mad homage.

In this volume, Mr. Conrad appears in another light than as the writer of unique tales, and the admirers of the latter will find here plenty of cause for further admiration.

THE ESSENTIALS OF MYSTICISM. By Evelyn Underhill. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. \$3.00.

A correct criticism and proper appreciation of this condensed volume is difficult to present. Viewed from some angles, it compels admiration for the author's marvelous familiarity with mystical literature, her acute sense of spiritual values, rare power of subtle analysis, and her delightfully graphic and richly poetic delineations. Its careful perusal affords the reader an unusual pleasure at once literary and religious. Yet, from another angle, there is a feeling of dissatisfaction. The author seems to lack the dogmatic standard of objective religious values by which even mysticism must be measured, unless it be allowed to run riot and degenerate into extravagant folly. That Miss Underhill is not unmindful of the need of such normal restraints as are supplied by theological faith and doctrinal authority, is evidenced by the chapters, "The Mystic and the Corporate Life" and "The Place of Will, Intellect and Feeling in Prayer." Yet the Catholic critic cannot resist the impression that the writer is tainted with the spirit of Modernism, which reduces religion to a subjective sentiment, or a sense of the Divine experienced in the soul. Influenced by this tendency, the author's studies might be designated the psychology of mysticism: for she treats with a like respect mystical manifestations of pagan or Christian times, of Catholic or non-Catholic religions.

That for the most part Miss Underhill's analysis of the essentials of mysticism is correct and admirable, is due to her intimate acquaintance and warm appreciation of the classical mystics of the Catholic Church, such as St. John of the Cross, St. Teresa and others, from whose writings she has assimilated the Orthodox safeguards of the mystical life. Compressed within the brief scope of two hundred and fifty pages, an excellent survey of the subject of mysticism or of the loftier reaches of the spiritual life as made manifest in hagiography, is set forth in a most attractive style by a most intimate student of mysticism. As an expert psychologist of the religious phenomena within the soul, Miss Underhill might be accorded a place midway between the Orthodox dissertations on the spiritual life by Father Maturin and the rationalistic disquisitions of William James' *Religious Experiences*.

HINTS TO PILGRIMS. By Charles S. Brooks. With pictures by Florence Minard. New Haven: Yale University Press. \$2.50.

Mr. Brooks is a very pleasant and genial essayist. He is the kind of man who can discuss trifles with a wealth of humor, interesting allusion, whimsicalness, and good feeling, that make him a most delightful companion in an hour of slippers ease. In the present volume of seventeen essays, his care-free fancy lights, like a frolicsome fly, on anything in sight from a lawnmower to the bald pate of Jeremy Bentham. It is a bright-hued fancy, of swift, erratic dartings and a most engaging buzz.

THE SILVER AGE OF LATIN LITERATURE. By Walter Coventry Summers. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Co. \$3.00.

The Professor of Latin in the University of Sheffield is favorably known to scholars for his editions of Sallust, Ovid, Tacitus, and the Letters of Seneca, and for his fine chapter on Silver Poetry in the *Cambridge Companion to Latin Studies*. In this volume, he deals with the earlier post-Augustan literature of Rome, and keeps steadily in view the needs of the general and (alas!) usually Latinless reader of today. His book is on the whole the best treatment in English of the prose literature under survey, although Professor Butler's distinguished work on the poetry of the period from Seneca to Juvenal still remains undislodged from its commanding place as a study of the post-Augustan writers in verse. Professor Summers equips his work with scholarly footnotes, a splendid chronological table, a useful appendix on translations of the authors discussed, and a full and well-made index. His versions of illustrative passages from the poets are, for the most part, exquisitely done. A sound and attractive piece of work.

THOUGHT AND EXPRESSION IN THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY.

By H. O. Taylor. Two volumes. New York: The Macmillan Co. \$9.00.

In these two volumes, Mr. Henry Osborn Taylor continues his survey of the civilizations of the past, dealing now with the intellectual life of the sixteenth century. It is a vast enterprise that he essays, and it can scarcely be said that the attempt has been even as moderately successful as was his treatment of the culture of the Middle Ages in *The Mediæval Mind*. In his work on *Ancient Ideals*, which was "a study of intellectual and spiritual growth from early times to the establishment of Christianity," and in the mediæval volumes, he was dealing with comparatively compact and organized periods of culture. Now he enters upon a

period in which several cultural and spiritual ideals were in conflict and, as he wisely remarks in his preface: "The mind must fetch a far compass if it would see the sixteenth century truly." There is nothing that will appeal to Catholic readers in his treatment of the "English Reformation;" much, indeed, that they must perforce regard as at once unsound and distasteful. And readers of another faith will not thank him for his chapter on the Anglican *Via Media*. But when he expounds the artistic culture of Elizabethan England he is on surer ground, and his pages on Raleigh, Sidney, Spenser and, above all, Shakespeare are full of wisdom, illumination and eloquence. It is strange to find in these chapters such extravagant admiration of Calvin: "this side idolatry" only faintly describes Mr. Taylor's attitude towards the tyrant of Geneva. One envies the comprehensiveness of admiration which can include in its scope Calvin and Rabelais, Raleigh and Luther!

FRENCH CIVILIZATION. *From its Origins to the Close of the Middle Ages.* By Albert Léon Guérard. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. \$5.00.

Professor Guérard's work is a remarkably full synthesis of the history of French civilization. It is the author's highest title to commendation that he takes a broad and searching view of history, conceiving it as a dynamic resultant of many forces. This complexity of determinants, woven into the scheme of life in mediæval France, are brought into sharp focus and caught at one glance in Professor Guérard's book.

Integral history is the aim of the author, for he eschews the attempt to illustrate history with a single idea. Going as far back into origins as an historian dare go—and he goes further—Professor Guérard's historic vision sweeps Gaul from pre-historic ages through pre-Roman and Roman times down to the Middle Ages, where, through the second half of the book, it rests on Feudal and Gothic France, which, in Glaeber's phrase, "clothed itself anew in a white cloak of churches." In bold and vivid strokes he delineates the action and interaction of racial, psychological, economic and geographical influences, and gives dominant place to the beneficent power of the Church and the arts of peace which it brought in its train. Professor Guérard is endowed with a keen sense of drama of history. There is life and vigor in his style, which gives his ideas color and an impressive clarity.

Professor Guérard's footing is by no means sure when straying on the heights of philosophy and speculation. He assumes, for instance, without discussion, the evolution of the Pithecanthropus to the state of the Homo Sapiens, as an essential fact in the growth

of mankind; and yet evolutionists themselves tell us that this Ape-man is one of nature's experimental failures. And now that the Andrews Expedition is actually busied in Central Asia, hunting for traces of humanity's ancestors, the anthropological theory of Professor Guérard hangs on a link that is still missing. His opinion that "after nineteen centuries Christianity is still on trial" and that "so far as national and economic life is concerned, it still has to be tried" makes the student of history gape with wonder; and when the author observes that "it opens an attractive field of speculation to wonder in what way the difference would have manifested itself if, instead of Christ, the Western world might be worshipping Mithra today," we need hesitate no longer in pronouncing Professor Guérard's conception of Christ and Christianity as exceedingly imperfect.

THE NEW CHURCH LAW ON MATRIMONY. By Rev. Joseph J. C. Petrovits, J.C.D. Philadelphia: John Joseph McVey. \$4.50 net.

The subject of matrimony has, in the New Code of Canon Law, undergone many changes. Some of the one hundred and thirty-three canons, within whose compass the main discipline of the Church on this subject (exclusive of some specific dispensations and matrimonial trials) is comprised, embody a discipline entirely new, others implicitly or explicitly modify or abrogate the former law. To explain these canons, the only available sources on which the author could draw were limited to the former discipline of the Church as reflected in the *Corpus Juris*, in the numerous decisions of the various Sacred Congregations, in the writings of authors formerly accepted and approved, and to the exact wording of the matrimonial legislation. The author is most modest in his advocacy of certain opinions of his own concerning the interpretations of those canons which embody a new law entirely or a modification of the former discipline.

The fourteen chapters of this important volume treat of the preliminary notions of marriage, espousals, transactions preceding the celebration of marriage, matrimonial impediments, matrimonial consent, the form of marriage, the marriage of conscience, the time and place of marriage, the effects of marriage, the separation of consorts, the validation of marriage and second nuptials.

The writer of this treatise has done his work well. He always states clearly the changes in the New Code, as in the impediments of disparity of worship (p. 154) and affinity (p. 260); he contrasts the old discipline with the new, as in the *cautiones* required by the Catholic party (p. 117); he gives a brief historical

sketch of the law in Church and State, he shows the relation between the old Roman Law and the Canon Law, and in cases of doubtful interpretation, he gives the reader the choice between the different views of the canonists.

MARCUS AURELIUS. By Henry Dwight Sedgwick. New Haven: Yale University Press. \$2.75.

In a long sub-title, the author describes the nature of this book as "a biography told as much as may be by letters, together with some account of the Stoic religion and an exposition of the Roman Government's attempt to suppress Christianity during Marcus' reign."

There are two reasons why a Catholic finds a book of this kind a rather sad bore, no matter how much intelligence and fine writing have been expended upon it. The first reason is that it is hard to view with patience modern efforts to revamp and make suitable for practical spiritual purposes ancient pagan creeds, which their authors would probably have been the first to reject in favor of the Christian code, had it been disclosed to them. Merely as a plain matter of taste and judgment, the preference of Mr. Sedgwick for the husks of an inferior civilization cannot help offending us.

The second reason is that Mr. Sedgwick, like so many of his class, does not seem to be able to grasp the importance of specific and generic differences. These admirers of pagan thought note, for instance, that the Stoic religion was in many respects similar to Christianity. They conclude that there is not much to choose between them. They hastily slur over differences, when, as a matter of fact, the differences are greater than the similarities. As Newman points out, Basil and Julian were fellow-students at the schools of Athens. They were both very much alike, no doubt, in their practical principles. But we should like to know what precisely was the difference which made one a Saint and Doctor of the Church, and the other her scoffing and relentless foe.

Mr. Sedgwick illustrates what we have been saying when he pretends to think that there was not much difference between the offering of incense to dead Roman Emperors, as gods, and Christian prayers to the souls of the dead. As there happens to be all the difference between idolatry and monotheism between the two actions, one can see how unsatisfactory a book like this can be.

Of course, the author attempts to soften the harsh reality that Marcus Aurelius was a persecutor of Christians. His apology is hardly necessary. We are quite sure that, if Marcus Aurelius had been better acquainted with the Christian religion, he might

have adopted it, and certainly would not have had innocent men and women and children slaughtered for holding it. But men like Marcus Aurelius, to whom religion is a matter of self-respect and taste, and not a matter of conscience, experience reluctance in investigating the claims of Christianity. They do not love a creed which teaches humility and fear of God and dependence upon Him. We recommend Mr. Sedgwick to read over again thoughtfully the eighth Discourse of Newman's "Idea of a University." It is entitled, "Liberal Knowledge Viewed in Relation to Religion;" it ought to help the author to straighten out some of his ideas on the comparative merits of religion as a philosophic theory and religion as an affair of conscience enlightened by Divine revelation.

A SON OF THE HIDALGOS. By Ricardo León. Translated by Catalina Páez (Mrs. Seumas Macmanus). Garden City, New York: Doubleday, Page & Co. \$1.75 net.

Ricardo León is one of the most popular and distinguished writers of present-day Spain. He was born in 1877 at Malaga, one of the most beautiful cities of Andalusia. His literary career did not begin until he was thirty-one, when one day he suddenly awoke to find himself famous by the publication of this volume, *Casta de Hídalgos*. Don Pedro de Ceballos, the hero of this tale, is a modern Gil Blas—a dreamer, a rebel, a poet and a lover—who leaves the old manor house of his fathers in Santillana del Mar, to seek his fortune in the wide world. He travels about Spain with a troupe of strolling players, gives up the faith of his ancestors, and becomes a radical of the radicals. After many years of idle dreaming and gross debauchery, he comes back to his father's house disillusioned, dejected and homesick.

There are many carefully painted character studies in this unique volume, which images forth on every page the ideals, loves, poetry, and religious earnestness of the Spanish people. The stern Don Juan Manuel, lover of the classics of ancient Spain, the proud and scholarly antiquarian, Don Rodrigo, the perfect priest, Father Elias, the good angel of the house, Pedro's sister, Casilda, and the crude, matter-of-fact sexton, Leli.

There is one remarkable chapter in which Father Time carries Don Pedro in a wild flight through the skies, and shows him Spain stretched out before him—not only present-day Spain, but the Spain of every age from the beginning. This whole description is Dantesque in its imagery.

The translation is excellent as one might expect from the granddaughter of General José Antonio Páez, first President of

Venezuela. Her father, Don Ramon Páez, himself a man of letters, initiated his daughter into the secrets of the Spanish language and literature.

DYNASTIC AMERICA AND THOSE WHO OWN IT. By Henry H. Klein. Published by the Author, New York, 158 East 93d Street. \$2.00.

Mr. Klein has assembled innumerable statistics to prove that the great mass of wealth in the country is concentrated in the hands of a very few men, who, as oil or copper kings, railroad, steel or coal barons, or controllers of other necessities of life, rule the destinies of the people to an extent far beyond that exercised by the discredited monarchies of Europe, hence the War, which was to make the world safe for democracy, has but replaced a politically dynastic Europe by an economically dynastic America. Nor is the influence of this new dynasty of wealth confined to the citizens of the United States. Mr. Klein shows how American bankers finance foreign countries and how American monopolies extend their operations abroad. He analyzes the wealth of John D. Rockefeller and the finances of the Rockefeller Foundations, examines the holdings in the leading monopolistic corporations, listing the owners of the largest shares of securities in mines, railroads, banks and public utilities. He estimates the wealth of four hundred and fifty richest families, giving detailed data for over one hundred. More than forty families hold over \$100,000,000 each; one hundred others more than \$50,000,000 each; three hundred others more than \$20,000,000 each. Rockefeller's taxable income is given as about \$40,000,000; two others have over \$10,000,000; fifteen have over \$5,000,000, and twenty over \$2,500,000. And the gross income of these estates often far surpasses the taxable income, non-taxable securities being held in vast amounts by all of them.

The thesis on which all this statistical data bears, is a proposal to bring about a constitutional amendment for the limitation of excessive private fortunes, so that the surplus or excess, over a certain amount, say \$10,000,000, goes to the government.

Authoritative Catholic economic thought has anticipated Mr. Klein in outlining the conditions he deplores and in language as vigorous. Father Husslein, S.J., in *The World Problem*, 1918, has written: "Shortly before the War it was calculated that four per cent. of the population of England held ninety per cent. of all the wealth of the country. In the United States sixty per cent. of the wealth was owned by two per cent. of the people, while sixty per cent. of the population, representing labor or the producing

class, held but five per cent. of the total wealth. There is no possible defence of a system which permits the accumulation of mountainous fortunes by a few clever, and often highly unscrupulous, financiers who hold in their hands the fate of millions of their fellowmen." And, as far back as 1891, Pope Leo XIII., in the famous Encyclical on the condition of the working classes, the *Rerum Novarum*, that *locus classicus* for correct Catholic economic doctrine, said: "By degrees, it has come to pass that workmen have been surrendered to the greed of unchecked competition. Many branches of trade have been concentrated in the hands of a few individuals so that a small number of very rich men have been able to lay upon the teeming masses of the laboring poor a yoke little better than that of slavery."

Mr. Klein invites discussion on his proposed amendment, suggesting that prizes be offered for the best essays in answer to the question, "What is the limit of a man's value to society?" Thus new thought along economic lines might be provoked and aid found in the solution of our economic problems. To secure the proper orientation for such discussion, we suggest that the words of Pope Leo XIII., in his Encyclical on Christian Democracy be kept in mind: "It is the opinion of some, and the error is already very common, that social questions are nothing more than economic, whereas they are, in fact, first of all, matters of morality and religion, and must be settled according to moral and religious principles."

COLERIDGE'S BIOGRAPHIA LITERARIA. Edited by George Sampson. New York: The Macmillan Co. \$4.00.

This is the ideal edition of *Biographia Literaria*, "the greatest book of criticism on English and one of the most annoying books in any language," Arthur Symons wrote in his preface to the Everyman edition. Mr. Sampson, however, has so arranged his text by judicious omission of what he amusingly calls "the mass of imported metaphysic that Coleridge proudly dumped into the middle" that the element of annoyance is entirely removed. He gives us also the famous Wordsworth preface and the Wordsworth essays on poetry "out of which the book arose and without which it might never have been written." And he supplies some far from needless notes, abounding in comment that is extraordinarily fresh and vital. From every standpoint, the work deserves the highest commendation. Mr. Sampson's arrangement of *Biographia* is the best introduction to Coleridge's prose that we have.

The great attraction of this edition, however, is the noble and

joyous *Introduction* of forty pages from the pen of the King Edward VII. Professor of English at Cambridge. "Q" has never written a finer piece of criticism than this—which is saying a great deal. Full of wit, wisdom, learning, tenderness and happy grace of phrase, it will be the more admired by students of Coleridge the more they re-read it.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF FAITH AND THE FOURTH GOSPEL. By H. S. Holland. Edited by Wilfrid Richmond. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. \$5.00.

This posthumous work by the late Regius Professor of Divinity at Oxford is divided into two main parts. The first, "The Philosophy of Faith," is designed to embody as a coherent whole Scott Holland's thought and teaching. The second consists of his contributions to the study of the Fourth Gospel. Holland was one of the most delightful and inspiring personalities in the Anglican Church of the last half-century. He was a great preacher in London and an influential teacher at Oxford. His admirers will be glad to have in this convenient form a summary of his philosophy of religion. There is an introductory section, "Reminiscences of Oxford Fifty Years Ago," which is not less interesting than informative.

GREEK TRAGEDY. By Gilbert Norwood. Boston: John W. Luce & Co. \$4.00.

In this interesting and valuable work, Professor Norwood's attempt is to provide for readers—with Greek and without—a survey of the whole range of Greek Tragedy. It covers the ground of Arthur Haigh's two famous treatises, *The Attic Theatre* and *The Tragic Drama of the Greeks*, giving summaries and criticisms of the surviving plays of Æschylus, Sophocles, Euripides. To Euripides he devotes more space than to Æschylus and Sophocles conjointly. And there is a chapter on Greek metres and rhythms which will probably be read by the general reader less carefully than the rest of the book. His chapter on Sophocles is full of learning and imagination, but in dealing with Euripides he is excessively influenced by the brilliant, captivating, but not seldom perverse speculations and conclusions of the late K. W. Verrall. Verrall's theories about the *Agamemnon* of Æschylus, too, have been disturbingly brought to the fore again by Professor Norwood. But it is the chapter on Sophocles which will remain with the reader whose classics are not utterly forgotten. Memorably beautiful are the author's words on the close of the *Œdipus Coloneus*: " . . . a passage which in breathless loveliness, pathos, and religious profundity is beyond telling flawless and without peer."

THE NEXT WAR. By Will Irwin. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. \$1.50 net.

This is a striking volume containing a stirring appeal against further wars. The author states that it is possibly to prophesy the nature of "the next war" and, from his experience as war correspondent, he shows that any new conflict would be fought to a short, but decisive, conclusion by the most ruthless and destructive methods ever known. He points out that the perfection of the instruments of war has progressed to such a degree as to insure the death of not only the active combatants, but also of the inhabitants of towns and cities. He shows that in times of war, the agreements of nations as to its conduct are always violated, and that in "the next war" the ruthlessness resulting therefrom will be almost beyond imagination.

Having proved his lesson as to the terrible methods that will be invoked, he goes on to show the cost of the recent wars. From this he points out the ruin that must follow upon any further conflict. He declares that today is the dramatic moment, and states that "two great tasks lie before humanity in the rest of the twentieth century. One is to put under control of true morals and of democracy the great power of human production which came in the nineteenth century. The other is to check, to limit and, finally, to eliminate the institution of war."

The conclusions reached by the author are unanswerable and should carry great weight with those responsible for making and shaping the policies of the nations. His appeal is one that must be heeded if our civilization is to be saved.

A SALEM SHIPMASTER AND MERCHANT. The Autobiography of George Nichols. Edited by his granddaughter, Martha Nichols. Boston: The Four Seas Co. \$2.50.

This absorbing autobiography is said to have been one of the hundred odd works drawn upon by Joseph Hergesheimer in his much discussed *Java Head*, and we may well believe that he gained much from it in the way of atmosphere and setting. The hero of the sketch was a hard-headed, but kindly, Yankee who represented very worthily the best traditions of the New England of his time. The portrait presented to us is of one who retained the undeniably solid virtues of the Puritan, modified by a Unitarianism which, if somewhat nebulous in a theological manner of speaking, was, nevertheless, of a most alluring social cast!

Those were the days when sailing vessels of two hundred tons burden brought wealth to their owners; when masters of Salem ships were to be encountered in every corner of the globe;

and when a man with \$40,000 to his credit was accounted wealthy. To one who has prowled along the wharves of Salem, looked out upon its quaint old gardens or roamed about the Peabody Museum, this life story of George Nichols, with its tales of hair-breadth escapes and with the smell of the sea in its pages, will prove a treasure house.

THE HARE. By Earnest P. Oldmeadow. New York: The Century Co. \$2.00.

This is the second novel of Mr. Oldmeadow dealing with the life history of Henry Coggin, the genius son of the rag-and-bone-man of the sordid English village of Bulford. The first part of the story describes Coggin's bitter fight against the malice of his enemies, who did their utmost to ruin his business and his reputation. He is delivered from their hands in a most spectacular and improbable manner by Teddie Redding, the son of his old benefactor, the Vicar of Bulford, who has become a Catholic in the interval. His honor is vindicated, and the village, despite itself, subscribes a most substantial testimonial to its most famous genius, composer and organist. The second part pictures our hero's wanderings on the Continent—in Holland, Germany and the Austrian Tyrol. His artistic soul instinctively loved the beauty of the Catholic Church imaged forth in its music, architecture and ritual, and rejected the cold puritanic gospel of his childhood. A scholarly Benedictine monk finally initiates him into the real spirit of Catholicism, pointing out to him, however, the real reasons that ought to prompt his conversion to the Faith:

The Church [he says] is a city set on a hill, a city fair to behold. Her gates, her walls, her towers make a brave show. Music murmurs and resounds in her streets like rushing water brooks. Her fountains run wine. But while you are thankful for these delights, while they refresh you and strengthen you, it is not for these pleasures that you must climb the path to her gateway. You must knock humbly at her portals, simply because Almighty God has appointed this City for your soul's habitation. Even if her mansions were mud-hovels, if her streets were choked with nettles and thorns, if her fountains poured forth bitter waters, her true citizens would abide just as trustfully, just as thankfully within her walls.

GREEKS AND BARBARIANS. By J. A. K. Thomson. New York: The Macmillan Co. \$3.00.

No one who has read Mr. Thomson's delightful group of studies in *The Greek Tradition* or his enjoyable *Studies in the Odyssey* will need any urging to buy and read and re-read and, in

Hilaire Belloc's phrase, "preserve among their chiefest treasures" this golden latest fruit of his scholarship, imagination and interpretative genius. A book like *Greeks and Barbarians* helps the cause of the ancient classics more than a dozen pedagogical conferences assembled to determine solemnly what can be done to arrest the decay of interest in the Greek and Latin disciplines. Mr. Thomson has no passion for antiquity merely because it is old; nothing could be more remote from him than a prejudiced conservatism. In his hands the humanities become really human, and he possesses an enthusiasm, a sanity, and a freshness of outlook such as are not found combined in one man more than twice or thrice in a generation. His object in these chapters is to show how Hellenism was born of the conflict between the Greeks and the Barbarians. He confines himself to the centuries before Alexander, the centuries in which Hellenism rose into its most characteristic form. "We lovers of Greece," he says, "are put very much on our defence nowadays, and no doubt we sometimes claim too much for her. She sinned deeply and often and sometimes against the light. Things of incalculable value have come to us not from her . . . but when all is said, we owe it to Greece that we think as we do, and not as Semites and Mongols." One-third of the book is given to three remarkable chapters on an ancient theme, "Classical and Romantic." The case for the classical could not be more cogently urged, or set forth with more convincing urbanity and lucidity. These chapters themselves are like to become a *locus classicus*. How the late W. J. Courthope would have loved them!

MAN AND HIS PAST. By O. G. S. Crawford. New York: Oxford University Press. \$4.75.

The title of this book, which would indicate that it is a manual of Prehistoric Archæology, is somewhat misleading, since it is in fact partly a plea for the better recognition of the importance, both scientific and national, of anthropology and partly a description of some of the recent methods employed in field work, methods largely based on those of a pioneer in this matter, the late General Pitt-Rivers.

It is a little difficult to form an opinion as to the kind of clientèle to which this book is expected to appeal. If it be intended for the unscientific general reader, we must confess that we feel some doubts as to whether it is likely to make any great appeal to him, though there can be no doubt as to the valuable information which he would derive from its perusal. If for the professed anthropologist, the defence of his subject must appear a mere

preaching to the converted, who likewise, if he is not, ought to be familiar with the methods described in the latter part of the book. These are quite sound and the descriptions given may well be commended to the young anthropologist, though, as in other subjects, he can learn more in a couple of days in the field with an experienced worker than by a year's study of the most excellent books. We perfectly agree with the author as to the many futilities of history as commonly taught, amongst which stand preëminent the trivial and inaccurate information given as to almost everything which occurred in England before the Norman Invasion, and still more before the coming of Julius Cæsar. But the careful anthropologist should abstain from misleading the historian and the student by fairy tales as to the origin of man, such, for example, as are to be found in the early chapters of this book. If set down as surmise, such statements may do no harm, but to talk of our "far-sighted ancestor" in the Tertiary Period and describe his doings as in the following passage, is simply to mislead the innocent and ignorant reader who cannot be supposed to be able to evaluate the information given and sift the true from the false.

He did not, like so many, spoil his chances by giving way to fear on every possible occasion, he did not run away from danger on principle, and so have to adapt his limbs for swift flight; nor yet did he yield to the temptation to clothe himself in protective armor. Nor did he cut himself off from the world by adopting nocturnal habits. On the other hand, he was not possessed by a devil of pugnacity; he preferred vegetarianism to the horrors of carnivorous diet. Moderate in all things, he led a life of meditative aloofness in the forest, waiting for something to turn up. His patience was rewarded; what turned up was not any kind of external goods, but the key to all such—an intelligent mind.

When we reflect that no one *knows*, however much he may surmise, whether man had an ancestor in Tertiary times and, consequently, cannot have any sort of idea of what he or his ways may have been like, it is not too much to say that greater scientific nonsense than this never was put on paper.

THE VISIBLE CHURCH. *Her Government, Ceremonies, Sacramentals, Festivals and Devotions.* By Rev. John F. Sullivan. New York: P. J. Kenedy & Sons. \$1.00.

This textbook of the ceremonial and practices of the Catholic Church is intended for use in the advanced classes of our parish and Sunday Schools. It meets a pressing need. The ignorance of the great body of Catholics concerning all that pertains to the

externals of the Church astonishes us, until we remember that the large majority of our Catholics of today left school at an early age, and their departure from school marked the end of any study of their religion. Even now many children leave school between fourteen and sixteen years of age, more or less instructed in the dogmatic side of their religion, but knowing very little of its ceremonies and practices. Father Sullivan's book will be welcomed by the teachers in our schools, who have been handicapped by the lack of a suitable textbook. The value of this work would be enhanced by a list of reference books which could be recommended for more thorough study.

SOCIAL ORGANIZATION IN PARISHES. By Rev. Edward F. Garesché, S.J. New York: Benziger Brothers. \$2.75 net.

The vigor of youth still throbs in the old principle, which says: "*Quidquid agunt homines, intentio judicat illos.*" *Social Organization in Parishes* proposes a practical plan whereby social service can be vitalized by a pure intention. To sanctify the server, and at the same time to ennoble those who are being served, is the generic aim of all genuine Christian charity of a corporal character. Priest and layman alike may almost use this volume as an examination of conscience with reference to the needs and advisabilities of a progressive Catholic neighborhood.

Briefly, the plan offered is to have all social work radiate from the Sodality as the spokes extend from the hub of a wheel. Perhaps an informational campaign is first needed to break down certain misunderstandings of what a Sodality really is, and to keep people from looking upon it as a devotional society instituted solely for young women. The book contains historical data aimed at this disillusionment. The Sodality is for all Catholics, its main purposes being personal sanctification, the defence of the Church, and the help of neighbor—all through special devotion to the Blessed Virgin Mary—truly a vigorous undertaking for mature men and women, as well as for those in whose young years the poetry of life is still tingling.

To have correct thinking and pure intention and solid devotion serve as the core and centre of social action is truly an ideal. But we must struggle daily towards ideals. To secularize the corporal works of mercy to such an extent as to have them surrounded merely with a shell of Catholicism may be, at times, an expedient—surely it is not an ideal. God, self and neighbor, with particular emphasis upon God as our First Cause and our Last End, should serve as the Triumvirate of Catholic social work.

The explanations show that the Sodality aims fundamentally

at coöperation with whatever worthy societies already exist in the parish, and not at their destruction. The chapters on organization, and the treatment of the work to be intrusted to what are called Sodality Sections and Sodality Unions, which allow respectively for subdivision and unification of effort, clearly lead the reader to find vast potencies for moral, mental and physical development in the proper employment of the plan outlined.

The complexities of modern life are so pronounced that organization is quite imperative for the thoughtful handling of social distress and community improvement. The author, fortified by definite and extensive experience, presents his proposals with an encouraging surety. His plan is flexible enough to lend itself most admirably to carrying out the country-wide programmes of the National Catholic Welfare Council, and for fulfilling the special desires of the individual Bishop of a diocese, without in any way prescinding from the localized needs of the parish. The method put forth for taking, and for keeping alive, a practical parish census, so that it may serve as a perpetual inventory of local social resources and liabilities, is very valuable in itself. The work is not written in an inspirational style, and difficulties, as well as hopes, are plainly pictured. Even for those who are not inclined to endorse the Sodality plan of parish organization, this book will prove to be of exceptional worth as a source of suggestion.

POE. HOW TO KNOW HIM. By C. Alphonso Smith. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Co. \$2.00.

Professor Smith, Head of the Department of English at the United States Naval Academy, has written a sympathetic, though over-enthusiastic, study of Edgar Allen Poe—the World Author, the Man, the Critic, the Poet, and the Short Story Writer. An ardent lover of Poe, he greatly resents what he styles the popular caricature of his hero which “regards him as a manufacturer of cold creeps and a maker of shivers, a wizened, self-centred exotic, un-American and semi-insane, who, between sprees or in them, wrote his autobiography in *The Raven* and a few haunting detective stories.”

Among the American critics of his day, Poe ranked second only to Lowell. Most of his book reviews for *The Messenger*, *Burton's* and *Graham's* was mere hack work, journalistic in style, and forgotten the moment they were read. On the other hand, some of his book reviews are still quoted as the best critical work of the time, viz., Longfellow's *Ballads*, Hawthorne's *Twice Told Tales* and Dicken's *Barnaby Rudge*. No one can neglect his well-

known utterances on the meaning, province and aims of poetry. Poetry he held was the "rhythmical creation of beauty," whose immediate object was "not truth, but pleasure." Humor "was antagonistical to that which is the soul of the muse proper." "A long poem was a contradiction in terms."

Most European critics (as Mr. Smith points out in his opening chapter) have accorded Poe first place among American poets. But he fails to state that most American critics do not agree with them. It is true that he is strikingly original, a poet of beauty, and a master craftsman of melody in a score of extraordinary poems, such as *The Raven*, *The Conqueror Worm*, *The Haunted Palace*, *Annabel Lee*, *The Bells*, etc., but a great deal of his work is imitative and commonplace, narrow both in range and in ideas.

His tales also are most unequal. They range from inane stories like "Lionizing" and "The Sphinx" to masterpieces like "The Gold Bug," "The Descent Into the Maelstrom," "The Fall of the House of Usher," and "The Masque of the Red Death." There is no question, however, that as a romancer he has wielded a larger influence than any English writer since Scott.

THE CHURCH AND THE PROBLEMS OF TODAY. By Rev. George T. Schmidt. New York: Benziger Brothers. \$1.50.

This book contains a series of short essays on topics of faith and morals. They should be interesting and helpful to the general body of Catholic readers. The volume is neatly bound in dark green cloth and contains one hundred and sixty-five pages of reading matter. We are inclined to consider the title somewhat pretentious for the matter contained.

THE IRISH REBELLION OF 1641. By Lord Ernest Hamilton. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. \$8.00 net.

The author in this volume attempts, in the name of truth, to justify events beyond all justifications. His purpose, he tells us, is "to present the bald truth, as far as it is ascertainable from existing records, without any white-washing of either British or Irish excesses," during that period which he describes as the "Irish Rebellion of 1641." This is the keynote of his preface: that he would see justice done and tell the truth regardless of the consequences. Yet when one reads the pages that follow, it is clearly apparent that it is not his purpose to speak the truth, but to brand the Irish of that period with the stigma of having committed the most atrocious crimes and to justify the plantation of Ulster and the atrocities committed in Ireland by Cromwell.

The whole book is filled with misstatements and unwarranted

conclusions based upon sources of themselves necessarily prejudiced. The whole volume shows the workings of a mind warped by bigotry. The limitations of a review do not permit examples of this. However, a citation from chapter fifteen may suffice to show the mental attitude of the writer: "The Christmas massacres at Kinard, and the Ballinrosse and Carrickmacross massacres at the New Year, were all conducted by priests, whom we may confidently assume to have been of the fanatical firebrand pattern. . . . The Irish were told that it was as lawful to kill a heretic as it was to kill a dog or a pig, and, as practically all the seventeenth century colonists were heretics, this was only another way of saying that it was as lawful to kill the English and the Scotch as it was to kill dogs. . . . The doctrine of murder in the name of God, when once seized upon by the popular imagination, is not easily extinguished; nor is Ireland a country where unpopular doctrines are ever very ardently preached by those in authority, whether lay or clerical. The motto of the nation is rather to go with the tide, and if possible in advance of it, no matter in what direction it may be setting."

It is hard to believe that a person of Lord Hamilton's standing could be charged with statements such as this (and there are numerous others) especially as he states in his preface that he purposes speaking the truth. This excerpt is so characteristic of the whole book that it becomes at once a base libel on the Irish people and the Catholic Church.

A DICTIONARY OF ENGLISH CHURCH HISTORY. Edited by Canon Ollard and Gordon Crosse. London: A. R. Mowbray & Co. 15 s.

This is the new and revised edition of Canon Ollard's great Dictionary, a work that since its original publication in 1912 has been the indispensable companion of all students of English Church History. It is written from the familiar "Anglo-Catholic" standpoint, and Catholic readers must, of course, take for granted that standpoint in using the book. But all serious students of history will find the work of immense value. No praise can be too high for the editorial skill displayed in the arrangement of material and in the mechanical details of the enterprise. Canon Ollard's own contributions to the volume deserve special commendation; his brief biographies are masterpieces of their kind; one singles out for particular praise his accounts of the Oxford Movement, of the Nonjūrors, and of Dean Church. The Canon is, of course, the greatest living authority among Anglican scholars, upon the Oxford Movement and the Anglo-Catholic Revival. His

Short History of the Oxford Movement is the best brief handbook on the subject known to the present reviewer—a model of lucidity and thoroughness. The late G. W. E. Russell—whom an English reviewer has recently and most unjustly described as “a connoisseur of sacristy gossip”—contributes several fine, brief biographies, among them a charming account of Gladstone as an English churchman. Other contributors whose work seems to call for special mention are Dean Hutton, who is admirable on the Caroline divines, and on Jeremy Taylor; the late James Gardner, whose articles deal mainly with the era of the English Reformation; and Mr. Gordon Crosse, the assistant editor, who writes chiefly upon ecclesiastical law. The two articles dealing with Abbeys and Architecture, by Mr. W. M. Wright, deserve warm appreciation. We looked in vain, however, for any notice of Deans Lake, Mansel, Gregory; of Acland Troyte and T. T. Carter; of Edwin Hatch, Allies, Oakley, Lord Blachford and Aubrey Moore—to group together a very miscellaneous lot of omitted names. There is a full account of the Gorham case, but nothing of the *Affaire Voysey*. And, in view of the space given to *Essays and Reviews*, one might expect a brief account of the birth and fate of *Lux Mundi*. But it is ungenerous to complain of a few omissions in a work that is on the whole so fine and thorough.

THE GIRL IN FANCY DRESS. By J. E. Buckrose. New York: George H. Doran Co. \$1.90.

Reading the title of this book or glancing at its highly colored “jacket,” one would fancy that it was an extremely light novel, frivolous and frothy. It is, indeed, light in the sense that it is not tragic or melodramatic, but it is never frivolous, and it is far from frothy. The author has a delicate touch in perfect consonance with her theme, and in addition a knowledge of human nature that never fails. The chapter, entitled “See-Saw,” in which is described the first meeting of the lovers after her disguise has been cast off, contains one of the most subtly managed situations in contemporary fiction.

THE MCCARTHYS IN EARLY AMERICAN HISTORY. By Michael J. O'Brien. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.

The historiographer of the American Historical Society, Michael J. O'Brien, whose recent volume, *A Hidden Phase of American History*, did so much to call public attention to the very extensive part taken in the preparation for, and the winning of, the American Revolution by Colonists of Irish descent, or of Irish birth, has in this book paid special attention to a single branch of

Irish colonization in America, namely, that supplied by the great McCarthy family. Mr. O'Brien points out the fact that the Irish in the United States have been singularly, deplorably and blamably negligent in gathering and recording the part played by their race in the history of their chosen country.

It is greatly to be desired that this interesting, valuable, path-breaking book may achieve the principal purpose of its author, namely, to stimulate further scientific research on the part of Irish-Americans who should be justly proud of the part played by their forefathers in the founding and upbuilding of this Republic.

THE DESERT AND THE ROSE. By Edith Nicholl Ellison. Boston: The Cornhill Co. \$1.75.

This book is an account of the experiences of a woman who came to New Mexico in search of health and bought a ranch in the Mesilla Valley, forty miles north of El Paso. Although inexperienced, she made a business success of her venture through intelligent common sense and through kindly tact in her management of the Mexican laborers. For the latter she has an earnest word to say; she has found them, almost without exception, to be faithful, loyal and honest. She regrets the spirit of intolerance towards the peon, and the general assumption that he is "no good," and feels that the superficial and overcrowded instruction thrust on him by the public schools has injured rather than aided his development.

The author has caught the spirit of the desert country, and has a real appreciation for its beauty, its mystery and its historic past. She pays a beautiful tribute to the work of the Franciscan Fathers, although she shows the usual prejudice against the Jesuits. Her expressions are not always clearly worded, and the rambling, disconnected style of her narrative makes the book rather mediocre.

STAR DUST. By Fannie Hurst. New York: Harper & Brothers. \$2.00 net.

This novel, the first from the pen of a well-known writer of short stories, will interest most the readers who have already become a part of Miss Hurst's public. Anyone approaching the book without some previous experience of the writer's peculiar excellences and limitations, may find himself so much aware of the latter, as they manifest themselves within the generous scope of the novel, that he gives the former less praise than they deserve. Miss Hurst's gift of integrating the "domestic" atmosphere stroke by stroke with remorseless poignancy, is seen to very great ad-

vantage in this story. Miss Hurst excels here, as elsewhere, in her ability to perceive and to depict the concrete. She is liable, here, as elsewhere, to a turgidity and ungainliness of style in her efforts after individual expression. The story suffers, moreover, from the writer's earnestly propagandist motives. The feministic thesis is ladled out to the reader in every chapter with a heavy-handed humorlessness, which inevitably impairs the art of the telling.

MUSIC APPRECIATION and Typical Piano Pieces and Songs for Students of Music Appreciation, by Clarence G. Hamilton, A.M. (Boston: Oliver Ditson Co.) Each of the arts stands, so to speak, on two feet, the one practical, the other æsthetic. To this fact all the methods of instruction must conform and must, also, vary over a wide range if they are to meet the necessities of the multitudinous temperaments exhibited by the *genus irritabile* of students of art. Mr. Hamilton has recognized these facts and given to the musical world a well thought out and logically developed idea which should prove of great advantage to modern musicians. The object of the book is to teach students to appreciate music by enabling them to analyze the form of any composition through an accurate technical and æsthetic comprehension of the subject. Due regard being given to its size, the range of subjects treated in it is quite remarkable. All the principal musical forms are completely covered from the simple dance to the most complex symphony. In supplement to the text will be found lists of books of reference and other works, which will enable the student to extend his knowledge and amplify the subjects which he has been engaged upon. The student will find most useful the separate volume containing piano pieces and songs used as illustrations in the text.

A MILL TOWN PASTOR, by Rev. Joseph P. Conroy, S.J. (New York: Benziger Brothers. \$1.75 net.) If you had told Father Dan Coffey—an old college chum of the reviewer's—that one day his biography would be written for the edification of his fellow priests, he would have answered with an unbelieving smile: "Nonsense. You are certainly talking through your hat." Father Conroy has, nevertheless, written a most absorbing story of the life and labors of Father Dan, the pastor of a little mill town, Mingo Junction, in the diocese of Columbus. He was pastor of a polyglot parish of some twenty different nationalities, and in ten years' time he succeeded in making a happy and a holy family out of these scattered and often hostile units.

REAL DEMOCRACY IN OPERATION (By Felix Bonjour. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Co.), according to this book, is found in Switzerland. The author gives an account of the initiative, referendum, and proportional representation in Switzerland. He also explains how the Swiss democracy is built upon local democracy. His account of how democracy operates in Switzerland is very interesting, and is a

worth-while contribution to the library of political government. In the appendix, he raises the question of whether the Swiss form of government will continue to satisfy the industrial elements in the Swiss population, and whether some further organization of the industrial population is not necessary for real democracy similar to the organization of agricultural and pastoral peoples in their villages.

A RIOSTO, SHAKESPEARE, CORNEILLE, by Benedetto Croce (New York: Henry Holt & Co. \$2.50), is the first of Signor Croce's literary criticisms to be translated into English. The translator, Mr. Douglas Ainslie, points out that Croce's criticism is based upon his theory "of the independence and autonomy of the æsthetic fact, which is intuition-expression, and of the essentially lyrical character of all art." Quite apart from the merits of this theory, it is clear that Signor Croce has presented in this volume three stimulating studies.

THE MOTHER OF DIVINE GRACE, by Father Stanislaus M. Hogan, O.P. (New York: Benziger Brothers. \$2.00) based for the most part on the *La Mère de Grace* of the Abbé Hugon, O.P., gives the theological reasons for Catholic devotion to Our Lady. It expressly explains the meaning of the invocation in the Litany of Loretto, Mother of Divine Grace. In a dozen chapters, Father Hogan treats of the nature and effects of grace, showing exactly what the term "full of grace" implies; of the grace conferred on Our Lady in preparation for her office; of the consequences of her initial perfection; of the graces conferred upon her when she became the Mother of God; of the grace of glory and of queen; of Mary the almoner of Divine grace.

A MODERN BOOK OF CRITICISM, by Ludwig Lewisohn (New York: Boni & Liveright. 95 cents), contains selections from present-day critical writers representing France, Germany, England and America. It is wide in range, touching Anatole France on the one hand with his belief in criticism as "a personal adventure with books," and, on the other hand, such critical metaphysics as those of the German Dilthey with his discussion of the creative imagination. One is struck by three facts: first, the variety of points of view; secondly, the dictatorial narrowness of most of these critics in their protests against what they consider as the dictatorial narrowness of the believers in objective standards of criticism; and third, the nebulous style of most of these excerpts, particularly those of English and American writers, reflecting as it does an equal fogginess of thought. The book makes us appreciate more than ever the sanity, the insight, and the clear thinking of Coleridge, Hazlitt, Lamb and Matthew Arnold.

MEN AND STEEL, by Mary Heaton Vorse (New York: Boni & Liveright). With Foster's personal account and the Interchurch World Movement's detached report of the Steel Strike, there now stands this third volume to make up a trilogy of steel in 1919. This volume

is the work of one who spent months in the Pittsburgh district during the great strike, and went down into the homes of the steel strikers and talked with them. It is filled with incidents of the strike that reveal the effect of the strike and the attitude of the strikers. It is an impressionistic book written with deep sympathy and intense feeling. Father Kazinci appears often in its pages, for he served frequently as the author's guide and interpreter in Braddock. Two facts push their way from these pages: first, the isolation of the strikers, and second, the fact that it was considered by many around Pittsburgh as a strike of "hunkies." The book is well worth reading, at least, for the purpose of grasping the attitude of the many of foreign birth in industrial communities in this country.

THE ALTERNATIVE, by M. Morgan Gibbon (Garden City, New York: Doubleday, Page & Co. \$1.75 net). Not often does a new writer's second book please as much as the first, but we find *The Alternative* a decided advance on *Jan*—profounder in theme, and going deeper into life, while sustaining ever-deepening interest. Helen, who remains a child through more than half the book, is more lovable and delightful in immaturity than when grown up—but so are most of us. The psychology of childhood and adolescence is well handled, and the somewhat trite truth of the thesis, that choice involves renunciation, is made to strike us with new and potent force. Somehow, we find the happy ending, usually to be welcomed, a misfit for such a character as Helen. Another point to which we take exception is the disposal of the Rector in Chapter VI. The device employed is unworthy of so good a writer as the creator of *Jan*, and Helen of *The Alternative*.

SONGS OF ADORATION, by Gustav Davidson (New York: The Madrigal Press. \$1.30). This first publication from the Madrigal Press is physically a thing of rare beauty, choicely printed on hand wove paper in the fashion of the more exotic Mosher booklets. Spiritually, it is still exotic, although less satisfying. Mr. Davidson's songs are meditations upon human and divine love, in rhythmical prose which owes something to the Psalms, but more to Dr. Rabindranath Tagore.

CATHOLIC PROBLEMS IN WESTERN CANADA, by Rev. George T. Daly, C.S.S.R. (Toronto, Canada: The Macmillan Co. \$2.50.) In these interesting pages, Father Daly calls the attention of Canadian Catholics to the problems—religious, educational and social—which face the Catholic Church in Western Canada. He treats of the principles and policy of the Catholic Church Extension Society in Canada, the apostolate to non-Catholics, the Ruthenian question, the necessity of separate schools, the need of a Western Catholic University, the value of the Catholic press, and the importance of expert immigration work. Father Daly knows the Canadian West country intimately through many years of missionary activity.

THE GREATER LOVE, by Chaplain George T. McCarthy, U. S. Army (Chicago: Extension Press. \$1.50 postpaid). While hesitant about subscribing to the publisher's enthusiastic statement that this book contains "the most gripping, inspiring and soul influencing pages that have come out of the War," we are quite prepared to say that it is undoubtedly the heartfelt record of an earnest, manly priest, who saw in each soldier boy a soul committed to his care and whose face once turned to duty never looked backward. Moreover, the story, even if a bit flowery as to style, is excellently told. We hold our breath as the *Leviathan* swings out into the deep; we enjoy, with the Chaplain and his "buddies," the piano that had come all the way from Paris to answer to the touch of Mademoiselle Annette; and we storm with them, in spirit, the hill at Rembercourt.

PRACTICAL METHOD OF READING THE BREVIARY, by Rev. John J. Murphy (New York: Blase Benziger & Co., Inc.), simply, yet effectively, explains and instructs the student of the Breviary as to how that seemingly complicated book is to be read. Father Murphy covers every major question that presents itself to the beginner and leads him safely through puzzling turnings and bypaths. We heartily recommend the volume not only to students for the priesthood, but to those of the laity who are interested in reading the Breviary.

THE CORNHILL CO. of Boston publish *The Celestial Circus*, by Cornelia Walter McCleary. A volume of pleasing and entertaining verse, it will be of particular interest to children. The book is tastefully illustrated. It sells for \$1.50 a copy.

A PRACTICAL PHILOSOPHY OF LIFE, by Ernest R. Hull, S.J. (Bombay: Examiner Press). "Thanks to the effects of the War," as the author explains, this pamphlet is published in a flimsy, unattractive form that contrasts almost grotesquely with the interest and value of the content. It is a collection of articles which appeared in *The Examiner* during 1920. The philosophy is divided into three parts, as applied to Facts, Principles and Actions; and in whichever part we elect to read, we find the comprehensive title fully justified.

A JOYFUL HERALD OF THE KING OF KINGS, by the Rev. F. M. Dreves, of St. Joseph's Foreign Missionary Society (St. Louis: B. Herder Book Co. \$1.25 net). Whatever criticism one may have to offer of this collection of short stories, deals not with the excellent subject matter, but with the manner of its handling, which is a trifle too formal and "preachy." One cannot but feel that it will find its auditors among those already called to the Missions rather than those in whom it hopes to arouse and foster vocations. It lacks the verve and spirit that such a writer, for example, as Wilmot-Buxton would have imparted to it. The "Joyful Herald" is an attractive Saint of our own age, Blessed Théophane Vénard. The succeeding chapters are mosaic-like fragments of missionary anecdote.

THE third volume in the series of *Firearms in American History* deals with the history of American rifles from 1800 to 1920. (Boston: The Cornhill Co. \$4.50.) The book has a wealth of illustration and of technical description which will make it most interesting to those versed, or wishing to be versed, in the subject of which it treats.

FOREIGN PUBLICATIONS.

Wonderfully lucid and methodic, and written in language which is clearness itself, is *Le Mystère de L'Incarnation*, by Père Hugon (Paris: P. Téqui). It should be interesting not only to priests, but to laymen. Another book by the same author, *Le Mystère de la Très Sainte Trinité*, is a beautiful treatise on the Trinity, written in his attractive style, at once elegant and eloquent. Issued by the same publisher are Abbé Cocart's *Enfant, Que Feras-Tu Plus Tard*, containing five conferences on the Priestly Vocation; *A Manual of Canon Law* for the Clergy, based on the New Code, by Canon Laurent, Director of the Seminary of Verdun, treating of the Sacraments, the Pastoral Ministry, and the laws of Ecclesiastical Discipline; and *Grandeurs et Devoirs de la Vie Religieuse*, by Monseigneur Plautier, containing four Pastoral Letters on the religious life.

From the Press of P. Lethielleux, Paris, we have *Histoire Populaire de L'Eglise*, by Abbé E. Barbier, a popular history of the Church, dealing with the first six centuries, and *Catéchisme Des Convenances Religieuses*, by Canon Pracht, a brief manual of the ceremonies of the Church in catechetical form.

Dr. J. Marouzeau has written *La Linguistique* (Paris: Paul Geuthner), an excellent treatise on the Science of Language. A work on the Sacraments according to the New Code (Turin: Pietro Marietti) is *De Sacramentis*, by Felix Cappello, S.J., of the Gregorian University, Rome. This, the first volume of his treatise, relates to the Sacraments in general, Baptism, Confirmation and the Eucharist.

Etudes de Critique et de Philologie du Nouveau Testament (J. Gabalda), by Abbé Jacquier, is a summary of the present-day status of New Testament problems, and answers non-Catholic critics. A third edition of Rev. Philip Moroto's *Institutiones Juris Canonici* (Romæ. *Apud Commentarium pro Religiosis*), has just been issued, the first volume treats of *Normæ Generales* and *De Personis*. A two volume history of the Life of St. Augustine, *Le Catholicisme de St. Augustin*, by Monsiegnor Pierre Batiffol, brings out clearly the Saint's idea of the Church and his loyalty to the Apostolic See.

From the pen of Abbé A. Lugan, we have a thoughtful article on "Jesus and the Family," in the magazine, *Evangile et Vie*, and in *Les Cahiers Catholiques*, an interesting article on Maurice de Guérin. Père Lugan has also written *Sermons et Conférences Pour l'année Liturgique*, (Paris: Bloud et Gay), containing an eloquent Lenten Course on the individual, the family and society without God, and sermons for the principal feasts of the year, from Easter to All Souls' Day; *L'Égoïsme Humain* (Paris: A. Tralin), show the evils of egoism, and *Un Précurseur du Bolchevisme*, *Francisco Ferrer* (Paris: Procure Général), is a critical study of the life and activities of the Spanish Socialist, showing the immorality of his private life and the anarchism of his school, and proving by the documents in the case, the justice of his condemnation.

Recent Events.

Russia. For the last two months, Russia has been in the throes of one of the worst famines on record, due to prolonged drought and a general failure of crops. The region chiefly affected is the Volga district, embracing ten governments of a total area of 600,000 square versts and a population of over fifteen million people. Since its first outbreak in July, however, the famine has spread, so that from twenty-five to thirty-five million people are now reported as battling against starvation and disease. Besides a shortage of a million tons of food for the inhabitants and cattle, an immense quantity of seed is also needed for spring and winter sowing if a similar disaster is to be averted next year. Especially pressing is the necessity for seed for winter sowing—upwards of 250,000 tons being needed.

After trying for the first three weeks to cope with the situation, the Soviet authorities were finally obliged to appeal for outside aid, chiefly from America. In reply, Secretary Hoover promised supplies, but only on condition that all Americans imprisoned in Russia be immediately released, and also that the American Relief Administration be allowed full liberty of movement and given control over food distribution. The Soviet authorities at once agreed to the first condition, and released all American prisoners, but several weeks were consumed in wrangling over the matter of food control and liberty of movement for the relief agents. At last, owing to the firm attitude of the American authorities, the Soviet signed the required agreement at Riga on August 16th, and since then both men and supplies have gone forward from the United States.

The Russian Government in its negotiations with Secretary Hoover took the general stand that while it would gladly welcome all purely humanitarian aid that might be offered, it would tolerate no interference whatever in the internal affairs of Russia. In the same general spirit, it has declined to permit the International Russian Relief Commission, appointed by the Allied Supreme Council, to make a preliminary survey of famine conditions, on the ground that the proposed survey is intended to spy at Russia's weakness rather than bring aid to the sufferers.

To prevent friction, the American relief force is not working under the United States flag. Besides the American, other relief

agencies are at work, including the International Red Cross Society. Food supplies, under private auspices, have been sent from all parts of the world.

Latest reports indicate that the famine has been somewhat relieved temporarily as a result partly of outside aid and largely because of the recent harvest. The situation in many places, however, is more difficult than it was two months ago, and it will soon be far worse because the miserably insufficient harvest in these places is only enough to tide the people over some two or three weeks.

An aggravating feature of the situation has been the complete breakdown of the Russian railroads. Even before the outbreak of the famine, Russia's transportation difficulties had reached an acute stage because of the general deterioration of the railroads under the Bolshevik régime. Railroad service between Moscow and Kiev, for instance, had been reduced to an average of one train a week for freight and passengers, and the traffic situation all over central Russia was reported to be particularly serious. Now, of course, it is worse than ever.

Probably as a direct result of the famine, Premier Lenine has abandoned complete State ownership as a Soviet policy. The new economic policy, made public on August 9th, is embodied in a decree adopted by unanimous vote by the Council of Commissars of the People, after a long discussion in which the views of the chief Russian political and labor union organizations were expressed at length. The decree abandons State ownership with the exception of a "definite number of great industries of national importance"—such as were controlled by the State in France, England and Germany during the War—and reestablishes payment by individuals for railroads, postal and other public services, which formerly had been free. There is also to be a gradual return to the monetary system in place of the exchange of goods. Outside of the great industries specified in the decree, all other industries and enterprises are to be leased to individuals, co-operative bodies and labor organizations.

Sixty-one persons were shot in Petrograd on August 24th after being sentenced to death by the Cheka, or Bolshevik inquisitorial board, for active participation in a plot against the Soviet Government. Among those executed are believed to have been several persons accused by the Cheka of being Russian agents of the American Intelligence Service, who crossed the border into Russia from Finland.

The Moscow Government has addressed to the American Government a note of protest against the failure of the latter to extend

to Russia an invitation to the Washington conference on the limitation of armaments and on Far Eastern questions. The note declares that the Soviet Government will not recognize any decisions reached at the conference at which it is not represented, and states that it reserves complete freedom of action. The note protests also against the lack of an invitation for the Far Eastern Republic.

Late in July, a conference was held at Helsingfors among the Foreign Ministers of the Baltic States of Latvia, Esthonia, Finland and Poland, following an earlier conference at Riga of representatives of Esthonia, Latvia and Lithuania, when a full alliance was signed between the two former and a close economic accord between the two latter. The general purpose of these conferences, however, is to bring into being a Baltic league, towards which the States mentioned have been aiming for the past two years. Shortly after the Riga conference, the Soviet Government imposed a veto of an alliance between the Esthonian-Latvian combination and Finland or Poland, and even announced that it would regard such an alliance as a *casus belli*.

On several occasions towards the end of July various partisan bands inside and outside Vladivostok endeavored to overthrow the Provisional Government there, but without success. M. Murkuloff, head of the Provisional Government, which is anti-Bolshevik, and is said to have at least the tacit support of Japan, attributes the revolts to Communist sources. There were numerous casualties in street fights, and the uprising was followed by the declaration of a general strike, which is supported by the radical elements.

The Vladivostok Government issued an announcement on August 6th declaring null and void all concessions in Kamchatka granted by the Soviet Government. This repudiation would include certain concessions supposed to have been granted in that district by Lenine to Washington B. Vanderlip, an American promoter, who has attracted attention in the last year by his statements that he had obtained various large Russian concessions from the Soviet authorities at Moscow.

On September 4th, it was reported that the Government of Afghanistan had ratified the Russo-Afghan Treaty.

It is understood that the Treaty gives Russia a large measure of preferred rights in Afghanistan, considered the gate to India, over which Russian and English diplomacy have been contesting for a long time. The Afghan Treaty forms the final link in a chain giving Soviet Russia a favored position with all her Mohammedan neighbors—Nationalist Turkey and Persia being the other two—and leaves her at peace with all other neighboring countries

except Japan and Rumania. A few days previous to the ratification of the Afghan Treaty a Russo-Norwegian commercial Treaty, closely paralleling the Anglo-Russian agreement, was signed at Christiania.

France. The Silesian question has continued to occupy a large share of Allied attention during the last two months, but still without settlement. In July, the situation had been at least temporarily arranged by the withdrawal to their respective borders of the German irregular troops and the Polish insurgents, when the whole question was unexpectedly revived by a note of the French Government to the British at the end of the month. The note declared that France would not agree to an Allied conference at that time to settle the boundary between Germany and Poland, and that France wished to send more troops into Silesia.

To this the British strongly objected and, after many delays, eventually succeeded in inducing the French to refer the matter to the Allied Supreme Council, which met in Paris on August 8th. Here, too, however, the British and French failed to come to an agreement, and though the British position in the dispute was backed by Italy and Japan, it was finally decided to refer the whole question to the Executive Council of the League of Nations, by whose findings the Allied Premiers pledged themselves to abide.

In accordance with this decision, the Council of the League, on September 1st, appointed a commission of four members to settle the Silesian imbroglio. The commission is composed of the representatives of four neutral nations, China, Brazil, Spain and Belgium, and it is expected to be able to make its report to the full Council some time before the end of the month. This move not only extricates Great Britain and France from the impasse which they had reached in the Supreme Council, but also averts the danger of a quarrel that, for a time, threatened the very existence of the Entente.

The other chief topic of Allied discussion has been the proposal of President Harding for an international conference on the limitation of armaments. Invitations were sent in July to Great Britain, France, Italy and Japan, and later to China, and it was proposed that the conference should discuss not only armaments, but also all matters pertaining to the Pacific and Far Eastern problems. It was the inclusion of these last that delayed the acceptance of Japan, which desired to exclude discussion of Yap, Shantung and Siberia, on the ground that they were closed issues. Subsequently, Japan added, to those of the other Powers, her

assent to share fully in the conference. Another cause of much correspondence was the desire of Great Britain for preliminary parleys before the real conference began, but this matter also was decided in accordance with the President's plans, which opposed such parleys.

The first meeting of the conference, which is to be held at Washington, will occur on November 11th, the anniversary of the armistice. Official announcement has been made that the main American delegation will consist of only four members—Secretary of State Hughes, Senator Lodge, former Secretary of State Root and Senator Underwood, the Democratic minority leader. The main delegation from each of the other countries will also comprise four members, although each delegation will be assisted by an advisory group of indefinite number, to be known as "advisory delegates."

The second plenary session of the Assembly of the League of Nations opened at Geneva on September 5th. Thirty-nine countries were represented, the absentees, to the number of nine, consisting of Central and South American countries. As compensation for this absence, five new members were seated—Austria, Bulgaria, Albania, Finland and Luxembourg. Jonkeer H. A. van Karnebeck, Foreign Minister of Holland, was chosen President of the Assembly in succession to Paul Hymans of Belgium.

On the second day of its session the Assembly gave preliminary consideration to a matter which has since developed into a situation of considerable difficulty, namely, the Tacna-Arica dispute between Bolivia and Chile. Bolivia had forwarded a request that this territorial controversy be brought before the Assembly, and the request being held in conformity with the covenant of the League, the question was placed on the agenda of the Assembly. Since then, Chile has notified the Assembly that the League of Nations has no competency or jurisdiction in matters of purely American concern. In view of the fact that nine Latin-American nations are already abstaining from participation in the Assembly meeting, and that Chile will probably withdraw if Bolivia's plea is upheld, the affair strikes at the heart of the League, and is regarded as more than a simple quarrel between two Latin-American countries.

During the last two months, the Secretariat of the League of Nations has announced the receipt of three more than the necessary twenty-four ratifications of the International Court of Justice to be established at The Hague. Spain, Siam and Uruguay were the last three countries to ratify the protocol and statutes. Ninety-one names have been placed on the nomination list for judgeships

of the Court. Of these eleven will be chosen to be Judges and four Deputy Judges by the Assembly during its present session. Each member of the League has the privilege of nominating four candidates—two of its own nationals and two foreigners. Elihu Root has been nominated by five countries, but has declined to stand for election because of advanced age.

Early in September the Reparations Commission announced that Germany had made, by the prescribed date of August 31st, the full payment of the first one billion gold marks due the Allies. Before the final payment had been made, the Allied Ministers of Finance held a meeting at which it was decided to give 550,000,000 marks of this sum to Belgium, on the basis of Belgium's priority rights, and 450,000,000 marks to Great Britain against the cost of Great Britain's army of occupation in the Rhineland. France, which was to receive no part of the payment, was supposed to make up the cost of her army of occupation from the products of the Saar mines. The French Finance Minister signed this agreement only provisionally, however, subject to approval by his Government, and now the latter has declined to ratify. The agreement assumed that France should be credited with the value of the Saar coal mines to the total extent of what she would get in the next fifteen years that she will hold them, and to this the French Government objects as inequitable. Conversations are now being held looking towards a revision of this clause.

Late in August representatives of the French and German Governments met at Wiesbaden and signed a separate treaty regulating the payment of reparations. The agreement enters into effect when ratified by the two Governments, of which there is every prospect. This is the first War settlement made with Germany in which France has acted independently of her Allies, and is important because of its practical significance in providing for reparations in kind rather than in cash. Among other things, the Treaty provides for the delivery to France by Germany of seven billion gold marks worth of building material within the next three years.

Germany.

A treaty of peace between the United States and Germany, which had been in process of negotiation for several weeks, was signed in Berlin on August 25th by Ellis Loring Dresel, the American Commissioner in Berlin, and Dr. Friedrich Rosen, the German Foreign Minister. The compact assures to the United States all the rights accruing to it under the Treaty of Versailles, but provides specifically that the United States shall not be bound by the

clauses of the Versailles Treaty relating to the League of Nations. Before going into effect the Treaty still requires ratification by the United States and the German Reichstag, after which diplomatic relations will be resumed.

The signing of a separate treaty with Germany has raised considerable discussion among the Allies, especially the French, as to whether a third international treaty is needed, since the German-American Treaty is considered to leave certain Allied rights unguarded. For instance, the Berlin compact does not recognize that Alsace and Lorraine now belong to France. In Germany itself the Treaty is looked on with considerable satisfaction, especially as preliminary to renewed commercial relations on a wide scale.

On August 26th, Matthias Erzberger, former German Vice-Chancellor and Minister of Finance and leader of the Centre Party, was assassinated at Baden. Erzberger was principally responsible for swinging the Centre Party in favor of accepting the Allied ultimatum and making Herr Wirth Chancellor on a platform of "reparation fulfillment." For this and other policies, he was particularly obnoxious to the Pan-German and Monarchist sections, and it was feared that his death would be the occasion of anti-republican demonstrations. The Government immediately issued drastic decrees against seditious acts, and this, together with organized demonstrations of loyalty throughout the country—especially at Berlin, where over 200,000 people proclaimed allegiance to the Republic—intimidated the forces of reaction. The general opinion is that whatever consequences the forthcoming taxation struggle holds, the German Republic today stands more firmly than at any time since the Kaiser's abdication.

One of the results of the Government's decrees was a dispute between Berlin and Bavaria, which for a time threatened a revolt, but which is now in process of composition. The trouble arose following the issuance of a decree by President Ebert conferring exceptional powers upon the German Cabinet. The Chancellor employed this decree for suppressing newspapers, forbidding the wearing of uniforms, and raising the state of siege in Bavaria, all of which aroused much resentment in that State.

Previous to this difficulty, on July 23d, the Inter-Allied Military Control Commission announced that the Bavarian *Einwohnerwehr*, or citizens' guard, whose disbandment the Allies had been demanding for some months, had turned in 120,000 of the 250,000 rifles they possessed.

A commercial Treaty between Germany and Italy went into force on September 1st. Under this instrument the two Govern-

ments will undertake to facilitate imports and exports of specified categories. The Treaty will be operative for nine months, and after this period will be automatically renewable unless denounced by a month's notice of either of the contracting parties.

Spain.

A widespread revolt against Spanish rule in Morocco came to a disastrous climax in the middle of July, and since then Spanish troops have suffered at the hands of Moorish tribesmen a series of defeats that, for a time, threatened the loss of the entire country. In the opening engagement of the war—the defeat of the army of General Silvestre—the Spaniards lost 3,000 men, while the booty captured by the enemy in this battle was valued at more than 20,000,000 pesetas. In the fighting around Melilla, a commercial port on the north coast and the main Spanish stronghold, the Spanish losses are placed at 14,712 killed, without counting the missing. The loss in material here, also, has been enormous, the tribesmen capturing nearly 30,000 rifles, 139 cannons and 392 machine guns, with a large amount of ammunition.

The Spaniards have recently claimed several successes against the Moors, but these have been so slight or so vaguely reported as to give no definite notion of the engagements referred to. Meanwhile, extensive preparations for carrying the war forward have been initiated in Spain, and on September 1st the Minister of War summoned to the colors men of the class of 1920, who previously had been exempt, under the operation of the ballot, except in the event of war at home. The class aggregates about 50,000 men.

The general situation precedent to the Moroccan uprising was as follows: the Spanish protectorate in Morocco is a zone extending along the northern coast opposite Spain, from the Atlantic east to the frontier of Algeria, and, on the average, fifty miles broad. South of it is a similar zone under French protection.

During the World War little attempt was made to administer either zone, but in January, 1920, it was decided, both in Madrid and Paris, to make military demonstrations with the idea of introducing civil government. By September, 1920, the French zone was practically pacified, and, at first, the Spanish expedition under General Silvestre, which was more militant, was similarly successful. General Silvestre had marched on, leaving detachments at various points and holding a line of communication with Melilla.

In the recent fighting all these interior points have been captured by the tribesmen, who are reported to be from 10,000 to

20,000 strong, and several generals, including General Silvestre, have been either killed or taken prisoner. For several weeks now the Moors have closely invested Melilla despite various attempts to disperse them.

The most serious aspect of the situation is the repercussion in Spain itself, where a wave of military mutinies, combined with strikes and riots, has swept the country. The desire of the Government to send reinforcements to Morocco has stirred not only civic and industrial disturbances, but uprisings among the troops as well. The situation in Bilbao, one of Spain's most important industrial areas, is especially serious. There is also the greatest apprehension in Barcelona, always a hotbed of radicalism, that the Bolshevik and Socialist elements will coöperate with mutinous military units.

On August 11th, Premier Allendesalazar resigned, and a few days later was succeeded by former Premier Maura, who has formed a new Cabinet.

Greece. The Greek campaign against the Turkish Nationalists has been for the last two months almost unfailingly successful, till

quite recently when their advance was checked. Beginning with the capture on July 16th of Kutaia, an important point on the southern branch of the Bagdad Railroad, about seventy-five miles southeast of Brusa, the Greeks developed their offensive in several directions, forcing the Turks to fall back along the entire front. In the battle around Kutaia more than 15,000 Turkish prisoners were taken, as well as 168 guns and 2,000 camels.

The next point of attack was Eski-Shehr, an important railway junction, connected with Scutari, Angora and Konieh, about twenty-seven miles northeast of Kutaia. This place was captured by the Greeks on July 20th, the Turks retreating towards Angora, their capital. By means of a turning movement, the Greeks increased their captured to 30,000 prisoners. As a result of the Greek advance, the Nationalists were obliged to transfer the seat of government from Angora to Sivas, a point further in the interior.

Later successes of the Greeks have been their advance on Ismid, ninety miles north of Eski-Shehr and fifty-six miles southeast of Constantinople, and their attack in the direction of Adabazar, at the base of the peninsula, thus threatening the capture of the entire Ismid Peninsula, which lies to the east of Constantinople between the Sea of Marmora and the Black Sea.

The most recent action has been an eight-day battle along a

forty-mile line between the Sakaria River and Angora, in which the Turks were finally compelled to fall back. The losses in this battle have been particularly heavy on both sides, the Turkish casualties in killed and wounded being estimated at 12,000, while the Greek losses are placed at 10,000. This, so far, has been the hardest and most evenly contested battle to date.

Basing their opinions on this engagement, military experts believe that the Greek offensive towards Angora has received a definite check. This is attributed not only to transportation difficulties, but also to faulty generalship and inefficient artillery.

Latest reports state that a revolt has broken out among the Nationalist forces. According to the dispatch, the Turks have abandoned the Heights of Kongiojak, thirty-five miles from Angora. The retreat of the Turkish forces on the Greek right is being covered by a rear guard, which is holding up the advance of the Greeks. Several Turkish divisions are strongly intrenched before the Greek centre.

King Constantine has had the active direction of the Greek offensive, and after the victory at Eski-Shehr a Greek advance on Constantinople was discussed as a possible development of Constantine's military ambitions. The Allies, however, warned Greece that such an advance would not be tolerated. Beyond this warning, the Allies have not interfered in any way in the Greek-Turkish conflict, thus preserving their declared attitude of absolute neutrality.

Italy. Up to the end of July sanguinary conflicts continued to occur at various points throughout Italy between the Fascisti and the Communists. The most severe fighting took place at Sarzana, Province of Genoa, where twenty-seven persons were killed, and at the village of Roccostrada, near Grosseto, where twelve Communists and one Fascisti were slain.

The situation after the tragedy at Sarzana became so grave as to make the people fear civil war, as the Fascisti were aided by the Nationalists throughout Italy, while the greater part of the Socialists defended the violence of the Communists, who had formed for the purpose a body called the "People's Arditi." These last, though declared to comprise all the lowest elements of the population, were organized in military groups, fully officered and trained.

Finally, as a result of the dangerous situation, the Italian Government in the person of Signor Denicola, president of the Chamber of Deputies, made arrangements for bringing about a

peace between the warring factions. The agreement, in the form of a treaty, was signed early in August by representatives of the Fascisti and the Socialists. It stipulated that both sides assume responsibility for keeping the peace, and each side must return the trophies, emblems and banners captured from the other. The Socialist provincial governments, which had been forced by violence to resign, have since been reinstated. The Socialists, in the agreement, repudiated the militant radical organization, the People's Arditi.

The chief credit for the peace belongs to the new Premier, Signor Bonomi, who took a firm stand and threatened military intervention by the Government unless the disorders ceased. On being challenged, the Premier put the question to the Chamber of Deputies for a vote of confidence, and succeeded in obtaining the largest majority since the armistice was concluded.

The new Premier has expressed his intentions of devoting himself chiefly to the reconstruction of Italy, but one of the most serious problems he has to face is the foreign policy to be adopted, particularly with the reference to the Porto Barros complications at Fiume. It was on this issue that the previous Cabinet fell, the former Foreign Minister, Count Sforza, having practically given the place up to Jugo-Slavia. What is now demanded by Fiume and the majority of Italians, is that Porto Barros, although nominally belonging to Jugo-Slavia, shall form a commercial unit with Fiume. To this, of course, Jugo-Slavia is opposed.

With regard to the local situation in Fiume, early in September the legionaries of d'Annunzio withdrew from the city, and the military command was assumed by General Amantea. The Italian Legation has been closed, and all powers have been taken over by a special Italian Commissioner. Efforts are being made to establish a constitutional government, but the bitterness engendered between the parties during the various phases of the Fiume question make an early solution improbable.

September 14, 1921.

With Our Readers.

LET the dead past bury its dead" is the sentence which is often hurled at one who dares unearth any lesson from former days. "We are living in the present: we face the future. The present and the future are our concern, not the past." Perhaps such an attitude of mind is not altogether unwarranted for, indeed, there are many who see no good in our own days and in our own doings and, on the contrary, idealize the conditions that prevailed in other centuries. While our sympathies are not with those who laud only the things that have been, nevertheless, our sane judgment recognizes that there is a living past, a past that has not died and cannot die. So living is that past that, in the continuity of the human race and in the relationship of all human doings, it may be considered to have passed into the eternal, the ever-present, of value now as when it sprang into being.

* * * *

NOT unseemly and not unprofitable is the custom of commemorating past events, when those events are of such importance that they still throw the brightness of their light into the shadowy places. It is not strange then that one of the characteristic features of four great centenaries celebrated this year, has been their application, through the personalities and works that have been honored, to the conditions and problems of our day. St. Jerome, St. Francis, St. Dominic, Dante are all figures that stand out in undying prominence, not only surveying the world of their own day, but on the everlasting hills, standing as beacon lights to the travelers of all time.

* * * *

IN all his Encyclical Letters upon these great men, our Holy Father, Benedict XV., doing honor to their memory, has also sought to impress upon our day the living lessons that the deeds and thoughts of these heroic personalities have bequeathed to humanity. And other writers, not all, by any means, members of the Catholic Church, have likewise dwelt largely upon the appropriateness of drawing lessons for the present from the lives of these men. Many go as far as to outline the similarity of our own time, first with that period illuminated by Jerome, between the era of paganism and Christianity, and then with that period graced by Francis, Dominic and Dante between the Middle Ages and the Renaissance. Each is honored by some great achieve-

ment; but each is honored likewise for his personal influence, an influence which even flows into our own day. Jerome immortally stands as the man who accomplished the tremendous task of the translation of the Scriptures, but he was no less, through his priestly life, an exceptional guide and a saintly spiritual director of human souls. Francis impressed upon a world of luxury the meaning and beauty of poverty, but he also exerted a personal influence in drawing others to his standards and in raising them to spiritual ambition. Dominic stayed the flow of an unseemly heresy, but he likewise inspired others to choose the same path he had chosen and brought innumerable souls to the light and the following of Christ. Dante sang the greatest song of time, but in that singing he likewise impressed upon humanity what was of greatest individual value, the highest ethical standards of life. In a word, if they shine as the doers of great works, they also shine as personalities of the highest type and character, influencing not only their own, but every age that follows.

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AS in the study of any human being, so in the study of these, the paramount search is into their innermost souls, to find, if possible, that which was the motive power behind their lives. In that search and in the answer that we shall necessarily find, we shall also discover the reason why each of this quartet of giants has a message to the world today. For whether we dwell upon the intellectual glory of the saintly Hermit, or the cherubic light that illumined the preaching of the Friar Preacher, or the seraphic ardor of the Poor Man, or the heavenly vision of the supreme Poet, we shall find that the inspiring, indwelling, force that expressed itself in the truth and goodness and beauty that they manifested, was Catholic Faith. Each of these men was a follower of Christ within the Church of God, His Kingdom on Earth. The intellectual standards they set, the ethical principles they maintained, the remedies for social ills they put forward, the truths they preached, in sermon or in poem, were all Catholic in the purest and fullest sense. The Church has had no more devoted children than these. If the world would pay them no empty honor, then must that world, suffering and ill as it is, look, for cure and remedy, even beyond the men that it honors to that which made them great.

* * * *

WHEN St. Jerome is mentioned there comes before the mind, first the intellectual marvel who because of his superhuman learning could achieve the tremendous task of the translation of

the Scriptures into Latin, in such a successful way as to obtain for his version the official recognition of the Church.

Then, as we look a little into his personal characteristics, we are, no doubt, next impressed with the sternness and strictness of this ascetic and hermit. We look upon a man most mortified in his own life and demanding from others like mortification if they would be true disciples of Christ. As such, his denunciations of the evils of his day, especially in the city of Rome where he dwelt some years, his stern characterizations of those who opposed his views, his uncompromising attitude even in regard to things lawful but not highest, all these stamp him as an unbending, unyielding and determined man that would repel did we not look further.

* * * *

IF we do look further we find not only the unquestioned saintliness of his own life, but we find that, in the interest which he took in others, he displayed qualities which offset the more severe ones, and serve to endear him to those who have at heart the welfare of humanity. Anyone who studies the years of his life in Rome, after his experiences in the desert and before his retirement to Palestine, will find him to be not only a man of ascetic life and stern language, but also a priest who was a most tender, solicitous, painstaking and sympathetic director of souls. Many a soul he formed in the mold of Christ. With gentle and untiring care, he led them on those paths where alone true peace is found. The man who could call forth the affectionate adherence and the devoted service of such women as Marcella and Paula and Eustochium and Blesilla and a host of others, who formed a wonderful company, could not be merely stern and severe.

Nor was his interest limited only to those who, in some measure, had already tasted of the spiritual springs. He sought also, often by sarcasm, often by invective, but often too by pleading to win the thoughtless and the sinful to the standards of Christ. He was fully alive to the evils of his time, and he scored them. He was burning with zeal for souls, and he sought to gain them.

* * * *

WITH few changes some of the things St. Jerome said of Roman Society in the fourth century, would find application today. For example, he inveighs against Christian women "who smear their face and eyes with every kind of powder, and who, like idols, make for themselves faces of plaster, whiter than nature, upon which, if they happen to shed a tear, a furrow would

at once appear on their cheek:" or against those "to whom, though years have come, they cannot understand that they are old: who raise edifices of false hair on their heads, and conceal their wrinkles under a lying semblance of youth: who, trembling with age, give themselves the airs of young girls in the midst of their own grandchildren."

When, too, for example, he was trying to gain the soul of the young widow, Blesilla, to the service of Christ, he said, "she resembled too much those pagan widows who covered their faces with powder, dressed themselves in silk, shone with gold and precious stones, and wept for their lost husbands far less seriously than they looked out for new ones."

* * * *

FOR greater evils he had still more severe terms and never did he hesitate, no matter where evil was found, to throw light upon it and rebuke it. Yet in these things of human interest, he could be gentle, too. How beautiful are the words he addresses to the widow, Salvina, who had sought his advice as to the rearing of her two little children. After giving much in the way of direction and speaking of her boy he says "that in the child's little body a great heart must dwell, to judge from the noble spirit his features reveal." And he compares the boy's sister to a "basket of lilies and roses, to ivory mingled with purple. She resembles her father, but with a more gracious beauty than his, and she so much resembles her mother, too, that both father and mother are recalled by the child's features. She is so charming, so sweet, that all the family is proud of her. The Emperor himself takes her in his arms, and the Empress loves to press her against her bosom. All compete for the possession of the child. She plays and frisks about with all. She can as yet only lisp and stammer, which renders her all the more charming."

* * * *

THE Saint was a man in whom there was much of the milk of human kindness, as well as much of the indignation of virtue before the face of vice. May it not be that we of the twentieth century can find a great deal to imitate in the stern and yet kind, the intellectual and yet spiritual, the uncompromising and yet sympathetic Saint of the fourth century?



IF ever there were a day when the citizens of our country should be thoroughly alive to the need of informing themselves upon the civic and political conditions of the times it is the present.

Important, and even essential, matters in the life of the nation are being decided. The first condition for the foundation of a sane judgment is knowledge of the facts that have a bearing upon the vital questions of the day. To keep informed, we must read, we must think, we must discriminate and digest, but we must, above all, have a standard by which we can judge, and that standard must be ethical.

* * * *

PERHAPS it is in the lack of such a standard that many of the so-called civic teachers and many of our recognized political students, as well as leaders, offend. In many of the recent contributions in magazines and largely, also, in pretentious volumes of biography, history and civic principles, there is a tendency to dissociate politics from morality. Divorce is so common nowadays that there are many who seek to divorce everything from everything else. They divorce religion and morality; they divorce economics and morality, and they do all they can to divorce politics and morality. But the Scriptural dictum in regard to another institution applies here: "What God hath joined together let no man put asunder." And God has, by His eternal mandate, joined morality to every activity of life.

* * * *

NO matter into what sphere a man enters, he never ceases to be a moral agent, never ceases to be accountable to the Supreme Court of all peoples. Whatever our freedom, we are not free from God. Whether, through the inheritance of citizenship, a man is called to fill an office or simply to exercise the right of the ballot, there is ever a tribunal before which he must give answer for his actions, the court of conscience. A traitor to the best interests of his country is a traitor to conscience. The question is not whether his deeds square with the bare requirements of social and civil laws: the question is not whether his actions are such as to render him safe from the indignity of prison bars, but the question is whether his actions as a citizen square with God-given moral principles, the principles of eternal justice.

The great American, Abraham Lincoln, put the ethical ideal of citizenship in these words: "I am not bound to win, but I am bound to be true. I am not bound to succeed, but I am bound to live up to what light I have. I must stand with anybody that stands right, stand with him while he is right, and part with him when he goes wrong." A sense of this individual responsibility is the best safeguard of a country. The nation that disregards it,

will find its government carried on by weaklings and its voting done by cowards.

* * * *

AT the present time policies are being formed, questions are being decided, which have an important bearing upon the future of the world. Our own country has its share in the formation of such policies and the decision of such questions. Whatever compromises are made, whatever diplomacy is used, whatever conclusions are reached, these should all be in conformity with right moral principles and the demands of justice. If, in these proceedings, citizens seek to advance the good of the community as a whole, rather than the interests of an individual or a class of individuals; if they so respect the rights of the individual as to allow him the fullest extent of liberty consistent with the laws of the land; if they maintain the constitutions and laws of municipality, State and Country, not merely in the letter, but also in the spirit: if they secure these things by using their prerogative of the ballot conscientiously for the right, against the wrong; if, in other words, instead of dissociating political and civil life from moral principles, they make these very principles the basis of their political and civil acts, then will there result the peace and happiness, which are the best evidences of national good health.



A RECENT controversy over the becomingness of an exhibition of post-impressionistic pictures at the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York, deserves our attention because it has been the occasion of a revived manifestation of moral health. A circular issued against the exhibition speaks of it as "having a destructive influence in both art and life." A number of paintings are mentioned specifically, that show either "mental or moral eclipse." A sane artist of no mean reputation has this to say of the exhibition: "Three-quarters of the walls where the loan exhibition is hung furnish many good pieces of work, notably those of the impressionists, but the mistake that has been made is in assuming that the post-impressionists are a development of the impressionists. Post-impressionism is not an outgrowth of impressionism at all, but is pure degeneracy, the same form of degeneracy that brought on the War: and, with peace, it has been abandoned even in Germany, where it came from."

* * * *

DEGENERACY in any art is a sign of degeneracy in civilization and morality. The readiness to meet the challenge that such

forms of so-called art throw down, is a good sign of the reaction against the same sort of thing in other fields. May it not indicate a revival of opposition to that kind of philosophy that declares against God and religion and strives to eliminate those factors from human life: or against that education that would ignore the claims of the Deity? May it not be an evidence of opposition to the perversions of the moral law that would wipe out, if possible, some of the Ten Commandments, that would destroy the sense of domestic and family duty, that would erase the laws of justice and that would make earthly and individual expediency, rather than the will of God, the rule of mankind? At any rate, it is opposition to the distortions of the highest arts; to painting that purveys to lust rather than idealism: to music that reflects only vagueness, indefiniteness and immorality instead of speaking the message of God's beauty: to the drama that exploits the darkest things of life and condones and even approves the most glaring offences instead of truly "holding the mirror up to nature." It is not too much to say that such opposition is a rebuke to the multitudes that apotheosize pleasure at its lowest as the one aim of existence.

THE missionary spirit is characteristic of Catholicism. Zeal for the winning of souls to the truth and the following of Christ is the accompaniment of active and devout faith. The evidence of growth in the development of this virtue are at once gratifying and inspiring. It is only in recent years that American Catholics have entered fully into the field of foreign missions, by the actual sending of men and women apostles. It was just the other day that the first band of American Catholic women, six Sisters from Maryknoll, left their home on the Hudson for mission work in China. This is the most striking evidence of American Catholic interest in the souls that still walk in darkness.

* * * *

AMONG other evidences of advance, two, widely separated, have recently been called to our attention. One is quite unique: the establishment in one of the San Francisco parishes of a Catholic parochial school for Chinese children exclusively. This school opened with three hundred pupils; and with about the same number of older pupils in the night classes. One of the features of the school building is a chapel where Mass is celebrated and which Chinese only are permitted to attend.

The other evidence consists in the news of the establishment in India of the "St. Thomas Printing and Publishing Society" by

one of India's most zealous native priests, Father Mattam. The objects of this society are: 1. To start an Apostolate of the Press for the Propagation of the Faith. 2. To print and publish newspapers and magazines, books and tracts on religion. 3. To start a vigilance bureau for defending the doctrines of the true religion. 4. To conduct an orphanage and an industrial school where boys may be trained for carrying on the above said objects.

Efforts of this nature must necessarily warm the hearts of Catholics everywhere, and contribute largely towards the maintenance of a living, active, coöperation through prayer and alms.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

BENZIGER BROTHERS, New York:

The Summa Theologica of St. Thomas Aquinas. Part I. Literally translated by Fathers of the English Dominican Province. \$3.50 net. *Meditations on the Litany of the Holy Name.* By Rt. Rev. J. O. Smith, O.S.B. 90 cents net. *A Guide to the Mass.* By H. F. Vaughan. 20 cents net. *In Touch With God.* By Rev. Joseph Sunn. 35 cents net. *Reading for the Workers.* By B. F. Page, S.J. 35 cents net. *Our Lord's Own Words.* Vol. III. By Rt. Rev. Abbot Smith, O.S.B. \$1.75 net. *Some Errors of H. G. Wells.* A Catholic Criticism of the Outline of History. By R. Downey. 35 cents net. *A Life's Oblation.* (Biography of Genevieve Hennet de Goutel.) Translated from the French of Marthe Alambert by L. M. Leggatt. \$2.00 net. *The Potter's House.* By Isabel C. Clarke. \$2.00 net. *Catholic Home Annual, 1922.* 35 cents net. *Bobby in Movieland.* By F. J. Flinn, S.J. \$1.50 net. *A Practical Guide for Servers at High Mass and the Services of Holy Week.* By B. F. Page, S.J. 35 cents net. *A Gift from Jesus.* By a Sister of Notre Dame. 80 cents net. *The Fiery Soliloquy with God of the Rev. Master G. Paterson.* \$1.25 net. *Signals from the Bay Tree.* By H. S. Spalding, S.J. \$1.50 net.

THE MACMILLAN Co., New York:

Popular Government. By A. B. Hall. \$3.00. *The Social Mission of Charity.* By William J. Kerby, Ph.D. \$2.25. *The Contents of the New Testament.* By Haven McClure. \$1.50. *The Foundations of Modern Ireland.* By Constantia Maxwell. Pamphlet. *Peeps at Many Lands: Italy and Greece, Norway and Denmark, China and Japan, Australia and New Zealand.*

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS, New York:

Laramie Holds the Range. By Frank H. Spearman. \$1.75. *To Let.* By John Galsworthy. \$2.00. *My Brother, Theodore Roosevelt.* By Corinne R. Robinson. \$3.00. *Bunch-Grass and Blue Joint.* By F. B. Linderman. \$1.25.

LONGMANS, GREEN & Co., New York:

The New Testament. Vol. III. St. Paul's Epistle to the Churches. \$2.50 net. *John Martineau, the Pupil of Kingsley.* By Violet Martineau. \$4.50. *The Christ, the Son of God.* By Abbé Fouard. 75 cents. *An Enthusiast.* By E. Somerville. \$2.00.

GEORGE H. DORAN Co., New York:

Dodo Wonders. By E. F. Benson. *The Thirteen Travelers.* By Hugh Walpole. \$2.00. *The Pilgrim of a Smile.* By Norman Davey. \$2.00. *A Defence of Philosophic Doubt.* By A. J. Balfour. \$5.00.

ROBERT MCBRIDE & Co., New York:

Some Modern French Writers. By G. Turquet-Milnes.

P. J. KENEDY & SONS, New York:

The Paradise of the Soul. By Blessed Albert the Great, O.P. \$1.25. *A Mother's Letters.* By Father Alexander, O.F.M. \$1.00. *A Crown of Tribulation.* By Elizabeth Parker. \$1.00. *Rebuilding a Lost Faith.* By an American Agnostic. \$3.25.

BONI & LIVERIGHT, New York:

Quiet Interior. By E. B. C. Jones. \$2.00. *Gold Shod.* By N. Fuessle. \$2.00. *Dangerous Ages.* By Rose Macaulay. \$2.00. *Gold.* By E. O'Neill. \$1.50. *Babette Bomberling's Bridegrooms.* By Alice Berend. \$2.00.

- G. E. STRECHERT & Co., New York:
Form Problems of the Gothic. By W. Worringer. \$2.50.
- BUREAU OF THE HOLY NAME, New York:
The Dominican Lay Brother. By V. Rev. V. F. O'Daniel, O.P.
- DOUBLEDAY, PAGE & Co., Garden City, New York:
The Beloved Woman. By Kathleen Norris. \$1.75.
- FUNK & WAGNALLS Co., New York:
Will Power and Work. By Jules Payot. \$1.75 net.
- JAMES T. WHITE & Co., New York:
Crumpled Leaves. By Christine H. Watson. \$1.00.
- D. APPLETON & Co., New York:
High Benton, Worker. By William Heyliger.
- CATHOLIC FOREIGN MISSION SOCIETY OF MARYKNOLL, New York:
Maryknoll at Ten. By William S. Kress. Pamphlet.
- THE PAGE Co., Boston:
The Triumph of Virginia Dale. By John Francis, Jr. \$1.90.
- THE CORNHILL Co., Boston:
A Mediæval Hun. By J. C. Carleton. \$1.50.
- WASHINGTON PRESS, Boston:
Ireland and Presidents of the United States. Second Edition. By J. X. Regan.
- PRINCETON UNIVERSITY PRESS, Princeton:
The Portraits of Dante. By F. J. Mather, Jr. \$3.50.
- J. B. LIPPINCOTT Co., Philadelphia:
The Master of Man. By Hall Caine. \$1.75. *Successful Family Life on the Modern Income.* By Mary Abel. \$2.00.
- THE AMERICAN RED CROSS, Washington, D. C.:
Handbook of Social Resources of the United States. By Genevieve Hendricks. \$1.00.
- CATHOLIC BOOK Co., Wheeling, W. Va.:
Archæology Series. By Prof. Orazio Marucchi and E. S. Berry. Five Vols.
- CATHOLIC CHURCH SUPPLY HOUSE, Columbus, O.:
My Rosary. Pamphlet. 10 cents.
- AMERICA PRESS, St. Louis:
High School Catechism. By Mgr. P. J. Stockman.
- B. HERDER BOOK Co., St. Louis:
In the Land of the Kikuyus. By Rev. H. A. Gogarty, C.S.Sp. \$1.10. *In the Days of Owen Roe.* By James Murphy. \$2.00. *The Story of Lourdes.* By Rose Lynch. \$1.60. *Supernatural Mysticism.* By Benedict Williamson. \$2.75. *Dante's Mystic Love.* By Marianne Kavanaugh. \$1.50 net. *A Week-End Retreat.* By Charles Plater, S.J.
- BURKLEY PRINTING Co., Omaha, Neb.:
Loretta. By Gilbert Guest. \$1.00.
- LOYOLA UNIVERSITY PRESS, Chicago:
Institutiones Theologiæ Naturalis. By G. J. Brosnan, S.J. *Apologetica.* By J. T. Langan, S.J. \$3.50 net.
- DE PAUL MINERVA PRESS, De Paul University, Chicago:
The Light of the Ages. By James J. Monahan, M.D. 25 cents. Pamphlet.
- LAIRD & LEE, INC., Chicago:
Safeguarding American Ideals. By H. F. Atwood.
- MOREHOUSE PUBLISHING Co., Milwaukee, Wis.:
The Life and Growth of Israel. By S. A. Mercer. \$1.75.
- CATHOLIC TRUTH SOCIETY, London:
Why I Came In. By B. M. Twopence. Pamphlet.
- HEATH, CRANTON, London:
The Portal of Evolution. By a Fellow of the Geological and Zoological Societies. \$3.00. *Singing Beads.* By Dom Theodore Baily.
- BERNARD QUARITCH, London:
Vetusta Monumenta. Vol. VI. Plates XLIII.-XLVI.
- THE TALBOT PRESS, Dublin, Ireland:
Carmen Cavanagh. By Annie Smithson. 6 s. net.
- INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL PRESS, Ernakulam, India:
Religio-Philosophic History of India. By Father Zacharias, O.C.D.
- E. THIBAUT, Louvain, Belgium:
Exercitiorum Spiritualium Sancti Ignatii a Loyola, Concordantia. By Eugenio Thibaut, S.J.

THE Catholic World

VOL. CXIV.

NOVEMBER, 1921

No. 680

SOCIALISM OR DEMOCRACY.

BY FATHER CUTHBERT, O.S.F.C.



THE difficulty about the word "Socialism" is that it means so many different things on the lips of different speakers. When somebody said: "We are all socialists today," he showed himself a keen observer of the trend of human affairs. More people are socialists in the widest sense of the word than are willing to associate themselves with any of the parties who claim the title. For, in its widest and generic sense, the word signifies some fundamental opposition to the economic system as it has prevailed during the past century. It is really only on the point of this opposition that the various socialistic parties themselves are in agreement. When they come to formulate a constructive system they are frequently in fundamental contradiction. Collectivist and Syndicalist are directly opposed on the matter of State ownership: the Guild-Socialist seeks a *via media* between the two. Again, there is the Socialist who demands the abolition of all private property, and the other who would limit the right of private property only so far as it is necessary to obtain a more equal distribution of wealth.

Some regard the Socialist agitation as properly a class-war, the aim of which is to avenge the wrongs of the

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IN THE STATE OF NEW YORK.

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working class upon a guilty body of capitalists and private employers. Others consider that the movement should aim at bringing all classes in the community to a better understanding as to each other's claims and rights, and regard a class-war as a social and economic evil to be avoided if possible. All are agreed that the prevalent economic system must be radically changed; but with some of them it is not easy, at least as regards direct economic changes, to determine where they differ from many advocates of social reform—and most people now-a-days are advocates of social reform—who oppose themselves to Socialism as a party badge. Thus on the question of private property and the rights of the wage-earner, not a few Socialists go no further than Pope Leo XIII. in his Encyclical, *Rerum Novarum*; whilst the majority of Trade Unionists, even of the most advanced type, still refuse to be regarded as Socialists, though it is evident that they are working, as are Socialists, to bring about a more equal distribution of wealth and to supplant the autocracy of industry by a more democratic control of labor.

But though it is not easy to determine the precise points of economic doctrine which separate the non-Socialist opponent of the present system from the Socialist, there is, nevertheless, an undoubted cleavage between the two, of some fundamental quality which lies deeper than mere doctrines. Why is it that many who "out-Socialist" not a few Socialists in their claims on behalf of the worker against the present industrial system, regard any propaganda which labels itself "Socialist," with suspicion and sincere opposition? In some cases it may be said that they fail to differentiate one Socialist school from another: but that is not always so. There are many whose sympathies are wholly democratic, yet who with a full understanding of Socialist aims, refuse to adopt the Socialist label or to associate with any Socialist party. Socialism in any form or with whatever modification is to them suspect.

The reasons for this attitude are not far to seek. Socialist theories have a history. The progress of Socialism has been marked by violent revolutionary outbursts, which no society can tolerate without subversion of all law and order. Even today, as the Russian Revolution has once again shown, the movement is apt to be dominated by the violent and anarchist

sections in times of active upheaval. Notwithstanding the attitude and doctrines of the more constitutional Socialists, such as Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, to the man in the street Socialism is still conceived of as a denial of the right of private property and as a doctrine of class-war upon capitalists and employers: and the opinion of the man in the street in a matter of this sort, is mainly the decisive factor in popular upheavals. Again, taking the movement as a whole, it has not yet rid itself of its early antagonism to historic Christianity: it is still, for the most part, frankly secularist. And, again, it has yet to convince the greater number in the thinking world, that in operation it will not unduly limit the freedom of the individual in the control and disposal of his life even to a greater extent than the system it would displace. Whether Socialism will ever outgrow the suspicions its history has engendered, only time can tell, but if it does, it will be a Socialism radically different in its constructive programme from the Socialism of the past. Already it has shown radical changes both in its general attitude towards society and in its constructive theories.

From its first inception in the early days of the nineteenth century, the history of Socialism has been one of reactions: it is not one theory, but many theories largely contradictory of each other; so that to speak of Socialism in one breath as of a theory or system, is to speak at once of many theories or systems hardly reconcilable. At the present day, to say that Socialism as a theory denies the right of private property is true only if the word is used vaguely as descriptive of the communist or anarchist: it is not true of the Socialist bodies at large; to say, again, that State ownership is a Socialist dogma, is to take no account of the Socialist organizations which repudiate State ownership. The generic use of the word is, therefore, apt to breed confusion of thought; and, as a consequence, many of the criticisms aimed at Socialist theory are met by the retort on the part of the Socialist, that the theory attacked is no part of his programme. On the other hand, theories or doctrines which have no essential connection with the popular conception of Socialism are not infrequently regarded as socialistic, merely because they find a place in some Socialist propaganda. Thus the Labor demand that the workers should have a large control in industry, is not uncom-

monly branded by hostile critics as Socialist, though, in fact, it is put forward by non-Socialist, as well as Socialist, and is founded in an elementary principle of Christian ethics.

We need, then, a clear definition of the term as it is commonly used if we are to avoid the pitfalls of loose language. Two definitions might be given, very widely different, in which the word "Socialism" might be used generically. In the first place, it may be used, as it frequently is, as signifying an opposition to the system in which wealth and capital are the governing factors in social and economic life. In this sense, the trend of present day social reform, whether as represented in the ethical or legislative movements of the time, may well be described as Socialist. They are radically opposed in principle to the social and economic conditions which have been accepted in the immediate past under which a few have risen to great wealth and power, whilst the body of the people have had a bare subsistence and hardly any voice in the disposal of their lives. As thus used the word Socialist signifies nothing more than a definite opposition to the capitalist system as it has developed during the past few centuries. With some, "Socialism" in this vague and negative sense, has been a convenient stick with which to belabor any advocate of social reform; with others, it has been voluntarily adopted as a convenient label to denote their attitude in the struggle between Capital and Labor. But in either case the use of the word is unfortunate, since it tends to confuse social reform with the particular constructive movement to which the word more properly applies by prescriptive right. If the general movement towards a new constructive system must have a distinctive name, the word "democratic," in the modern English sense of the term,¹ would be a juster and clearer designation, since its purpose is to secure the rights and liberties of the people at large. For, undoubtedly, the social reform movement is democratic in its opposition to the oligarchic character of the modern capitalist system; and on the ground of democratic liberty it finds its true position both in regard to oligarchic

¹ The student will of course be aware that in classical and mediæval language "democracy" meant the "tyranny" by the many as distinct from the tyranny of the few (oligarchic) or of the one (monarchic). Leo XIII. has formally recognized the term in the sense in which it is generally used in English-speaking countries, as meaning the "liberties" of the many, whilst at the same time denouncing democracy in the old sense of the word. (*Cf. Encyclical Graves de Communi.*)

Capitalism and to the Socialist theories with which it is in fundamental disagreement. The term "Socialist" in the wide sense, however harmless in itself, was more wisely discarded by those in sympathy with social reform. That it should be discarded by those in opposition to reform is hardly to be expected, so long as it is useful for their purpose.

We come then to the more correct sense in which the word "Socialism" may be used as a common denominator. We have already noticed that the denial of the right of private property and State ownership can no longer be attributed to Socialist theory, at least not in any absolute sense, unless we first distinguish between this or that school of Socialism; nor can we say that present-day Socialism regards class warfare as a fundamental tenet, though there are Socialists who still adhere to it. If then the word Socialism is to have any distinct generic meaning, we must seek for it elsewhere rather than in precise doctrines. Communists, Internationalists, Syndicalists—to take the three chief divisions into which the Socialist movement has split up—set forth theories and doctrines in many ways fundamentally antagonistic to each other. Where they all find common ground, is in a tendency, or perhaps we should say, a mental atmosphere rather than in a doctrine.

It is that common tendency or mental atmosphere we would now determine.

In this strict sense of the word, any theory or system may rightly be spoken of as Socialist, which substitutes for the appeal to conscience the legislative action of the State or community, as the final factor in fixing the moral law, whether for the individual or the community at large. It is not State ownership so much as State sanction divorced from the fundamental liberty of individual conscience, which is the radical formative quality in the Socialist movement from its first inception. This State sanction may be vested in the Commune or in a representative Parliament of the nation, or in a legal organization of the workers: but in whatever way the authority is formulated, individual conscience is superseded by the common action of the community as the final rule of morals. The ideal Socialist State or community not merely determines conduct in accordance with the moral law, it creates the moral law itself, for the acceptance of the individual.

It may be said that this after all is what State theory as widely accepted, has tended towards for many past centuries: it has already found a consistent expression in the militarism of Prussia and in the liberalism of France. That is true; the only difference being in the conditions under which this State worship of the Socialist expresses itself. Socialism voices its State religion in economic values, whilst Prussian autocracy and French liberalism place upon the altar the soldier or the politician: and it is probably for this reason that Socialism has found its most congenial nurseries in France and Germany, where the worship of the State has most logically molded the social and political thoughts of the peoples. In fact, as between the theory of the omnipotent State, upon which both Prussian militarism and French liberalism have thriven, and the Socialist ideal, it is merely a question of replacing the machinery of State government, and of substituting one form of moral servitude for another. On this ground the worshipper of the omnipotent State, be he militarist or capitalist or by whatever title he may label himself, is ethically at a disadvantage in his opposition to the Socialist. For once it is conceded that the law of the State or community is the supreme moral law, the Socialist may well retort that the people at large have the greater claim to make the laws and govern the State. When, then, it is claimed that the Socialist tendency is towards the creation of a servile State, the criticism is equally true of most modern State theory and practice. In this matter the Socialist has but too faithfully taken over the fundamental principle of Stateship against which, in modern days, the Catholic Church by its doctrines and, to a large extent, the English-speaking peoples by an inherent instinct of personal liberty, have alone protested.

But whilst the Socialist movement has taken to itself this fundamental idea of modern theory: that the State is the final arbiter of moral law, it is in tendency opposed to the nationalism of the modern State. The French form of Socialism has tended to break up the nation into small sectional bodies: the commune and the syndicalist labor organization are its products; the German form has tended, on the other hand, towards the formation of a Socialist empire, overleaping natural boundaries and welding together the workers of all nations in one universal community: it was German inspira-

tion which founded the Internationalists. For the time being, whilst they are welding its own forces into a more organic whole, the Socialists may recognize the national unit as a means towards an end. Thus they aim at capturing the governing power in the nation and utilizing it for their own purposes: but the end itself is anti-national: the Socialist community recognizes no country, it claims the earth as its fatherland, and wherever it establishes itself, it aims at being the final sovereignty.

Yet, again, in thus overriding national sovereignty, the Socialist may well retort that he has but taken a leaf out of the capitalist tyranny which has made national legislatures and governments little else but parodies in the industrial and political world. Wars and international crises and the passing or defeat of laws have been maneuvered on the Stock Exchange and under the dominance of capitalistic industry. Parliaments have been the legislatures of the capitalists rather than of the nation. The Socialist community is hardly, if at all, more anti-national than the capitalist community has tended to become in recent years. The modern growth of the monopolies and international trusts follows the same path as the anti-nationalism of the Socialist; so much so, that it may be doubted whether in a frankly Socialistic condition of society, the capitalist would not be even more free to exploit the State for his own benefit, taking into consideration the nimbleness of human ingenuity. As between the recent developments of capitalistic industry and the Socialist ideal, there is little to be said on the score of anti-nationalism, except that the Socialist confesses his aim more frankly. Thus, so far as Capitalism and Socialism are concerned, the struggle between them resolves itself into the question as to which shall dominate in the control of the community, and there is no higher principle at stake. For one who regards no other issue than this, the struggle is on both sides a class war and on ethical grounds one's sympathies might as well go with the Socialist as with the capitalist.

Socialism, then, on the one side is born of the statecraft which has molded the character of the modern State during the past century, whilst on the other it sprang from a sympathy with the people who were borne down in the existing conditions of the State. Hence, it is that much of the criticism

leveled against it on moral grounds tells just as fatally against the existing State. If it be said that the Socialist tendency is towards a servile State, the same can be said of the tendency of State theory generally as accepted in most modern States; if it is said that Socialism is anti-national, so are the recent developments of Capitalism. And if again the Socialist movement is denounced as being in tendency, secularist and anti-Christian, there is surely little to choose between it and the majority of modern governments.

The secularist character of the Socialist propaganda will hardly be denied by Socialists themselves. Some may deny that it is anti-Christian or anti-religious; and there can be no doubt that with many Socialists their Socialism is backed by a sincere religious feeling. Yet the movement as a whole has tended towards secularism and has been manifestly anti-clerical. As an objective religion with an organization and authority, independent of the Socialist State, Christianity has no place in the Socialist ideal. The Church may be tolerated as a matter of expediency just as national institutions are in practice tolerated by those Socialists who foresee that the ideal Socialist State must pass through a period of revolutionary compromise. But the general tendency is in opposition to dogmatic, institutional Christianity.² Yet even so it may be doubted whether the Church would be worse off in practice, in the Socialist State than it is under many modern Liberal governments or autocracies which hold the State supreme. In fact, at the beginning of a Socialist era the Church might, not improbably, find itself allowed a greater liberty in detail than in an autocratic or oligarchic Liberal State, such as modern State theory has developed on the European continent: yet, sooner or later, the absolutist character of the Socialist State would assert itself. For whatever variations of doctrine there may be amongst Socialists, they all work in the general conviction that the ideal Socialist State or community is the supreme moral authority and final arbiter of human liberties. It is that conviction which makes an impassable gulf between Socialism and the non-Socialist democratic movement. Socialism is not merely an economic theory; it

² Even so persuasive a Socialist as Mr. Ramsay MacDonald admits that in the Socialist State, religious instruction must be relegated to the fireside and not taught in the schools. (*The Socialist Movement*, p. 156.)

is a form of State worship; in the strictest and widest sense, a State religion. For that reason, it is essentially opposed, in character and tendency, to the ideal of a free democracy such as is the main inspiration of social, economic and political reform amongst the mass of the people in English-speaking countries.

Taken as a matter of programmes, the two movements are not always easily distinguishable: the difference lies in the ultimate goals towards which they tend and the ethical spirit in which their proposals are put forward. The one tends towards freedom in the State, the other towards an absolutist control of the State; the purely democratic movement proclaims that every man, be he wage-earner, employer or capitalist, has human rights which the State must recognize and protect, but which are in no sense derived from the State and over which, therefore, the State has no absolute authority; the Socialists in company with the modern State theories of the Rousseau-Kantian type, make all rights and liberties to be derived from the State and as having no sanction but the will of the State.

Between the two movements, therefore, there is a more ultimate point of issue than between Socialism and the Capitalist monopoly, or between the Socialist State theory and the theory which has gone to build up the autocracies and bureaucracies of modern times. The issue between the pure Democrat and the Socialist is the issue between human liberty and State absolutism: at the ultimate point it is the same issue as that between a free democracy and the militarist, capitalist or political absolutism against which the Socialist himself contends. Where points of resemblance show themselves in the Democratic and Socialist programmes, is where they are both in opposition to the evils which these other forms of absolutist control have developed. In their opposition to the capitalist abuse of industry, they must frequently denounce the same abuses and put forward identical proposals of immediate value, as for instance in the matter of a fair wage, of the worker's share in the control of his labor, of the right to employment, and provision for old age and sickness. As against militarist absolutism, both the pure Democrat and the Socialist are opposed in principle to conscript armies and wars of conquest. There are less evident points of agreement when

it comes to dealing with the purely political bureaucracy, because there Socialism finds its more immediate kinship with the State theory it would displace or capture.

But even when they are in agreement upon practical questions of immediate issue, the ethical backgrounds of their action lend themselves to essential disagreement, simply because their ultimate goals are different: the one is working towards freedom, the other towards State absolutism. This disagreement shows itself very clearly in regard to their attitudes towards the voluntary association in national life. The non-Socialist reformer believes in the voluntary association as the primary instrument for effecting and maintaining the rights of men: on this ground he advocates Trade Unions. The voluntary association is to him a natural propelling force in securing right human conditions, because it rests directly upon the sense of right in the individual, and he holds that this individual sense of right, or conscience, is the immediate basis of all moral character in the State and the ultimate practical test of the validity of its laws. In the voluntary association individual conscience has the greater opportunity of asserting itself and is more surely developed: its corporate will more nearly tends to express the individual will and, consequently, has more of a moral than purely legal character.

To the non-Socialist reformer that distinction between the moral determination of human life and the purely legal, is of the utmost value: it ultimately determines whether he is a free man or a serf; and, consequently, the purely democratic movement works as far as possible by means of the free activity of the voluntary association rather than by legislation from above. Legislation, he holds, should be a response to the free demand of the people, acting individually or in voluntary association; and, consequently, with him the voluntary association is an integral part of the State and, to a large extent, the basis of State government. But the Socialist tendency is to belittle the voluntary association, except as a phase in a movement towards the legalist State association. Its attitude towards Trade Unionism and the Coöperative movement are illustrative of its attitude towards voluntary association generally. From the beginning, it has seen in these two manifestations of the democratic tendency, at once a challenge to the

Socialist ideal and a likely means towards the realization of Socialism.

On their original lines the Trade Union and the Coöperative movement were essentially anti-Socialist, since they voiced the ideals of self-helps and free association, but in so far as they were opposed to capitalist monopoly there was certain immediate affinity of purpose between them and the Socialist movement. The Socialist has seized upon this to capture Trade Unionism and the Coöperative movement; and his policy has been to ally himself with these movements in opposition to the existing order; but wherever he has become a controlling influence, these movements have lost their original voluntarism, and have come to look more to State initiative or to surrender control to the organizing machine. The relation between the purely democratic Labor movement and the Socialist organization has been much the same as the relation between free capital and the capitalist monopoly, in which the individual becomes the mere creature of the organization. So under Socialist influence, Trade Unionism is showing a tendency to exploit the worker in the interest of a political theory, and to gag any expression of individual opinion which rejects that theory. Fortunately for the cause of political and economic freedom, the greater number of the workers in English-speaking countries are not yet ready to be so exploited. The demand amongst Trade Unionists for greater decentralization, though in some cases it represents a reversion to the Communist ideal as opposed to the imperialist International, is in many instances a revolt against Socialism itself in favor of a free democratic control.

The crucial point, then, upon which the non-Socialist democratic tendency and the Socialist are in fundamental divergence, is in regard to the *character* of State authority and control: it is a recrudescence in new values of the old struggle between democratic freedom and State absolutism. But for that very reason the pure democratic movement is at a certain disadvantage face to face with the Socialist: for in almost all countries at the present time the political and economic systems play into the Socialist's hands. The tendency to State worship, which German militarism and French liberalism have fostered, have prepared the way for the acceptance by the people of a form of State absolutism which promises

larger rewards to the people at large; whilst the growth of capitalist monopolies and trusts have led many to accept the principles of a State control of capital. If absolutism and tyranny are to be the rule, there is little to be said ethically for the authority of the oligarchy as against a democratic tyranny, whilst quite naturally the workers and the people at large will be led to contend for a tyranny on a wider basis. It is the line of least resistance. Nor can there be any doubt as to the ultimate issue, if the political and economic struggle is to be waged between the Socialist and other forms of State absolutism and capitalist monopoly. The spiritual forces in the world today are running too strongly against the prevalent systems to allow them an ultimate victory: and as between them and Socialism, this must eventually prevail, unless political and economic society is molded upon the lines of a free democracy which will give to every man and class of men the sense of real freedom secured by the moral sense of the community, and protected against the tyrannies of wealth and political power.

Such a democratic consummation would mean a far more fundamental transformation in the governing idealism of the community than would the Socialist triumph and, consequently, spell fundamental changes in every department of social life. The right of private property would be placed upon a different moral basis than that which has been accepted in the modern industrial world, with the result that wealth would be more evenly distributed; social position and advancement would correspond more definitely to a man's real worth and his service to the community; political power would more widely be controlled by the community at large. The change would be fundamental; but it would be fundamental simply in reference to the abuses of wealth and power, which have been fostered under the tyranny of the modern European State theory and the present developments of the capitalist industry. Working directly by way of remedying actual abuses, the change wrought by a free democratic movement is evolutionary rather than revolutionary, and is derived from the application of moral principle and the awakened conscience: and it retains its freedom and moral quality just in proportion as it adverts closely to ethical principle and subordinates political and economic

theories to that principle. The Socialist tendency, on the other hand, like the modern State theory and capitalist monopoly, would create its ethical laws out of its preconceived political and economic ideals.

But the choice today, which we have to face, is not between a radical change in the social system and no change. The whole social system both politically and economically is in a very vortex of transformations, and the element of change has been at work with gathering force and intensity for years past. There is no escape from it. The great choice of the moment is between political and economic servitude on the one hand and real freedom on the other. The servitude may be that of the present bureaucratic State or of the capitalist monopoly or eventually of the Socialist community, which will reap where political bureaucracy and capitalist monopoly have sown, unless our social life is quickly reformed on the basis of a more human freedom dictated by ethical principle. It is not now a question between an old-time conservatism and what are called the forces of progress. The old-time conservatism no longer exists as a force in the world; it has been disrupted by its own fosterings. Capitalist monopoly has no more consideration for the rights of private property than has the Socialist: perhaps less than many Socialists. State bureaucracy has little regard for the old landmarks of political life, except as they serve its own purpose. The old conservatism is dead both politically and economically. The one force which stands yet against the consummation of a servile State is the instinct for personal liberty, which in these days has found its most insistent voice in the non-Socialist Labor organizations.

Hence, the future question, which all who love freedom and view with suspicion an absolutist State control must clearly answer for themselves, is this: are they willing to drive these non-Socialist organizations into the camp of Socialism by a blind refusal to consider Labor claims because these claims at first sight are a challenge to the existing conditions of things? With many this refusal comes from an ignorance of what the existing conditions of things actually are. They are hypnotized by words which at one time had a real significance in the conception of freedom and the free State, but which have lost that significance in the process of

change which has taken place. "The rights of capital" is such a phrase: but in the existing conditions it is not "the rights of capital" which is the impelling force of the Labor revolt, but the abuses of capital in its developments into trusts and monopolies, and in its denial of elementary human conditions to Labor itself. One of the most imperative needs today is to review words and phrases with regard to their actual significance in the contentions which now are taking place. Another need is to take long views, and not look merely to the appearances of the moment: since today we are in a condition of flux with the old landmarks rapidly disappearing. If anything which has been of real vital value to us in the past is to be kept, it will only be by proving its moral worth amidst the new conditions we have to face.

For that reason, if for none other, the Catholic body and all who believe in a Christian State and Christian society, cannot afford to stand by either in hostility or apathy, whilst the non-Socialist Labor organizations are contending for the larger freedom of the workers and a more humane condition of labor. They are really contending for something more than the freedom of Labor; ultimately they are waging a fight for a more moral condition and greater liberty in society at large. They are fighting the capitalist monopoly and, incidentally, State bureaucracy in the cause of human freedom, as against the Socialist tendency to fasten a new monopoly and a new bureaucracy upon society. And in this they are, at least indirectly, fighting for the cause of Christianity itself. It is not the free democracy, but the absolutist State, under whatever form it may appear, and the State controlled by the non-moral forces of a trade monopoly or anti-national societies, which are the ultimate secular denials of the Church, as they are of human liberty. In the non-Socialist Labor movement, Christianity has its most natural and strongest secular ally at the present time, even as in the thirteenth century the cause of religion went together with the cause of national liberty in the political, economic and social struggles of that time. What the non-Socialist Labor movement needs today if it is not to be caught up into the Socialist propaganda, is a clear definition of the ethical values of its claims: and that can be given only by a frank and sympathetic coöperative between the religious forces of the Christian people and the secular tend-

encies of a free democracy. Only in that way can we hope to escape from the domination of an anti-Christian absolutist State.

The immediate danger is that unless such a frank alliance is brought about, the non-Socialist workers will be led to see in the Socialist movement the only means of maintaining themselves against an unreasoning opposition on the part of employers, or the grinding machine of the capitalist company. In that case both human liberty and Christianity will suffer. Happily, "the Social Problem" is looming larger in the forefront of Christian ethics and in the religious outlook of the Christian people. From an indefinite sympathy with the worker in the hard conditions of his life, we are proceeding to a more definite understanding and sympathy with his claims: in the further development of this instinctive alliance lies the hope of the future for those who desire a free and Christian democracy.

BARTIMEUS.

BY LAURA SIMMONS.

I KNOW I met Him on the fields of doom;
In answer to my spirit's agony
In fetid trench I glimpsed Him; I can swear
He passed me in the wind—a Shape, a sigh
Of sorrowing; yet here, on busy streets
Wherein men scheme for power, He walks no more;
Here have I lost Him now—in paths of peace,
Secure from harm and fearful sacrifice!

THE LAST CRUSADE.

BY A. I. DU P. COLEMAN.



ON the seventh of last month the world was going on much as usual. Some men were watching the stock markets; others were busy hour after hour with subtle political combinations, or following intently the closing struggles of the season in the national game, or absorbed in the cares of their professions. Few, perhaps, gave a thought to that morning exactly three centuries and a half before, when, as the sun rose over Greece, a stately fleet of more than two hundred galleys moved forward under a banner, which bore the figure of the Crucified, to attack and vanquish a still larger fleet that flaunted the Crescent of Islam.

And yet the three hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the battle of Lepanto is a day which has an interest not only for students of political history. It comes with a particular appeal to us who should be specially touched by any of the great moments in the never-ending struggle between the cause of Our Lord Christ and the forces of unbelief and evil in the world we live in. Modern people who, if they have taken any interest in European politics, have been accustomed to hear Turkey spoken of as "the Sick Man of Europe," kept alive, indeed, only by repeated medical consultations—who have seen the question raised in the last five years whether there should be anything at all left of the Turkish Empire in Europe—can perhaps realize with difficulty that the wave of early Mohammedan conquest in the West was checked by Charles Martel when it had come as far north in France as the neighborhood of Tours (not much further from Paris than the Germans were), and that nearly a thousand years later the Turks were still encamped beneath the walls of Vienna, threatening the Holy Roman Empire, of whose head Vienna was then the seat.

Throughout the greater part of these centuries the Mohammedan invaders were steadfastly opposed by one abiding champion—by the one earthly power which (to use Cardinal Newman's words) "is something more than earthly, and

which, while it dies in the individual, for he is human, is immortal in its succession, for it is Divine." Always, he says, the Holy See has "pointed at the Turks as an object of alarm for all Christendom, in a way in which it had marked out neither Tartars nor Saracens. It denounced, not merely an odious outlying deformity, painful simply to the moral sight and scent, but an energetic evil, an aggressive, ambitious, ravenous foe, in whom foulness of life and cruelty of policy were methodized by system, consecrated by religion, propagated by the sword."

And so, when the storm clouds were gathering thicker in the East in the second half of the sixteenth century, the Vicar of Christ, sitting aloft in his watch tower, saw the danger as his predecessors had seen it before him. Speaking of the time when, in the eleventh century, the Seljukian Turks had come out of the desert and fought their way westward to the neighborhood of Constantinople, it is not Cardinal Newman, but his agnostic brother who says: "The See of Rome had not forgotten, if Europe had, how deadly and dangerous a war Charles Martel and his Franks had had to wage against the Moors from Spain. . . . On the whole, it would seem that to the Romish Church we have been largely indebted for that union between European nations, without which Mohammedan invasion might perhaps not have been repelled." It was St. Gregory VII. who suggested in 1074 the idea of a crusade against the unbeliever, which Urban II., twenty years later, brought to its first accomplishment; and though it is the fashion in certain circles to sneer at the Crusades as a quixotic failure, they saved Constantinople and placed Europe in security for another three hundred years.

But in the sixteenth century the sea power of the Turks was an increasing menace to the whole of the Mediterranean, which was still the main highway of international commerce. The coasts of Italy were never safe. "At night the sound of cannon would sometimes be heard from afar in the vintage season. The great watch towers by the sea were firing their artillery to give warning to Rome of some Turkish raid, and in the morning some poor village would be found wanting in cattle and maidens and men." It is the sober judgment of historians that in the sixteenth century the Turks possessed a greater offensive power than any single Christian State.

Could the whole of Christendom have been once heartily united, a different story might have been told. But its divisions and its jealousies were so deep seated that, as a rule, a cautious and calculating alliance, which endured but for a time, was the best it had to oppose to the passionate unity of Islam.

Self-preservation finally drove the southern States together. Even mercantile Venice, which since the beginning of the century had seen its power gradually decline, was ready to grasp at any offer of help. The great island of Cyprus, which, after three centuries of the rule of its own Christian kings (of the crusading house of Lusignan), had been for almost another century a possession of the Republic, was now seriously threatened by the ambition of the new Sultan. Selim II. came to his throne, by the death of his father, Soliman the Magnificent, at the same time as the humble Dominican friar was raised to the throne of St. Peter under the name of Pius V. He stretched out his hand to add the island to his dominions, secure of his game. The alarmed Venetian envoy threatened him with the wrath of Europe; but the Grand Vizier answered with a sneer: "I know how much you can depend on your Christian princes," and the preparations for conquest went on.

If the great victory of which I am writing had had no other result but to inspire Mr. Chesterton with his glorious ballad—to my way of thinking, easily his most masterly achievement in verse—it would still have been a thing for which to be thankful. Go and read the poem, if you do not know it already, and you will be stirred with the emotion which men felt in Catholic Christendom when they knew that the forces of the infidel had been shattered. Color, and sound, and meaning are all there, from the splendid beginning:

White founts falling in the Courts of the Sun,
And the Soldan of Byzantium is smiling as they run;
There is laughter like the fountains in that face of all men feared,
It stirs the forest darkness, the darkness of his beard,
It curls the blood-red crescent, the crescent of his lips,
For the inmost sea of all the earth is shaken with his ships.
They have dared the white republics up the capes of Italy,
They have dashed the Adriatic round the Lion of the Sea,
And the Pope has cast his arms abroad for agony and loss,
And called the kings of Christendom for swords about the Cross.

But alas, the call fell on many ears that were willfully deaf. It was not likely that Elizabeth would listen to the Pope who, a few months earlier, had excommunicated her and absolved her subjects from their allegiance. France was doubly hindered from joining in the work—by its jealousy and dread of Spain, and by the fear of Huguenot enemies within the gates; nor was its king, a feeble youth of twenty, not long married, and full of toys and whimsies, the man to kindle at the thought of a high emprise. Philip II. himself was but half-hearted in an undertaking that was for the general good of Christendom, not for the aggrandizement of Spain. He had been pitiless but a year or two before in stamping out the embers of Mohammedan life in his own western kingdom; but he was not anxious to grapple with the full force of the Ottoman empire—perhaps only, if he won, to preserve the most powerful commercial rivals of his people.

It is to Venice, however, that the chief discredit attaches for the long persistence of the Ottoman blot on the face of the European world. In the height of her power she had had both the means and the opportunity to wipe off this disgrace. It was by trying to save her life that she lost it. The name which Napoleon contemptuously flung at the English—"a nation of shopkeepers"—would have fitted much more closely both Venice and Genoa. The Republic of St. Mark craved the aid of Spain, but was by no means anxious to see the power of Spain increased in the Mediterranean. Modern research has revealed the discreditable fact that at the very time, six months before Lepanto, when their ambassadors were earnestly pleading for help in Rome and in Madrid, the prudent burghers were also parleying with the Sultan in the endeavor to find a peaceful solution of their differences with him.

For fourteen long months the diplomatic conversations went on. Meanwhile the Turks were not idle. They were steadily battering at the defences of Cyprus, the saving of which was the principal object of Venetian policy. They landed an army of sixty thousand, and took Nicosia, the capital, after a siege of more than a month. Fire and sword did their work. Finally, in May, 1571, the unremitting efforts of the Holy Father brought about the signing of an alliance in which he formed the link between lukewarm Spain and desperate Venice. Philip II. was to bear three parts of the

cost of the expedition, the Republic two, and the Pope one. Spain, as the largest contributor, was to have the privilege of naming the captain-general; and Philip's choice fell on his half-brother, Don John of Austria.

It is round the name of this gallant young prince (he was but twenty-four years old) that the high and heroic associations of the crusade cluster; and fitly does it ring like a refrain through the whole of Chesterton's ballad:

But Don John of Austria is riding to the sea.
Don John calling through the blast and the eclipse,
Crying with the trumpet, the trumpet of his lips,
Trumpet that sayeth ha!

Domino gloria!

Don John of Austria
Is shouting to the ships.

Even now, with such a leader chosen, the task of preparation was a long one; and before the fleet was ready to move, the year-long siege of Famagosta, the chief trading city of Cyprus, had ended in barbarous destruction and slaughter, the insolent Moslems taking no heed of their plighted word to the brave defenders. Now indeed the shipyards and arsenals of Spain and Italy rang with feverish activity, that this loss might be avenged since it had not been prevented. On the fourteenth of August Don John received at Naples, from the hands of Cardinal Granvelle, the consecrated banner of the League, emblazoned with a large crucifix above, and below the arms of the allied powers. The rendezvous of the entire fleet was appointed at Messina, which the commander-in-chief reached on the twenty-fifth.

Every day some fresh reënforcement arrived. The Duke of Savoy sent three ships under Andrea Provanna, which fought at Lepanto until they were shattered hulks. Cosimo de' Medici, newly created Grand Duke of Tuscany by the Pope, made his contribution, and the knights of his new naval order of St. Stephen won distinction in the battle. Still more valuable was the aid of the Knights of Malta, trained by a long struggle with the infidel. The feudatories of the Pope, the Dukes of Ferrara, Parma and Urbino, and the republic of Genoa and Lucca did their share.

From many a land, too, came volunteers to join the

crusade. There was hardly a noble house of Spain or Italy which had not some member serving in the fleet. It is said there came even from far-off England a sea fighter who was to lose his life twenty years later in a battle which the genius of Tennyson has rendered almost as famous as Lepanto—the last fight of the *Revenge*. This I have not been able to verify, though it would be pleasant to believe it; apparently, in that year Sir Richard Grenville was sitting in the House of Commons as member for his native county of Cornwall. But there is no question that a still more celebrated man (of the same age as the captain-general) was in the thick of the fight. In the prologue to the second part of *Don Quixote*, Cervantes recalls the day, and exclaims with fervor that he would not for all his wounds have missed the glory of being present on the great day. It is hard not to pause for a moment and think what the world would have lost if the Turkish bullet which cost him his left hand had taken a course a few inches to one side.

Though, as a statesman and a sovereign, Pius V. did all he could to strengthen the arm of flesh, as a saint he knew that the real decision lay in the will of God; and Him accordingly he besought in fervent prayer. He appointed a triduum in Rome for the success of the Christian arms. He spoke again and again to Our Lady. He wrote to Don John at Messina that if, relying on Divine rather than on human help, they attacked the enemy, God would not be wanting to His own cause. When the time drew near for the decisive issue, he passed a whole night and day in fasting and prayer.

Old-fashioned notions, some would say—as out of date as the galleys rowed by sweating slaves which advanced to meet the Christian forces. Yet the one great commander whose genius will forever be remembered when men think of the triumph of the good cause three years ago this month, held and holds the same old-fashioned view. In the darkest days of 1918 an English priest wrote to Marshal Foch to tell him how the children had been going to Communion for his intention; and the generalissimo of the Allied armies replied: “The act of faith which the children of Great Britain have made for my intention has profoundly touched me. Please express my gratitude to them, and beg them to continue their prayers for the victory of our just cause.” And later, when the sky had

begun to clear, and the temptation to pride might have been irresistible to a lesser man, he wrote once more: "I am still depending on the prayers of the children. Ask them to go to Communion for me again and again." The world turned to Ferdinand Foch as the one man who could save it—and he, with the whole terrible burden on his shoulders, found strength to carry it by kneeling day by day before the Tabernacle in some quiet church. Nor has he changed his mind since. Two months ago, when he revisited the Jesuit college at Metz where he made his studies as a lad, and people thronged around him with laudatory utterances about his part in the mighty combat, these were his simple words: "We succeeded, thanks to God. But let us not cease to pray well."

Thus, when the preparations were all but completed for the sailing of Don John's fleet, a Papal nuncio came to Messina to proclaim a jubilee, with the same indulgences that had once been granted to those who shed their blood for the deliverance of the Holy Sepulchre; and it is said that after a three days' fast every man in the mighty host, from the captain-general down, approached the Sacraments.

At last the orders were given to weigh anchor; and on the sixteenth of September the great fleet, "unrivalled by any which had rode upon these waters since the days of imperial Rome," sailed in quest of the foe. The words of the greatest Italian poet then living (I give them in the Elizabethan version of Fairfax, which is the only way to quote Tasso for those who cannot read his Italian), though written of an earlier crusade, might seem to have been inspired by this majestic departure:

Great Neptune grieved underneath the load
Of ships, hulks, galleys, barks, and brigantines;
In all the mid-earth sea was left no road
Wherein the Pagan his bold sails untwines.
Spread was the huge Armado wide and broad
From Venice, Genes, and towns which them confines.

For a fortnight they cruised in search of the Turkish fleet, and finally drew near it at the entrance of the Gulf of Lepanto, on the western coast of Greece. Had there been time for such meditations, a learned volunteer might have been thinking that fifty-five miles to the northward the greatest naval battle of antiquity, that of Actium, had been fought; that just twice

as far to the eastward, the Asiatic civilization had gone down in defeat more than two thousand years before when it met the Western in the battle of Salamis. The gift of prophecy might have told him that two hundred and fifty years later the Turks would be once more defeated at sea a hundred miles to the south in the decisive battle of Navarino, which finally freed Greece from the Ottoman yoke; and almost in sight from where he lay would have been the little town of Missolonghi, where Byron accomplished the best deed of his unhappy career in giving his life for the cause of liberty.

The description of the battle may be read at great length in the French of Admiral Jurien de la Gravière's monograph, or in the two sumptuous volumes of Sir William Stirling Maxwell's life of Don John, or in the stately prose of our own Prescott's *Philip the Second*. I can but give the barest outline of it here.

It began with the discovery of the entire Ottoman fleet soon after sunrise. Don John ran up the great standard and fired a gun as a signal to engage. The principal captains came on board his flagship, the powerful *Real*, to receive their last instructions. There were still some who, whether from the caution of age or a strong suspicion that the King of Spain would be better pleased if they avoided a decisive battle, questioned the advisability of attacking. Don John had a short answer for them: "Gentlemen," he said, "this is the time for combat, not for counsel."

The battle line extended for three miles from north to south, with Don John in the centre, supported by Colonna, the Papal commander, and Veniero, the Venetian. The right was held by the Genoese Gianandrea Doria, in the service of Spain; the left by the Venetian Barbarigo. A reserve of thirty-five galleys was under the orders of the brave Marquis of Santa Cruz. A rapid visit to all parts of the line by Don John in a swift sailing vessel, a last fervent prayer throughout the Christian host—and the fight was on.

For a while the advantage seemed to be with the Turks. Cheluk Bey attempted, with a prospect of success, to turn the Christian left, which lay as close to the shore as it dared. On the other wing the dey of Algiers, a Calabrian renegade known as Aluch or Uluch Ali (or Achiali—the name is spelled in a dozen different ways) tried the same maneuver. Doria stood

off towards the open sea to forestall it, and in so doing left a gap wide enough for the alert leader of corsairs to profit by it and come near surrounding him. Several of Doria's galleys were sunk and the great *Capitana* of Malta captured. It used to be said that the Genoese admiral had made an error of judgment; but unhappily modern research has written a more damning charge against his name, and placed it beyond a doubt that he left the gap purposely, in order to facilitate the escape of Uluch Ali, with whom Philip II. had once been in negotiation. The name of Doria had already an ill-omened connection with the Turkish war: in 1538 the great-uncle of this man, commanding a Spanish contingent, had contributed to the loss of another battle under circumstances quite as questionable.

But Santa Cruz brought up the reserves; and in the centre Don John, fighting like a crusader of old, engaged and finally sank the flagship of the Turkish admiral. The loss of their commander was the final blow to the Mohammedan hosts. After four hours of the bloodiest fighting, they broke and abandoned the day, with losses which it is impossible to calculate exactly, but which must have run to at least thirty thousand men and the greater part of their ships. Had it not been for Doria, the victory would have been overwhelming and complete; but Uluch Ali, with wonderful seamanship, brought off most of his squadron and lived to fight another day.

Far away in Rome, as the seventh of October drew to an end, the Pope was talking business with one of his officials. Suddenly he broke off, went to the window, and looked up long into the sky. Then he came back and said in tones of deep emotion: "This is no time for business: go, return thanks to the Lord God. In this very hour our fleet has engaged the Turkish, and is victorious."

God, in whom Pius trusted, had done His part. The strong arms of brave soldiers had done theirs—and chiefly the high-hearted leader of whom the Pope said, in the words of the Evangelist, when the details of the battle reached him: "There was a man sent from God, whose name was John." All southern Europe gave itself up to delirious joy. Church bells rang peal upon peal; bonfires blazed on the hilltops; men embraced each other in the streets, giving thanks for the lifting of the shadow of continual menace which had hung over them so

long. Our own memories of three years ago will enable us easily to fill out in imagination the details of the scene.

And alas, because human nature has not changed in three hundred years, what followed is only too like what we have seen ourselves. We know to what heights of enthusiastic devotion the Allied nations rose in our War, stimulated by the supreme appeal. It seemed that a new age had dawned upon the world—that envy and greed and petty self-seeking had been burned away in the fiery furnace. But we are coming sadly to feel that it is not so; and it was not so after the great deliverance of Lepanto. In the weighing and measuring of the booty those who had fought as brothers in a great cause fell out and almost came to blows. Three weeks later, Don Marcantonio Colonna, commander of the Papal squadron, wrote to the Doge of Venice: “Only by a miracle and the great goodness of God was it possible for us to fight such a battle: and it is just as great a miracle that the prevailing greed and covetousness have not flung us upon one another in a second battle.”

Nor on a larger scale were things much better. The League, which was to have been a permanent alliance, hammering away year after year until the Turks were utterly crushed, fell to pieces before the end of the next year. Pius V., the only member whose motives were lofty and disinterested, died in the following May, exhausted by his long labors; and a year later Venice made a humiliating peace with the Porte.

Yet, looking back through the long perspective of the centuries, we can see that the rejoicings of Christendom were not unjustified. Though, by superhuman efforts, the Turks were able to put on the sea the next summer a fleet of a hundred and fifty galleys, their power in the Mediterranean had been irretrievably broken. The legend of their invincibility on the water, which had counted not a little in their triumphs, was gone forever. Now that Admiral Mahan’s epoch-making books have been universally accepted as the last word on the subject of the influence of sea power, no argument is needed to show that the decisive downfall of the naval strength of the Turks (in spite of its delusive appearance of revival—just as happened after Salamis) was the death-blow to any hopes they might have entertained of pushing their conquests further to the west. Thenceforth, they might inflict damage;

they might annoy, as the Barbary corsairs were annoying us Americans only a hundred years ago: but no longer did they loom as a shape of dread, casting a gigantic shadow over the Christian world.

This is not all ancient history. The Church remembers God's deliverance, if we have forgotten, and still celebrates her feasts of thankfulness. Eighteen months after the battle on the first Sunday of October, Pius V., having gone to his rest, Gregory XIII. established the festival of the Most Holy Rosary for all churches in which there was an altar dedicated to our lady of the Rosary. Clement XI. (who canonized Pius V.) extended the feast to the whole Church in thanksgiving for Prince Eugene's victory over the Turks at Peterwardein in 1716, as Innocent XI. had extended that of the Holy Name of Mary in memory of Sobieski's defeat of the same implacable foes near Vienna in 1683. And Pius V. himself added to the titles, drawn from Hebrew poetry and Christian experience, under which we invoke our Blessed Mother the name *Auxilium Christianorum*, by which her children still confidently call her in their various tongues all over the world. So, in this age of the marvels of material force, we are constantly reminded that (as Newman puts it in his mysterious symbolic poem):

The giants are failing, the Saints are alive.



WHY GOD BECAME MAN.

BY LESLIE J. WALKER, S.J., M.A.

V.

THE INDWELLING SPIRIT.



IT is of the very essence of the Christian revelation that it was made in and through a person, the Person of Christ, of Whom His disciples had immediate experience, Whom they came gradually to recognize as prophet, Messiah, and, finally, as God Incarnate. What Christ said was only part of His message. He did not dictate it. It was lived. It was Himself, in Whom the Father was revealed.

Consequently, when Christ ascended into heaven, the ground of man's certainty had gone. God was no longer manifest, no longer dwelt amongst us as a personal Teacher.

We are so familiar with the Gospels, their language is so intimate, their realism so vivid, that we are apt to forget that He Whom they describe no longer dwells visibly in our midst. Yet this is the fact. The Son, through Whom the Father became manifest, has returned to His Father. That experience of God, which began with Christ's coming, and which alone can link knowledge with certainty, ceased with Christ's ascension into heaven.

Had Christ not foreseen this event, nor made provision for it, His disappearance would have staggered the Apostles scarcely less than His death had done. It was He Whom they were to preach, and upon Him they relied both for knowledge and power. Whence, He being absent, was to come this knowledge and power? They had known Him but for three short years. Much that He had said they had already forgotten, many things they had misunderstood, much that He might have said, He had not said at all. They retained of Him a memory, in some respects vivid, but in others already faltering, and liable, as memory must be, to distortion when its

vividness should fail. Was this to be the sole basis of their work, the sole ground on which Christianity should rest, the sole link that was to remain between God and His creatures, once the Son had returned whence He came?

If so, Christianity would be little better than any other form of religion. The end which man all along has sought would still remain unrealized. Knowledge and certainty, reality and experience would still remain apart.

But it was not so. The revelation of Him Who *is* was not yet perfect. In Christ was made manifest the Father, with Whom the Son was one in nature, in knowledge and in power. But God is three in person, and the Third Person as yet was not manifest. Therefore was the Spirit promised, and therefore was it necessary that the Son should cease to be manifest that the Spirit might be revealed.

What does the term "spirit" signify?

In the Old Testament it is when the Spirit moves over the waters that light breaks forth, waters are divided, chaos gives place to order and form.¹ It is spirit that in a special sense animates man, as distinguished from the rest of creation;² gives life to his bones and his flesh;³ goes forth from him at death.⁴ Everywhere is desolation till the Spirit be poured forth from on high;⁵ but when the Spirit is sent forth all is created and the face of the earth renewed.⁶ Man, too, needs to be strengthened with a right spirit, a holy spirit, a perfect spirit.⁷

Especially does the Spirit operate in God's chosen servants. Joseph, full of it, interprets Pharaoh's dream.⁸ The seventy elders prophesy in the spirit of Moses, which rests on them.⁹ Josue, in whom is the Spirit, is chosen as Moses' successor.¹⁰ It is when the Spirit of the Lord comes upon him that Gideon foretells the delivery of Israel;¹¹ when It comes strongly upon Samson that he kills the lion and breaks his own bonds.¹² Samuel promises that the Spirit of the Lord shall cause Saul to prophesy and to become another man.¹³ When it comes upon Saul he is filled with anger against the

¹ Genesis i. 2 *et seq.*, cf. Psalm xxxii. 6.

² Genesis vi. 3; Job xli. 10; Isaias xxxi. 3.

³ Ezechiel xxxvii. 8-11; Numbers xvi. 22.

⁴ Genesis vi. 3; Psalm cxlv. 4.

⁵ Psalm ciii. 29, 30.

⁶ Genesis xli. 38.

⁷ Judges vi. 34.

⁸ Numbers xi. 16-29.

¹¹ Judges xiv. 6; xv. 14.

⁹ Isaias xxxii. 14, 15.

¹⁰ Psalm i. 12-14; cxlii. 10.

¹² Numbers xxvii. 18.

¹³ 1 Kings x. 6.

Ammonites, and defeats them in battle.¹⁴ When Samuel anoints David the Spirit of the Lord comes upon him from that day forward, but departs from Saul, who is troubled with an evil spirit, which David drives out by playing on his harp.¹⁵ Evidently, the Spirit of the Lord is a power, a something that possesses man, and enables him to do deeds which otherwise he could not have done.

The Spirit is given, however, not for the benefit of the individual, but to the individual for the benefit of the race. It gives power for deliverance, and for prophecy, which promises deliverance and prepares the way for it. Micheas, filled with the strength of the Spirit, declares unto Jacob his wickedness and unto Israel his sin.¹⁶ Having entered Ezechiel, the Spirit tells him what he shall say to the children of Israel, and grants to him visions of different places and future events.¹⁷ A like power is conveyed to Jeremias in the promise that God will be with him.¹⁸ A more abundant outpouring of the Spirit is to accompany the coming of the Messias. A flower shall rise up out of the root of Jesse, and the Spirit of the Lord shall rest upon Him: the spirit of wisdom and understanding, the spirit of counsel and fortitude, the spirit of knowledge and of godliness. It is the gift of the Spirit to the servant of Jahweh that shall enable Him to fulfill His mission and to bring forth judgment to the Gentiles.¹⁹ Upon His stock shall the Spirit be poured out, and a new heart and spirit be created in the Children of Israel, which shall cause them to walk in the commandments of God and to observe His judgments;²⁰ upon sons and daughters, young men and old, servants and handmaids, shall the Spirit be poured.²¹

The connotation of the term "spirit" in the Gospels is similar, but its use far more frequent. It is used of evil and unclean spirits which possess men and dominate their actions and life,²² or which inhibit their speech and cause weakness;²³ of man's soul,²⁴ especially of its more spiritual activities,²⁵

¹⁴ 1 Kings xi. 6, *et seq.*

¹⁵ 1 Kings xvi. 13-23.

¹⁶ Micheas iii. 8.

¹⁷ Ezechiel ii. 2; iii. 12, 14, 24; xi. 1, 5, 24.

¹⁸ Jeremias i. 7-9.

¹⁹ Isaias xi. 1, 2; xlii. 1.

²⁰ Isaias xlii. 3, 4; Ezechiel xi. 19, 20; xxxvi. 26, 27; xxxvii. 14; xxxix. 29.

²¹ Joel ii. 28, 29.

²² Matthew viii. 16, x. 1, xii. 43; Mark i. 23, 26, 27, iii. 11, 30, v. 2, 8, 12, 13, vi. 7, vii. 25, ix. 19, 24; Luke iv. 36, vi. 18, vii. 21, viii. 2, 29, ix. 39, 43, x. 20, xi. 24, 26.

²³ Mark ix. 16, 24; Luke xlii. 11.

²⁴ Matthew xxvii. 50; Luke xxiii. 46, viii. 55; John xix. 30.

²⁵ Matthew v. 3; Mark ii. 8, viii. 12; Luke i. 47, ix. 55; John xi. 33, xiii. 21.

as contrasted with those of the flesh,²⁶ once of a "ghost."²⁷ The common element in all these uses is that of a spiritual power which animates man and controls his activities for good or for evil. It may be man's own spirit, his soul, or an alien spirit which possesses him, but in either case it connotes something personal. Evil spirits recognize the Messiahship of Jesus more readily than do men.

More particularly is the term "spirit" used in connection with Christ and with persons concerned in His advent: six times out of twenty-four in Mark, nineteen out of thirty-six in Luke, twelve out of eighteen in Matthew, nineteen out of twenty-three in John. It is in the Spirit that David calls the Christ, Lord.²⁸ It is of the Holy Spirit and Mary that Christ is born.²⁹ Filled with the Holy Spirit, Elizabeth blesses Mary, and Zachary the Lord God of Israel.³⁰ Simeon converses with the Holy Spirit.³¹ John the Baptist is filled with Him from his mother's womb.³² Upon Christ at His Baptism the Spirit of God descends.³³ It is by the Spirit that He is driven into the desert;³⁴ in the power of the Spirit that He returns;³⁵ by the same power that He casts out devils;³⁶ in the Spirit that He prays.³⁷ In Christ, therefore, is the prophecy of Isaias realized.³⁸

This Holy Spirit is clearly a Divine Spirit, and yet is other than Christ, at least in His human nature, since He is born of it, and it comes upon Him from without. Its functions are similar to those ascribed to the Spirit in the Old Testament. It is intimately bound up with Christ's mission; is a Spirit of power, and also a Spirit which gives knowledge and understanding. But it is still given only to individuals, is not poured out as yet either on the multitude or the group. What is done in the power of the Spirit is done as before for the good of the group, but it is through the individual that the Spirit operates; and what it effects in the individual is not as yet a new life, but some special capacity or action.

There is, however, in the Gospels a very distinct promise that, when the Kingdom of God is established, the function of

²⁶ Matthew xxvi. 41; Mark xiv. 38; John vi. 64.

²⁷ Luke xxiv. 37, 39.

²⁸ Matthew xxii. 43; Mark xii. 36.

²⁹ Matthew i. 18, 20; Luke i. 35.

³⁰ Luke i. 41, 67.

³¹ Luke ii. 25-27.

³² Luke i. 15, 17.

³³ Matthew iii. 16; Mark i. 10; Luke iii. 22; John i. 22, 33.

³⁴ Matthew iv. 1; Mark i. 12; Luke iv. 1.

³⁵ Luke iv. 14.

³⁶ Matthew xii. 28.

³⁷ Luke x. 21.

³⁸ Matthew xii. 18; Luke iv. 18.

the Spirit in both these respects will be broadened. It is to the disciples as a whole that John says: "He that cometh after me shall baptize you in the Holy Ghost and fire."³⁹ The Spirit, like the wind, breathes where He wills,⁴⁰ and will be given to all who ask Him of the Father.⁴¹ Neither will He be given by measure.⁴² All nations are to be baptized in the name (or power) of the Father, the Son, and the Spirit,⁴³ and whosoever is baptized of the Spirit is born again of the Spirit to a new life.⁴⁴ Out of such an one shall flow rivers of living water.⁴⁵

The Spirit is promised to all men, but on certain conditions: they must believe in the Son,⁴⁶ and must be baptized with water in the name of the three Divine Persons.⁴⁷ Faith is evoked by the "hearing" of a teacher, and baptism supposes a minister. Therefore, that man might know Christ, were the Apostles sent to preach Him, and to baptize all believers in His name. The new life is to be built upon Truth, and, Christ having ascended to the Father, it is from the Apostles that Truth is to be learned. Therefore, it is to the Apostles primarily, and to them as a corporate group, that the Spirit of Truth is promised, and upon them that in the sequel He descends.

The problem of how man may know God, and know Him with certainty, has been solved by the Incarnation of the Second Divine Person; man has had experience of God in the flesh. The problem of how the knowledge derived from this experience may remain linked to certainty when the object of experience has gone, is to be solved in a similar manner, by the indwelling of the Spirit of Truth. He Whom the world cannot receive, because it seeth Him not, nor knoweth Him, will abide with those who are to declare what they know, and will be in them.⁴⁸ A Paraclete is to be sent by the Father in Christ's name, Who will teach the Apostles all things, and bring all things to their minds, whatsoever He has said to them.⁴⁹ A little while and the world will see Christ no more, but His Apostles shall see Him. He will not leave them orphans, but will come to them; and in that day they shall know that He is in the Father, and they in Him and He in

³⁹ Matthew iii. 11; Mark i. 8; Luke iii. 16; John i. 33.

⁴⁰ John iii. 8.

⁴¹ Luke xi. 13.

⁴² John iii. 34.

⁴³ Matthew xxviii. 19.

⁴⁴ John iii. 5-8; cf. i. 12, 13.

⁴⁵ John viii. 38, 39.

⁴⁶ John iii. 16, 36.

⁴⁷ Matthew xxviii. 19; John iii. 5.

⁴⁸ John xiv. 17.

⁴⁹ *Ibid.* xiv. 26.

them.⁵⁰ They will testify what they *know*.⁵¹ As the Father sent Christ, so does He send them,⁵² endowed with His power and His Spirit. As Christ has made known to them whatsoever He has heard of the Father,⁵³ so are they to testify of Christ all things whatsoever He commandeth them. They will not bear witness merely to what they remember, they will testify what they *know*, through the Spirit which teacheth them. They are to fear nothing from synagogues, magistrates or powers, nor to take thought in moments of difficulty what they shall say. For the Holy Ghost shall teach them what to say, and it shall not be they who speak, but the Spirit of the Father within them.⁵⁴

Thus is Christ, though absent, to remain in the world. He must needs go, yet will He come again, and will abide with His Apostles for all time.⁵⁵ He that heareth them, shall hear Him.⁵⁶ For the Spirit Whom He will send, is His Spirit, the Spirit of God the Son and God the Father. The same functions which Christ exercised while on earth the Spirit will exercise still through the Apostles, whom He has chosen. Truth will still be preached and sins be forgiven⁵⁷ by those to whom the Spirit is given. And as Truth, radiating from this apostolic nucleus in which it is centred, becomes known, a Church will be formed in which shall be men of all nations. With them also will the Spirit abide, for "he that receiveth whomsoever I send, receiveth Me, and he that receiveth Me, receiveth Him that sent Me."⁵⁸ He that, believing, is baptized, shall be baptized of the Spirit, and so shall receive life in the Father, the Son and the Spirit.

It is here that lies the chief difference between the functions of the Spirit in the Old and the New Testaments. There is to be an abiding, not a transient, Spirit; and He is to abide, not merely with the individual prophet, but with a group of such prophets and with all who shall join themselves to this group. Man, if he believes what is taught through the Spirit, is to be raised to a new status, a new life. Truth shall abide with Him, making of those who receive it one vine, whence life flows through the Spirit from Christ, and through Christ from the Father. Of God's reality man will still have expe-

⁵⁰ John xiv. 18-20.

⁵¹ *Ibid.* xiv. 7.

⁵² *Ibid.* xx. 21.

⁵³ *Ibid.* xv. 15.

⁵⁴ Luke xii. 11, 12; Matthew x. 19, 20; Mark xiii. 11.

⁵⁵ John xiv. 18, 19; Matthew xxviii. 20.

⁵⁶ Luke x. 16.

⁵⁷ John xx. 22, 23.

⁵⁸ *Ibid.* xiii. 20.

rience, because the Spirit, Who is God, will operate within him. Knowledge will still be linked with certainty, because the Spirit of Truth Himself will be the source whence knowledge comes.

That this is the solution which Christianity offers of the problem of the ages, is borne out by the manner in which the Spirit operates so soon as Christ's promise is fulfilled. The Holy Ghost is given first to the Apostles. A spiritual power comes upon them with vehemence; they are filled with it, and give utterance to the thoughts which are inspired. The multitude which assembles to hear them, though of different nations and tongues, understands. Peter explains that this is the long looked for fulfillment of prophecy: the Spirit is now being poured out, and his hearers, too, can share in it, if they will repent and be baptized.⁵⁹ Many, consenting, receive the Gift, and as a consequence "persevere in the teaching of the Apostles, in the communication of the breaking of bread, and in prayer."⁶⁰ A further consequence, no less significant, is that they resolve to share all things in common, even as they share also in the Spirit.⁶¹

The condition of receiving the Spirit is that men should obey God, speaking through the witnesses He has sent.⁶² Hence, those who refuse to obey the Gospel, resist the Holy Ghost,⁶³ and, in those who do obey, there are vast differences in the effect which the Spirit produces. Some are "full of the Holy Ghost,"⁶⁴ and it is such men who are most efficacious in preaching: Stephen,⁶⁵ Philip,⁶⁶ Barnabas,⁶⁷ Agabus,⁶⁸ and, above all, SS. Peter and Paul, who throughout are guided by the Spirit. On the other hand, there are many and increasing difficulties. Ananias goes back on his promise; disputes arise about the distribution of alms; Paul meets with organized opposition; not all who prophesy are moved by the same spirit; sins, even grave sins, occur. It is evident that the Spirit, though given, can still be resisted. All Christians receive the Gift, normally at the laying on of hands, which may either accompany, follow, or even precede baptism.⁶⁹ Its immediate effect, especially in the group, is both manifest and conscious,⁷⁰ since it produces both consolation and usually the gift of

⁵⁹ Acts ii. 38.⁶⁰ *Ibid.* ii. 42.⁶¹ *Ibid.* ii. 44, 45.⁶² *Ibid.* v. 32.⁶³ *Ibid.* vii. 51.⁶⁴ *Ibid.* vi. 3.⁶⁵ *Ibid.* vi. 5, 10, vii. 55.⁶⁶ *Ibid.* vii. 29, 39.⁶⁷ *Ibid.* xi. 24.⁶⁸ *Ibid.* xi. 28, xxi. 11.⁶⁹ *Ibid.* xix. 2, 6, viii. 17, 19, ix. 17, 18, cf. x. 44.⁷⁰ *Ibid.* and cf. iv. 31, ix. 31.

tongues. But its enduring effect varies with the individual, who may or may not in his life respond to the grace that is given.

The Gift of the Spirit is for each Christian an internal witness to the truth of what he believes. But it is also something more. It dwells in the whole community, as the principle of life dwells in an organism, controlling its development and action. It is under the guidance of the Spirit that the new *Ecclesia* grows. The Apostles preach, deliberate amongst themselves and, with others, devise expedients, pass judgments, make plans for the future, but it is the Spirit that prompts them to this, in the power of the Spirit that they do it, to the Spirit that they attribute their success. At Pentecost the Spirit descends, and forthwith Peter makes the first proclamation of Christian dogma: He Whom you crucified, God hath raised; it is He, the Lord and Christ of prophecy, Who has sent the Spirit; in His name is remission of sins. A like declaration is made in the temple, after the first cure effected in Christ's name; and again before the princes and ancients of Israel, Peter speaking "full of the Holy Ghost."⁷¹ The first exercise of Peter's binding and loosing power is ratified by the death of Ananias, condemned because, in lying to Peter, he has lied to the Holy Ghost and to God.⁷² When there is need to find some who will "serve tables," it is men "full of the Holy Ghost" that are sought. In them the diaconate is instituted by the laying on of hands, the symbol of a conveyance of the Holy Ghost's power.⁷³ It is in the same power that the first martyr, Stephen, vindicates Christianity at his trial; by this power that he is sustained at the moment of death.⁷⁴

Still more significant is the chain of events leading to the admission of Gentiles into the Church, and ultimately to the recognition of their equality with Jewish converts. This was essential, if the Church was to be Catholic, and had been foretold both by Christ and the prophets; yet the idea of it, as is evident,⁷⁵ was intensely repugnant to the mind of the Jew, especially to the Jew of Palestine, with his narrow traditions and his hatred of the Gentile yoke. Somehow this repugnance must be overcome. It is overcome, and God's will in the matter made plain, by the vision granted to Peter at Joppe.⁷⁶

⁷¹ *Ibid.* iv. 8.

⁷² *Ibid.* v. 3-5.

⁷³ *Ibid.* vi. 1-7.

⁷⁴ *Ibid.* vii.

⁷⁵ *Ibid.*, cf. especially x. 28.

⁷⁶ *Ibid.* x. 9-23.

Obeying the guidance of the Spirit, Peter goes to Cæsarea, and is finally convinced of the significance of his vision, when, on Cornelius accepting the "Word," the Spirit descends upon him and his friends.⁷⁷ When these events are related to "the Apostles and brethren" in Judea, they too become reluctantly convinced that "also to the Gentiles God hath given repentance unto life."⁷⁸ Later, when a bitter controversy has arisen in the Church as to the terms on which the Gentiles are to be received, it is Peter's vision and the subsequent happenings which determine the issue in the Jerusalem conference. "If God gave testimony," urges Peter, "giving unto them the Holy Ghost, as well as to us, and put no difference between us and them"—the clean and the unclean meats—"why tempt you God to put a yoke upon the necks of the disciples which neither our fathers nor we have been able to bear?"⁷⁹ To this argument, there is no reply. Then James assents, supporting Peter's evidence by appeal to the prophets, and proposing a resolution in accordance with it. It is passed, and a message announcing that "it seemeth good to the Holy Ghost and to us to lay no further burden upon you than certain necessary things" is sent to the Gentile brethren of Antioch, Syria and Cilicia.⁸⁰

Besides the personal gifts and graces given to individuals, there is also the normal guidance of the Spirit in the government and work of the Church. This operates especially through the Apostles, who in virtue of it issue judgments and decrees in God's name; and still more especially in St. Peter through whom the Church speaks, and by whom the first of her great decisions is determined. To him was given the command that he should strengthen his brethren and feed the whole flock. That he might do so, there was given to him the same plenitude of power which was bestowed upon the Apostles as a group. In his life as described in the Acts the whole mission of the Church is summed up. It is he who proclaims her advent, he who defends her against attacks from without, he who in the Spirit guides her in a momentous question to a right decision. Christ is in heaven, but the Spirit of Christ still dwells in His Church, governing her action and fostering her growth, and the law of the Spirit's operation is

⁷⁷ *Ibid.* x. 44-47.

⁷⁸ *Ibid.* xv. 8-11.

⁷⁹ *Ibid.* xi. 18.

⁸⁰ *Ibid.* xv. 23-29.

no less discernible to those who will to discover it, than are the laws manifest in nature's operations.

The Gospels relate how redemption was wrought and the way prepared for the coming of God's Kingdom by Jesus, God's Son, in Whose life the Father is revealed. The Acts of the Apostles of Christ tell how, when the Spirit descended upon them, the Kingdom came into being, and under the guidance of the Spirit developed. In the writings of Paul we have a description of the Kingdom as through experience he knew it, and in it beheld the three Divine Persons operating for the salvation of mankind. With an account of what Paul saw in the Kingdom, therefore, we may well conclude these essays; for what he saw, we may see, and in it the same eternal verities, which Christ became man to reveal, and has sent the Spirit to communicate.

The fundamental truth, summarized in the baptismal formula, finds constant expression in the Pauline epistles. When the fullness of time was come, *God sent His Son*, made of a woman, that, being redeemed from the law, we might receive the adoption of sons; to whom, being sons, God hath sent the *Spirit of His Son*, whereby we cry in our hearts, *Abba, Father*.⁸¹ Through *Christ* in one *Spirit*, therefore, we have access to the *Father*.⁸² It is by the blood of *Christ*, Who by the *Holy Spirit* offered Himself unspotted to the *Father*, that our consciences are cleansed⁸³ by the laver of regeneration and renovation of the *Holy Ghost*, Whom He hath poured forth upon us abundantly through *Jesus Christ*, our Saviour, that *God*, our Saviour, saves us.⁸⁴ Hence, we Christians are the true circumcision, for in the *Spirit* we serve *God* and glory in *Jesus Christ*, not having confidence in the flesh.⁸⁵ *God* sent His own *Son* in the likeness of sinful flesh that we may walk according to the law of the *Spirit* in Christ Jesus;⁸⁶ and by *Christ Jesus* are we built together into a habitation of *God* in the *Spirit*.⁸⁷ There is, therefore, one body and One *Spirit*; one *Lord*, one faith and one baptism; one *God and Father* of all, Who is above all and through all and in us all.⁸⁸

As Peter declares himself an Apostle according to the foreknowledge of *God the Father*, unto the sanctification of the *Spirit*, and unto the obedience and sprinkling of the blood

⁸¹ Galatians iv. 4-6.

⁸² Ephesians ii. 18.

⁸³ Hebrews ix. 14.

⁸⁴ Titus iii. 4-6.

⁸⁵ Philippians iii. 3.

⁸⁶ Romans viii. 1-3.

⁸⁷ Ephesians ii. 22.

⁸⁸ Ephesians iv. 4-6; cf. 1 Corinthians xii. 4-6.

of *Jesus Christ*,⁹⁰ and John says that, having an unction from the *Holy One*, he confesses the *Son*, and in confessing the *Son*, has the *Father* already in him;⁹¹ so, too, does Paul proclaim himself a minister of *Christ Jesus*, sanctifying the gospel of *God*, that the oblation of the Gentiles may be made acceptable and may be sanctified in the *Holy Ghost*.⁹² He ceases not to pray that the God of Our *Lord Jesus Christ*, the *Father* of glory, may give unto His disciples the *Spirit* of wisdom and revelation in the knowledge of Him,⁹³ and for their sakes bows the knee to the *Father* of Our *Lord Jesus Christ*, that He may strengthen them by His *Spirit* with might unto the inward man.⁹⁴ Be ye filled with the *Holy Ghost*, he exclaims, giving thanks always for all things in the name of Our *Lord Jesus Christ*, to *God and the Father*,⁹⁵ for it is in the name of the *Lord Jesus Christ* and in the *Spirit* of our *God* that we are justified.⁹⁶

In God, then, Paul contemplates three Persons—three subjects to whom in the grammatical and the real sense operations may be referred.⁹⁷ It is God the Father Who created all things;⁹⁸ of Whom all paternity in heaven and earth is named;⁹⁹ Who chose us in Christ before the foundation of the world that we might become holy in His sight;¹⁰⁰ and Who hath now made us His children by adoption through Christ,¹⁰¹ having delivered us from the power of darkness and translated us into the Kingdom of the Son of His Love.¹⁰²

The Son is the image of the invisible God, His first-born before all creatures, in Whom and by Whom all things were created in heaven and earth.¹⁰³ God no man hath seen, nor can see.¹⁰⁴ But Christ Jesus, Who, being in the form of God,

⁹⁰ 1 Peter i. 1, 2.

⁹¹ 1 John ii. 20-23, iv. 13-15.

⁹² Romans xv. 16.

⁹³ Ephesians i. 16, 17; cf. Galatians vi. 18.

⁹⁴ Ephesians iii. 14, 16.

⁹⁵ Ephesians v. 18, 20. ⁹⁶ 1 Corinthians vi. 11.

⁹⁷ The Greek term, πρόσωπον, was used in the sense of person by Dionysius Thrax of Alexandria, born B. C. 166, in the earliest Greek grammar extant. It is the ordinary grammatical term for person; and the first, second and third persons are distinguished in Dionysius' grammar, just as they are today. The Latin term, *persona*, is also to be found in the *De Lingua Latina* of Varro, a contemporary of Julius Cæsar, as the ordinary term for person in the grammatical sense. The oft-repeated statement that to the Greek and Latin Fathers the term "person" can only have connoted a mask, or the actor who wore it, ignores the fact that for centuries every Greek and Latin schoolboy had been taught to use it just as we are taught to use it today.

⁹⁸ Ephesians iii. 9.

⁹⁹ *Ibid.* iii. 15.

¹⁰⁰ *Ibid.* i. 4.

¹⁰¹ *Ibid.* i. 5.

¹⁰² Colossians i. 12, 13.

¹⁰³ *Ibid.* i. 15, 16.

¹⁰⁴ 1 Timothy vi. 16; cf. 1 John iv. 12.

can claim equality with God, has emptied Himself, taken the form of a servant, become made in the likeness of man,¹⁰⁴ and so has made manifest the goodness of God, our Saviour.¹⁰⁵ He hath loved us, and delivered Himself up for the Church, an oblation and a sacrifice unto God, that He might sanctify her, cleansing her in the laver of water and in the word of life.¹⁰⁶ In His blood we have redemption and the remission of sins.¹⁰⁷ For in Him it has pleased the Father that all fullness should dwell, that through Him He may reconcile all things to Himself.¹⁰⁸ By His grace we are saved through faith;¹⁰⁹ for through faith we are able to comprehend the breadth and length and height and depth of the charity of Christ, in which the charity of God has become manifest.¹¹⁰

But to know this, to know the Sonship of Christ, which has become our sonship, the Spirit must give testimony to our spirit.¹¹¹ The things that are of God no man knoweth, but the Spirit of God searcheth all things, yea even the deep things of God.¹¹² Christ has ascended into heaven that He might give gifts,¹¹³ which the Spirit distributes as He wills.¹¹⁴ For as Christ was sent, so has the Spirit been sent,¹¹⁵ that the eyes of the heart may be enlightened, that we may know the hope of our calling, the richness of our inheritance, the greatness of God's power—that we may realize the significance of the risen Christ, and of His position in heaven, above every name that is named, not only in this world, but also in the world that is to come.¹¹⁶

The Spirit is God operating within us, and yet is distinct from the Father and Son, by Whom He is sent. He is the third Divine Person, revealing Himself within our experience, and so bringing us into immediate relationship with God, whereas the Father is still invisible, and Christ also, since He has ascended now into heaven. The Spirit knows God, and has been given us that we may know the things given us of God, which things the Apostles speak in the doctrine of the Spirit.¹¹⁷ For St. Paul as for St. John, He is essentially the Spirit of Truth and testifies to Truth. He is the "Spirit of

¹⁰⁴ Philippians ii. 6, 7.¹⁰⁵ Ephesians v. 25, 26.¹⁰⁶ Colossians i. 19, 20.¹⁰⁷ Romans viii. 16; cf. 1 John iii. 24, v. 6.¹⁰⁸ Ephesians iv. 8.¹⁰⁹ Galatians iv. 4-6.¹¹⁰ Ephesians ii. 4-7; Titus iii. 4, ii. 11.¹¹¹ Ephesians i. 7; Colossians i. 14.¹¹² Ephesians ii. 8.¹¹³ *Ibid.* iii. 18, 19.¹¹⁴ 1 Corinthians ii. 10, 11.¹¹⁵ 1 Corinthians xii. 11.¹¹⁶ 1 Corinthians ii. 11-13.¹¹⁷ Ephesians i. 18-21.

wisdom and revelation,"¹¹⁸ the pledge of our inheritance unto the redemption of acquisition.¹¹⁹ Those that possess not the Spirit have their understanding darkened; through ignorance are alienated from the life of God; and, hence, despairing, give themselves up to lasciviousness, and to the working of all uncleanness.¹²⁰ Walk in the Spirit, and you shall not fulfill the lusts of the flesh,¹²¹ but shall put off the old man, who is corrupted according to the desire of error, and, being renewed in the Spirit, shall put on the new man, created by God in the justice and holiness of Truth.¹²²

It is by truth we are saved; by error that we are led astray. Yet the Spirit makes no new revelation, still less a private revelation. He is the Spirit of wisdom and revelation *in the knowledge of Christ*.¹²³ In the Spirit we meditate upon Christ, upon His baptism which symbolizes our baptism, upon His life, which is the model for ours, upon His sufferings in which we must share, upon His death in which we are crucified to sin, and upon His resurrection which is the promise of our victory. The light of the knowledge of the glory of God shines upon us in Christ's image,¹²⁴ which, beholding, we are transformed into the same image from glory to glory by the Spirit of the Lord.¹²⁵ We thus become God's workmanship—created in Jesus Christ in good works,¹²⁶ doing the truth in charity that we may all grow up in Him Who is the Head, even Christ.¹²⁷

In this is true liberty. The liberty wherewith Christians are made free,¹²⁸ is not the liberty to do what we will; nor yet, for that matter, the liberty of voting or of democracy. It is the liberty which ensues when, beholding the glory of the Lord, we are transformed into Him in the Spirit.¹²⁹ It is the liberty that comes of submission, not of license; of submission to the guidance of God's Spirit manifesting to us the glory of God's image. Thus it is that we are joined to Christ in one Spirit, and hence, glorifying and bearing God in our bodies, cease to be our own.¹³⁰ Thus it is that, as Peter says,¹³¹ grace and peace are accomplished in us in the knowledge of God and of Christ Jesus our Lord. Thus it is that all things of His Divine

¹¹⁸ Ephesians i. 17.¹¹⁹ *Ibid.* i. 14.¹²⁰ *Ibid.* iv. 17-19.¹²¹ Galatians v. 16.¹²² Ephesians iv. 22-24.¹²³ *Ibid.* i. 17.¹²⁴ 2 Corinthians iv. 6.¹²⁵ *Ibid.* iii. 18.¹²⁶ Ephesians ii. 10.¹²⁷ *Ibid.* iv. 15.¹²⁸ Galatians iv. 31.¹²⁹ 2 Corinthians iii. 17, 18.¹³⁰ 1 Corinthians vi. 17, 20.¹³¹ 2 Peter i. 2, 3.

power, which appertain to life and godliness, are given us through the knowledge of Him Who hath called us to His own proper glory and virtue, so that, flying the concupiscences of the world, we become partakers of the Divine nature. We are freed from sin, in that we have become servants of justice.¹³² We are freed from the lust of the flesh, in that, and in so far as, we are led by the Spirit.¹³³ We are no longer under the pedagogue of the law,¹³⁴ with its bondage of fear,¹³⁵ nor are we the bondslaves of men;¹³⁶ but in the Spirit through faith have become children of God;¹³⁷ have become free in becoming the bondsmen of Christ.¹³⁸ It is not I who live, but Christ liveth in me.¹³⁹

It is the Spirit testifieth within me, and without Him I cannot accept truth, nor believe in Christ's name.¹⁴⁰ It is through the Spirit I *know* Christ. Yet not by any private revelation. Christianity is not merely a personal, it is also a social, religion. The Spirit dwells in the corporate body, whose members are human beings, and through them is the knowledge of Christ conveyed. Faith cometh by hearing, and hearing by the word of Christ, the sword of the Spirit, which must be received from those who are sent.¹⁴¹ Therefore, in the one body are there given some apostles and some prophets, other some evangelists, and other some pastors and doctors, for the perfecting of the saints, for the work of the ministry, for the building up of the body of Christ, until we all meet in the unity of faith and knowledge of the Son of God, unto the measure of the fullness of Christ.¹⁴² For this reason, too, is charity the greatest of Christian virtues. For the manifestation of the Spirit is given to every man, not for himself only, but to profit: wisdom, knowledge, faith, the grace of healing, miracles, prophecy, the discernment of spirits, tongues, interpretations—all these are given that as members of one body, we may help one another, whether Gentile or Jew, bond or free, honorable or less honorable, comely or uncomely, that there may be no schism in the body, but each member co-operate with the other in suffering and in glory.¹⁴³

There never has been any great movement, religious,

¹³² Romans vi. 18. ¹³³ Galatians v. 16-18. ¹³⁴ *Ibid.* iii. 25, 26. ¹³⁵ Romans viii. 15.

¹³⁶ 1 Corinthians vii. 23.

¹³⁷ Galatians iii. 25, 26; Romans viii. 15, 16.

¹³⁸ 1 Corinthians vii. 22.

¹³⁹ Galatians ii. 20.

¹⁴⁰ Romans viii. 16; *cf.* 1 John v. 6. ¹⁴¹ Romans x. 14-17; Ephesians vi. 17.

¹⁴² Ephesians iv. 11-13.

¹⁴³ 1 Corinthians xii. 7-26.

political, literary, scientific, artistic, which has not begun with an individual or a group, and in which, as it has spread, there have not been two elements, relatively distinct, teachers and taught. In this matter God has not departed from the policy which characterized His action prior to the Christian era, a policy which is rooted in the very nature of human society. What was not known in other generations—the mystery of Christ—has now been revealed, but it has been revealed, as hitherto, in the first instance, to Apostles and prophets.¹⁴⁴ God is closer to us now, and we to one another, through the knowledge which has been given in Christ, and through the Spirit which conserves and communicates that knowledge, the Spirit *in* which we believe. We are no more strangers and foreigners, but fellow-citizens with the saints, and members of the household of God.¹⁴⁵ But it is on the foundation of the Apostles and prophets that we have been built, Jesus Himself being the chief corner-stone;¹⁴⁶ and it is still necessary that there should be prophets and apostles, having grace from God, if all men are to be enlightened, that they may see what is the dispensation of the mystery which has been hidden from eternity in God, and if the manifold wisdom of God is to be made known through the Church, according to the eternal purpose which He made in Christ Jesus Our Lord.¹⁴⁷ The Church can fulfill her mission, the saving of souls through the preaching of Christ, the image of God, and Him crucified, only if the Spirit dwell within her, only if she have the “mind of Christ,” only if, within the unity of her body, the Spirit, which searcheth the things of God, operate in each member according to his function and need.

Man was created that he might enter into conscious and personal communion with his Creator. It is this that he seeks, and has sought age after age. Impelled by his instincts, which environment awakens and molds, he is ever striving after knowledge, whereby he may explain both his environment and himself, and whereby he may adapt himself, and so find the satisfaction of his needs. Because he thinks, and may choose, he imagines he is free; but in truth is the slave of tradition, of his own concupiscence, and of the idols which he himself creates. Unaided, the true solution, which alone can bring him genuine and lasting satisfaction, ever escapes him. Thus

¹⁴⁴ Ephesians iii. 5.¹⁴⁵ *Ibid.* ii. 19.¹⁴⁶ *Ibid.* ii. 20.¹⁴⁷ *Ibid.* iii. 8-11.

he learns humility, and the impotence and nothingness of this tiny being, man; yet remains with his problems unsolved, his intelligence still uneasy, his personality dissatisfied with aught this world provides, his heart still yearning for peace. He is still trying to probe the great Beyond, is still seeking—consciously or unconsciously—the ultimate Source of all being; but has now learned from bitter experience that to reach the ultimate in his own strength is impossible. He breaks forth into prayer.

To this prayer the answer has been given. The Second Person of the Trinity, Who knows God because He is God, has taken to Himself human flesh, and has dwelt amongst us on earth, manifesting in His life God's knowledge and power, and in His death God's love for mankind. In Him God is manifest; through Him God works, for the salvation of humanity, wrecked with error and distorted by sin. He died; but also He rose again and lives. Though ascended to the Father and no longer visible in the flesh, He has taken to Himself a new body, composed of human beings. To it He has bequeathed the story of His life, upon it has impressed His own image, and has endowed it with His power. This He has done through the Spirit, Who with Him is one with the Father in the infinite Experience of God. The Second Person has withdrawn Himself from our sight, only that the Third Person may dwell within us, preserving and vivifying the image of the Son, which is the image of the Father, in the mind of the body which He has chosen and to which we belong.

This mind, which is God's Spirit, we share, through communion with Him and through intercourse one with another. The experience which we seek of God is ours, for of the Spirit we have experience, each of us in whom He dwells; and in Him recognize the truth of what we have been taught by those whom Christ has sent. The dry bones of history, man's actions past and gone, become for us animate with life. In them, imperfect as they may be, we see the operation of the Spirit of God. And in the Jesus of history we see, as the Apostles saw, God incarnate in flesh like to ours. That which is distant in time becomes to us present, through the Spirit to Whom all things are present. He Who is invisible, and has gone from our experience, enters it again through the Spirit with Whom He is one. In the Spirit we become conscious of

our unity with the Whole which God has created amongst men, that man may be drawn unto Himself; conscious that in this Whole God dwells, giving continuity to its parts, past, present and future, and sustaining in it the knowledge of Himself.

Man's greatest problem—the problem of how to get in touch with ultimate Reality, so as to render our knowledge of It both certain and durable, has thus been solved in the only way it could be solved—by God Himself, Who has entered our experience first as man, and then as Spirit, vivifying the image of Himself which remained in the minds of His chosen Apostles, and which exists in our mind through communion with the body formed in them. No longer are we children, tossed to and fro and carried about by every wind of doctrine, for in the body which the Spirit animates, and each member of it, Truth resides. The image of Christ, which must needs be communicated, expresses itself within us and through us, in speech, literature, symbolism, art, and, above all, in works of charity. In proportion as we possess it, we are free: free from the thralldom of error; free from the bondage of sin. Not yet is our destiny fully realized. Not yet have we an immediate consciousness of either the Father or the Son. But we know what we are and what we shall be. Born again in Christ's likeness, already are we truly sons of God; and because sons, heirs also, destined, if His image develop within us, to share ultimately with Christ His experience of the Father, through the Spirit which dwells within us, unifying through experience the many and the one.

That this might be our destiny, and we have assurance of it, is the answer to the question why God became man. What of ourselves we could not know, we now know through Christ, Who has revealed to us God's nature; and in this knowledge both God and the universe become intelligible to us in a way in which they were never intelligible before. Unless God be experience, intelligence, life, goodness, unless in Him be all that we esteem highest and best, what is God? And how can He be this, unless within His Experience, infinite and eternal, there be distinction of personality? Aristotle got almost thus far; but we now *know* that it is so, and also that this distinction, while yet remaining, is none the less transcended in the Spirit of Unity and Love. Unless there were personality in

God, how could there be society among men, or number or difference? And unless in God's Experience we were destined somehow to share, mediately or immediately, what reason could there be for our existence; what reason for our evolution unless that we may grow in this experience, one with another, and so attain a happiness which no passing creature can give? What, except this, is the meaning of the first Commandment? What the meaning of the second, unless it be that, each having the same end, each should help the other in attaining it?

Our faith, which is in the Trinity, has value for intelligence and value for life, both personal and social. In it lies, as Augustine saw, the key to a right understanding of nature; because of it, as Paul pointed out, law ceases to be law in that the wherefore of law stands revealed and charity replaces coercion. It contains also a promise for the future. But its greatest value lies in the fact that with the promise is conjoined the pledge of its own fulfillment. Our redemption is one of acquisition, but what we shall acquire, already in part we possess. Already we are one with God through the flesh, in which He became one with our race; through the Cross, on which He took to Himself human suffering and sin; through the Spirit, which is God, indwelling the society He has chosen, and giving life to the image of the Son, by which and into which we are gradually transformed. The pledge of our redemption dwells within us: we await but the moment when, the flesh being subdued, the self abnegated, vanity and error purged away, the Sonship, which already is ours, shall be fully revealed. The Society God has formed in His Church, though imperfect, is already Divine. The knowledge which sustains her in being, though imparted through symbols and speech, is none the less already immediate through the Spirit which animates her members. In the end this immediacy will extend to the whole of That which *is*: we shall see God face to face; and so shall be made one Society with Father, Son and Spirit, in Whom we believe. To become god man sinned: yet he can become God if he wills through the Son, in Whom man is redeemed, and through the Spirit which is given that process in time may be completed in creatures, even as it is eternally complete in the Experience of the three Divine Persons to Whom creatures owe their being.

[THE END.]

VERLAINE AFTER QUARTER OF A CENTURY.

BY WILLIAM H. SCHEIFLEY, PH.D.



INTEREST in Paul Verlaine has steadily grown at home and abroad. The errors of his life are forgotten as the greatness of his work emerges. In the perspective of time, we now understand the poet of *Sagesse* far better than at his death a quarter of a century ago. His adverse critics have modified their strictures. Such strictures were based upon his Bohemian career and equally upon the eccentricities of his "symbolism." René Doumic, for example, condemned his poetry as consisting of "*polissonneries*," "*niaiseries*" and "*radotage*." Even so sympathetic an appreciator as Jules Lemaitre found himself forced to exert persistent effort in order to understand Verlaine. "What I took at first to be pretentious and obscure refinements, I have come to regard as the natural boldness of a spontaneous poet, his charmingly awkward gestures." "Certainly, he was mad," said Anatole France. "But remember that this poor madman has created a new art, and that concerning him the future will be likely to say: 'He was the first poet of his time.'"

Abandoning the architectural forms of the Parnassians, Paul Verlaine evolved a personal poetry that was essentially musical. After the pompous lyrism of the Romanticists, he created a language capable of expressing deeper sensibility, employing for this a syntax emancipated from that Latin influence which even Victor Hugo had been obliged to respect almost as rigidly as had Racine. Thus Verlaine represents the confluence of classic tradition and the French genius. Mr. Harold Nicolson, in his recent biography of Verlaine, has so skillfully reconstructed the vagabond poet's stormy life that it unfolds with fascinating vividness. Born at Metz in 1844, he had begun his career during the vogue of the Parnassian school. Even such standard bearers of Romanticism as Hugo and Gautier had virtually abdicated in favor of Leconte de Lisle and Baudelaire, masters of the younger generation. It was as their disciple that Verlaine composed *Les Poèmes*

Saturniens (1866), his maiden effort. Here, misunderstanding his own temperament, he insisted upon the Parnassian creed of "*impassibilité*," and cautioned against heeding the voice of inner inspiration. The poet, he said, should not abandon himself idly to the blowing of the wind. He should assert his will, not waste his soul in vagrant feeling, and, above all, he should remember that the Venus de Milo is created out of marble. Thinking himself similarly destined to carve from stone or to cast in bronze, Verlaine tried his hand at plastic poems such as *La Mort de Philippe II.*, which were only clever imitations of Leconte de Lisle. But already his true talent had found expression in *Paysages Tristes*:

*Et je m'en vais
Au vent mauvais
Qui m'emporte
De ci, de là
Pareil à la
Feuille morte.*

And, as by wind
Harsh and unkind
Driven by grief,
Go I, here, there,
Recking not where,
Like the dead leaf.¹

And ere long traces of a new manner became evident, his true nature betraying itself beneath the mask now by a furtive tenderness and now by whimsicalities in thought or expression due to the originality of his genius. Even in *Les Fêtes galantes* (1869), poems somewhat *précieux*, written according to eighteenth century taste, and in *La bonne Chanson* (1870), a collection of brief love poems, sweet, sincere and simple, the outstanding trait was no longer Parnassian contemplation, but palpitant sensibility.

The excesses of a wild life during the decade that ensued frightened away Verlaine's Muse. He became a vagabond and a wastrel, and it was only in prison that he again found himself. He had read widely, and the wisdom thus acquired and his bitter experiences wrought upon his sensitive nature. He

¹ Translated by Gertrude Hall.

was a strange combination of god and beast, now mystic, now carnal, now shaking his sides with laughter, now weeping with melancholy. Religion, from which he had strayed, once more claimed him. Redeemed from his sins, he returned to his traditional faith. The change became apparent in 1881 with the publication of *Sagesse*, remarkable poems of piety. Here, lamenting his former skepticism and license, he wrote: "The author of the present volume has not always believed as he does today. He long went astray in corruption, sharing the vice and ignorance of the time. Recently, however, merited misfortune gave him warning, and, by God's grace, he understood. He knelt before the altar so long disdained, and now he adores the Almighty as a submissive child of the Church—the last in merit, but confirmed in good will."

The convert describes his fruitless struggle against the flesh until a Divine Lady, radiant in snowy garments, came to his rescue:

*J'étais le vaincu qu'on assiège,
Prêt à vendre son sang bien cher,
Quand, blanche, en vêtement de neige,
Toute belle au front humble et fier,
Une Dame vint sur la nue,
Qui d'un signe fit fuir la Chair.*

I was a prisoner, at bay,
Ready to sell his blood most dear,
When lo! in raiment white as day,
Most beautiful, with brow most clear,
A Lady came to me from heaven
And with a sign my Flesh did sear.

So the poet, time and again, grows fervent in his confessions and supplications. He is as ardent in faith as he had been in infidelity. With the ecstasy of a Pascal, he exclaims:

*O mon Dieu, vous m'avez blessé d'amour
Et la blessure est encore vibrante!*

O God, Thou hast pierced me with love,
And the wound is palpitant still.

Of the Mass he says: "Everything passes; this service alone

endures. It will remain as it was established at the beginning. From every corner of the world speaks this voice, always the same, inexhaustible in meaning, not to be altered or rendered more profound by all the centuries. . . . The words of the Mass are graven as in bronze, not to be effaced by eternity itself." How different is the poetry of such a man from that induced by the vague religiosity of the Romanticists! To God Verlaine appeals in language worthy of Thomas à Kempis. To Christ he dedicates sonnets of rare beauty. Indeed, it is only in St. Teresa that one finds more exquisite mystic effusions. As for Verlaine's "confessions," they are reminiscent of St. Augustine. "It is here for the first time," affirms Jules Lemaitre, "that French poetry has truly expressed the love of God," and Anatole France asserts that Verlaine's verse is the most Christian written in France.

Evidently, the strains of *Sagesse* were remote from Parnassian eloquence. Instead of carving in marble, Verlaine now strove to reproduce the music of the soul. Mallarmé, another master of the hour, represented a similar tendency. In fact, the theories of poetry were again in the melting pot, as witness the number of dissidents from the Parnassian creed. A precursor of the new movement was Baudelaire, who pointed its way in his famous sonnet, *Les Correspondances*:

*La Nature est un temple où de vivants piliers
Laissent parfois sortir de confuses paroles;
L'homme y passe à travers des forêts de symboles
Qui l'observent avec des regards familiers.*

In Nature's temple living pillars rise,
And words are murmured none have understood,
And man must wander through a tangled wood
Of symbols watching him with friendly eyes.²

Reaction against a rigid, metallic, or marmoreal poetry, and against impassive scenes from nature or society had begun to manifest itself before 1880. Poets evinced a taste for ideas and emotions revealing eternal laws and personality. Young rhymesters, grouped in coteries, with their progressive literary journals, proclaimed the dawn of a new school. The

² *Poems and Prose Poems*, with Introduction and Preface by James Huneker. New York: Brentano's.

people heard this movement described as *décadent* and *symboliste*. The fantastic obscurities and the mystifying pretensions of the new creed struck them for a time as grotesque, the features of a hoax. Nevertheless, the movement was serious and fruitful.

As Gustave Lanson has pointed out, the decadents and symbolists did not wish to return to Romanticism, to fill their poems with autobiographic confessions. They sought to render, in place of the fixed form of material things, fleeting impressions of the moment, the rhythm of life in action. They saw in nature a moving symbol of eternal causes, and they endeavored to interpret, through art, the world without and the soul within. They strove for a more individualized poetic medium, restrained only by the desire of escaping the unintelligible. Not all succeeded in avoiding this danger in their desire to fashion a style peculiar and expressive. They disdained the old syntax, preferring sensations and impressions to logic. Their verses must be more varied, capable of finer harmonies. Impressionism, in short, was their aim.

Now although Verlaine was recognized as master by the élite among his younger *confrères*, he was anything but a dogmatic regent of letters. He lacked the over-weening confidence of the doctrinaire. Thus he differed from Malherbe, who had discarded all that Ronsard and his literary forbears had accomplished. To merit Malherbe's favor, a writer had to pay him abject homage. Verlaine, on the contrary, welcomed all impartially, incapable of exercising tyranny. Nor was he eager to attract converts. He recruited disciples only by his genius. Never was a writer less given to argument. If pressed regarding a disputed point of doctrine, he would evade his questioner by some pleasantry. He abhorred pedantry and theorizing. From experience, he knew that a poet is a man of instinct, and that, in art, intuition plays the principal rôle. He was convinced that the born poet makes his verses much as the bee its honey, without the aid of recipes.

And yet Verlaine paid attention to the theory of poetry. He criticized his contemporaries, and wrote an *Art Poétique*. In such work, however, he was not didactic. It was necessity rather than taste induced his efforts. Vanier was publishing a series of biographies, *Hommes du Jour*, and Verlaine under-

took to write of such poets as he knew personally. His *Art Poétique*, composed as the result of an epistolary contention with Charles Morice, is not without inconsistencies. Here Verlaine cautions against "*la pointe assassine, l'esprit cruel et le rire impur*;" and yet he practises satire and epigram in his admirable *Invectives* and *Parallèlement*. He confuses Eloquence with mere Declamation, exclaiming: "Take Eloquence and wring its neck." Later, he admitted that he had meant only "the excess of romantic verbiage, in which the meaning evaporates amidst sonority of words, whose superabundance destroys the essence and mars the flavor."

Nor was Verlaine less inconsistent with regard to rhyme. Once he characterized it as "*ce bijou d'un sou qui sonne creux et faux sous la lime*." Ernest Raynaud, writing recently in *Belles Lettres*, says: "I afterwards chanced to remark, in *Le Décadent*, Verlaine's desire for rhyme reform, basing my argument upon his authority. Modest in my suggestions, I only asked that the poet be permitted to rhyme for the ear. This got me into serious trouble with my revered master, whom I had thought it unnecessary to consult about the matter. To my astonishment, he wrote me a letter for publication in which he proclaimed the necessity of 'rich rhyme,' an orthodox profession of faith worthy of Boileau." Small wonder that, in view of these inconsistencies, Verlaine should have referred to his *Art Poétique* as a "song not to be taken too literally." As a matter of fact, he did not approve of radical symbolist innovations, although literary manuals represent him and Mallarmé as leaders in that movement. His love of verbal music was instinctive. Thus he employed lines of thirteen, eleven and nine syllables in a swaying rhythm that made the rigid movement of the Alexandrine seem heavy by comparison. He used interlaced feminine rhymes, also, giving to his strophes a novel sweetness. Exquisite assonances and delicate alliterations rendered his verse more like the buzzing of bees than the utterance of human voices.

Much as Verlaine appreciated the music of poetry, he held clearness to be essential. Like Gautier, he came to believe that there are few synonyms. Proof of his ultimate conservatism is afforded by his lecture upon contemporary poets given at Brussels near the end of his career. In speaking of the younger symbolist poets, he said: "I have not always

agreed with them. To *vers libre*, for example, my objections are many, as well as to the loose versification which some of our younger poets employ or strive to attain. I do not understand the word *symboliste*. Applied to poetry, it is a pleonasm pure and simple." Here he even suggested that poets "return to the eternal formulas"—the old rigid versification. As Ernest Raynaud has remarked, if you go through Verlaine's stout volumes, you perceive that whenever his genius is most in evidence, he is composing according to tradition. Thus, Verlaine was in part attached to classicism. Wishing to praise Arthur Rimbaud, he found no higher tribute than to compare him with Virgil, Racine and Lamartine. He recommended to writers the essential qualities of the French genius—intelligence, measure and clearness. With him it was an axiom of æsthetics that a good writer must know his own language. Speaking of Mallarmé, he lamented that "preoccupied with beauty, he had regarded clearness as a secondary grace." In a word, Verlaine is classic when at his best. Those critics are in error who, basing their arguments upon his *boutades* and paradoxes, see in him only a radical reformer. Far from vilifying the French Academy, he used his influence to open its doors to writers he admired, such as Leconte de Lisle, François Coppée and Villiers de l'Isle Adam.

According to Mr. Nicolson's interpretative biography, at once readable and scholarly, Verlaine achieved in poetics two important reforms. In the first place, he ridded French metrics of various impediments which had baffled even Victor Hugo. Then, too, he brought discredit upon the arbitrary dogma of rich rhyme as formulated by Théodore de Banville. The poet of *Sagesse* was the first to understand that Victor Hugo and his Parnassian successors had dethroned the hemistich only to raise in its place the autocracy of rhyme. He realized, moreover, that the meaning and the scope of a verse would be equally impeded by the enforced stress of the concluding rhyme, as it had been curtailed by the tyranny of the *cæsura*. His object was not to abolish rhyme, but to make it serviceable and *sensible*. Accordingly, he introduced a system of rhymes which should be strong when concordant with the sense of the verse, but which, when they conflicted with logical expression, should be so modulated as to become almost imperceptible. In other words:

*De la musique encore et toujours!
 Que ton vers soit la chose envolée
 Qu'on sent qui fuit d'une âme en allée
 Vers d'autres cieux à d'autres amours.*

Music ever and again!
 Speed your verse with winged flight
 From a soul that scales the height
 Toward distant spheres, toward love not vain.

This primitive poet, who never formed a definite conception of the world or of himself, whose life was spent in the semi-hallucination of solitary dreaming, possessed the child-like naïveté and the abnormal senses of one deranged or inspired. Says André Delacour: "Certain of his strophes, which resemble the enchantments of revery, express in all simplicity the soul of the lowly, and like the morning dew, seem to come from the depths of our race." In *Sagesse*, certainly, there speaks a pure passion like that which found voice in the erection of cathedrals and in the composition of *The Imitation of Christ*. It was, owing to the spell of *Sagesse*, this most Catholic of books, that poets so different as Louis Le Cardonnell, Paul Claudel, Francis Jammes and Charles Péguy escaped the vague religiosity sprung from Rousseau and entered wholeheartedly into the pure spirit of the Church. From Verlaine they caught the warmth and rhythm of a new life and learned that beneath the humblest of exteriors may lie the finest poetry.

The religion of Verlaine was by no means incompatible with the highest patriotism. He was a nationalist rather than an internationalist. In his prose *Confessions*, he proclaims passionately his love for Metz, his native town, and in his splendid *Ode to Metz*, written in 1892, he assails the conception of anarchistic dreamers who would substitute for love of country love of the race in general. To say that all peoples are brothers is for him to deny national traditions and national hopes:

*Tous peuples frères! Autant dire
 Plus de France, même martyre,
 Plus de souvenirs, même amers!
 Plus de raison souveraine,*

*Plus de foi sûre et sereine,
 Plus d'Alsace et plus de Lorraine. . . .
 Autant fouetter le flot des mers.*

Peoples brothers! That would mean
 France disrupted, Martyred queen,
 Memories vanished bitterly!
 Kingly reason downward thrust,
 Faith serene a shaken trust,
 Alsace, Lorraine, dust to dust. . . .
 Sooner still the surging sea.

To Metz he sings as remaining virginal in purity though violated by the invader, from whose hand it will at length be rescued. In prophetic accents he bids the day and the hour of deliverance to sound.

Here Verlaine is vigorous. More often, he is relaxed and brooding, expressing for his generation something of the sadness that Musset uttered for his. Indeed, he represents the culmination of romantic lyricism, a melancholy which Chateaubriand had magnified in *René*, after its inauguration by Rousseau. Such melancholy, nourished by Northern literatures, was as varied as the sensibility of its exponents, just as a toxin, in passing through different organisms, becomes more or less virulent. Thus, the happy childhood and fundamental optimism of Lamartine preserved him from bitterness. The healthy plebeian, Victor Hugo, might prate of the tragedies of conscience, but he did so with one eye on his audience. De Vigny, however, was truly pessimistic, and Musset struggled between contending moods, now joyous and now despairing. As for Baudelaire, Verlaine's immediate master, he was temperamentally neurotic, his morbid melancholy alternating from gloom to hysteria. In his *Fleurs du Mal*, the bombast of Romanticism was refined, and in the verses of Verlaine it is still further subdued, gaining in depth and subtlety what it has lost in amplitude. Freed from such accessories as orientalism, mythology, history and biography, it has become with Verlaine sheer subjectivism, exquisitely sad.

At a time when others were coldly sculpturing the same conventional designs over and over, Verlaine, as we have seen, breathed life into marble and then turned to another medium for poetry—the free fantasy of music. This bourgeois in the

midst of Paris sang like a faun or a minstrel of the Middle Ages, evoking the most delicate vibrations of the nerves, the most fugitive echoes of the heart. As for influence, that of Paul Verlaine is latent and all-pervading rather than concentrated. He bequeathed to posterity an atmosphere rather than a specific doctrine. He remains the purest lyrical genius of his country in our day, a verbal musician who has succeeded in transforming a melancholy that was painful into a thing of beauty. His work will live as long as the language in which he wrought this miracle.

GOD.

BY FRANCIS CARLIN.

THE Shining Three
Are One Who is
Simplicity.

Heaven's One
Is Three Who are
As Triune Sun.

Behold! Their Sire
Is Mercy Who
Shall be our Fire.

And He, Their Word,
In kindled Wine
Is yet Our Lord;

The while Their Dove
In flaming Truth
Is yet our Love.

Heaven's One
Is Three Who are
As Triune Sun.

The Shining Three
Are One Who is
Simplicity.

THE FAILURE OF THE RUSSIAN CHURCH.

BY A. PALMIERI, O.S.A., D.D., PH.D.



BOLSHEVISM is a tyranny—a revolutionary tyranny, if you will, the complete negation of democracy, and of all freedom of thought and action. Based on force and terroristic violence, it is simply following out the same philosophy which was preached by Nietzsche and Haeckel, and which for the past twenty-five years has glorified the might of force, as the final justification of all existence. By substituting one class domination for another, it has merely reversed the former tyranny of the Romanoffs into a tyranny still more terrible in its onesidedness.”¹

Everyone who has followed the gradual enhancement of Bolshevism, and its domestic policy within the frontiers of Russia, can subscribe to the definition set forth above. Politically, Bolshevism is the fanaticism of the Revolution. It aims to create a new mind in Europe. The social order, as it exists in the most civilized nations of our day, appears to Bolshevism a relic of mediæval barbarism, and therefore doomed to complete disappearance. “The purpose of Russian Socialism,” wrote Leon Trotzky, “is to revolutionize the minds of the working class in the same way as the development of Capitalism has revolutionized social relations.”²

Faithful to its aims, Bolshevism has succeeded, at least temporarily, in subverting the foundations of society. In default of a convincing logical foundation, it has resorted to violence. The soil of Russia has been piled high with corpses to test the social reforms of Bolshevism. A French Socialist deputy after his visit to Russia could not help declaring openly that in Russia “terror and death are everywhere and no one knows why the dead are dead.”³ The chiefs of Bol-

¹ “*Bolshevik Aims and Ideals*” and “*Russian Revolt Against Bolshevism*,” reprinted from the *Round Table*, New York, 1919, p. 53.

² *Our Revolution*, New York, 1918, p. 142.

³ Charles Dumas, *La vérité sur les Bolsheviki: documents et notes d'un témoin*, Paris, 1919, p. 134.

shevism have followed the maxim written in blood by a victim of the old régime on the walls of his prison: "Whatever promotes revolution is moral; whatever raises an obstacle to it is immoral and criminal." The foes of Tsarism were not so severely crushed as have been those who rebelled against Bolshevism.

But Bolshevism is not only a political and social system. It is also a religion. Even atheism, from a certain point of view, is not exempt from a religious element. It denies God, only to set up gods of its own. In essence, atheism is not the negation of religion, but a depraved religion. And Bolshevism, in spite of its irreligion, takes the shape of a religious system, and wraps itself in hieratic draperies. "Bolsheviki are fanatics who have no concern for their personal lives, regarding death merely a sacrifice for the sake of humanity. From this we can see that the terrible, brutal and impracticable Bolshevism, is transformed by these fanatics into a new religion, a creed for the international proletariat."⁴ A Russian writer says that Bolshevism is "a religious madness that sanctifies all crimes."⁵ Its power is the product of a religious exaltation. Revolution is God acting in man and through man. Its onward sweep is the movement of the Divine Being. According to the poet of the Russian revolution, Ivanov-Razumnik, Bolshevism is a fiery hurricane that is crossing Russia, and bearing the seeds of spring.

It goes towards the West; it upsets the world. It is crucified by its foes, but rises from its grave. The Revolution is eternal and unchangeable. It is the *Absolute*.

As a religious system, Bolshevism naturally tends to oppose the forms of religion that repudiate its principles. In Russia, its natural enemy was the Russian Church. We need not be surprised, then, if Russian Bolshevism in its attempts to extirpate the institutions of the past, assumed from the outset

⁴ A. Carasso, *The Imitation of Cain. A Few Words on Modern Russia*, Frederick, Md., 1921, p. 60.

⁵ Serge De Chessin, *Au pays de la démence rouge*, Paris, 1919, p. 300. "Bolshevism as a social phenomenon is to be reckoned as a religion, not as an ordinary political movement. . . Among religions, Bolshevism is to be reckoned with Mohammedanism rather than with Christianity and Buddhism. What Mohammedanism did for the Arabs, Bolshevism may do for the Russians."—B. Russell, *Bolshevism: Practice and Theory*, New York, 1920, pp. 117, 118.

an hostile attitude towards Russian Christianity, and made its destruction a starting point in its programme.

A recent historian of Bolshevism, H. N. Brailsford, writes that "there is full religious tolerance in Russia, but the Communistic party is fiercely anti-clerical and conducts an unremitting controversy with the Orthodox Church, certainly the most grossly superstitious form of belief that survives in the civilized world."⁶ Of course, there is a grain of truth in these bold assertions. Bolshevism proclaims that it champions religious tolerance. Its utterances are belied by the facts. The Russian Church, in turn, is infected with superstition. But, as a Church possessed of sacramental life, and voicing the word of God, she preserves the riches of Catholic doctrinal inheritance. That Church was for centuries the palladium of Russian nationalism, the strongest support of Russian autocracy. The history of Russia is largely her history for the Russian people in their form of government, to quote Vladimir Solovëv, were a theocracy. "The Russian Church," writes De Chessin, "was the soul of the Russian people. She was so, in spite of her constant decay and decline into a clumsy bureaucratic machinery, a spiritual police of despotism. For centuries she had worked as the only source of enlightenment, and the only true bond of national unity. The history of Russian grandeur is inseparable from the history of the old monasteries with battlemented walls and Byzantine cupolas. The Patriarch was a second Tsar, and without the cross, the sword was powerless. To the crown of the heroic princes, the Church added, by their canonization, the crown of holiness."⁷ Why then did "the Russian people, apparently the most religious, the most Christian in Europe, surrender themselves, tied hand and foot, to a dozen Jewish adventurers, and burn their sacred icons? Why have they preferred the kingdom of Antichrist to the emperor of the faithful, according to the official term of the Orthodox liturgy? Why have they given themselves up to the dynasties of Bronstein, Apfelbaum and Rosenfeld? One thousand years have been wiped out! We are witnessing a new passion, a new Calvary. The chosen people have hurled down their Lord."⁸

The powerlessness of the Russian Church in face of the

⁶ *The Russian Workers' Republic*, New York, 1921, p. 150.

⁷ De Chessin, *op. cit.*, p. 296.

⁸ *Ibid.*, p. 299.

Revolution is the consequence of an incurable disease that paralyzed her. She lost her vigor in her isolation from Western Christianity, in the worship of those political maxims which led the Eastern Churches to lamentable disaster. The Russian Church broke with the cultured classes, and lost her hold upon the peasantry. Her influence rested upon the crumbling foundations of autocracy, and when they were shaken, she followed in the ruin of Tsarism. Bolshevism in achieving the destruction of the old political régime, found no obstacle in its attempts to de-Christianize Russia and to inflict a Neronian persecution on the clergy.

The Russian Orthodox Church made her own grave, and in it the Bolsheviks laid her bleeding body. During the nineteenth century she lost both the nobility and the *intelligentsia*. The Russian nobles despised a clergy composed of ignorant *Mujiki*, the offspring of generations of serfs. A materialistic rowdyism debased the ranks of the nobility. They were known in Russia and abroad by their orgies, absurd whims, and wasteful expenditures. At times they produced flowers of gentleness and moral elevation, of which the best were transplanted into the garden of the Catholic Church. Yet, the Russian nobility officially did not sever relations with the Church. They needed the Russian priests to bridle the peasants charged with the cultivation of their vast domains. The "*popes*" (village clergy) were the policemen of the peasants' souls. A heavier loss was that of the *intelligentsia*. They were the brains of Russia, and it may be said, of the Russian Revolution. The *intelligentsia* depended upon Germany for their intellectual food. Russian philosophy was grafted on French positivism and German materialism.

In his early youth Vladimir Solovev (he was then twenty years old) raised his protest against this abject imported philosophy, and published his admirable thesis, entitled *The Crisis of the Western Philosophy*. Vehement recriminations were heard from the lips of the most distinguished scholars of the Russian universities. They despised spiritualism, and based their conceptions of universe and life on empiricism. Russian philosophers were preachers of atheism. They strongly opposed the infiltration of the clergy in their scientific sanctuaries. Russian universities were compelled to teach fundamental theology, canon law and Church history: the

academic councils, however, were always upon the watch for a favorable opportunity to dismiss them. On January 22, 1906, a commission of university professors was vested with the responsibility of drawing up a new programme of courses. This body proposed and recommended the suppression of the theological chairs. A year before (September 19, 1905) the council of the University of Kiev relieved students from the obligation of taking the examination on theology.⁹ The *intelligentsia* pretended to ignore the literary production of the theological academies. The official organs of these learned institutions, in spite of their scientific value, had subscribers only among the priests, and were unable to prolong their existence without the financial support of the Holy Synod. The *Bogoslovsky Viestnik* (*Theological Messenger*), a monthly magazine famous for the breadth of its ideas and the seriousness of its contents, had only fifteen hundred subscribers. The *Trudy* of the Spiritual Academy of Kiev, only two hundred.

The Russian *intelligentsia* did more than ignore the meagre intellectual life of the Church: their writings were saturated with hatred of the clergy. In the novels of Solovev, Tchirigov, Glukhovtsov, Volkovich-Vell, Krizhanovsky, Vasilich, Kruglov and particularly, in the writings of Leonid Andreiev, the most talented of the Russian decadents, there passes before our eyes a long procession of priests, upon whose faces are seen the indelible traces of prolonged servitude, of ancestral abjection, of the moral lapses and bleeding wounds produced by their unhappy conditions of existence and by the atmosphere of hostility surrounding them. "The Church in Russia," wrote Dillon, "was a mere museum of liturgical antiquities. No life-giving eyes animated that rigid body, for Byzance was powerless to give what it did not possess."¹⁰

Deprived of the support of the nobility and the *intelligentsia*, the Russia Church, had she been conscious of the ruin impending, would have turned her gaze to the lowest social class. The peasants in the villages, although ill-disposed towards their *popes*, were, in a superstitious manner, somewhat attached to their Church. In the large cities the workers had already begun to desert Christianity and to troop into the ranks of Socialism. But the clergy unwillingly stood

⁹ A. Palmieri, *La Chiesa Russa*, Florence, 1908, pp. 605, 606.

¹⁰ L. Bryant, *Six Red Months in Russia*, New York, 1918, p. 261.

in the way of popular aspirations. The *popes* could but follow the example and instructions of their bishops. Like the episcopate, their spiritual influence was at the service of bureaucracy. They became clerks, spies and gendarmes of the State. They forgot their mission of healing souls, in order to help the régime that paid them.

The spiritual dissolution of the Russian Church was hastened by the religious dictatorship of Constantine Pobiedonostzev, the High Procurator of the most Holy Synod, "the deepest and most talented expounder of absolutist ideas."¹¹ Pobiedonostzev was at the helm of the Russian Church for a quarter of a century, acting as the spiritual Tsar of the Russian people. His soul was a mixture of hatred for Catholicism, Western Civilization, Freedom, Democratic Ideals and nationalities. The popular masses were to him a chaos. In order to establish system in the midst of the disparate elements of that chaos, the ferrule of autocracy was the only effective weapon.

In his famous *Moskovskii Sbornik* (*Moscow Essays*), he wrote: "The masses are dissatisfied, indignant, restless, protesting: they overthrow institutions and governments which have not kept their word, which have not realized the hopes aroused by their fantastic ideas. They establish new institutions, and again destroy them; they turn to new rulers who have lured them with the same deceptive words, and again they overthrow them, seeing that they are unable to keep their promise. A miserable and terrifying chaos in public institutions; waves of passion surge and sweep everywhere; time and again, the people are pacified by the magic sound of the words 'freedom,' 'equality,' 'publicity,' 'popular sovereignty,' and he who knows how to play skillfully and at the right time with these words becomes the ruler of the people."¹²

This quotation shows that Pobiedonostzev was acquainted with the changing moods of the masses. They need a strong government to be bridled. The autocratic form was, in his eyes, the only force for cohesion in Russia. Individuals and institutions must be subservient to the autocratic State, and first of all the Church, which, by reason of her mission, ought to regulate the life of the masses. The principle of the sub-

¹¹ J. Olgin, *The Soul of the Russian Revolution*, New York, 1917, p. 61.

¹² *Moskovskii Sbornik*, Petrograd, 1896, pp. 101, 102.

serviency of the Church to the State, a principle clearly formulated in the *Spiritual Regulation* of Peter the Great, was carried by him to its utmost conclusion. Under his dictatorship, the dioceses were intrusted to bishops who were known for their full submission to the orders of Russian bureaucracy. The best elements of the Russian Church, the most learned bishops, such as, for instance, Sergii of Vladimir, "the Russian Bollandist," were either silenced or confined to small towns and unimportant offices. The Holy Synod headed the nationalistic crusade against Poles, Jews, Lithuanians, Finns, Letts and Tartars; the barbarous persecution against the hundred thousands of Ruthenians who, by force of a decree, were placed under the banners of Orthodoxy, and forced to receive their sacraments from Orthodox *popes*. All the measures sanctioned against the religion, the literatures, the languages and autonomy of the nationalities living within the vast frontiers of Russia, bear the stamp of the undaunted will and the constant policy of Pobiedonostzev. His theories of government may be summed up in the following aphorisms: (1) Christianity is a religion which gives life to Russia; (2) Christianity in Russia needs to be Orthodox and national; (3) the Russian Church ought to be subject to the State.

Pobiedonostzev is responsible for most of the mistakes of the Russian bureaucracy. He was, according to his foes, the evil spirit of Russia. The hatred that filled the hearts of Russian liberal patriots against absolutism in politics, turned also against the Church. Before his death (1907), he realized the fruitlessness of his efforts. The new generation was coming along, and, unfortunately, was wandering far from a Church that had lent a helping hand to a despotic State. The dictator was compelled to make concessions. He allowed the convocation of a general Synod of the Russian Church. The remedy came too late. The debates of the various commissions appointed by the Holy Synod in 1905-1906 for the preparation of the Council, left things as they were, and revived only some obsolete forms and canons of the ecclesiastical discipline of Byzantium. The Russian Church under Pobiedonostzev became a bedizened corpse.

Russian writers, even members of the ecclesiastical academies, where a limited freedom of press was granted, graphically set forth the conditions of the clergy among the Russian

peasantry. "The *popes* have no feelings of mercy: they look with indifference on the sufferings of their flocks; and their only concern is for their fees. Many of them have erased from their minds the maxim of the Gospel: they make no distinction between good and evil, nor do they enlighten the faithful. Still worse, they are pleased with their estrangement from the Church, and clip the wings of the friends of progress, and extol to the skies the ancient customs as the distinctive marks of genuine Orthodoxy. Their tongues are filled with venom. In their relations with their flocks, they are false and untruthful. It is not to be wondered at, therefore, that the common people drew away from them. Their words are no longer the expression of divine truth. The faithful know by experience that they are the mouthpieces of civil authority, and, therefore, their exhortations are void of results. They refuse to support the clergy because the clergy constitute the pillar of a covetous bureaucracy."¹³

The eclipse of Pobiedonostzev was not followed by a brilliant revival of the Russian Church. Things went from bad to worse. Pobiedonostzev, at least, was a cultured man possessed of a strong will. He was detested and feared, but admiration mingled with hatred of his strong personality. Those who came after him, passed like meteors with no other aim than that of plundering the resources of the clergy. A certain Kiprianov, a specialist in mental diseases, was called to heal the nervous breakdown of the Russian Church. Of course, her diseased body and soul did not recover, and the government of the Church passed into the hands of the faithful disciple of Pobiedonostzev, Charles Vladimirovich Sabler, of pure German stock, who tried to conceal his German name under the Russian name of Deviatkovsky. The régime of Sabler, a régime of embezzlements and simony, inflicted a deathblow on the Russian Church. Ecclesiastical dignities were put up for sale.

After the ephemeral days of freedom in 1905-1907, the reaction had its revenge. The edict of religious tolerance remained practically a dead letter. Russian bishops, like Anthony of Volhynia and Eulogius of Minsk, raised the hue and cry after the pioneers of the social regeneration of Russia. The Poles and Jews were attacked next. And following in the

¹³ Palmieri, *La Chiesa Russa*, pp. 334, 335.

steps of the reaction, an ill-fated monk achieved the ruin of Tsarism and the Russian Church. On March 4, 1914, Miliukov addressed the members of the Duma in the following terms: "The Church is in the hands of the hierarchy. The hierarchy is a State prisoner and the State is dominated by common tramps."¹⁴ On May 12, 1911, Prince Mansirev was more explicit in his denunciation: "You know a man, whose name is associated with exhibitions of the vilest schemes, and the demoralization of the whole Society. Through him or by him all are terrorized who venture to utter their thoughts in any respect opposed to the prevailing tendency of the Orthodox Church and the leading cultured circles."¹⁵

The story of Gregorii Ephimovich Rasputin is the darkest page in the record of the downfall of Russian autocracy. A simple peasant, without any spiritual and intellectual gift, and living a life of debauchery, for several years, was the master of the Russian court and the ruler of political Russia. Many documents concerning his adventures have been published since his tragic death: the veil of mystery covering his vices has been torn away. Yet he finds even now warm admirers, like Baroness Leonia Souing-Seydlitz, who calls him a saint,¹⁶ or obstinate deniers of his ill-doings.

"Rasputin, the monster," writes G. G. Telberg, a professor of law in the University of Saralov, "is a fiction, bred in the busy brains of politicians and elaborated by the teeming imagination of sensational novelists. Rasputin, the saint, is an imaginary product of a woman's diseased mind."¹⁷ We cannot here attempt to narrate the extraordinary career of the Siberian peasant, whom the caprice of hysterical women raised to the pinnacle of glory and power. As soon as the Revolution proclaimed the end of the old régime, Rasputin found scores of biographers, who related the episodes—certainly not edifying—of his adventurous life. The most important documents about him and his relations with the Russian court were made public by a former friend, the ex-monk Iliodor, who married after his escape from Russia, and sought refuge in the United States. His memoirs of Rasputin portray also the humiliating conditions of the Russian Church, whose

¹⁴ T. Vogel-Jorgensen, *Rasputin, Prophet, Libertine, Plotter*, London, 1917, p. 83.

¹⁵ *Ibid.*, p. 84.

¹⁶ *Russia of Yesterday and Tomorrow*, New York, 1917.

¹⁷ *The Last Days of the Romanovs*, New York, 1920, p. 252.

bishops dared not denounce the abuses and scandals they witnessed, and, at times, sanctioned and approved for the sake of their own safety and promotion.¹⁸

Rasputin is the genuine product of the Russian sects and Russian extravagant mysticism, which, among Russian sectarians, revives the practices and doctrines of the Gnostics and Manicheans of old. "Religion was his best weapon: it became foul in his hands. With its aid, he obtained by force erotic satisfaction, and then religion and eroticism attained a higher unity which, in his hands, became a power and a political instrument of the first order."¹⁹ His teaching, which drew about him a coterie of aristocratic ladies, seems to be a derivation of the theories professed by the *Skoptzy*, a sect which the Russian Government branded as extremely dangerous to the social welfare. "The pitch of Rasputin's religious doctrine is that to live is love. In love he grants the widest liberty. He says: 'Sin is the path to grace. Unless a man sins, there is nothing to pardon him for.'"²⁰

To his liking, he changed the chiefs of the Government, and ruled the Russian hierarchy. The Tsar venerated him as his spiritual counselor, and the Tsarina reposed full confidence in him. And since he was a tool in the hands of the most reactionary element of Russia, the Church was made responsible for the evil results of his interference in Russian political affairs.

Thus at the outbreak of the Revolution, the Russian Church found herself isolated. The fall of autocracy left her without support. She flattered herself that the Government of Kerensky would extend to her the benefits of freedom and still more the economic help of the old régime. At the outset, her hopes seemed to be realized.

The Council of Moscow did not answer the expectations of the devout Orthodox. It showed itself to be a meeting of twaddlers who, while their house was burning, seriously discussed where to get water to put out the fire. Instead of examining the vital needs of the Russian people and the causes of the unpopularity of the Church, they prattled about

¹⁸ *The Life of Rasputin*, by Sergius Michailov Trufanoff (Ilodor), New York, 1916. The Russian edition is entitled *The Holy Devil (Sviatoi Chort: Zapski Rasputinie)*, Petrograd, 1917, and contains the reports of Russian police officers about the private life of Rasputin in Petrograd.

¹⁹ Vogel-Jorgensen, pp. 9, 10.

²⁰ Trufanoff, p. 11.

titles, dignities, administrative divisions, increases of salaries—a whole lot of dead things and dead names. The Council pointed out the exhaustion of the inner life and apostolic zeal of the Russian Church. The Russian episcopate acted and talked as if the sun of the days of old had not set. Bolshevism found the Church unarmed, and spread its web over Russia. The peasantry that had been forsaken and oppressed by the Church, welcomed the new régime, and its first decision to divide among them the land possessed by Russian nobility. Under Bolshevism, the *intelligentsia* disappeared: the nobility fled from Russia or was massacred; the workers and the peasants espoused the cause of the Revolution. The clergy remained as a caste embodying the tendencies hostile to revolution, the falling bulwark of buried autocracy. Political, religious and national hatreds spent themselves on them. The leaders of Bolshevism were mostly Jews, who kept in memory a vivid recollection of *pogromy* (massacres) of their brethren with the cognizance of the civil and ecclesiastical authorities of the old régime. Besides, they abhorred the Christian faith, as the antithesis of their ideals. Bolshevism first consolidated its power: then it measured its own forces, and when conscious of the inborn weakness of the Russian Church, began the religious war which is aiming to extirpate Christianity from Russian soil.

MY MOTHER.

BY CHARLES J. QUIRK, S.J.

IN all men's loss, I see my loss:
So dear thy memory!
The world's great cross is mine own cross:
All death: the death of thee!

A PROPHET IN ITALY.

BY CHARLES PHILLIPS, M.A.



GREAT renaissance of the Catholic religion is coming over the world. It will be marked even in the Latin countries."

This is the prediction of Giovanni Papini, the celebrated Italian philosophical writer, whose recent conversion from atheism and anarchy is the sensation of Italy. Papini is the latest prophet of the Old World who turns to the past to see the future. A complete reversal to the obedience of Christ and His Church, according to Papini, is the only solution for the present ills of the world and the only security for its future. He insists on this renaissance being distinctly Catholic. He does not say merely "religious," or "Christian," but, to quote him further, "of the Catholic Faith, of the only true Church—that of Rome." After a lifetime of unbelief and denial, he tried "evangelical" Christianity, but it could not satisfy him. He has gone the full length of submission to the See of Rome.

Papini's entrance into the Church, while it actually took place two years ago, has only recently attracted notice, by reason of the publication of his *Storia di Cristo*, his *Life of Christ*, which appeared a few weeks ago, and which immediately became the most widely read book in Italy. No literary work of any kind, not even excepting the sensational productions of D'Annunzio's fervid pen, has had such a thorough-going success as this remarkable recital of the life of Our Saviour. Every bookshop from one end of Italy to the other displays it in its windows. The publisher cannot supply the dealers' demands. The first edition of twenty thousand copies—which in Europe is exceptionally large—has been quickly exhausted. At the same time translations of the book in half a dozen languages are already in process. English and American editions are included among these.

Back of the *Storia di Cristo* is another story, the story of one of the most interesting careers to be found in the annals of modern thought. The first hint of this story came to me, not

unfittingly, from the pulpit, when Padre Magri, one of the celebrated preachers of Florence, spoke of the book while delivering a Lenten sermon in the famous old Church of Or San Michele. When the work of a man known for years as one of the foremost radical writers of Italy is recommended from the altar within stone's throw of the Vatican—within hearing of the Congregation of the Index!—then, said I, it is time to look into it.

I had not read many pages of the *Storia di Cristo* before I was carried away by the beauty and spirit of the work, and I determined to learn, if possible, the history of its writing and its author. A little later the opportunity came of meeting the much talked of Papini. Before that, however, I had taken the reassuring precaution of asking Padre Magri point-blank about the book. He praised it with uplifted hands.

The meeting with Papini gave me a pleasant surprise. Atrocious portraits of him printed in the papers—pictures that looked more like caricatures than portraits—coupled with a slight acquaintance with his handwriting, which at first glance seemed to suggest all sorts of imaginable eccentricities—had somehow given me the impression that he was of the fire-eating type, that he belonged to that category of erratic and untidy minds so frequently labeled “genius.” True, I had not quite succeeded in reconciling that impression with the cameo-like cutting of his wonderfully lucid prose. Nevertheless, that was vaguely my preconceived notion of Giovanni Papini. I had even imagined him tousled and undersized!

How different the reality! A tall, spare man, easily over six feet in height, erect and soldierly, with a face at once strong and astonishingly youthful, indeed boyish, greeted me, and ushered me into a study that might have been the private office of a railway director for all the signs it gave of the average literary worker. The heavy oak writing table by the window, very plain and solid, instead of being littered with papers, fairly shone with order and precision. There was nothing on it but a blotter, an ink bottle, and one book; not even any cigarette ashes, although Papini smoked continually. The walls of the little room were lined from floor to ceiling with books—but they were all in place, and there were none either on chairs or on the floor! Only a big bowl of lilacs,

their petals falling to the carpet, broke the severe rigidity of the author's workroom.

But Papini was not rigid. With his slim figure dressed faultlessly in the dark gray tweeds of a business man, without a trace of Byronic tie or other literary negligée, he was as easy and as gracious as his own flowing Italian. There was about him the quiet charm of a man completely and unconsciously in possession of himself. ("This conversion," I commented inwardly, "is no flash in the pan, no new coat to be worn only while its colors seem bright. This man knows what he is about.")

His shaggy head is the only mark on him of the artistic celebrity—or of his erstwhile days of anarchy. Despite the boyishness of his face, it has a rugged sculpturing; and the eyes are rather worn with study. When he was obliged to peer closely at a paper he was writing, I learned the secret of his odd penmanship, which after all is remarkably clear and exact, despite its first appearance of carelessness.

Papini knew my errand and spoke of himself when questioned with the directness and simplicity of a legal mind. He should have been a lawyer! Of course, he is long ago accustomed to this sort of thing: a man who has given his life to the literature of opinion is not to be embarrassed by a few queries from a stranger. But all that he told me seemed somehow to be in the spirit of an offertory—the same spirit that one feels permeating his *Storia di Cristo*: told frankly in thanksgiving for what he has gained, and not reluctantly, if others may benefit by it. He is, in fact, like all radicals—even anarchists—a born missionary. "The whole inclination of my character," he explained to me later, "has always been, even during the long period of unbelief and negation, toward the desire of helping and illuminating others."

Papini is only forty—and looks no more than thirty—yet in his short career he has produced twenty-three volumes of published works which have run already into fifty-seven editions. "You see," he laughed—just to show me his acquaintance with things American—"fifty-seven varieties!"

"How do you do it?" I asked. I had a mental picture of a roomful of typists and secretaries in the offing.

"No," he answered, "I never dictate and have never used a typewriter. All my work, for twenty years, has been done

in manuscript." ("You are a human dynamo, then," I commented to myself—a dynamo that runs so smoothly, there is neither noise nor vibration.) "But, for all that I have been able to turn out," he went on, "I am very lazy! Sometimes I go whole months without even writing a letter. Then come periods of abundance and work, in which I compose with great rapidity."

Only forty; born January 9, 1881; but a Florentine. That explains a good deal. The Florentines are all born dynamos! Papini had begun, I had been told, as a mere boy. I asked him if this were so. "Yes."

"And were there any influences in your youth tending toward literary expression? I mean, were there any writers in your family?"

"None whatever."

"And about other influences—toward radical thought?" (For which he had early become famous.)

"As to that, yes. My father was an ardent anti-clerical, a Garibaldian soldier, a follower of Mazzini—so much so that, when I was born, my mother had to have me secretly baptized."

"Then your schooling—under what influences did that bring you?"

"I had no classical education, only that of the common and normal school. But I began very early to read in the libraries. At eight I had made my first attempts at writing—poems, stories, dramas. Yes," he added, with a twinkle in his eye, "I even did what I suppose many an American youngster does—I wrote a tragedy on Christopher Columbus!"

"Between thirteen and fourteen I began to take a lively and very serious interest in the problems of mankind and the world. Between fifteen and sixteen I was strongly attracted to the study of religion and philosophy and read everything I could lay my hands on—but it was all in a negative sense, as a skeptic and pessimist. That, you know," he added, "is a favorite failing of youth—pessimism. But with me, I am sorry to say, it remained more than a passing phase. Voluntarily, at that age I began a rationalistic commentary on the Bible. I even took up the study of Hebrew in order to go on with this work. I was temperamentally an anarchist, destructive and iconoclastic."

"When did you begin to actually write?"

"At nineteen. In 1900 I published some philosophical essays in the scientific journals. It was not until two years later, however, that I published anything in America. An article on Italian Philosophy appeared in the *Monist* of Chicago in 1902."

The writings of this young searcher after Truth early attracted attention, not only in Italy, but abroad, all the more so since, even at the age of twenty-one, he had founded an organ of his own, the philosophical and literary review, *Leonardo*, which was so well written and edited that it immediately took its place among the critical journals of Europe. Its publication continued until 1907, and it made Papini known to the leaders of thought in the Old and the New World. This new voice in the universal chorus, in fact, spoke with such a tone, that it quickly attracted the attention of Bergson, Bontroux and William James. In 1904 Papini met Bergson in Switzerland. In 1905 began his acquaintance with William James, who was then visiting in Rome. James at once formed a sympathetic friendship for the youthful Italian, whose name is to be found frequently mentioned in the writings of the American psychologist.

Papini's first book, *The Twilight of the Philosophers* (*Crepuscolo dei Filosofi*), published in 1905, was a vigorous and radical attack on all the modern schools of thought from Kant to Nietzsche. It made the name of the Italian known throughout Europe, and although never translated into English, was introduced to American readers by James, who published a lengthy review of it in the *Journal of Philosophy* of New York (1906). This book was quickly followed by a still more brilliant work, a mixture of philosophy and phantasy, called *The Daily Tragedy* (*Il Tragico Quotidiano*), published in Florence in 1906.

I was curious about Papini's literary associations and influences during these first years of his success. I found them, as I had expected, of unusual interest. Naturally, so youthful and brilliant a writer was distinctly in the ring when it came to knowing the people of his own country who were "doing things"—who were thinking and writing, especially those who were leading or following in the same free lines that he had chosen. Giuseppe Frezzolini, author of a widely read work

on Modernism; Morselli, poet and dramatist—"He is dead," Papini explained: "at Rome, just a few weeks ago; and he died the death of a saint!"); Soffici, famous skeptic and cubist; Giuliotti, anarchist—since become a fervent Catholic, "the Veillot of Italy," as Papini calls him; these and many others of the busiest and most brilliant of modern intellectuals in Europe were Papini's intimates—even a bare review of whose names today shows straws in the wind of Papini's prophecy of the coming Catholic renaissance.

At the same time his reading was playing its rôle in Papini's development. There was Carducci, stylist—and "Satanist." "I felt the influence of Carducci very strongly," said Papini, "and especially in my youth I owed much to him as a model of literary style. In 1917 I published a volume treating of Carducci (*L'Uomo Carducci—Carducci the Man*), but in that work, as you will see, I did not pass over his spiritual limitations or his anti-Christian animus. By that time I was getting on to Christian ground myself."

"And what of Manzoni?" I asked. "This year you are celebrating the centenary of *I Promessi Sposi*—"

"Ah, Manzoni! For many years, from childhood, I did not like Manzoni at all. It was not until I was thirty years old that I came to see the value of his writings, especially his great religious work, *Catholic Morals*, which I especially recommend as the best piece of modern apologetics we have in Italy. It is a most beautiful thing, even though he died without completing it. I have in press at present an anthology of Manzoni's work."

Through all this story one can see the unsatisfied spirit of the man searching through the dim crowded galleries of human thought, throwing down one idol after another, overturning every pedestal to examine its foundation, impatient with the half lights and multitudinous shadows of the labyrinth—but still going ahead, never resting long, always thrusting forward, determined to find the way out to daylight. It was the red glare of war blazing across the world that finally swept him into the open air of certitude—that certitude which speaks with such quiet finality in his whole air and manner, as of a man who has found himself—not today, perhaps, but yesterday—and is no longer troubled.

What is the story of Papini's spiritual adventure? He gives me this bit of searching autobiography:

"As you see, I followed through many philosophies, through many schools of literature, religion, thought, and so on—but little by little they all convinced me of one thing, the weakness and insufficiency of human opinions. It was not through them that I was to reach Absolute Truth. And nothing but the absolute could satisfy me.

"So I went on. But no, not any particular personal event precipitated my conversion. (As you see, it was not precipitate at all.) It was one big universal fact—the War.

"At first I took the War with the everyday indifference that characterized so many of us. But in 1916 I began to suffer, I myself, from all that was afflicting the world—the misery of it, the ferocity, the falsehood, the death! Then I really began to ponder how men, civilized men, could have fallen to such degradations. I thought and read, thought and read—until finally I turned to the story of Christ, the study of the Gospels. And in the light of that study I soon discovered that the same terrible things, more or less according to proportion and form, had always been happening for the same old reasons.

"The question was, how to make them happen less often—how, in fact, to put a stop to them altogether. All our external systems—of politics, economics, etc., were good for nothing. Changing our social régimes—Democracy, Communism, and so on—were equally useless. They did not alter the fact. What was to be done? What did the world need?

"I arrived at the conclusion that we must change the spirit of man. To leave it as it is, is to simply keep on going wrong, perpetuating the evil. We must change our *instincts*.

"How was that to be achieved? What was the doctrine which most perfectly revealed such a transformation—the actual changing of the instincts of man? That of the Gospels. Coming to this conclusion I rested a little while, having laid hand on the moral system of the Evangelists. I was convinced now of my immortal soul. But, of course, that was not enough. There was one step more—from the law of the Absolute to the Absolute Itself. Logically, I passed from the moral system of the Gospels to Christ. And Christ led me into the

Church—that is, the only true Church, the Catholic Church, the Church of Rome.

“This was in 1917, my first turning to the Gospels. In 1916 I had gone into a sort of solitary confinement to study and meditate. Then, the year following I went to Rome to become literary editor of *Il Tempo*. But by 1918 I had again reached such a mental state that I was obliged to give up my work and once more seek solitude for thought and study. What I call my ‘first’ conversion took place at that time—that is, to partial or evangelical Christianity.

“But I was still unsatisfied. I must go on. I must pursue the thing to the end. In 1919 I had begun the writing of a new book—but I never finished it. I interrupted it to commence the *Storia di Cristo*. That year I entered the Church.”

I asked him about some of the reading he had done during this period of his development. “Several of the Russian writers helped me reach the first phase of my conversion, Tolstoi and Dostoievsky among them. Then, in passing from ‘evangelical’ Christianity to the full light of the Catholic Faith I was aided by the French apologists, by Hello and Bloy and others. But the greatest influence of all was Newman, especially his *Development of Dogma*. I know Monsignor Benson also—his *Paradoxes of Christianity* and his striking novel, *Lord of the World*. Benson, however, I have read only recently.”

Nothing of the mental strain and turmoil of spirit which Papini has experienced shows in his quiet self-contained personality. All the struggle is definitely a thing of the past. He feels, he says, like a man who has been climbing all his life until now he has gained those highest levels above which there is nothing but sky and light. Speaking with him, there is left only a feeling of the man’s strength—a strength which must be enormously physical, as well as mental, for him to have accomplished all that he has in his still brief years. Besides the astonishing number of books he has published in the fifteen years since the appearance of his first volume, and besides an immense amount of journalistic work, he has been the founder of three important reviews and the editor of two others (counting the literary editorship of the Roman *Il Tempo*). He has likewise traveled abroad, lived and studied

in Switzerland and France, and yet has found time to marry and devote himself to the raising of a family. When one sees his good Catholic wife, with that mother of his who, secretly baptizing him, had lived to see him a loyal son of the Church, and his two little growing daughters, aged eleven and thirteen, one's thought inevitably goes back to the old story of the silent partnership of woman's love and children's prayers in the life of a man.

The unaffected, easy-going, business-like air of Papini makes his success seem a matter of course. There is nothing superficially exciting about it because, as it is plain to see, he is not thinking of how many copies of his book are sold, but of how many people are getting the message of it. "It is the non-believers I want to reach," he said, "the everyday people who will not go to church or read the Scriptures or listen to sermons. That is why the book is published as it is, in the 'popular' style, in large attractive type, with short snappy chapters." Certainly, it is the easiest imaginable book to read. It flows like a ballad. It is in fact a great prose poem, rich in imagery, colorful and dramatic and as simple as an old song. There is not a footnote to distract you from the tale, not a date, not a single historical reference to remember; only the beautiful old story told in a new way—or rather told in something of the old-fashioned way of folklore, with the flavor of the soil in it and a deep fund of appealing human nature, which makes Christ and His Blessed Mother, the Apostles and St. Mary Magdalen, Judas and Pontius Pilate, and all the other figures of the Divine Drama, very real and living creatures.

Papini's *Story of Christ* strikes a singular note in the life of Italy at the present moment. The whole country is in a state of unrest, with periodical outbursts and frequent manifestations of the spirit of Bolshevism, which has been allowed to seep in from Russia. It is the year of the sixth centenary of Dante—"but the memory of Dante," Papini remarks, "is not being honored in a manner worthy of the greatest of Christian poets. That alone is a commentary on the temper of the time. There are scholastic parades and military parades, restorations of monuments and many useless discourses. But the spirit of Dante is forgotten. The grand final commemoration in Florence has been assigned to D'Annunzio,

the farthest removed of any living man from the soul and art of Dante."

But Italy is safe, spiritually and politically. The growing strength in parliament and at the polls of patriotic Catholics devoted to the saving of their country from inward destruction, is a guarantee of the future. Without in the remotest degree touching on politics at all—for as he expressly declared to me, he occupies himself with political affairs only as an observer and a voter—Papini's is really a voice leading the better elements of his nation. "As for social disorders," he says, "they are simply the consequences of our moral and intellectual disorders. The making of Christians will automatically cure all that—and the cure will be exactly in proportion to the making of Christians.

"I am not worrying about the future," declares Papini. (He is no longer a pessimist, you see: Christianity has cured *him* of that.) "Certainly not about the future of the Church. I rejoice to note the progress the Faith is making in the English speaking countries—especially in the United States. Your Catholic churchmen are well known here. The late Cardinal Gibbons was very popular in Italy and his writings are widely read.

"A great renaissance of the Faith is coming. It will be felt everywhere, in the Latin countries as well as in those less traditionally Catholic. The Catholic countries need it as much as the others."

ENSHRINED.

BY PATRICK COLEMAN.

**SECLUDED from the din and dust
Of life, its loathly lure and lust,
For thee, Belovèd, in my heart
I keep a hidden place apart.**

**A secret place whereunto oft,
When I the cares of day have doffed,
In reverential love and awe
I and my pilgrim thoughts withdraw.**

**There only aspirations high
May keep thy queenly company,
Nor any thought less pure than thou
Before thy grave, sweet face may bow.**

**Could feeling false to thee profane
The cloistral heart where thou dost reign,
Or desecrate the hallowed place
That holds enshrined thine imaged face?**

**Ah, no, for nothing base may brook
Thy saintly smile, thy virgin look;
And nothing sensual may dwell
With thy chaste eyes delectable.**

**So from the world I keep apart
The sanctuary of my heart;
A secret haunt, a hidden shrine,
To hold thy loveliness divine.**

**A hidden shrine, a holy place,
Wherein, to ponder on thy grace
And pore on thy perfection high,
Oft go my pilgrim thoughts and I.**

A PAPAL CURIOSITY IN NEW YORK.

BY JAMES J. WALSH, M.D., PH.D.



FEW people know that there is in New York City an extremely interesting curio bearing a close and probably rather intimate relation with one of the well known Popes of the Renaissance. It has been on public exhibition for years, but most of those who see it have little idea of its rather significant place in history and in geography. As there gathers about it a whole chapter of information with regard to the relations of the Church to science in the century before Galileo, it seems well that attention should be called to it.

This curio is the terrestrial globe made by Ulpius in Rome in 1542, and is one of the treasures in the library of the New York Historical Society. The globe is fifteen and a half inches in diameter and is supported upon the original stand of oak. This is somewhat worm eaten, but remains strong and substantial. The globe still turns easily on its pivots and every visitor takes a turn at whirling it, so that one wonders whether it may not have to be put eventually into a glass case to preserve it from wear and tear. The main axis on which it turns is topped by an iron cross representing the North Pole. From the top of this to the floor is three feet and eight inches. The two hemispheres were constructed separately, and they shut together like a spherical box firmly held in place by pins. The latitudes are marked by the nicely graduated copper equator on which the names of the signs of the Zodiac are engraved. The equatorial line of the globe has the longitude divided into sections covering five degrees each. The Tropic of Cancer is called *Aestivus* and that of Capricorn *Hyemalis*. The Arctic and Antarctic circles are indicated and the Elyptic is marked out very clearly. A brass hour circle enables the student to ascertain the difference in time between any two given points. The globe was evidently meant for use and is very complete.

As the inscription shows, the globe was dedicated to

Cardinal Cervinus,¹ who afterwards became Pope under the name of Marcellus II. Unfortunately, Marcellus lived but twenty-two days as Pope, his Pontificate being, I believe, the shortest in the whole history of the Papacy. As Cardinal he is said to have interested himself very much in art and, according to tradition, was an accomplished draftsman and a good sculptor. A knowledge of science was sufficient passport to his acquaintance and friendship. At the time the globe was made Cardinal Cervinus was Cardinal Director of the Vatican library. There seems to be good reason to think, therefore, that he must have had much to do with the making of the maps for the globe and perhaps actually dictated the lines of it to the engraver, Euphrosyne Ulpus, who was only a Roman handicraftsman, utterly unknown except for his connection with this globe. Indeed, the Cardinal is known to have had some ability and skill in this kind of draftsmanship himself.

Marcellus was one of the most distinguished churchmen of his time. He was present at the Diet of Spires, and on April 30, 1545, was made one of the three Presidents of the Council of Trent. Ten years later he was unanimously elected Pontiff and enthroned on the following day. Ranke has said of him that "the reformation of the clergy of which others talked, he exhibited in his own person." He was zealous for a pure administration throughout the Church. While he was interested in literature and criticism, he seems to have been especially devoted to science. He advocated the form of calendar in accordance with the plan devised by his father, who was a receiver of taxes of the March of Ancona, and who had given much time to the subject of mathematics and brought it to his son's attention early in life. About this time an impression gained ground that the world was to come to an end in the course of a few years by a universal deluge. Marcellus wrote a treatise to contradict this notion, and neutralize the effect of the superstition upon the minds of many people who

¹ The dedication in Latin runs as follows: *Marcello Cervino S. R. E. Presbitero Cardinali, D. D., Rome*. To Marcellus Cervinus of the Holy Roman Church, Rome. Rev. B. F. Da Costa in translating this has suggested that the D. D. after the Cardinal's name stands for Doctor of Divinity, but it seems much more likely that it is the usual abbreviation for *dicat dedicat*, the Latin verbs of the formula of dedication. On the globe the dedication is surrounded by an ornamental frame capped by sheafs of barley or wheat, which form part of the device of the family arms, and with two deer in reference to the word Cervinus, derived from the Latin word *cervus*, a stag.

were beginning to think it scarcely necessary to go on with the ordinary avocations of life, since the world would so soon come to an end. He also wrote some elegant Latin poems, one of which, at least, *De Somnio Scipionis*, is still extant.

Yet Marcellus is better known for his relation to music than to science. In his day, ecclesiastical music had become so full of disturbing artificialities that it served to distract, rather than to foster devotion. It is said that he had concluded to make one of the first acts of his Papacy the suppression of music, to a great extent, in connection with Church services. The story goes that Palestrina heard of the Pope's intention and was naturally very much disturbed. He pleaded with him, and finally asked him to hear a Mass which he had just finished. Marcellus consented, and was so overcome by the beauty of many of the passages that he was found in tears at its conclusion. A few days later he died, and Palestrina's Mass, known ever since as the Mass of Pope Marcellus, was sung first in public as his requiem. As that Mass continues to be one of the greatest and most appreciated of musical works, Pope Marcellus would seem to be assured of immortality by his connection with it.

The history of the globe of Ulpius is very interesting. It was probably the only one of its kind made. It is engraved on copper and was undoubtedly made at Rome, but was found in an old curiosity shop in Madrid. It was rather dingy and somewhat battered, but was very carefully restored, its outer surface being left intact, and was brought to this country and presented to the New York Historical Society. The inscription on the globe within an ornate border capped by the barley or wheat sheafs, or heads rather, of the Cervino family, runs as follows, and in this typographical form:

REGIONES ORBIS
TERRAR QUÆ AUT A VETERIB.
TRADITÆ AUT NOSTRA PATRVQ
MEMORIA COMPERTÆ SINT
EUPHROSYNUS ULPIUS DESCRIBE
BAT ANNO SALUTIS
M. D. XLII.²

² "Regions of the Terrestrial globe handed down by ancients or discovered in our memory or that of our fathers. Delineated by Euphrosynus Ulpius, 1542." B. F. Da Costa, *Magazine of American History*. Vol. III., 1829.

There is, of course, no way of tracing its history. Rev. B. F. Da Costa, in *The Magazine of American History* some forty years ago, called attention to a reference in Hakluyt to "an olde eccellente globe in the Queen's privie gallery at Westminster which seemeth to be of Verarsanus makinge." On that globe he says the "coaste is described in Italian" and, as this is the special characteristic of many of the names to be found on this globe, it might possibly seem as though this were the one which Queen Elizabeth frequently consulted in the privacy of the gallery at Westminster. It would be interesting to trace, at least conjecturally, the possibilities of how the globe found its way over to England. Very probably it was among the possessions left by Pope Marcellus II. at his death in 1555. This was the year of the restoration of Catholicism in England under Mary Tudor, and the following year Cardinal Pole became her principal adviser. Through him the globe might easily have found its way into England at this time, and an interesting question would be to trace the relations of friendship between Reginald Pole during his sojourn in Rome and Cardinal Cervinus before he became Pope, so as to discover how this globe could have come into Pole's possession and be taken to England. Even with that problem settled, however, the question as to how the globe found its way back to Spain, would remain. If there were a replica, one could easily understand that one of the two should find its way there since Mary's husband was Philip II. of Spain, and he doubtless would have been very much interested in this globe which, better than almost any other map of the time, set forth the Spanish possessions on the other side of the water. But Hakluyt's reference is to Elizabeth, perhaps thirty or forty years after Mary's death, and when there was no possibility of any such communication between England and Spain as would account for the globe reaching Spanish dominions.

A very interesting feature of the globe, doubtless the reason why it was made at Rome, is that it shows as one of its most important lines the famous arbitrary arbitration line drawn by Pope Alexander VI. to delimit the possessions of the Spaniards and the Portuguese who were both engaged in explorations, and were claiming dominion over territories they had discovered and explored. That line was drawn from pole

to pole at ninety degrees west longitude, giving the Portuguese the right over all the territory of Africa, but only a small portion of South America which projects beyond that line. This famous Papal decision made Brazil a Portuguese and not a Spanish country. Few people realize when they use the term Spanish-American, indicating that everybody south of the United States speaks and understands Spanish, that an extremely large country representing the face of the lion on the eastern coast of South America is not Spanish at all, but Portuguese with a literature that looks not to Cervantes and Lope de Vega and Calderon for its traditions, but to Camoens and the Portuguese historians and poets.

The globe of Ulpius was not the earliest globe made. The first we know of appeared just fifty years before, in 1492, the very year in which Columbus crossed the Atlantic on his first voyage of discovery. That globe was made by Martin Behaim of Nuremburg, and is of supremely striking interest because of its date and, as Dr. Stevenson, the expert on cartography, has declared, "because of its summary of geographical knowledge recorded at the very threshold of the new era." Behaim tells us that his delineation of the earth's surface was based upon Ptolemy, whose world map, dating from the second century of the Christian era, had been republished just about ten years previous and had attracted great attention. The Nuremburg globe maker had, however, taken advantage also of information provided by the travels of Marco Polo and of Sir John Mandeville, and of the explorations carried on by King John of Portugal and Prince Henry, known in history as The Navigator. Copies of the two hemispheres of Behaim's globe may be seen among the transparencies at the American Geographical Society Building in New York.

Behaim had traveled considerably, had passed through Spain several times and had spent some years in Portugal. It has been suggested, and the suggestion seems not unlikely, that he had probably met Columbus and talked over with him the problems of Western Oceanic exploration, and doubtless influenced the great navigator by his geographical ideas. The fact that he greatly underestimated the distance from Portugal to China, quite mistakenly representing Japan as near the actual longitude of Mexico, would have encouraged Columbus very much in undertaking his voyage westward to the Indies,

that is to the Eastern coast of Asia, for that was Columbus' objective. Undoubtedly, some of these ideas influenced the discoverer of America to think that he had reached the East Indies, and to keep him from believing that he had discovered a new world.

There is another globe, that of Johan Schoener, also of Nuremburg, which preceded the globe of Ulpius by nearly a quarter of a century. A copy of that also may be seen among the transparencies in the American Geographical Society (New York). This is the first globe that presents the New World. Schoener does away with the Pacific Ocean to a great extent and Japan, on his globe, is placed in close proximity to the west coast of North America, entirely too close proximity for us to feel comfortable under present conditions, if what Schoener represented were a reality and not merely the dream of a sixteenth century cartographer. He places a strait between North and South America which, had it really existed, would have saved us the time, labor and money expended on the Panama Canal. He also places a strait at the south of South America, separating that continent from a still more southern continent, to which the name of Brasilia Inferior, Lower Brazil, was given. Probably these were only shrewd guesses, for the Panama or Darien Strait proved to be missing, the strait which we now know as Magellan, was discovered subsequently and the Northwest Passage was only demonstrated by Amundsen a few years ago.

On Ulpius' globe South America is called *Mundus Novus* and also America. The name of America had been reserved for South America for the better part of half a century, at least for over thirty years, from the time of Canon Waldseemüller's map in 1507, which followed the descriptions given in the notes of Amerigo Vespucci's voyages, until the world map of Mercator in 1538 where, for the first time, the name America is given to both the northern and southern continents of the New World. It may be interesting to revert here to the fact that this name was given to the new continent by the distinguished canon of the college of St. Dié, Waldseemüller, because, as he said, the other continents, Europe, Asia and Africa had been named after women, and it seemed only fair to name this new continent after a man, its discoverer.

Ulpius' globe corrects many errors of preceding geographers, though not free from errors itself. For the first time the peninsula of Florida receives a proper location and the shore of North America generally is rather well outlined. Florida is called Florida; Mexico, Nova Hispania; Northern Mexico, running over into what we call California, is named Nova Galatia, after the province of that name in the north of Spain. Yucatan is spelled Ivcatan, and its general shape is about correct. What we know as Central America is called Nova Andalusia; the Pacific Ocean is named Mare Pacificum, but also Mare del Sur, which became the familiar South Sea in English, and such names as Peru, Bresilia (Brazil), Venazola, Terra Paria, Rio de Platta, are to be found. In South America there is a note of cannibals and anthropophage. There is a Terra Gigantum and a Terra de los Fuegos, as well as an immense Terra Australis—a great southern continent below the Strait of Magellan (the *initium freti Magellanici* is carefully noted)—but with regard to this southern continent the globe tells us that it had not yet been explored, perhaps not yet actually found, for the Latin words are *ad huc incomperta*.

Perhaps the most surprising thing on the globe is to find that the portion of North America above Florida is called Verrazano or New France (*Verrazana sive Nova Gallia*). This, it is noted, was discovered by Verrazano, the Florentine, in the year of grace (*anno salutis*), 1524. Undoubtedly, Verrazano was the first to explore the coast behind which lies this immense geographic region, and yet very little was known of that fact until quite recently. His brother published, in 1529, a large map, preserved in the College of the Propaganda at Rome, which outlines Giovanni Verrazano's discoveries. It was doubtless from this that the details—some of them at least—of the globe of Ulpius were secured. The name *Nova Gallia* or New France is not surprising, though that term was applied later to territory farther north than here delineated, and indeed continued to be a favorite geographic designation for Canada and the French possessions until the middle of the eighteenth century. It was on Verrazano's discoveries and voyage, authorized and financed by the French king, that the French based their claims to this part of North America.

Verrazano first saw the North American coast in latitude

thirty-four degrees north, the fires of the Indians who had gathered in the early spring to feast on shell fish being visible for a great distance. He steered northward, passing the mouth of what we call Chesapeake Bay, and reaching in latitude forty what he called the Cape of St. Mary, now known as Sandy Hook. Rounding the point, his little vessel, the *Dauphin*, cast anchor in what is now New York harbor. They visited the shore in boats, and found the Indians ready to welcome them. Verrazano said of them: "They are very easily persuaded and imitated us with earnestness and fervor in all they saw us do in our act of worship." Bennet, in *Catholic Footsteps in Old New York*, has quoted Rev. Morgan Dix, late of Trinity Church, New York, as saying that "religious services of some kind or other were undoubtedly held, while his [Verrazano's] ship lay in the port which he has so accurately described." If a priest was with the expedition, which, however, we can only surmise, these religious services could be none other than the Mass which very probably, therefore, was said on Manhattan Island in April, 1524.

To many it may seem surprising that Verrazano is set down as a Florentine, for, ordinarily, we do not think of Florentines as having the wander-craze nor as interested in exploration and discovery. But practically all of the important explorations of this generation were accomplished by Italians. Columbus was, of course, a Genoese and his rival, Amerigo Vespucci, after whom the continent was eventually named, as he was the first to reach the mainland and to realize that he had found a new world, was also born in Italy. So were the Cabots, John and Sebastian, though because the name is now familiar in America and because the Cabots sailed with a commission from England, we are accustomed to think of them as of English origin. Their names were really Giovanni and Sebastiano Cabotto. Although spoken of as Venetians, having lived in Venice for many years, they were born not far from Genoa. Verrazano fits very well into this company, and so does Pigafetti, who was Magellan's second in command in the famous expedition that first circumnavigated the globe. Magellan was killed, either by the natives of one of the savage South Sea Islands, or, perhaps, by one of his own men, who feared his indomitable energy and courage would carry the expedition forward to a miserable ending, and his Italian lieu-

tenant is usually spoken of as the man who conducted the expedition to a successful termination.

While the Portuguese had done much to explore Africa, had sailed around the Cape of Good Hope and found their way to India, and had crossed the Atlantic Ocean and landed in Brazil, so that Pope Alexander VI., before the end of the fifteenth century, was obliged to define the territories of the two powers, Portugal and Spain, the Spaniards themselves were only rarely in command of expeditions in the early days of exploration. A succession of Italians proved the daring adventurers who assumed responsibility for the expeditions and so often brought them to a successful conclusion. There is a famous old-fashioned saying: "Unhappie Italy that still hath beaten the bush for others to catch the bird and hath inherited nothing in these eastern and western worlds." For it is a very striking feature of the story of this early exploration that none of the discovered lands came into Italian possession.

The names scattered along the coast of North America in Ulpius' delineation of it, are practically all of them of Italian form and termination, though many of them are evidently adaptations of place names well known in France. Breton, for instance, is mentioned, but there is a *Selva de Cervi*, a forest of deer or stags, there is, of course, a *San Francisco* and a *Porto Reale*, or *Port Royal*, and then there is a *Terra Laboratoris*, evidently what was later to be *Labrador*, but Ulpius, following *Verrazano*, places this very much farther south than our present *Labrador*. Above all there is, in the distant northwest of the North American continent, a *Tagu Provincia*, which is evidently a reminiscence of previous map makers who had used that name. Curiously enough, *Greenland* is pictured not very far from where we know it and under a name not very different from ours, but *Islandia* is placed very close to the *Greenland* coast. *Hibernia* has much the form we know and looks like the little dog we see on our maps, but *Scotia*, much less well known, did not extend far enough north, and *England* was much compressed in length. The *Orkney Islands*, under the name of *Orcades*, were given a very prominent place, thus leaving insufficient room for north Scotland.

Other names are also interesting. On what would be now the coast of *South Carolina* is to be found the *B. della* ✠

that is the bay of the cross, next to it is Valleombrosa, doubtless a reminiscence of Vallombrosa, the "shady valley," not far from Florence. Along the coast, one finds Lungavilla, evidently a reminiscence in Italian form of Longueville, the still fashionable watering place near Dieppe. There is a G. di S. Germano not very far from where New York harbor is, and perhaps intended to be the name for that, which recalls the French royal residence of St. Germain. C. Frio, the cold cape, is one of the capes of what we now know as Newfoundland. There is an Island of the Demons off the coast here, between the continent and Groestlandia, which is the spelling of the name for Greenland. The North, as well as the South, Pole is represented as having land all around it, though north of Asia there is a sea or immense lake called the Mare Glaciale. Only two of the names between the gulf of Mexico and the Gulf of St. Lawrence remain today. One of these is Port Royal and the other is Labrador. The country back of the coast up north is called Terra Baccularum, the land of sticks, because the Indians of that region dried their fish by spreading them apart with a stick. The Ulpian globe shows a number of islands not found in modern times. Some of these are in the neighborhood of Newfoundland and were evidently consequent on specious appearances due to fogs or icebergs. There is an island of S. Branda, which probably means Brandon, but no island is known in that neighborhood now. The Tagu Provincia, already mentioned, situated in the distant northwest near what is now Alaska, is probably the Tangut of Marco Polo, the coast of America here being joined to Asia.

The globe is further interesting for illustrations of many different kinds of fish that are found in the different oceans. Many of the varieties are very well illustrated. The parts of the ocean where they are usually seen are also indicated. These are the first illustrations of fish with any hint of their habitat that we have. Paul Jovius wrote a book on Ichthyology, which was published in 1524, but it was not illustrated. The whale is represented as living in the distant north and is, perhaps, the poorest illustration of all. Of course, the sea serpent finds a place here, but then the sea serpent has been seen many times, ever since, without scientists being able to locate him.

Da Costa concludes his account of the globe with these words: "This ancient globe has come to us from the Eternal City, finding a permanent resting place at last, not without a certain fine justice, in the great Metropolis which looks out upon the splendid harbor visited and described by him whose name is so prominently engraved upon the portion representing the New World (Verrazano). . . . It is a rare souvenir of the past. It embodies many of the great aspirations of the sixteenth century, it stands connected with its maritime enterprise and adventure and with its naval and geographic romance. It forms an epitome of the world from the beginning to 1542. Especially does it prove to the student how the exploration of our continent tried the courage, tested the endurance, baffled the skill and dissipated the fortunes of some of the noblest of men."

It also serves to show how deeply interested were the Popes and the high ecclesiastics near them at Rome in securing and diffusing the best available scientific information. This globe, surmounted with a cross, remains as a very definite demonstration that the too common impression of Roman ecclesiastical authorities as hampering the progress of science or keeping information away from the people, is one founded entirely on ignorance of the actual conditions.



AUSTIN DOBSON.

BY F. MOYNIHAN.



HE recent death of Austin Dobson removes a notable figure from the world of *belles-lettres*. He represented the last of a literary school that sought its inspiration in the England of the eighteenth century. In prose he harks back to Thackeray of the English Humorists, and the Four Georges; in poetry he recalls the modish prettiness, the exquisite convention of Prior, Praed and, more recently, Locker-Lampson. Like these, he excelled in *vers de société*, and improvised deftly on the *lyra elegantiarum*. He had the true Horatian quality, the smack of the man about town in the London of the Augustan Age. His Muse was powdered, patched, brocaded; wistful, frolic, *débonnaire*. He carved daintily in porcelain and tinted *couleur de rose* the beaux and belles of Georgian days. He sang of Beau Brocade and the ladies of St. James'. He sang, too, of the gallants and marquises of the times of Louis Quinze. The pictorial quality of his art suggests now the silken shimmer of a Watteau, now the tender pastel of a Greuze, and again the court pastoral of a François Boucher. He experimented in old French forms—rondeaux, rondels, ballades and villanelles—and made these gracile measures native to English speech. He penned idylls like "Good-Night, Babette!" that suffused with a pensive charm, a haunting tenderness the memory of a past bygone and irrecoverable. A Gallic grace and sprightliness, due to his French extraction, contributed with an English reserve and earnestness to give these poems their distinctive quality. The result is a vintage of choice bouquet that vies somewhat with the Falernian of his illustrious predecessor. Like him he dedicated his songs *virginibus puerisque*:

O English Girl, divine, demure
To you I sing.

and for an *exegi monumentum* he has written:

In after days when grasses high
 O'er top the stone where I shall lie.
 Though ill or well the world adjust
 My slender claims to honored dust,
 I shall not question or reply.

* * * *

But yet, now living, fain were I
 That some one there should testify.
 Saying—"He held his pen in trust
 To Art, not serving shame or lust."
 Will none? Then let my memory die
 In after days!

Mr. Dobson is a past master in the literary lore and topography of eighteenth-century London. He has written biographies of its distinguished worthies: Steele, Goldsmith, Fielding, Richardson, Hogarth. He is, like Leigh Hunt, a delightful cicerone who gossips endlessly about the Town and its historic associations. He loves to visit the places where dwelled its celebrities, to note the changes in and about Charing Cross, Leicester Square, Fleet Street, Drury Lane and Covent Garden. He re-creates its pleasure resorts: Ranelagh, Kensington and Old Vauxall Gardens. He sketches in miniature the figures who played minor rôles in that dramatic period. His curiosity is unflagging, and extends to the merest minutiae that concern them. The particularity of his method he is at pains to describe for us:

For detail, detail, most I care
(Ce superflu, si nécessaire!);
 I cultivate a private bent
 For episode, for incident:
 I take a page of Some One's Life—
 His quarrel with his friend; his wife;
 His good or evil hap at Court;
 His habit as he lived; his sport;
 The books he read, the trees he planted
 The dinners that he ate—or wanted:
 As much in short, as one may hope
 To cover with a microscope.

Anyone who has read the many volumes of his literary vignettes will recognize the exquisite justness of this charac-

terization. His personalia embrace Dr. Johnson in his garret at Gough Square; Horace Walpole at Strawberry Hill; Pope and Matty Blount; Steele and Prue; Goldsmith, *The Jessamy Bride* and *Little Comedy*, Swift and Stella; Prior's "Peggy" and "Kitty;" Garrick, Peg Woffington and Mrs. Clive; the learned Mrs. Carter and Mrs. Delany; Lady Mary Coke, and Mary Lepel, Lady Hervey and others too numerous to mention. Among these he moves as a contemporary with an intimacy of reference and allusion that make them living, breathing personages. He is perhaps most original when he silhouettes some minor character—"Little Roubillac;" Jonas Hanway; the bookseller Dodsley, or Newberry; William Heberden, the physician—who figured in the entourage of these great lights of literature. If selection were not invidious, one might instance the papers: "Bewick's Tailpieces," and "In Cowper's Arbor" as supreme examples of his engaging quality.

The excellence of Mr. Dobson's work is such as to challenge comparison with that of acknowledged masterpieces. His monograph on William Hogarth, for instance, is no whit inferior to Lamb's and Hazlitt's essay on that painter-historian, and his sketch of Steele is more authentic than Thackeray's or Macaulay's. It is his amazing knowledge of customs and manners, of setting and accessories that accounts for the verve and gusto of his critiques on Hogarth's pictures. His *aperçu* of the London of the time in the opening chapter is a triumph of sympathetic realization. He interprets cursorily every detail of "Marriage-à-la-mode," or "A Rake's Progress," and he recognizes every motley figure in "The March to Finchley." His delineation of the special genius of the artist cannot be bettered: "To take some social blot, some fashionable vice, and hold it up sternly to 'hard hearts;' to imagine it vividly and dramatically, and body it forth with all the resources of unshrinking realism; to tear away its trappings of convention and prescription, to probe it to the quick, and lay bare all its secret shameful workings to their inevitable end; to play upon it with inexhaustible invention, with the keenest and happiest humor; to decorate it with the utmost prodigality of fanciful accessory and allusive suggestion; to be conscious at his gravest how the grotesque in life elbows the terrible, and the strange grating laugh of Mephistopheles is heard

through the sorriest story—those were his gifts, and this is his vocation—a vocation in which he has never been rivaled.”

His reconstruction of the London of the *Tatler* in his memoir of Steele, is a feat that recalls the best efforts of Leigh Hunt and Thackeray. This charming passage is reproduced in his mellow anthology, *A Bookman's Budget*: “We see the theatre with Betterton and Bracegirdle on the stage, or ‘that romp’ Mrs. Bicknell dancing; we see the side-box bowing ‘from its inmost rows’ at the advent of the radiant ‘Cynthia of the minute;’ we hear the shrill cries of the orange wenches, or admire at the pert footmen keeping guard over their mistresses’ bouquets. We see the church with its high pews, and its hourglass by the pulpit; we hear, above the rustle of fans, and the coughing of the open-breasted beaux, the sonorous periods of Burnet or Atterbury; we scent the fragrance of Bergamot and Lavender and Hungary-water. We follow the gilded chariots moving slowly round the Ring in Hyde Park, where the lackeys play chuck-farthing at the gates; we take the air in the Mall with the Bucks and Pretty Fellows; we trudge after the fine lady, bound, in her glass chair, upon her interminable ‘how-dees.’ We smile at the showy young Templars lounging at Squire’s or Serle’s in their brocaded ‘night-gowns’ and strawberry sashes; we listen to the politicians at White’s or the Cocoa-Tree; we accompany with the cits at Batson’s and the Jews and stock-brokers at Jonathan’s. We cheapen our Pekoe or Bohea at Motteux’s China Warehouse; we fill our boxes with musty or ‘right Spanish’ at Charles Lillie’s in Beaufort Buildings; we choose a dragon-cane, or a jambee at Mather’s toyshop in Fleet Street. We ask at Lintott’s or Tonson’s for *Swift in Verse and Prose*, we call for the latest *Tatler* at Morphew’s by Stationer’s Hall. It is not true that Queen Anne is dead: we are living in her very reign: and the Victorian age with its steam and its socialism, its electric light and its local option has floated away from us like a dream.”

And again for criticism which bears the *cachet* of the literary connoisseur, what can equal his arbitration of the respective claims of Steele and Addison?

“Addison’s papers are faultless in their art, and in this way achieve an excellence beyond the reach of Steele’s quicker and more impulsive nature. But for words which the heart

finds when the head is seeking; for phrases glowing with the white heat of a generous emotion; for sentences which throb with manly pity or courageous indignation—we must turn to the essays of Steele.”

The other full-lengths that he has executed are his portraits of Horace Walpole, *flâneur* and virtuoso, and Fanny Burney, diarist and novelist. In one book only, *Four Frenchwomen*, has he strayed beyond England, and given us speaking likenesses of the heroines of the Revolution—Charlotte Corday, Madame Roland and the Princess de Lamballe. In a style that vibrates with the passion of his theme, and catches the very accent of his emotions, he limns these noble figures of womanly self-devotion in luminous relief against the “red fool-fury” of the Terror. Of Charlotte Corday he is the confessed apologist:

Ah! judge her gently, who so grandly erred
So singly smote, and so serenely fell.
Where the wild Anarch's hurrying drums are heard,
The frenzy fires the finer souls as well.

A fitting pendant to the essay on the Princess de Lamballe which recounts her fidelity unto death to the hapless Marie Antoinette, is the companion picture of the Abbé Edgeworth in his last volume just issued from the press. The account of this gallant Irishman's loyalty to the cause of the royal family—to Princess Elizabeth and to Louis XVI., whom he attended as chaplain at the guillotine, revives the memory of one “who belongs to the uncanonized Saints of self-sacrifice—the uncanotaphed Martyrs to duty.” It is pleasant to know that this generous tribute was the last labor that engaged Mr. Dobson's pen. Now he, too, is gone, and as the chronicler of a picturesque era he leaves no successor.

Nec viget quidquam simile aut secundum.

THICKER THAN WATER.

BY CATALINA PÁEZ.



AS Annette pushed open the outer door of the Church of St. Benedict the Moor, a driving gust of rain assailed her. Hastily drawing up her black satin skirt in her carefully gloved hand, she stepped back into the vestibule, which already harbored a goodly number of St. Benedict's dusky congregation. Annette withdrew as far as possible into the corner near the font of holy water. There she was accosted by fat, kindly Mrs. Williamson, her neighbor.

"I reckon ma umbrella's plainty big enough for two, Mis' Millet, and I see you ain't got none. I suttin'ly would be pleased to have you come home with me."

Her broad black face beamed with friendliness, but Annette shook her head.

"You're very *kin'*, Mrs. Williamson," her musical cadenced speech and rising inflections denoted her West Indian origin, "you're very *kin'*. But my husban' will be comin' for me, I feel sure."

She knew in her heart that her Jules would not be free to leave his elevator for an hour yet.

"But I jes' can't bring *myself* to associate with those Southerners," she mused, as she watched fat Mrs. Williamson waddle out of the door. "I jes' can't. Though I am *afrai* its uncharitable and unchristian. Jes' as unchristian as the way I feel to my sister. But I can't help that either! May the saints forgive me!"

Little by little the group in the vestibule left its shelter for the protection of some neighborly umbrella, or else boldly hazarded Sunday finery to the dangers of the downpour. At the last there was left only Annette, reluctant to accept of proffered hospitality, and still more reluctant to imperil her black satin and white kid; and, crouching in the furthest corner, a tiny girl with the straight nose, limpid eyes, and old-ivory tinted skin of the youthful octoroon. Annette's own was

only a tone darker, but she noted the distinction, and the child thereby gained caste in her eyes.

Surely, it was no fear for her apparel that kept the girl thus lingering away from the storm. For summer shower could run no color from her faded calico garment, nor shrink that which was already shrunken to the uttermost; neither could the wreath of field flowers nor the limp headgear which it purported to adorn, become more drooping and bedraggled than already they were. Annette's critical glance traveled from the child's withered daisies to her rusty broken shoes. She felt no need of further explanation.

"Poor lil' *thing!*" she murmured. "She isn't *afrai* of hurtin' her clothes, but *hersel*'. She'd be drenched through in a minute! Those shiftless Southerners!"

And just at that moment the child spoke. In her voice there trilled, as in Annette's, the mellow cadences and rising inflections of the West Indies.

"Do you think there is *goin'* to be a hurricane?"

Her limpid eyes held a dawning terror, and she sidled over toward Annette with the mute appeal of the frightened young thing seeking protection from an elder of its kind. The mother instinct in Annette roused at once to the call; and added to this there thrilled within her another great instinct almost as dominating—that of tribal kinship. The child was of her race, and of her breed. She drew the pathetic little figure to her, and patted the wee brown hand reassuringly.

"Don't you be *afrai*! They don' have hurricanes out here, lak in the West Indies."

The child beamed up at her joyously.

"You from *there*, too?" she cried. "How n—i—ice! I was born in S'n'Kitts! You from S'n'Kitts?"

"No," responded Annette, a ruminative light coming into her soft eyes, "though I bean *there*. I'm born een *Hayti*. My *husban'* he's from Martinique. He ought to be here soon, now. Unless the rain laits up he'll be *comin'* for *me*, with an umbrella as soon as the other elevator man relieves heem."

"Nobody will come for me," whimpered the child.

"Why, where's your mother?" queried Annette sharply. To her well ordered mind such maternal delinquencies were worthy only of "those Southerners"—those benighted sons and daughters of Virginia and Alabama, whom Annette from the

height of superior West Indian culture, so uncompromisingly despised.

"She's—she's—I'm not quite sure where she is."

To Annette the words conveyed only the possibility of some temporary maternal absence—a neighborly visit or such like. To Ivy May they meant a terrifying uncertainty, a revolting vision of a corpulent, disheveled figure, flourishing in one hand a pack of cards, and in the other an empty gin bottle, from which an hour since the child had fled to the gentle protection of Mother Church. Ivy shivered at the memory. Annette's kindly mother heart was touched.

"You're col'," she said gently. "You must be hungry, too. I know I am with this waitin'. Who's a' goin' to get your dinner eef your mother's not home?"

"Nobody," murmured Ivy May. "I jes' was a' goin' to eat bread and molasses."

"Bread and molasses is no proper food for a chil'," hotly ejaculated Annette. "Even if you could get decent molasses in this countree! Which you can't. You come home with me, chil', and I will give you a good West Eendian broth which will make you stop shiverin' in no time. Come, the rain is over."

They walked to the elevated station in Fifty-third Street, and there took a train to Harlem—where Annette conducted the child toward a modern and finely built apartment house.

"My!" breathed Ivy May rapturously. "You live here? But then I might a known eet! They do say all the fines' color' people in New York live in Hundred Thirty-seex Stree'."

Annette plumed herself a little at the frank compliment.

"I was brought up respectable, and I've got to live respectable," she confided as they shot up in the elevator. "I couldn't stan' a tenement swarmin' with those dirty South-erners! Though the rent here is somethin' dreadful! But I've three lodgers, and that helps some. The young man who has the fron' parlor comes from S'n'Kitts. His father's health inspector of the port. A color' man certainly does have a chance in the West Eendies."

She let herself in with her latch key, and ushered Ivy May into her cozy living-room. A modern rug, whose brilliant coloring delighted Ivy May's warm tropical sense, covered the floor; and gayly flowered chintz hung at the windows, arrayed

the sofa pillows, and draped itself about the oak extension table. There were a few inexpensive oak chairs, a little oak sideboard, and, contrasting strangely with these, a great high-boy and long davenport of deep and richly carved mahogany.

"A dealer once offer' *me* a hundre' dollar' for those pieces," Annette proudly confided to Ivy May, "but I tol' *heem* they're not for sale. I brought *them* from home," she murmured, lovingly stroking the arm of the davenport. "No! So long as my Jules can run an elevator, and I can get enough fine laundry work to do, we'll get along without those hundre' dollar'."

Ivy May gasped a little.

"You don' look lak you could be a washer-woman," she commented, her admiring gaze fastened upon the black satin raiment which Annette was exchanging for a trim print house dress.

At Ivy May's words she drew herself up to the full.

"I'm *not* a washer-woman," she asserted proudly. "I don' do none of that common laundry work. I'm a *blanchisseuse de fin!*"

"Oh!" said Ivy May, uncomprehending but impressed.

"I've done up laces and fine embroideries for Mrs. Vanderbilt," boasted Annette, "though she didn't know it was me that done *them*. When the cleaners get a special job they're afraid to try, they send it to me. Though I've got so many private customers now, I shan't be able to take any more of that work. If only I could get help that was help! But there is only one other woman I know in New Yor', can handle fine white goods the way I can. And she—" Annette's face lowered and she clenched her hands passionately. "Oh, what's the use of my makin' mysel' angry anyway! She isn't fit to be spoken of."

"Who is she?" murmured Ivy May, frightened at this outburst.

"My sister," said Annette. Then after a pause, "I don't have anythin' to do with her. I haven't seen her in seven years. I conseed her a deesgrace. My family held their heads high in Hayti. My father and both my grandfathers were Frenchmen, and they all married their women legal. I never thought I would have to do laundry work for a livin'! But I've often been glad the nuns taught me to clear starch and flute. They taught my sister, too, and she could earn a

respectable livin' and be respectable, too, if she wan'ed to. But she don' wan'. She'd rather go 'roun' fortune tellin'."

Ivy May's little olive face twitched suddenly.

"Ees fortune tellin' so *very* bad?" Her tone sounded almost appealing.

"Eet's the devil' work," returned Annette grimly.

Ivy May shrank back as though she had been struck.

"Come chil'," said Annette. "This is useless talk, and I must be gettin' dinner. Jules will soon be here."

For a rapturous half hour thereafter Ivy May, delightedly sliced onions and green peppers, and with nimble fingers helped poke slim, spiced lardings of salt pork into beef for the *ragout*.

"You certain~~lee~~ are clever with your hands, chil'," commented Annette approvingly. "It wouldn't surprise *me* in the leas' if you could learn clear starchin'. Would you lak to try?"

"Oh," cried Ivy May. "Oh, if you only would lait me! It certain~~lee~~ is lonesome vacation time. I won't play with the color' children here. They're rough—not lak een the West Eendies! An' the white children won' play with me."

"Haven' you got nobody home," queried Annette sympathetically, "except your mother? Where's your father? Is he a white man?" she added with sudden suspicion.

"Maybe *you* call heem a white man," responded Ivy May. "In S'n'Kitts, we jes' call heem a Portugee. Only now we don' call heem nothin'. He's dead."

Ivy May's limpid eyes filled and flooded.

"My father's dead," said Annette softly, "and so's my mother. I've got nobody in the worl', exceptin' my Jules."

"And your sister," corrected Ivy May.

"I've *no* sister," cried Annette fiercely. "The one I did have is dead to me. I wouldn' breathe the same air with her, nor anyone belongin' to *her*. I wouldn' give them a bite nor a crumb if they were starvin'."

For a while they sliced and stirred in silence. The arrival of Jules, his elevator uniform replaced by staid Sunday black and immaculate collar and shirt-front, sent the dinner on to the table in short order. Ivy May's soft eyes grew round and rounder, as one savory mess after another was dished up and served.

"It's only on Sunday we have both fish and meat," ex-

plained Annette half apologetically, as she heaped Ivy May's plate with that standard West Indian delicacy, salt cod-fish smothered in onions, tomatoes and olive oil. And after that came the *ragout*, in all the glory of its spiced lardings, and surrounded by chopped vegetables and mounds of rice, each grain gleaming and distinct. And then, joy of joys, the salad! A true West Indian salad, thoroughly infused with garlic and green pepper.

Ivy May crunched the last delicious clove of garlic and soaked up what little oil remained on her plate with a piece of bread. Then she closed her eyes and leaned back in her chair, replete and ecstatic.

"My," she breathed, "but that was better than bread and molasses!"

And before she knew it, she was fast asleep.

Early the next morning before Annette had even finished sorting Mrs. Van Elton's lace petticoats and hand embroidered blouses, Ivy May appeared, ready for her first lesson in clear starching. And all that day she hovered about the washtubs and boiler, hanging upon Annette's instructions as gems of wisdom.

"It's *all* in the wrinsin'," explained Annette, carefully sopping up and down in clear water an exquisite bit of Mrs. Van Elton's Paris finery. "You never can hope to have them any kin' of color at all, if you don' wrinse them plenty. 'Seven times is none too much,' Sister Marie-Rosalie used to tell us."

So all that day, and during many days thereafter, Ivy May sopped fine linen in seven clear waters. And as days went by, Annette grew to depend more and more upon the nimble fingers of her young assistant, and to listen with even greater delight to the little shrill cadences which made a music echoing of home in Annette's erstwhile silent kitchen. While every hour spent in that busy kitchen was one of untold happiness to the lonely child. And between the tiny ex-patriot and the grown up one, there grew a bond that was firmer and stronger than any of the fine linen tapes that fastened Mrs. Van Elton's dainty lingerie.

"*Eet* certainlee is a comfort to know I have some *wan* I can depend on for help; somebody that won't tear the laces and yellow the linen, and ruin things generally," Annette would often say. "If you were only a little older chil', we

could start that li'l business I have dreamed about so many years! A nice li'l store with a sign, and a counter, and the ironin' all out of sight in behin'. But *one* person can't do it alone, an' you've got to go back to school in the fall."

"Couldn't you get your sister—" began Ivy May. But her query broke in the middle, so fiercely did Annette turn on her.

"Didn't I tell you I don't have anythin' to do with my sister?" she cried. "I don't wan' anything to do with *her*. I wouldn't have her help me if she cared to! But she don't care to. She'd rather jes' go roun' fortune-tellin'."

Ivy May's little brown fingers trembled under the blouse she was wringing.

"Maybe," she said softly, "maybe she don't know no better! Maybe she don't think fortune-tellin' is so awful bad. Maybe if you tol' *her*, and explain' to her . . .! Perhaps, she don't understan' so many things lak you do."

The eyes she raised to Annette were soft with appeal; but the woman's proud heart was not to be touched.

"I don't wan' to hear anythin' more about *her*."

Her tone was so decided that Ivy May made no further effort at conciliation.

The following morning the child did not appear.

"Perhaps her mother needs her," mused Annette. "It's funny she didn't send me wor'."

The next day passed; still Ivy May came not. The third morning of absence found Annette torn with anxiety.

"Somethin' must have happen' to her," she murmured. "Perhaps she is sick."

She searched for the address Ivy May had given her, and at once set out to find it. Her quest brought her to a colored tenement of the poorest kind.

"Do you *know* a chil' name' Ivy May?" she asked of a little pickaninny at the street door. Only then she remembered that it had never occurred to her to inquire Ivy May's other name.

"Yes," asserted the baby. "She live on the top floh back. She is sick," he added. "You bettah look out! It might be ketchin'."

With a new fear clutching at her heart, Annette mounted the rickety stairs. Knocking at the top floor rear brought no response, so she tried the door. It yielded to her touch, and she entered the room.

It was bare, disorderly, dirty. In a corner on an untidy bed, lay Ivy May, her eyes closed, her little thin cheeks thinner if possible than ever. Annette went up to her, and took her hand. It was hot and dry.

"Tell me what's wrong with you, honey," she pleaded.

Ivy May opened her eyes and smiled wanly.

"I don' know exac'ly," she whispered, "but I think I did catch col' in the rain las' week."

"And what were you doin' out in the rain," demanded Annette. "Didn' I tell *you* not to go runnin' roun' in storms in those thin clothes you wear? What were you doin'?"

"I was lookin' for some *wan*."

"Who?" Annette's tone was gentle but insistent.

The child's purple veined eyelids wearily fluttered down and her little breast heaved.

"My mother," she sighed.

Annette's indignation flared out.

"What kin' of a mother you got anyway?" she exclaimed excitedly. "I guess she must *be jes'* about as bad as those..."

Ivy May's little brown fingers pressed down upon Annette's in weak protest.

"She's my *mother*," she whispered.

And, Annette silenced by the gentle reproof, ceased her tirade.

For several minutes Ivy May lay quite still, but her little face was twitching as though under the workings of strong emotion. She seemed to be nerving herself for something. She pulled herself up on the pillows, her little breast heaved, and one hand caught at the neck of the ragged nightgown. Then she opened her eyes and looked straight into Annette's.

"There is somethin'," she said, "I got tell *you*. I should have tol' you before, only I . . . I couldn,' I was afrai' you would not lait me *come* no more. My mother—my mother—she goes 'roun' fortune-tellin'."

Then spent with a tremendous moral effort of her revelation, Ivy May sank back wearily upon the pillows. Annette stooped over her gently, and smoothed back the straggling kinky hair.

"Poor lil' girl," she murmured. "Poor lil' girl."

Ivy May opened her eyes in startled surprise.

"Why you don' seem to mind!" she cried, "lak you did about your sister . . ."

"What's *your* mother got do with *my* sister?" answered Annette.

The door opened, and framed in its embrasure stood a corpulent, disheveled figure.

"I've got the med'ceen, honey," she cried. "The doctor at the dispens'ry said, . . ."

Her words trailed off into a half articulate exclamation, her relaxing fingers dropped the bottle which rolled unheeded to the floor, and she huddled limply against the door, staring, staring at the woman who bent over her daughter. And Annette, suddenly straightening up at the sound of that voice, stared back. Then almost simultaneously each woman uttered one word:

"You?"

Annette was the first to recover her self-possession. She gathered her skirts into one hand, and picked up her purse with the other.

"Well," she said, "I guess I better be goin'. I didn' know what I was coming into, or I certainlee never should have come. I didn' know, . . ." she cast a withering glance at Ivy May's weak terrified little figure on the bed—"I didn' know I had been nursin' a viper in my breas'."

Her next words caused her a tremendous effort, something within her protested wildly against her saying them, but, nevertheless, say them she did.

"You don' need come no more, Ivy May."

The child in her fright and exhaustion made no reply, but the slouching figure at the door straightened itself with a swift reminiscence of dignity, and she faced upon Annette with the resoluteness, thinly masking terror, of the mother bear making her last stand in defence of her peril-threatened cub.

"The *chil'* ain' done no harm to *you*. She ain' ever done no harm to *nobody*. I know *I* ain' much good, and I don't suppose I ever will be now. I've los' all *my* chances. But the *chil'* ain' never had a chance, till you took her up. Now if you throw her over, she'll never have another. She wan's to grow up respectable, and I can' do nothin' to help her. I've slid too far down. *Don'* force her after me. She ain' never done you no harm."

She cowered before Annette in almost brute appeal. Then she straightened herself, again with that ghostly remnant of dignity.

"After all's said and done, Ivy May's got jes' about as much of old grandfather Marceau's blood as you have, Annette. An' she's got somethin' else which he had, and you haven',—and never did have. And that's Christian charity."

Annette's eyes traveled from her sister to the limp little form on the bed. Silhouetted against the pillow, the wan brown face took on a sharp resemblance to the clean cut profile of "old grandfather Marceau" that melted into a still stronger likeness to his daughter—Annette's mother. Her heart fluttered wildly; she felt choked, weakened, overwrought.

She looked back at her sister once more. The woman was fat, gross, blear-eyed, but that ghostly mantle of the Marceau dignity still draped itself about her.

From the rooms across the hall there suddenly issued the sound of voices in altercation, followed by the noise of combat. Annette shivered, and almost automatically she reached a protecting hand out over Ivy May.

"Those dreadful Southerners!" she ejaculated.

The noise next door grew louder and more ribald. Annette shivered again.

"A child of the Marceaus in the midst of that!" she murmured.

Then she rose hastily, and picked up her pocketbook.

"I'm goin'," she said, "to get a taxicab. And I'm goin' to take Ivy May over to my house. And—and—" just for a moment longer she hesitated. "I guess you better come along, too, Marguerite. I never did believe in family separations."

As she took her way down the stairs, Annette paused for a second with a half smile. "It looks," she murmured "lak as tho' I'd be able to start that lil' laundry business after all."

New Books.

SUPERNATURAL MYSTICISM. By Benedict Williamson. St. Louis: B. Herder Book Co. \$2.75 net.

This book is introduced by Cardinal Bourne, Archbishop of Westminster, and it has in addition, "A Foreword on the Call to Contemplation," by the Lord Bishop of Plymouth. The twenty-seven chapters of the volume contain a series of discourses delivered by Father Benedict Williamson, a distinguished English convert who was a chaplain during the War, to the enclosed nuns of the Convent at Tyburne, who spend their lives in prayer and adoration before the Blessed Sacrament on that spot consecrated by the blood of the English martyrs.

Among the many and constantly increasing number of books dealing with mysticism that have appeared of late, this volume will probably prove to have a particular appeal to lay people because of the clarity of the language, the simplicity of the descriptions of the mystic way, and because of the fact that the tone and spirit of the book will enhance the devotional life of its readers, even though they may not be able to live and practise the life of contemplation. Not the least remarkable feature of Father Williamson's book are the experiences he relates showing the efficacy of prayer.

Supernatural Mysticism may not appeal very strongly to students of the subject, to those who seek to explore the philosophical concepts or trace the historical development of different schools, but as a book which enables the average Christian way-faring man, or those who are not as yet members of the Catholic fold, to grasp some idea of the reality and practicability of the life of prayer, Father Williamson's volume deserves, and will probably attain, wide circulation throughout the English-speaking world.

As Cardinal Bourne says in his introduction: "There are at the present day so many souls, not only among those consecrated to God in the priesthood and in the cloister, but among men and women in every rank and position in the world who need only a little encouragement in order to unite themselves more completely to Our Lord. By such union not only would their own sanctification be rapidly promoted, but their influence for good upon their own immediate world would also be enormously increased." For such persons *Supernatural Mysticism* will rank high among books that really help.

THE MORALITY OF THE STRIKE. By Rev. Donald Alexander McLean, M.A., S.T.L. New York: P. J. Kenedy & Sons.

Father McLean in this book gives the most complete account of the morality of the strike published in English. The morality of a strike in itself, in its object and in the means employed, the morality of the sympathetic and the general strike, and the morality of State action to prevent strikes are each given a chapter. The timeliness of the book in these days of "open shop" drives and Kansas laws is beyond question. The particularly strong portions of the book are the chapters on the morality of the strike in itself, in its objects and means, and the morality of State action.

Doctor Ryan, in a preface, gives three reasons for the timeliness of the volume. The first is that ordinarily the morality of strikes is not considered and, therefore, too many of them occur, and when they do take place, fail in their best results. The second reason is the conviction that strikes are unjust and should be prohibited. The third reason is that the book goes more completely into the subject than any other book in English, and does so on the basis of the new facts in industrial life. Side lights and direct statements are numerous on the contentions of those doing publicity work for the "open shop" drive, the Kansas law, etc. The sources of its merit are to be found in the knowledge the author possesses of what our industrial system is and what are the rules of justice. It gives a course in the ethics of strikes and, while some of its statements will be hard doctrine to many people, a closer knowledge of the facts, and a realization that there are such things as rules of justice for industry, business and labor unions will make the conclusions of Father McLean if not more palatable, at least more convincing.

PAUL VERLAINE. By Harold Nicolson. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. \$5.00.

It is gratifying that the twenty-fifth year after the death of Paul Verlaine should be commemorated by a book at once so readable and so scholarly as the present volume. During the last two decades of his life, and even long after his death, Verlaine's critics too often were biased—either detractors or charitable panegyrists. Since literary prejudices die hard, the perspective of time was necessary for an impartial appreciation such as Mr. Nicolson has contributed.

The first English critic to undertake a life of Verlaine, Mr. Nicolson has made his penetrating biography broadly interpretative, showing incidents and creative work in relation to their

causes. Accordingly, capricious as was the vagabond poet's stormy career, the reconstructed story unfolds with fascinating vividness. It is, moreover, logical enough. In view of Verlaine's environment and his complete lack of will, his life was inevitably an almost continuous tragedy. For without the will to resist alcohol and the temptations of the flesh, what does genius avail? Strangely enough, knowing his impulsiveness and his childlike dependence, the poet long sought in vain from without that authority which he could not evolve from his own will. After every fresh disaster he would yearn for a moral support. He cheerfully accepted the discipline of prison or hospital, and eventually the most salutary of all—the discipline of the Church.

Verlaine's early Parnassian attempts to "carve in marble and bronze" were unsuited to his impressionable temperament. It is as symbolist, as a delicately-attuned musician of the soul, that the poet of *Sagesse* will endure. Although he initiated much that is essential in contemporary French poetry, yet neither his genius nor his creed can readily be defined. Says Mr. Nicholson: "He was above all personal, and for this reason he stands, to some extent, in an isolated position. His influence is all-pervading rather than concentrated. He left behind him an atmosphere rather than a doctrine. He is universal rather than particular."

MAN AND HIS PAST. By O. G. S. Crawford. New York: Oxford University Press. \$4.85.

The title of this book, which would indicate that it is a manual of Prehistoric Archæology, is somewhat misleading, since it is in fact partly a plea for the better recognition of the importance, both scientific and national, of anthropology and partly a description of some of the recent methods employed in field work, methods largely based on those of a pioneer in this matter, the late General Pitts-Rivers.

It is a little difficult to form an opinion as to the kind of clientele to which this book is expected to appeal. If it be intended for the unscientific general reader, we must confess that we feel some doubts as to whether it is likely to make any great appeal to him, though there can be no doubt as to the valuable information which he would derive from its perusal. To the professed anthropologist the defence of his subject must appear a mere preaching to the converted, who likewise, if he is not, ought to be familiar with the methods described in the latter part of the book. These are quite sound and the descriptions given may well be commended to the young anthropologist, though, as in other subjects, he can learn more in a couple of days in the

field with an experienced worker than by a year's study of the most excellent books. We perfectly agree with the author as to the many futilities of history as commonly taught, amongst which stands preëminent the trivial and inaccurate information given as to almost everything which occurred in England before the Norman Invasion and still more before the coming of Julius Cæsar. But the careful anthropologist should abstain from misleading the historian and the student by fairy tales as to the origin of man, such, for example, as are to be found in the early chapters of this book. If set down as surmise, such statements may do no harm, but to talk of our "far-sighted ancestor" in the Tertiary Period and describe his doings as in the following passage, is simply to mislead the innocent and ignorant reader:

He did not, like so many, spoil his chances by giving way to fear on every possible occasion, he did not run away from danger on principle, and so have to adapt his limbs for swift flight; nor yet did he yield to the temptation to clothe himself in protective armor. Nor did he cut himself off from the world by adopting nocturnal habits. On the other hand, he was not possessed by a devil of pugnacity; he preferred vegetarianism to the horrors of carnivorous diet. Moderate in all things, he led a life of meditative aloofness in the forest, waiting for something to turn up. His patience was rewarded; what turned up was not any kind of external goods, but the key to all such—an intelligent mind.

When we reflect that no one *knows*, however much he may surmise, whether man had an ancestor in Tertiary times and, consequently, cannot have any sort of idea of what he or his ways may have been like, it is not too much to say that greater scientific nonsense than this never was put on paper.

A COMMENTARY ON CANON LAW. By Rev. Charles Augustine, O.S.B. Vol. VII. St. Louis: B. Herder Book Co. \$2.50 net.

The seventh volume of Father Augustine's commentary on the new code of canon law deals with Ecclesiastical Procedure. It embraces canons 1552-2194 of Book IV. Part I. treats of Trials, discussing in brief the ordinary tribunals of the first and second instance, the order of procedure, the judges and other officials, the rights of plaintiff and defendant, proofs, witnesses, contumacy, appeals, etc. Part II. treats of the processes of beatification and canonization. Part III. discusses peculiar modes of procedure in the removal or transfer of pastors, the suspension *ex informata conscientia*, etc.

MORAL PRINCIPLES AND MEDICAL PRACTICE. By Charles Coppens, S.J. New and enlarged edition by Henry S. Spalding, S.J. New York: Benziger Brothers. \$2.50 net.

Father Coppens' book, *Moral Principles and Medical Practice*, has been so well known for years that it is gratifying to have it presented in a new and enlarged edition. The first nine chapters of the book have been left unchanged, for after all ethics do not change, and as the authors well say: "What was true of the ethics of craniotomy or abortion twenty years ago, when this book first came from the press, is true today." What the editor has done is to add chapters applying moral principles to the new problems that have come up in medicine in recent years, treating such subjects as Euthanasia and Vasectomy, Sex Hygiene and Eugenics, and Birth Control. Those acquainted with the book in its original form may be assured that the added chapters are worthy of the conservative thoroughness of Dr. Coppen's work. Father Spalding's years as dean of a medical school, has given him a practical acquaintance with the medical details of these subjects that makes him well able to apply ethical principles to them.

There are passages in the book which deserve to be known generally, although the volume is intended particularly for physicians and medical students, for hospital superiors and nurses, for clergymen in their ministry and for professional men and women in a teaching capacity. The chapters on Euthanasia, Sex Hygiene and Eugenics and Birth Control will be of special interest and significance to all engaged, however slightly, in social work or interested in social problems.

THE STORY BOOK OF THE FARM. By J. H. Fabre. Translated by H. Texeiro de Maltos. London: Hodder & Stoughton. 8 s. 6 d. net.

Fabre, that "inimitable observer" as Darwin called him, is well known to all lovers of nature study, and the book under review is one which will give much pleasure to all such persons. It is especially fitted for intelligent boys and girls, particularly those who have any taste for gardening. It gives not only a great deal of information as to how such operations as grafting and layering are carried out, but explains why the operations are conducted as they are and can be conducted in no other way. We cannot imagine any better text-book for a teacher desirous of instructing his class in the biology of the fields and especially of the cultivated fields. It opens up a vast number of interesting and unsolved problems which might form the foundation of a great deal of profitable inquiry and discussion.

An interesting point which rises to the mind in connection with such common objects of cultivation as the pear, the potato, the cabbage or wheat, is the inquiry as to what first set men to the task of improving the wild stock and how did they imagine that anything edible could be raised from the apparently useless and hopeless natural plants. We are apt to think great things of our modern inventions, wireless electricity, the internal combustion engine, aëroplanes and the like. Yet if we seriously consider the matter, the forethought and ingenuity of agriculturalists of days gone by were in no way less than those of the modern inventors of whom we think so highly.

The arrangement of the chapters of *The Story Book of the Farm* might well be rectified. It seems to us that the chemical preliminaries might first of all be treated and then the biological considerations built upon them. In this way a clearer view of the whole matter would be obtained. The lack of an index is also a great blot on a book like this, which is packed with facts. Nevertheless, it is an excellent elementary manual, and we can highly recommend it.

POST-BIBLICAL HEBREW LITERATURE. Vol. I. An Anthology Text, Notes and Glossary; Vol. II. The Translation. By B. Harper, M.A., Ph.D. Philadelphia: The Jewish Publication Society of America.

These two volumes by the erudite professor of Dropsie College serve as an introduction to the Jewish Classical series which the Jewish Publication Society has set out to issue. The work contains Hebrew selections of special literary merit and of pedagogic value. At the head of the works published and translated, Dr. Harper places the wisdom of Ben Sira, the Ecclesiasticus of the Vulgate. The Hebrew original of this book is now recognized by all, although it was not included in the Jewish Bible at the time of Luther. The other portions of the Anthology are taken from the Mishna, the Babylonian Talmud, the Midrash, of historians, philosophers, etc. The language is largely taken from the Biblical Vocabulary of the Old Testament, as all the authors from whom selections have been made did not speak the Hebrew as their mother tongue. The Hebrew language, however, never ceased to be cultivated in spite of difficulties. Witness, therefore, new words and expressions introduced into the works of post-Biblical writers. The style is of necessity lacking in the flexibility of a living tongue, Biblical phrases are taken bodily from the sacred text, and thus a tone of artificiality is seen in the selections.

The work will be of great importance to Biblical scholars and

to general readers who seldom have access to this kind of literature. The glossary appended to the second volume consists of non-Biblical expressions that have been introduced into the Hebrew by the Jewish writers of the last two thousand years. The work does great credit to Dr. Harper's scholarship.

THE AGE OF THE REFORMATION. By Preserved Smith, Ph.D.
New York: Henry Holt & Co. \$5.00.

It would take a volume to point out the many inaccuracies that disfigure the pages of this bulky book on the Age of the Reformation. The writer gives us a formidable bibliography of some sixty-seven pages, but certainly gives no evidence whatever of having profited by the writings of the Catholic scholars he quotes, such as Pastor, Janssen, Denifle, Grisar, Gasquet, Fouquetray, Brou, etc.

The apostate, Sarpi, is his authority for the Council of Trent, the bigot, Lea, furnishes him his data upon the Inquisition and the celibacy of the clergy, and the journalist, McCabe, provides his caricature of the Jesuits. If he had taken the pains to consult the *Catholic Encyclopedia*, which figures, we know not why, on his book list, he might have saved himself the trouble of repeating many a false statement of both fact and theory. Dr. Smith, in his preface, tells us that Dr. Guilday of the Catholic University read three of his chapters, the first, the fifth and the eighth. Certainly these chapters give no evidence of the Catholic critic. In his treatment of the Council of Trent and the Jesuits in Chapter VIII. he is more than usually unfair and inaccurate. No man can treat adequately of the Council of Trent without at least an accurate knowledge of the teachings of Catholicism.

THE GROPING GIANT: REVOLUTIONARY RUSSIA. By William Adams Brown. New Haven: Yale University Press. \$2.50.

So fast is history being made in Russia that most of the recent books on that country have been out of date by the time they were presented to the public. This is an exception. Here is a volume that is just as valuable today as when it was written, and will be just as valuable ten years from now. The author covered the vast extent of Russia in his experiences as a relief worker both during and after the War. He saw the rise of Lenine and Trotzky and witnessed their methods. His observations are based on the effect Bolshevism has had on the three major groups of Russians—the Bolsheviks themselves, the masses and the *intelligentsia*. The transfer of autocracy from the hands of the Tsar to the control of the Soviet leaders did not lessen the horrors of that autocracy. Both the transfer and the subsequent attempts

at national adjustment affected each one of these major groups in a different way, but the general effect on the nation as a whole is that it forced it to live on its capital. Neither the peasant nor the intellectual nor the Bolshevik has planned for the future. Today famine stalks Russia as a consequent of this wasteful policy.

The picture this book brings is the composite view of a nation content to live for the present day, and not beyond the present. Incident after incident make the high lights in this view only the more pronounced. It is a ghastly panorama, analyzed coolly by one who sees it from the viewpoint of an American democrat. The conclusions that Mr. Brown has drawn have all been justified by the events of the past six months in Russia. The Soviet does not work; the dreams of Marx completely neglected the element of human nature, just as the theory of the Tsars neglected it. Bolshevism has only etched deeper into the Russian national consciousness that destructive fatalism which was always the weakness of her people. It has, moreover, proved conclusively that class rule, whether by Tsar or communist leader, must inevitably be tyrannous. The failure of Russia today is only one more justification of "the worthiness and adequacy of the ideal of free government, for which America at her best should stand."

THE SALVAGING OF CHRISTIANITY. The Probable Future of Mankind. By H. G. Wells. New York: The Macmillan Co. \$2.00.

The world is in a distressing and deplorable condition, Mr. Wells thinks. It will continue to drift to utter ruin and destruction, unless it can be educated to reform itself according to Mr. Wells' programme. Such is the Alpha and Omega of this, his latest book in which he assumes the rôle of prophet and toys, not with disturbing facts, but with pure futurity. As is his way, Mr. Wells has some good things to say, but he so wraps them up in the fantastic that they are hard to discover. He despises the present plan of the League of Nations, he abominates war and the patriotism that begets it, he calls the world stupid and advocates some educational reforms. In his opening paper, he reviews the present-day crisis of civilization, and prescribes the political reorganization of the world as a unity. To prove that such a collective will to reorganize is possible, he cites the propagation of Mohammedanism and Christianity, forgetting that the former required the sword, and the latter, supernatural help. The succeeding papers fill in the outline of his projected salvation of the world and his organization of a World State. To effect this, boundary lines must be effaced and patriotism quenched in an

all-pervading harmony. Such a brotherly union of the human family would be as feasible as the peaceful gathering of the feline family, tiger, jaguar, wild cat.

Mr. Wells' imagination soars when he describes the life of an ordinary citizen in this world state. The greatest blessing would seem to be that "probably he (the world citizen) will never know what a cold is or a headache." Fundamental in this future state of beatitude, is a world-wide reform of education. We are to have syndicated schools, conducted, of course, by the world government, and syndicated lessons taught to every child, European as well as African, the world over. We are to have a new Bible, new in a real, not metaphorical, sense, that will supplant our present Bible, and be better adapted to the needs of the world to come. Mr. Wells is, at times, quite humble in these essays, and while he is in some such mood, we would suggest that in meditating on the future of the world, he should think of Divine Providence, in his Biblical studies he should learn the meaning of Revelation and Inspiration, and in his observations on his fellowmen, he should notice the workings of grace and the supernatural life.

A HISTORY OF ENGLAND. New Edition. By E. Wyatt-Davies, M.A. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. \$2.00.

Into a space comparatively brief, the author of this book has contrived to compress an outline of the history of the beginnings, the growth and the development of the British Empire that is at once reliable and interesting. His third chapter refers to the "ruined church of St. Martin outside Canterbury," though in the preceding pages nothing was said about the introduction among the Britons of the Christian religion. That subject, though really somewhat obscure, deserved at least a paragraph.

The importance of unity in the Christian Church as an example to the political and military leadership of that time is suggested rather than described. In effecting concert of action among the Germanic conquerors of Britain, the influence of the Christian Church was immense.

Though the victory of the Picts at Nectansmere (685) pointed to ultimate Celtic rather than Anglo-Saxon supremacy, the significance of that event is not emphasized. The intelligent student should be offered some explanation of the later subordination of the Celt, who at that very moment was forced to defend himself against the Norsemen. This unexpected assistance was the turning point in English history. Norse interference established for centuries the Anglo-Saxons in Britain.

The section describing the Norman conquest does not clearly set forth the ethnical character of Duke William's army. That, to be sure, is not the fashion. If our recollection is not at fault, the victor at Senlac or Hastings commanded Normans, from the valley of the Seine, Celts, from Brittany, and from other parts of Gaul, French, as well as continental, adventurers.

The author's summary of the age-long Irish question is thus given in his account of Henry II.: "Henry's interference, therefore, only began the unhappy policy by which England would neither rule Ireland nor allow the Irish to work out their own system of government." All later references to the relations between the two nations are not less sympathetic. The term *nations* is here used in its ethnological sense.

In the account of the Seven Years' War and of the result of that conflict in North America, the assistance of Prussia and of Ireland in securing complete victory for Great Britain is not so clearly indicated as its importance appears to deserve. The text follows the usual narrative found in the school histories of the United States, but it is not the more valuable for being time-honored. The policy of William Pitt was so to depress the power of France that she could never again become a rival of England in commerce or in colonization. In its execution, the regiments of Ireland and Prussia were helpful. The Duc de Choiseul, destined to divide the Empire, had not yet become a portentous figure on the international landscape.

This edition of an excellent text-book includes a sufficiently complete and very temperate narrative of the causes, as well as the progress, of the World War. Throughout the volume, indeed, all controversies, whether concerning religion or politics, are admirably presented.

THE LIFE AND LETTERS OF GEORGE A. LEFROY, D.D. By H. H. Montgomery, D.D. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. \$5.00.

Dr. Montgomery has written a good biography of his friend, the late Anglican Bishop of Calcutta. Most of his material has been drawn from the letters of Dr. Lefroy to his family during his thirty-nine years' stay in India. These letters reveal the troubles of an Anglican missionary in his all but futile endeavors to win over the Moslems and Hindus, and the difficulties of an Anglican Bishop in dealing with his clergy. As usual, with his confrères the good Bishop dared not teach too dogmatically when questions are proposed to him, for he realized the differing views of his fellow-Anglicans at home and abroad.

Yet we find him objecting strongly to Archbishop Benson's utterances on Mohammedanism. The Archbishop declared "that a missionary to the Moslem would not succeed if he believed that Mohammedanism ministered to pride, to lust and to cruelty, that we must go to them (the Moslems) acknowledging that God had brought them a long way on the road to Him!" The Anglican mission to the Moslems of India was never very successful at the best, but it surely could not be furthered, as Dr. Lefroy clearly saw, by utterly ignoring the evil nature of its religious teaching.

THE GOLDEN GOAT. By Paul Arene. New York: George H. Doran Co. \$2.00.

Mr. Arene has given us a pretty, wholesome, and charming story of the kind which no one can do better than a Frenchman when he so desires. It is the tale of a visitor on a holiday, who finds himself in the quaint town of Puget Maure, whose inhabitants trace their descent to the Saracens and who cherish the tradition of a goat on whose bell and collar was inscribed in Saracenic characters the secret of a great treasure. The legend persisted, but never a sign of the mysterious treasure appeared. At last, among the effects of the recently deceased Mayor, M. Hannorat, are found some papers which explain the failure of many ardent seekers to find the treasure.

The book is charmingly done and touched by playful humor and Gallic irony. The translation by Frances Wilson Huard is excellent. It is comforting to know that Americans are given access to French novels, and there are many of them, which are not a source of offence, *virginibus puerisque*, and are as fresh and fragrant as a breeze across the daisied fields of May.

WILL-POWER AND WORK. By Jules Payot, Litt.D., Ph.D., Rector of Aix-Marseilles University. Authorized Translation by Richard Duffy. New York: Funk & Wagnalls Co. \$1.75 net.

Professor Bayot treats such familiar themes as Love of Work, The Condition of All Progress, How to Work, Real Intelligence and Pseudo Effort, Attention, Memory, Instruction Through Reading, in special chapters, and has made each of them a little monograph full of suggestion, at least, if not of new information. A chapter on Studies of Great Men and Their Habits of Work will be particularly interesting to most readers, largely because of the great differences noted. Manifestly the individual counts more than the method, but men have to evolve a system for themselves if they expect to accomplish much.

What one misses in Payot's book is the lack of any hint of anything more than a natural motive for all the effort that is counseled. In spite of this, these purely secular studies of work and the will recall old-fashioned asceticism. There is insistence, for instance, on the fact that will power enables men to continue their work even when difficulties and injustices assail them, and that indeed such apparent obstacles often serve, especially for those who are great enough of soul, to bring out the best qualities of mind and heart.

The new cult of success in life is bringing back the old philosophy of stoicism without the consolations introduced by Christianity, and with merely human motives for effort in spite of hardships: "grin and bear" because that will help you to grin and bear all the more, replaces the consoling counsel, "take up your cross and follow Me." The satisfaction of success, so likely to be empty, is set up as the goal of life. It is interesting to note how popular these success books are, showing how much people feel the need of external stimulus.

A HUNDRED VOICES AND OTHER POEMS. By Kostas Palamas.

Translated by Aristides E. Phoutrides. Cambridge: Harvard University Press. \$2.50.

This present volume by Kostas Palamas, being the second part of his *Life Immovable*, is significant chiefly as an expression of poetic activity in contemporary Greece. Its author has become recognized as a champion of all that is somewhat dubiously meant by modernity: he is a passionate lover of freedom, a seeker of inspiration from humble, familiar sources, a defender of the colloquial language of his people—very reverent toward art and toward thought, and correspondingly irreverent toward authority either temporal or spiritual. These "hundred voices" tell, in free verse and blank verse, the poet's brief reactions to various unrelated emotions, and for the most part they are voices of beauty if not of any memorable illumination. But in his "songs of wrath," with their denunciations of "the black monk's fury and the teacher's rage," there is, to the detached mind, something curiously puerile and outworn.

No doubt this singer of modern Greece has worked against the odds of classicism and convention—no doubt he does sincerely long to find that mystical unity which shall bring all human experience, even the most bitter, "nearer to the wings of birds and songs of nightingales." But he has not found it yet—possibly because he seeks it in pantheistic skepticism rather than in the awful simplicity of a personal God. Palamas may be described

for English-speaking readers as an Athenian Walt Whitman, with something of Byron and something of Renan thrown in. But candidly it is doubtful if his work will intrigue readers of another tongue, even in Dr. Phoutrides' dignified and devoted translation.

ST. PAUL: HIS LIFE, WORK AND SPIRIT. By Philip Coghlan, C.P. New York: Benziger Brothers. \$2.50.

The author's foreword states, as matter of legitimate surprise, that although English Catholic literature abounds in biographies of holy persons, English-speaking Catholics have not hitherto been provided with a life of St. Paul, written by one of themselves. An unaccountable indifference obtains, not limited, however, to any one country, in regard to him who more than anyone else "has influenced the thought and life of the Church in succeeding ages." He quotes a German writer's complaint that the great Apostle of the Gentiles has never become an object of the people's religious veneration, in any such sense as Joseph, or Anthony of Padua. To supply this lack, in such a manner as to promote fuller, closer knowledge of the personality of St. Paul, is the author's intention. It is not lost sight of at any time; whether he is guiding his readers in the Apostle's footsteps through the conversion, journeyings and missionary labors, or is carrying the student through the Epistles with analytical, explanatory comment, at every turn he holds up to view the charm and attraction of the character that is the object of his loving study, thus imparting to the work a vital interest that should appeal to readers among the laity.

Purposely, the book has been kept within as small compass as was consistent with its title; it is scarcely the size of the average novel, and agreeably light to hold. Notwithstanding this, it is indexed, and is supplied with a map of St. Paul's journeys, also a bibliography.

PRIZE STORIES OF 1920. O. Henry Memorial Award. Chosen by the Society of Arts and Sciences. Garden City, New York: Doubleday, Page & Co. \$1.90 net.

In the spring of 1918, the Society of Arts and Sciences instituted annual prizes of \$500 and \$250 for the best short stories of the year, as an appropriate perpetual memorial to the genius of O. Henry, the admitted master of this form of artistic expression. Sifting the periodicals of 1919, the Committee of Award found thirty-two short stories which they considered superior, and from these the prize winners were selected. This year the process has been repeated. Seventeen prize winners were chosen, and are

reprinted in this, the second volume of the series. The selection is of particular interest as throwing light upon the sources of the best American short stories. Magazines of frankly popular appeal, much frowned upon by pundits, are far in the lead. The *Red Book* and the *Pictorial Review* are represented by three stories each, the *Saturday Evening Post* by two, *Everybody's* and *Collier's* by one each; while *Harper's* has three, *Scribner's* two, and the *Century* one.

Conrad, perhaps the supreme master of the art today, has said that the aim of the story-teller, difficult and evanescent, is to arrest for the space of a breath hands busy about the work of earth, to compel men entranced by the sight of distant goals to pause for a look, a sigh, a smile. Such an ideal, reserved for only the very few to achieve, is reasonably well secured by the writers represented. The range of emotional appeal is broad, from the sheer horror of "Butterflies" and the poignancy of "Contact" to the ludicrous absurdity of "The Camel's Back." Wholesome enough in general, it is to be regretted that some strike a note of fatalism, making it appear that blind destiny holds the strings and men, like puppets, move but as they are led. False and depressing as it is, such, unfortunately, is a philosophy of life only too common today, and must necessarily have been reflected in a collection like this, for, as the Chairman of the Committee of Award says in her introduction: "A revenant who lived one hundred years ago might pick up this volume and secure a fairly accurate idea of society today; a visitor from another country might find it a guide to national intelligence and feeling."

AN OCEAN TRAMP. By William McFee. Garden City, New York: Doubleday, Page & Co. \$1.75.

This reprint of Mr. McFee's first published work cannot but be welcome to his large and growing circle of readers, most of whom have probably made his acquaintance through *Casuals of the Sea*. Issued originally in 1908, it makes its reappearance with a long preface written especially for this edition, while retaining that of the earlier publication. To say that this preface outranks the main substance, is not to disparage *An Ocean Tramp*, which is entirely characteristic and worthy of the author; it is only to acknowledge the augmented power of his mind, enriched by thirteen years more of experience and reflection.

Mr. McFee's keen, sensitive observation vibrates response to all human appeals. In speech, as in thought, he is a free lance; his writings are not for the immature. For those who can discriminate, there is nothing that offends; and, always, he holds

consistently to the conviction expressed at the end of the preface: ". . . character, the achievement and acceptance of it, stands out as the one desirable and indispensable thing in the world. . ."

THE GRINDING. By Clara G. B. Bush. New York: Henry Holt & Co. \$2.00.

The title of Miss Bush's story of Creole life in Louisiana before the World War, denotes both the grinding of the sugar cane and the grinding of character under the stress of unexpected poverty.

The heroine, Catherine Maine, is a New Orleans society butterfly—lazy, ignorant, capricious and selfish—who enters the story as the Queen of the Mardi Gras. In a moment of pique, she has rejected her lover, and betrothed herself to the villain of the piece. Luckily, the family fortune disappears over night, and she and her brother are forced to take refuge on a broken-down sugar plantation belonging to the family. The grinding is a slow process, but at the last moment Catherine succeeds in learning the gospel of work and in understanding the unselfish devotion of her lover.

The thesis of the novel is well stated by Fergus, the sterling brother, who retrieves the family fortune by his indomitable will. "Poverty is humiliating, not degrading. No outside circumstance can degrade us in the true sense of the word, any more than a poor garment can impoverish the soul."

The writer gives us some vivid pen pictures of superstitious Louisiana negroes, proud Southern planters, and interesting Creole types.

THE WRITER'S ART. By Those Who Have Practised It. Selected and Arranged by Rollo Walter Brown. Cambridge: Harvard University Press. \$2.50.

The distinctive feature of this book is indicated in its subtitle: instruction on the writer's art is imparted by those who have practised it. Of text-books in Rhetoric, the number is legion: as a matter of fact, one familiar with educational catalogues is forced to marvel where so many enterprising publishers find a market for their wares. But there is a plentiful lack of books by men who can sincerely and truthfully say: "Here are the principles of my art as I have formulated and practised them. Be their worth what it may, I, at least, by following them, have achieved recognition and success." Other professions, as Professor Brown points out in his preface, are quick to take advantage of expert counsel: why should the literary man alone make but small con-

tribution to the promotion of his art? Hence has the editor gathered together twenty-eight essays on the technique of composition contributed to the world by successful critics whose very criticism is itself literature, like Hazlitt, Emerson, and, to some extent, Poe, or by successful novelties of the standing of Stevenson, Conrad and de Maupassant.

The great advantage to be obtained from a book like this is that the reader finds within its covers a number of fugitive pieces not otherwise readily accessible, and can analyze, compare and synthetize at leisure. At the same time no compiler has succeeded in pleasing everybody by his choices. We cannot but feel that Newman, for instance, deserves an honorable mention among those who could teach as well as practise the writer's art. But, though in this single instance Professor Brown might perhaps have chosen better, he has, at all events, always chosen well, and has provided a valuable source-book for the philosophy of literary mechanics.

THE WORKS OF SATAN. By Richard Aumerle Maher. New York: The Macmillan Co. \$1.75.

This entertaining book is pure comedy, with now and then an aside of the "half-joke but whole-earnest" nature, which is all the more forceful because of its unexpectedness. The humorous happenings are well told, without apparent straining for effect, and they appear to grow naturally out of one another. The reader will find entertainment and many a hearty laugh. The only possibility of disappointment is in the title, which promises wickedness of the deepest dye, and is consequently misleading.

THE PROBLEMS OF PSYCHICAL RESEARCH. By Hereward Carrington, Ph.D. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. \$3.00.

The best thing about the present volume is the fact that it does not claim to have solved the nature of the causality behind the so-called spiritistic phenomena. As an investigator, Mr. Carrington, unlike many of his predecessors and contemporaries in the same line, is painstaking and laborious. Unlike them, too, in his conclusions, he is conservative.

In a field so subtle it is a great relief to find an experienced experimenter who declares that the problem is as yet unsolved, and is likely to remain so for some time to come. Spiritists of the extremer type, like Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, might well learn caution from the weighed judgments of Mr. Carrington.

While Sir Arthur is already assured that "Spiritism" solves everything and that the "New Revelation" is a "*fait accompli*,"

Mr. Carrington quietly asserts: "I do not believe that the simple spiritistic explanation—especially as at present held—is the correct one, nor one that explains all the facts."

The net result that one gathers from Mr. Carrington's volume is that in the sphere of psychical research there are "problems" a-plenty, while "solutions" are as scarce as food in the famine areas of Russia.

THE PARISH SCHOOL. Its Aims, Procedure and Problems. By Rev. Joseph A. Dunney. New York: The Macmillan Co. \$2.00.

With the marvelous growth of our parochial school system, it is well to take pause and look to its strength and efficiency. The parish school must not only compete with the best of the public schools in the secular branches, it must enter a field of education to which they never attain. To keep this moral and supernatural ideal fresh in our minds is the purpose of Father Dunney. The scope of the book is summarized in the sub-title. Under the first heading, the author discusses the general status of our system, the results expected from the individual school in this system, and such fruitful topics as "Organization and Coöperation," "Principals and Teachers," "Discipline," and "Grading." He then turns to the actual school work, laying particular emphasis on the necessity and methods of teaching religion. Under the heading of "Problems," he discusses honestly and with candor, certain difficulties that have been forced upon our system by non-sectarian educational theorists.

The book does not attempt to trace the historical growth of our system of schools, neither is it a manual of pedagogy, nor does it descend to the intricacies of class methods and management. It is a general survey that places before us our ideals; that warns us of our dangers, and emphasizes the Catholic spirit that should supernaturalize all our educational efforts. Father Dunney is Diocesan Superintendent of Schools in Albany, and speaks as a specialist, who has reduced his theories to practice and success.

THE PATH OF VISION. By Amern Ribani. New York: James T. White & Co. \$1.50.

This series of pocket essays, written partly in America, partly in Syria, attempts to meet the problems of man's restlessness. It suggests that we take account of our self-satisfaction, which is born of materialism. This is the source of unrest, social, religious, economic. We are conscious of our ailment. We are

groping for a cure. The platitudes of the pulpit, Spiritism, mystic love, theosophy fail us. The author recommends "Vision." The vision, he presents, is not very clear. He makes a passing reference to "Divine essence." He insists upon "spiritual ideals," "innate flame," union of the soul with "pure thought"—influences by their nature never impelling and generally too obscure to awaken the dull of heart. If the author withheld his almost Voltairean dislike for the Church, sprinkled less rose-water and fulminated more, his message, in some measure, might find its way into the minds and souls of a distraught and restless people.

OUR LORD'S OWN WORDS. By Right Rev. Abbot Smith, O.S.B. Vol. III. New York: Benziger Brothers. \$1.75 net.

This is the third volume of meditations on the words of Our Lord as contained in the four Gospels. This volume begins with chapter xv. of St. John's Gospel and completes the Gospel. The words of Christ have ever been a rich source of meditation and Abbot Smith, in these volumes, has done a service to all of their lovers. Those who have been in the habit of meditating on the Saviour's words will find here new thoughts, and those who have never meditated, will be initiated into a practice which cannot but be most beneficial to them.

SINGING BEADS, by Dom Theodore Baily, Monk of Caldey (London: Heath Cranton). In a prefatory note to his compilation of old English prayers and devotional verses, *A Book of the Love of Jesus*, Monsignor Benson pointed out certain characteristics of mediæval English devotion. They spring, for the most part, from an intense and passionate love for the sacred humanity of Jesus Christ, manifested in an intimate familiarity of vocabulary and a deep love for the details of the Passion. A mediæval suggestion is deliberately sought in the format of Dom Baily's book, especially in the antique wood cuts, and the characteristics sketched by Monsignor Benson are easily recognizable. The note of wistful pathos and spiritual yearning is constantly struck in practically all of the thirty poems included in this little book. The verse lines are unusually free, but here Dom Baily follows a tradition for devotional verse, already well established by Patmore, Lionel Johnson and Thompson. It is to be regretted that the book was not published in a more substantial form of binding.

BIRD-A-LEA, by "Clementia" (Chicago: The Extension Press. \$1.50). Bird-A-Lea is the name of the beautiful house in one of the Southern States which is the home of twin girls, four years old, their eleven-year-old sister, their parents, colored servants, and various pets. The story deals with the exciting adventures and other experiences of the young people, but is, unfortunately, rather forced

in dialogue and happenings. All who have enjoyed *Uncle Frank's Mary* and *The Quest of Mary Selwyn* will be equally pleased with *Bird-A-Lea*, and will be glad to meet again the little heroine of the other stories. This book, like the others, is pervaded by an edifying Catholic atmosphere. The type is clear and good, and the book is illustrated.

D AISKY, OR THE FLOWER OF THE TENEMENTS OF LITTLE OLD NEW YORK, by Gilbert Guest (Omaha: Burkley Printing Co. \$1.00). This is a story suited for the consumption of very young children, who like their realism strongly flavored with fairy-tale occurrences of the type in which the child from the tenements is adopted by a beautiful and very rich foster-mother, and everything ends happily for her, her real parents, her adopted family, her newsboy friends, and, in general, everyone remotely concerned.

E XCEPTIONAL CHILDREN AND PUBLIC SCHOOL POLICY, by Arnold Gesell (New Haven: Yale University Press), gives us the results of a survey made of the public school children of New Haven, Conn. Only those children whom the teacher reported as backward were examined. This examination was made by Doll's abbreviated version of the Binet intelligence scale. This method of survey showed that about one and five-tenths per cent. of the school children of the city were feeble-minded. The same method in Meriden, Conn., gave one and twenty-five-hundredths per cent. feeble-minded. Considering that these figures are lower than the incidence of feeble-mindedness in the general population, either the method did not discover all the cases in these cities or the standard of diagnosis was somewhat lax. Unfortunately, the author gives us no definite information about the criteria he used in making his diagnosis. The pamphlet advocates the passing of a law of compulsory education of the feeble-minded, either in public schools or in institutions.

B UNCH-GRASS AND BLUE-JOINT, a Book of Verse, by Frank B. Linderman (New York: Charles Scribner's Sons). This is a group of swift-riding and colorful little poems, celebrating the excitement, and (one gathers) the rather precarious glory, of the life of the typical American cow-puncher. The manner is, in the main, the manner of Service, with much of his ease and jingling finish. The verses are quite sufficiently pleasant to read, and not at all taxing emotionally.

M EDITATIONS ON THE LITANY OF THE HOLY NAME, by the Right Rev. Joseph Oswald Smith, O.S.B., Abbot of Ampleforth (New York: Benziger Brothers. 90 cents net). Any book that helps to give us a deeper appreciation of our accustomed vocal prayers is to be welcomed. The Abbot Smith, in these meditations, has done this for the Litany of the Holy Name. We recommend this little book to all those who make this Litany a part of their devotions, as well as all who seek materials for daily meditation.

OF small—really pocket—editions of new devotional books that have reached us, *The Christian Ideal—To Make God Known and Loved*, which is from the French, treats briefly of the Divine Attributes (New York: Benziger Brothers. 65 cents net); these publishers also offer a dainty little volume, entitled *A Gift from Jesus, the Spirit and Grace of Christian Childhood*, a translation and adaptation from *L'Enfance Chrétienne* (M. Jean Blanlo), by a Sister of Notre Dame (80 cents net). The translation gives the spirit rather than the letter of the original, while here and there a suggestion is made, or a verse quoted, which tends to illustrate or emphasize its teaching; *A Practical Guide for Servers at High Mass and for Holy Week*, by Bernard F. Page, S.J. (35 cents net), in which the instructions and diagrams are so clear and simple that it will be found a great help to the "Altar Servers," for whom it is written, is another Benziger book; *The Blessed Sacrament Guild Book*, with a preface by His Eminence, Francis Cardinal Bourne, Archbishop of Westminster (New York: P. J. Kenedy & Sons. 65 cents, postpaid, 70 cents), has for its purpose to inspire love of the Blessed Sacrament by assisting souls individually in the matter of personal devotion, and collectively, in their devotion in common, by treating of the origin and development of the Archconfraternity and Guild of the Blessed Sacrament, and giving the Guild service, Daily Devotions, Indulgences, Music and Hymns.

FAMILIAR ASTRONOMY, by Rev. Martin S. Brennan, A.M., Sc.D., A.A.S., A.S.P., B.A.A., Fellow of the A. A. A. S., Member of the St. Louis Academy of Science (St. Louis: B. Herder Book Co. \$1.50 net). A text-book on Astronomy with sixteen illustrations. The book gives a concise summary of the science of Astronomy, and treats with fairness the history and different theories of the science.

STUDENTS of shorthand may find it interesting and, we hope, also profitable, to read *The Garden of the Soul* in shorthand. (\$1.00.) This curious experiment in book publication is issued by Isaac Pitman & Sons of New York, and follows the version as prescribed by the Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster.

SONGS FOR CHRISTMAS, by Daniel Joseph Donahoe (Middletown, Conn.: Donahoe Publishing Co.), is an attractive pamphlet of Christmas songs, featuring specially the author's versions of *Stabat Mater Speciosa*, and the *Adeste Fideles*.

CATHOLIC HOME ANNUAL FOR 1922 (New York: Benziger Brothers. 35 cents), is out. The Annual contains Church Calendars, sketches of the Saints, religious articles from learned pens and fiction by such popular authors as Marion Ames Taggart, Mary T. Waggaman and A. J. Bradley. It is an interesting number, and is sure to be much in demand.

PAMPHLET PUBLICATIONS.

The Foundations of Modern Ireland is a selection of extracts from sources illustrating English rule and social and economic conditions in Ireland in the sixteenth and early seventeenth century, by Constantia Maxwell, M.A., Lecturer in Modern History, Trinity College, Dublin. The Macmillan Co. is the American publisher.

The Terror in Action, by J. L. Hammond, a reprint from *The Nation and the Athenaeum* of April 30, 1921, is a light on Irish history of recent times.

Ireland and the Presidents of the United States, by John X. Regan, M.A., contains various quotations from Presidents of the United States who favored Ireland's freedom. Orders may be addressed to J. X. Regan, care of Washington Press, 242 Dover Street, Boston, Mass. \$3.50 per 100; \$30.00 per 1,000. Second edition.

An Irish Pilgrim Priest, by the Rev. E. O'Leary, O.S.A., gives a short biography of Father Benjamin Joseph Braughall, a pioneer parish priest of Graig-na-managh. It is a delightful story of holiness and goodness (The Catholic Truth Society of Ireland).

The Catholic Truth Society of Canada issues in pamphlet form, *Divine Faith*, by Cardinal Manning, and *Why Separate Schools?* giving some moral, social, political, national, British, historical and religious reasons in support of the Separate School system. Father George Thomas Daly, C.S.S.R., is the author.

The student of Dominican lore in England will find a very complete history of the English Dominicans in a valuable series of pamphlets issued by the London Catholic Truth Society (twopence each).

Scholastic Philosophy Explained, by the Rev. Henry H. Wyman, C.S.P., is a clear and scientific exposition of the rational grounds for belief in God and immortality, especially useful for advanced students in colleges and seminarians (New York: The Paulist Press. Six cents by mail. \$3.50 per one hundred copies).

Catholics should have the Catholic position on the vital question of Eugenics. A very comprehensive and enlightening treatment is contained in a small booklet of sixty-four pages, entitled *The Church and Eugenics*, by the Rev. Thomas J. Gerrard (St. Louis: B. Herder Book Co. 50 cents).

The Catholic Truth Society of London also publishes *Why I Came In*, by B. M.; *I Am a Catholic Because I Am a Jew*, by Hugh Israelowicz Angress; *Buddhism in Europe*, by G. Willoughby Meade, A.I.A., M.R.A.S.; *Pascal's "Provincial Letters,"* by Hilaire Belloc, and *The Beginning and End of Man*, by Rev. Ronald Knox, M.A.

The Catholic Reading Guild with its interesting motto, "The Conversion of England by Books," publishes a report of its work in pamphlet form. This effort to make conversions is deeply interesting.

A very useful, devotional pamphlet is that entitled *The Precious Blood*, by Richard F. Clarke, S.J. (Brooklyn: International Catholic Truth Society. 5 cents). It contains short meditations for each day in July.

In these days of political upheaval, when all sorts of notions are advanced about the State, it is well to have a clear understanding of the State's power. A pamphlet, entitled *After All, What Is the State?* by the Rev. Lucian Johnston, S.T.L. (Brooklyn: International Catholic Truth Society), offers this information.

Dante students will find helpful a *Guide to the Student of Dante*, a small folder coming from the Academy of Our Lady of Victory, Council Bluffs, Iowa.

A Catholic Historical Brochure (St. Louis: Central Bureau of the Central Society) on *Blessed Peter Canisius*, by Francis S. Betten, S.J., covers its subject very comprehensively and interestingly.

Recent Events.

France.

French and European interest generally in the Conference on the Limitation of Armaments, which is to open in Washington on November 11th, has been growing steadily. At first there seemed a disposition in certain French circles to discount the importance of the Conference, but with the more or less ineffectual proceedings of the League of Nations' Assembly before their eyes, and the feeling that their country stands in a position of isolation, the French have now come to the belief that much depends on the outcome of the Washington meetings. The chief aim of the French Government will be to convince the delegates of other nationalities, especially those of the American Government, that France is not unduly armed and that her security requires the number of men now in active service. France at present has under arms between 450,000 and 500,000 men, including the army of the Rhine and colonial troops, which is about sixty per cent. of the number in active service on May 1st last, when the French army consisted of about 800,000 men. The French attitude will be to show just how far France can go towards disarmament in the face of information received from Germany concerning that country's power of prompt mobilization, and in the absence of other guarantees than France's own troops. It will be the viewpoint of the French delegation that unless there are guarantees along the lines of those contained in the American, British and French defensive agreement against unwarranted aggression, as elaborated by President Wilson and Premiers Lloyd George and Clémenceau, but never ratified, a standing army of from 400,000 to 450,000 men, with a like number subject to immediate call to mobilization, will be required.

During the month various reports have come from London that international banking interests were desirous of having the powers at the Conference make a definite decision on the question of pooling the Allied war debt. Paris, however, is opposed to raising this issue, and would be better satisfied if financial matters were entirely ignored in the discussion at Washington. In the matter of her obligations to the United States and Great Britain, France frankly admits her inability to pay for a long time, and she fears that the war debt question might easily be the source of bargaining pressure in Washington, by which France's national

defence would be weakened, and she would be left without adequate military guarantees. France's debt to the United States is \$3,000,000,000, on which the interest alone every year is in the neighborhood of \$150,000,000, and her debt to England is even more. England owes the United States \$4,277,000,000.

Besides French reluctance to bring up financial matters for consideration, the United States Government looks with disfavor on their introduction, except as they are related to a reduction in armament costs, and wishes to limit the discussion to the subjects considered vital to the Conference. These subjects, as set forth tentatively in a note by Secretary Hughes on September 20th, include under the head of Limitation of Armament the limitation of naval and land armaments and rules for control of new agencies of warfare, and under the head of Pacific and Far East Questions, questions relating to China, Siberia and mandated islands. The foreign offices to whom this list has been sent, however, have been informed it is merely suggestive and subject to amendments or additions.

It has been decided that that phase of the Conference having to do with the limitation of armaments will be participated in only by the five principal Allied and Associated Powers, and other nations, such as China and Holland, which have since been invited to enter the Conference, will discuss only the questions regarding the Pacific and the Far East. The participating Governments, regardless of the size of their delegations, will have but one vote each, and action on any subject must be unanimous.

The second Assembly of the League of Nations adjourned on October 5th after a month's session. Immediately before adjournment Brazil, Belgium, China and Spain were reelected as the four non-permanent members of the League Council, and Latvia, Esthonia and Lithuania were admitted to membership in the League. The most important and, incidentally, most definite, action of the League was the establishment of the permanent Court of International Justice, to which twenty-nine countries have subscribed, and the election of its eleven members. Although the United States has never ratified the project, an American citizen, John Bassett Moore, was named as one of the judges. The Court will hold its first meeting at Geneva in October, but its permanent seat will be The Hague.

Despite a report early in September that the Vilna dispute between Poland and Lithuania had been finally settled, the question is still at issue, the Assembly contenting itself with assuring the League Council of its moral support in its efforts to solve the problem. The controversy between Bolivia and Chile also

failed of settlement, due to Bolivia's action in withdrawing the question from this session of the Assembly.

The Silesian imbroglio, which was handed over to the League Council, is still under consideration by that body, though a decision is expected in the near future. Great alarm has been expressed in Germany over the report that the Council has decided to give political control of the Silesian industrial area to Poland, and intimations have been given to the Allies that the Wirth Cabinet would be definitely placed in jeopardy if the plebiscite area is partitioned. Meanwhile German and Polish workmen in Upper Silesia have united in a demand for compensation because they were thrown out of work during the May uprising. A general strike is threatened unless the Inter-Allied Commission or the employers grant the demand.

On September 17th the French Foreign Office issued a statement to the effect that, despite rumors to the contrary, there was complete accord between England and France on the question of keeping in force the economic penalties imposed upon Germany last March. These penalties were to have been lifted on September 15th if two conditions were fulfilled by Germany. First, the payment of 1,000,000,000 gold marks by the end of August; and second, the acceptance by Germany of an international organization to collaborate with the German customs authorities. Germany has met the first condition, but not the second; consequently the customs barrier will be maintained until such time as Germany shall have accepted the control indicated.

Roland W. Boyden, the American member of the Reparations Commission, was asked by the Allied Supreme Council to decide whether Belgium's debt to the Allies, to be paid by Germany under the Peace Treaty, should be repaid at the rate of exchange at the time the loans were made or at present rates. He has decided that calculations should be made on the gold mark rate of November 11, 1918, the day of the armistice. Under this ruling France will receive more than 2,000,000,000 gold marks instead of 1,000,000,000.

Germany. Out of the extremely complicated political, financial and economic situations in Germany today, one fact seems strongly emergent—namely, that the central Government at Berlin, with Chancellor Wirth at its head, is for the time being firmly established in power. The only cloud on the horizon is, as mentioned above, a possible adverse decision on Silesia. As a result of the investigations following the Erzberger assassination, several monarchist organizations have been discovered in Bavaria, and vigorous meas-

ures taken against them, and the reaction on which the monarchists counted after the murder, have turned instead overwhelmingly in favor of the Republic. Bavaria itself, which had been holding out against certain exceptional powers claimed by the Berlin Government, finally gave in and a new Bavarian cabinet has been constituted. Count Hugo Lerchenfeld has been elected as the new Premier in succession to Dr. von Kahr, who had stood for an autonomous Bavaria and had virtually defied the German national Government to enforce its laws in Bavaria. Von Kahr's resignation is considered a blow to Bavarian reactionaries and a victory of no small importance for republican Germany.

A much more vital element, however, contributing to the continuance of the Wirth régime, is the serious financial situation of the country, which has forced the support of the chief political parties. The Majority Socialists, meeting at Goerlitz in September, voted in favor of entering a coalition cabinet, and the entire Centrist, Socialist and Democratic press declares emphatically that Chancellor Wirth must remain. The prospect of the entrance into the cabinet of the People's Party, or the party representing the big industrial interests such as those of Stinnes, also seems bright in view of the attitude shown by the Association of German Industry and its readiness to coöperate with the Government in the solution of the country's economic problem. Till recently the big industrialists showed an inclination to back the monarchial element, but with the reactionary movement badly discredited and its Bavarian citadel smashed, they have apparently come to realize that they must work with the Republic if they are to have any influence in affairs.

The great question in Germany today is: How can Germany bring about a revision of the Allied reparation terms. On this issue all parties are united, those which opposed, as well as those which favored, acceptance of the Allied ultimatum. Late in September the value of the mark reached the low record of eight-tenths of a cent and emphasized the country's need of stabilization. The German contention is that revision of the terms is necessary from the Allied standpoint as well as the German, since the more Germans work, the more will workers in outside countries remain idle, thus swelling the ranks of the unemployed. Recently Winston Churchill, the British Colonial Secretary, declared himself in favor of an international readjustment of the world's financial situation, including the reparations problems, and on this declaration the Germans are largely basing their hope for a revision of the financial features of the Versailles Treaty.

One means of staving off possible bankruptcy and of assur-

ing the regular payment of future installments on Germany's war bill, was the agreement signed by representatives of the German and French Governments at Wiesbaden on October 6th. Under this agreement France agrees to accept as part of her share of the reparations payments due in the next five years 7,000,000,000 marks' worth of live stock, machinery and goods, in lieu of cash. The signing consummates the tentative agreement drawn up last month by Louis Loncheur, French Minister of the Liberated Regions, and Walter Rathenau, German Minister of Reconstruction.

After a three-day session of representatives of the Berlin Government and of the Inter-Allied Guaranty Commission, it was announced officially on October 1st that Germany would pay in full the first export tax payment due the Allies on November 15th. This announcement came simultaneously from the Commission and the German Treasury, after the Commission had audited the Government's accounts for the first quarter of the fiscal year beginning May 1st. It is on this period that payment is to be based.

The cost of maintaining the Allied troops on the Rhine up to the end of March, 1921, was more than one hundred billion paper marks, according to figures recently published in Berlin. All this expense must be borne by Germany, under the Treaty of Versailles, although to date the Berlin Government has paid only 7,313,911,829 paper marks on the bill, the Allies having advanced the remainder.

On October 6th the Reparations Commission officially issued figures showing that the cost of the American Army of Occupation on the Rhine from the date of the armistice until April, 1921, was second only to that of France. The figures in gold marks, which has been established as the standard, instead of francs or sterling, are as follows: France, 1,276,450,838; United States, 1,167,327,830; Great Britain, 991,016,859; Belgium, 194,706,228; Italy, 10,064,861.

Germany, throughout the period of occupation, has been paying in marks more than ten per cent. of the upkeep of the American forces. Brigadier-General H. T. Allen, commander of the forces, is now working out with German authorities a plan to increase the amount to thirty or forty per cent. of the cost. The percentage paid has amounted to between \$25,000,000 and \$30,000,000.

The unemployment wave that swept the world has left Germany in the best condition of any of the great industrial nations except France. A boom in industries, stimulated by the low value of the mark in other countries, has absorbed the idle, until today there are less than 400,000 unemployed in the whole country, and even this number is decreasing steadily. The latest official re-

port from the Ministry of Labor, dated September 20th, shows that on that date there were 301,647 men and 81,981 women seeking work. These figures show a progressive decline in unemployment in Germany in the last twelve months and represent a particular improvement, as compared with August of this year, when the number of men unemployed was 681,000 and of women 256,000. These figures are the result of a canvass made by three hundred and twenty State unemployment bureaus throughout the greater part of the country.

After considerable preliminary delay, due to the demoralized condition of the railways, outside relief began to reach famine sufferers on September 22d, when the American Relief Administration opened its first kitchen in Kazan in the Volga region. Since then the twenty-two members of the administration, under the direction of Colonel William N. Haskell, have succeeded in spreading out their activities. Other agencies are also in the field, including an international relief corps under Dr. Fridtjof Nansen, the Quakers, and the German Red Cross. The Soviet authorities are working in close coöperation with the American administration, in accordance with the agreement reached with Secretary Hoover. Speaking broadly, it may be said that the aiding of a million children by the American Relief Administration will have to constitute the major portion of foreign relief this winter. The situation along the Volga, where the Government has successfully evacuated 50,000 workers and 70,000 members of their families, has been temporarily ameliorated by this move, but it is expected to be worse again in a couple of months. Meanwhile the relief of starving adults remains an unsolved question.

The successful completion of the Soviet Government's campaign to secure seed grain for the famine district, was announced in September, when it was declared that 13,500,000 poods of grain had been collected instead of the 12,000,000 poods required. The greater portion of the seed grain has already reached the famine area and will be available in time for sowing.

In a note dated October 10th, the British Foreign Office points out that the stipulation made by the International Russian Relief Commission that the Russian Government must recognize its existing debts and other obligations, has not been fully appreciated. The British Government has already given \$1,250,000 in surplus stocks, clothing and medical and transport supplies, and is willing to give the Red Cross and other charitable societies working in Russia further help at once, but the immediate relief efforts are

distinct from the credit question. On the question of credits, the view taken by the British Foreign Office and Government is that the Russian Government must on its part undertake the obligation of all civilized countries, namely, that their loans will at some time be repaid.

A request by the Far Eastern Republic, whose seat is at Chita, addressed to the American Minister at Peking, that it be permitted to participate in the Washington Conference on the Limitation of Armaments, was the occasion in September for the re-affirmation by Secretary Hughes of the American policy towards Russia. In a communication to the Minister at Peking, Secretary Hughes lays down the principle, that until "a single recognized Russian Government" is in existence, the vast territory that formerly constituted the Russian Empire, with the exception of that portion ceded to the new Polish nation, must remain under a moral trusteeship of the Powers which are to take part in the Washington Conference. It is made plain that the United States considers the break-up of Russia and Siberia into a number of independent States as a calamity, and that it intends to do its best to preserve Russian unity, so that in the course of time the Russian people might establish a central Government for all Russian territory. The reiteration of this principle is regarded in this country and abroad as notice to the Soviet Government of Russia, that in no circumstances will the United States recognize the Soviet authority.

On the other hand, a special mission to go to the Washington Conference has been appointed by the members of the Russian Constituent Assembly in Paris, representing virtually all the anti-Bolshevik groups. The mission will be headed by Nicolai Avskentieff, President of the Constituent Assembly, and Professor Paul Milukoff, member of the Assembly and editor of the official anti-Bolshevik organ in Europe. Although they have not received an invitation to the Conference, both these delegates express the belief that they will be given a hearing when the Far Eastern questions are discussed.

A Polish ultimatum was handed the Russian Government on September 22d, demanding the restoration to Poland of railway rolling stock, creation of a joint Russian-Ukrainian-Polish commission for the evacuation of Poles from the Ukraine, and the payment to Poland of 30,000,000 gold rubles of the Russian imperial gold fund, all in accordance with the first three sections of the Russo-Polish Peace Treaty. In reply, the Soviet Government stated that, while Poland insisted upon compliance with the first three sections of the Peace Treaty, Russia likewise insisted on

Poland's compliance with Article 5, under which both States mutually guaranteed to respect the sovereignty of each other's territory, and agreed not to support organizations fighting against the other's Government. The tense situation created by these notes was suddenly relieved on October 11th, when Poland agreed to expel from her territory the various White Guard representatives who had been actively opposed to Soviet Russia.

The new economic policy of the Soviet Government had resulted, up to September 25th, in the leasing to private concerns from all of Russia's twenty-five provinces a total of two hundred and sixty manufacturing plants. The leases run for various periods of years, and the list includes five chemical works, ten saw-mills, twenty-seven tanneries, five textile, eleven metallurgical and fifty-six food factories and thirteen plantations. Moreover, the Russian Soviet Council of Commissars, of which Premier Lenine is President, decided on October 7th to create a State bank to develop industries, agriculture and trade, and also to control circulation and exchange. The bank will be capitalized at 3,000,000,000,000 rubles. The decentralization of Russia's schools and denationalization of the theatres and moving picture houses also was recently announced.

Italy. The Fascisti have grown dissatisfied with the compromise agreement effected by the Government two months ago, restoring peace between these Extreme Nationalists and the Socialists. They accuse the Government of partiality towards the Socialists in view of the expectation that they will join the national cabinet. As a result of this feeling, conflicts between the two factions have again broken out at various places, particularly at Ortanova, near Bari, and a general strike has been declared in virtually all of South Italy. In a fight at Modena five Fascisti were killed and twenty seriously wounded.

Communist riots and bomb outrages have occurred in Trieste as the result of the refusal of the Italian Government to pay what it regarded as exorbitant demands from the shipbuilders for money grants, to facilitate the completion of fifty-four vessels now under construction. The company tried unsuccessfully to intimidate the Government by notifying the workmen of a reduction in wages, knowing that this would involve a strike, but the Government stood firm. Thereupon the workers declared a strike, which has since extended to the dock workers, the bakers and most of the public utilities. Traffic in the port has been completely paralyzed, and no ships are arriving or leaving.

Professor Ricardo Zanella, leader of the Fiuman People's Party, on October 6th was elected President of the new independent State of Fiume by the Constitutional Assembly, receiving fifty-seven of the sixty-eight votes cast. Since then he has announced his programme and made public the names of his cabinet, in which he himself will hold the portfolios of foreign affairs, commerce and communications. In his programme President Zanella said he desired to end feuds and hatreds, and declared he had no thought of revenge against political enemies. The President announced that he placed all Fiuman citizens residing abroad under the protection of the representatives of the King of Italy. He urged an early solution of the question of Porto Barros, which is still an unsettled point between Italy and Jugo-Slavia. The programme of President Zanella was adopted by the Assembly by a vote of fifty against ten. The Fiume Fascisti have issued a proclamation calling the Assembly's election of Professor Zanella illegal, and characterizing Zanella and his party as enemies of Italy.

Spain.

The outcome of the month's fighting in Morocco, where the Spaniards have now concentrated 60,000 troops, has on the whole been favorable to Spain. The latest and most important fighting has been in the mountainous Gourougou region, which has been the principal Moorish base of operations. Though the Moors were driven back, the Spanish forces did not hold the positions they had taken, contenting themselves with burning a number of native cantonments. Three cannon and a quantity of ammunition were captured. Other places taken by the Spaniards include Nador, a town southwest of Melilla and the key to the Moorish positions around that city. Warships with a heavy barrage of shells have been used in covering the advance of troops along the coast. The Moors are offering stubborn resistance, and the indications are that it will require months of constant fighting before the country is finally pacified.

Former Emperor Charles of Austria, at present in Switzerland, has for the second time petitioned the Spanish Government for permission to take up his residence in Spain. The Government, however, is demanding certain political and financial guarantees before granting the requested permission. Spain especially demands restrictions on the household expenses of the ex-Emperor, which are estimated to amount annually to 1,280,000 Swiss francs. This expenditure is caused by his staff of eighty persons, which the Spanish Government desires to see reduced considerably.

Greece.

In a nine days' battle beginning on September 30th along the new front in Asia Minor extending from Afium Karahissar to a point almost directly east of Brusa, the Greeks won a complete victory on the southern end of the line, driving the Nationalists from the field and inflicting heavy losses upon them. Further north the fighting consisted of raids in force. Turkish concentrations north of Kiosm on the right bank of the Sakaria River, have been scattered by a Greek offensive, while Nationalist detachments have suffered severe losses in recent skirmishes.

Recruits of the class of 1922 were called to the colors by a royal decree issued in September. All those who have acquired Greek citizenship since 1921 and have not passed the age of forty, were also directed to report for military duty.

The Greeks, who in September were reported to be in a difficult position, have at no time evinced an intention of applying for Allied mediation in their war with the Nationalists. In an official outline of Greece's peace demands, it is asserted that Greece has no imperialistic aims in view, and does not intend to claim all the lands that her armies have occupied. Her chief demands include the freedom of the Greeks not under Turkish rule, a frontier to protect her liberated Asiatic provinces, the freedom of Armenia, and the confinement of Turkish rule to those lands that are essentially Turkish in population and character.

The discovery of a vast revolutionary plot at Constantinople was announced in September by the British authorities there. The plot, which was organized and subsidized from Angora, the Turkish Nationalist capital, aimed at fomenting a revolution in Constantinople, and to this end it was planned to spread dissatisfaction among the loyal Indian troops and assassinate the leading Allied officers. Allied authorities have made demands on the Turkish Government to surrender the conspirators, who will be tried by Allied court-martial. The guns of British warships, anchored in the Golden Horn and the Bosphorus, have been directed against Stamboul, the Asiatic section of Constantinople, and British troops are proceeding to disarm the populace.

Austria.

For several months a situation of considerable difficulty has been existent between Austria and Hungary. This concerns the controversy over Burgenland, or West Hungary, a narrow strip of territory awarded to Austria by the Treaty of St. Germain. Despite repeated notes from the Allies regular Hungarian troops have continued to occupy the district, and finally the Council of

Ambassadors informed the Hungarian Government that she must completely withdraw her troops in the near future or be forcibly expelled by the Allies. The Hungarian Government in reply suggested that the controversy be submitted to Italian mediation, and to this the British, French and Italian Governments have agreed. The Italians have invited Count Stefan Bethlen, the Hungarian Premier, and former Foreign Minister Banffy to Venice for a conference, the date of which has not been fixed.

Meanwhile reports are numerous that an attempt is being made by the Hungarian ex-Premier Friederich to establish West Hungary as an independent State. The danger from the West Hungarian bands of irregulars, which are reported to be rapidly increasing, is heightened by the complete accord recently reached between ex-Premier Friederich and Colonel Pronay. Up to this time the two have disagreed, Pronay being antagonistic to ex-Emperor Charles and Friederich in favor of his restoration, but both are now united in the military endeavor to hold West Hungary. The Allied delay in enforcing upon Hungary the fulfillment of her Treaty obligations to part with Burgenland, is encouraging the various revolutionary elements throughout Austria.

Besides the Burgenland complications, the position of the Austrian Government under Dr. Schober is extremely difficult on other accounts. This Government was formed last spring on the basis of the rejection of the *Ausschluss* (union with Germany) propaganda, in return for Allied credits, and the pan-Germans in Austria promised to support it till autumn, when, if no credits were received, they would reserve freedom of action. That time limit has almost expired, and the Schober Cabinet finds itself without credits, with the burden of a broken Treaty on its back, and faced with impossible economic conditions. It is anticipated that the coming winter will see many social troubles in Austria. Already the Socialist leaders have the utmost difficulty in keeping the workers in hand, and there is likely to be a movement among certain working groups to have wages paid in German marks instead of kronen, which is a backhanded way of leading to union with Germany.

October 13, 1921.

With Our Readers.

THE awakening of Catholics in America to a responsibility that is not limited by parochial and diocesan lines, but extends rather to the whole country, has recently been evidenced in many ways, but in no way so plainly as through interest in The National Catholic Welfare Council. One of the five great departments of this Council is that of Lay Organizations, as made up of the National Council of Catholic Men and the National Council of Catholic Women. The Chairman of the whole department is Right Rev. Joseph Schrembs, Bishop of Cleveland, who was present at the two conventions held recently in Washington, D. C., one in September when Catholic men assembled from all parts of the country and the other in October, when representative Catholic women gathered likewise from all quarters of the land.

In the number of those who attended, in the extent of territory represented, in the interest displayed, in the social questions that were ably presented and intelligently discussed, in the consequent recognition of the need of increased membership of organizations and individuals, both conventions were eminently and thoroughly successful. Never have there been more enthusiastic gatherings, never more sane and, at the same time, eloquent presentations of ideas. Our readers have no doubt read accounts of the meetings in the Catholic weeklies and the daily papers. The fuller report of the Men's Convention is given in the October number of the *National Catholic Welfare Council Bulletin*, and that of the Women's Convention will be given in the November issue.

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THROUGHOUT the deliberations of these conventions two basic ideas were featured, and their favorable reception augurs well for the life and effectiveness of these American and Catholic lay organizations. One of the ideas had to do with the scope and character of the purposes of these wonderful federations. Again and again, it was brought out that their outlook is national; that if, up to the present, Catholic societies in our land have limited their activities to their own parish or diocese, city or state, or if, having nation-wide membership, have limited their purpose to one feature of social advantage or improvement, now, in their union, they are to be active in a national way, they are to take united

interest in national questions of social and ethical import, they are to function nationally as well as locally. Individually and in organizations, the various members are indeed to continue to carry on their respective works in their own community as represented in their parish or diocese, their city or state; but, in addition, they are to consider it their business also to bring their influence to bear upon moral and civic and social questions of national significance.

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THERE is a strong tendency today among the promoters of Federal legislation to concern themselves not merely, as of old, with economic and industrial questions, but also with those of an educational, moral or domestic character. These latter affect the spiritual and religious life of the citizens of today and of the generations to come. Those who have at heart the moral welfare of all—and who should be so concerned as Catholics—must keep in touch with all such efforts, to support them when they are good, to oppose them when they are evil. Religious and educational rights in our own land and in the lands where our country exerts an influence; the rights of immigrants coming to make their home amongst us and to be adopted as citizens; the rights of children and women, the rights of home and family, the rights of human souls to protection from indecency in whatever form it shows itself; the rights of the whole body of citizens to social justice; these are some of the things in regard to which Catholics, as well as others, should have a national outlook, and about which they should speak in a united and common voice. They are the better Americans and the better Catholics when they take such interest. For, if they are true American citizens they must have the moral and social welfare of the whole country at heart; and if they are true Catholics they must realize their possession of saving truths which can be applied, with no uncertainty of effect, to the ills of the day.

Such was the great national message proclaimed at both of these important conventions; such the message received by the many representatives from various sections of our country; such the message they were asked to bring back to their local communities. In these days of moral upheaval and uncertainty, nothing has aroused greater hope for the future of our country than the sane expression of fundamental civic and moral principles put forth in the well considered resolutions of these two National Catholic Conventions.

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THE other idea, just as strongly insisted upon and just as fully featured, had to do with the motive back of all this National Catholic effort. Each Convention was inaugurated with the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass, and in the opening sermons, one by Bishop Schrembs and the other by Bishop Gibbons of Albany, the futility of social and patriotic work without the spiritual background of faith was insisted upon. Likewise was it shown that the best results in combined social effort could be obtained only if high spiritual standards were maintained in individual life, especially in the lives of those who were called upon to engage most actively out in the field. The same note was struck in the message of the newly-elected President of The National Council of Catholic Men, Admiral Benson, and in the introductory address of the President of The National Council of Catholic Women, Mrs. Michael Gavin.

The closing words of the more detailed report of the latter form a splendid spiritual appeal: "We have touched but a few of the many problems which confront us on every hand. Surely a sufficient number, however, to show the need of our organization, and to prove to you the necessity of arousing to action every Catholic woman throughout the length and breadth of the land. We need each one of you. We need you as organizations, we need you as individuals. And just as we have national problems to face, you have in your own community local questions to handle. Will they not be more intelligently understood, more efficiently handled, because of the fact that we are a part of a great body of Catholic women pledged to uphold the ideals of Christian womanhood, and to prove to the world that in spite of the great allurements of luxury and wealth on the one hand and the hardships resultant from poverty on the other, we are one in spirit, one in aim because we are members of that one body of which Christ is the Head."

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EVER, in the various addresses made by members of the clergy and the laity, did the same thought of individual spiritual consecration recur again and again. The models proposed were no other than the Saints of God, and the Leader was no other than the Leader of those Saints—Christ Our Lord. The work could be of no value unless it was work in Him and for Him: it could have no permanency unless it was inspired by Him: it could have no beauty unless it was instinct with His Life: it could have no effectiveness unless it were undertaken and carried on in union with His Church, that mystical body of which we are members and He is the Head.

Both of these conventions, while considering every feature of

social and civic life and while concerned with every means for the improvement of temporal conditions, thrilled and pulsated with the vital force of Christian faith and Christian charity. Their solicitude for social justice, for the alleviation of earthly ills, for the upholding of right ethical standards, was animated by such a spirit of consecration to the ideals of Christ that they took on the character of sacred assemblies in a sacred cause.

DURING the Convention of The National Council of Catholic Women, much stress was laid upon the National Catholic Social Service School for Women. In obedience to the recognition of the necessity of trained workers in the fields of social and civic activity, this school has been undertaken by the Women's Council. It is the successor of the emergency school of a like character, which was established by The National Catholic War Council to meet the exigencies of the days of a great struggle. The present school is to be housed in a splendid edifice recently purchased and already thoroughly equipped. The Director of the School, as he will be also of a school of similar type for men which is contemplated, is the well known educator and sociologist and economist, Dr. Charles P. Neill. The Rev. John A. Ryan, D.D., will give the course in ethics; Rev. William J. Kerby, Ph.D., the course in sociology; the Rev. Thomas V. Moore, C.S.P., courses in clinical problems of childhood and in the elements of psychiatry, and Dr. Neill will give the courses in economics and social legislation. With such experienced teachers forming part of the staff, which includes also a number of women, the high standing of the school is immediately secured. The students, who for admission must have completed a college course or possess its equivalent in training and experience, will follow a two years' programme of studies.

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THE National Council of Catholic Women is to be congratulated upon the undertaking of this magnificent work, which augurs well for the social influence of Catholic principles in the future of our land. Already a goodly portion of the fund of \$500,000 for the support of the school, a fund which the Council is collecting through subscription, has been obtained. We wish them success, and we also hope that young Catholic women of the attainments required, will, by entering the school, take advantage of this opportunity to become well equipped workers for the social welfare of our country. That the influence of the school will extend even beyond the confines of America is assured through the plan of

establishing scholarships for foreign students. Already, in this inaugural year, nine such students are enrolled, three from France, three from Belgium, two from Poland and one from the Philippines.

THE Second International Congress of Eugenics met at the Museum of Natural History, New York City, September 22d to 28th, 1921, with representatives from most of the European countries, as well as North and South America, in attendance. The term Eugenics has, in recent years, become associated in many minds with radical doctrines of various kinds, but the important representatives of the genuine science of Eugenics at this Congress were rather thoroughgoing in their conservatism. They demanded protection for the monogamous marriage with limitation of divorce, more children in the families of educated, well-to-do people as a moral duty, earlier marriages, a more sheltered life for mothers, better safeguards against the marriages of imbeciles and the insane, and unselfishness as a patriotic duty. There were radicals present, and they took occasion to proclaim some of their doctrines, but they were completely overshadowed by the important scientists who emphatically proclaimed old-fashioned principles as the basis of true Eugenics.

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THE keynote of the discussions was the distinct danger of deterioration of mankind which present-day conditions portend. We have heard so much about the progress of the race, and the apparently inevitable tendency of mankind to grow ever better and better, and to go ever higher in the scale of development that this phase of discussion at a scientific congress could not but be striking. It has come to be recognized very generally that evolution through the struggle for existence, may readily bring deterioration in its train rather than amelioration, and that indeed for several thousand years there has been no advance in humanity. The whole question of how evolution has come about, unless some great directive, not to say creative, force is posited behind it, is evidently occupying a very prominent place in the minds of a great many men of science. Major Leonard Darwin, the English representative at the Congress, the son of Charles Darwin, the author of *The Origin of Species*, proclaimed that the doctrine of evolution is a *belief* accepted by scientists, and this gives rise to the *hope* that the upward march would be continued in the future, but he did not suggest that evolution was a demonstration on scientific grounds, for, of course, most of the evi-

dence for it is subjective rather than objective, and Eugenics, therefore, is founded on hope and not on any necessary causative factor.

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THE President of the Congress, Professor Henry Fairfield Osborn, the director of the American Museum of Natural History, New York, dwelt on the monogamous family as one of the most important factors for Eugenics. The evil of divorce, as almost inevitably making for deterioration of the race, was a subject of discussion prominent in the Congress, and Professor Osborn dwelt on the proposition that monogamy should be "maintained and safeguarded by the State as well as by religion." He proclaimed it "a natural and hence a patriotic institution," and that without it any real amelioration of the race is impossible.

In agreement with this, the son of the father of evolution declared: "I can find no facts which refute the theoretical conclusion that the inborn qualities of civilized communities are deteriorating, and the process will inevitably lead in time to an all round downward movement." The only efficient corrective factor for this impending calamity is the presence of more children among the better-to-do intellectual classes. He felt that it is necessary now to produce the wide and deep conviction that "it is both immoral and unpatriotic for couples, sound in mind and body, to unduly limit the size of their families." He felt that a campaign against the limitation of families was extremely important. He believed that such a campaign would succeed, if only persons of character and intelligence can be awakened to the serious dangers now threatening the race. He was not inclined to think that bounties for large families or premiums on parenthood would do much good, unless a profound conviction was created in the minds of the better-to-do classes that they had a definite serious duty to perform to their country and their race.

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THE limitation of offspring in order to assure education and a fair start in life to the smaller number born is fatal to the race, and Major Darwin urged that sacrifices must be made for the good of the race. This could be best accomplished by having the duty in this regard strongly felt by the mass of the people. He did not hesitate to say that "there ought to be a great moral campaign against the exaggerated regard for personal comfort and social advancement, which now dictates the limitation of families." Major Darwin advocated special taxes on the unmarried and the childless. And he declared that marriage among

the unfit, the feeble-minded, those with definite tendencies to insanity and sometimes to criminality should be prevented as far as possible, and this was one of the difficult problems that civilization had before it.

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THE French representative, Dr. Delapouge of Poitiers, declared that the world was suffering from a shortage of mind large enough to deal successfully with its problems. The War has carried off far more than the due proportion of the very flower of humanity, for it was the unselfish, the patriotic and those ready to do things for the benefit of others who risked all and, unfortunately, often perished. The best of the young men of France have succumbed or been invalided in the proportion of at least two out of three. Many of the oldest, finest French families have been wiped out, the last male having been killed. Something nearly like this has happened in all the countries of Europe, and the degradation of the race seems impending, unless the intellectual classes can be made to realize their patriotic duty and, by increasing the number in their families, replace some at least of those who have been lost. Dr. Delapouge evidently felt that civilization was in very serious straits unless some of the old-fashioned virtues were to prove its salvation, and he looked to America particularly as the hope of the future of the race, but only on condition that the radical elements shall not be allowed to gain the upper hand to the detriment of civilization.

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MR. LOUIS I. DUBLIN, the statistician of the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company, New York City, in his discussion of the mortality of foreign race stocks, brought out some facts with regard to the expectancy of life in New York City as a type of what it is in other large cities throughout the country, that were very startling. At the age of twenty, the expectancy of life among the Russian Jews is a year greater than that among the natives and two years greater than that among the Italians. Other foreign races follow these in their expectancy of life, the Irish having the highest mortality and the lowest expectancy of life, two years less even than that of the negro, who is usually supposed, because of the conditions in which he lives, to have less possibility of long life than any of the people around him. The Russian Jew resists very well tuberculosis and pneumonia and so also does the Italian. The Italian death rate from cancer is ever so much lower than that of the native American, and also the other races in this country. The Irish have a very high death rate from tubercu-

losis and pneumonia, a still higher comparative death rate from cancer, and the highest death rate of all from Bright's disease.

It is well understood by statisticians that it is only a question of time, and not a very long time either, before any race which has a distinctly greater expectancy of life than the others around it, will come to exceed in numbers the other people, so that the statistical outlook is for a dominance of the Russian elements in New York City's life. The Irish, on the other hand, seem destined to disappear to a considerable extent. Their death rate here from all the principal diseases is much higher than it is at home in Ireland, and Dr. Dublin's statistics make it very clear that the Irish who come here, sacrifice, on the average, five years of life for the privilege of living in America.

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DR. KNOPF of New York, discussing Eugenics in the tuberculosis problem, recalled that tuberculosis began in early life and that healthy children had excellent resistive vitality against it. He declared that the healthiest children as a rule were those of young couples who married at comparatively early ages. The limitation of the number of children in the family by the delay of marriage, was likely to be unfavorable for the children's health and strength. He bewailed the fact that in our well-to-do and healthy American families, our best American stock, where larger families would be no burden, early marriages are unfortunately not encouraged.

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THE place of heredity in the transmission of insanity, imbecility and certain other defects, was emphasized in a series of papers founded on the histories obtained in the various institutions for the insane and defectives, especially in this country. The rôle of environment in the production of criminal tendencies was brought out, and the fact that the marriage of criminals is above all likely to perpetuate unfortunate conditions. The relation of marriage between near relatives to the production of defects of various kinds, was confirmed in a number of papers, and Alexander Graham Bell, the inventor of the telephone, was prominently portrayed and hailed as one of the first contributors to Eugenics in this country by his studies of the United States census report, which brought out the fact that many more blind and deaf and otherwise sensorily defective children were born of the marriages of near relatives, and especially of first cousins, than of others where there was no relationship between the parents.

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THE comment of the newspaper reporters that Birth Control, with which the word Eugenics is usually confounded in popular estimation, was kept in the background, was true for all the better known contributors to the Congress. The subject, however, came up for discussion at one of the afternoon sessions, and the surprise was to find teachers from the women's colleges lined up in favor of it, and of the repeal of laws preventing the diffusion of information with regard to this subject. A special appeal had been made to college women by readers of papers to marry early and raise a number of children as their best contribution to the solution of the problems of dysgenics, which the world is now facing. It was declared to be a great racial loss that women with higher education often remained unmarried and seldom raised many children. Dr. Dublin urged the college woman to look on matrimony as a career with great and inspiring possibilities. With overt advocates of the free teaching of Birth Control practices on college faculties, it is easy to understand the ordinary attitude of the college woman toward such an appeal.

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PERHAPS, through the darkness of the times, the greater scientists are beginning to see the light. At any rate, the leaders in this International Congress of Eugenics recognized on scientific grounds that, for the welfare of the race, those means are necessary which have always been proclaimed, on moral grounds, by the Catholic Church.

AMONG the many tributes offered Dante on the occasion of his six hundredth anniversary, we have found none that surpasses in conciseness and completeness that of the Secretary of State Hughes, pronounced at a memorial meeting in Washington. As reported, the Secretary of State said: "It is well to turn back six hundred years to learn once more the lesson that 'moral supremacy is the only one that leaves monuments, and not ruins, behind it.' Dante embodied all the knowledge and culture of his time. He was scholar, patriot and poet, but his distinction transcends his age and becomes more impressive as the centuries pass. He is universal because he is the poet of the Christian faith, and with the ideals of that faith he wrote the epic of the human soul. Dante, with matchless power, taught the lesson of faith's victory of the soul triumphant, of the strength which alone gives the mastery of life and cannot know defeat."

BOOKS RECEIVED.

THE MACMILLAN Co., New York:

Hamlet and the Scottish Succession. By L. Winstanley. *American Catholics in the War.* By Michael Williams. *How Lotys Had Tea With a Lion.* By F. B. Kirkman. *The Windy Hill.* By Cornelia Meigs. \$1.75. *The Cuckoo Clock.* By Mrs. Molesworth. \$1.00. *Carrots, Just a Little Boy.* By Mrs. Molesworth. \$1.00. *Essays in Critical Realism, A Coöperative Study of the Problem of Knowledge.* The Castaways of Banda Sea. By W. H. Miller. \$1.75. *Early Tudor Poetry.* By John Berdan. *Peeps at Many Lands: Egypt and the Holy Land.* By R. T. Kelly and J. Finnemore. \$1.50. *The Labor Problem and the Social Catholic Movement in France.* By P. T. Moon.

BENZIGER BROTHERS, New York:

The Love of the Sacred Heart. Illustrated by St. Gertrude. Preface by Most Rev. A. Goddier, S.J. \$2.00. *The Church and Her Members.* By Rev. G. H. Bishop. 45 cents. *Matters of Moment.* By Rev. J. McCabe. \$2.00 net. *The English Dominicans.* By Bede Jarrett, O.P.

HENRY HOLT & Co., New York:

The Rational Good. By L. T. Hobhouse. *The Beginning of Wisdom.* By S. W. Benét. *How and Why Stories.* By J. C. Branner. \$2.25. *Girls of Highland Hall.* By Carrol W. Rankin. \$1.75.

BONI & LIVERIGHT, New York:

Kutnar, Son of Pic. By George Langford. \$1.75 net. *Chitza, and Eight Other Romances of Gypsy Blood.* By Konrad Bercovici. \$2.00. *Out of Mist.* By Florence K. Mixer. \$1.75. *Adventures in the Arts.* By Marsden Kartley. \$3.00.

OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS, New York:

Treaties and Agreements With and Concerning China, 1894-1919. By John V. MacMurray. Vols. I. and II. *The Proceedings of the Hague Conferences. Translation of Official Texts. Conference of 1907, Vol. II. Meetings of the First Commission Carnegie Endowment for International Peace.*

DODD, MEAD & Co., New York:

A Short History of the Papacy. By Mary I. Bell.

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS, New York:

The International Critical Commentary on the Epistles to the Galatians. By Ernest de Witt Burton. \$4.50.

THOMAS Y. CROWELL Co., New York:

The Tree of Light. By J. A. B. Scherer. \$1.35.

NICHOLAS L. BROWN, New York:

Pope Alexander VI. and His Court. Edited by Dr. F. L. Glaser.

ROBERT MCBRIDE & Co., New York:

Autumn. By Robert Nathan.

G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS, New York:

The Golden Barque. By Seumas O'Kelly.

THE CENTURY Co., New York:

Lost Ships and Lonely Seas. By R. D. Paine. \$4.00.

LONGSMANS, GREEN & Co., New York:

Biochemistry. By B. Moore. \$7.50. *The Economic History of Ireland from the Union to the Famine.* By G. O'Brien. \$7.50. *Life of St. Francis of Assisi.* By Father Cuthbert. \$4.00.

GEORGE DORAN Co., New York:

Turns About Town. By R. C. Holliday. \$2.00. *Roving East and Roving West.* By E. V. Lucas. \$2.00.

E. P. DUTTON & Co., New York:

The Brassbounder. By D. W. Bone. *Essays and Addresses on the Philosophy of Religion.* By E. F. Von Hugel. \$6.00. *Famous Chemists.* By Sir W. A. Tilden. \$5.00 net.

D. APPLETON & Co., New York:

The Age of Innocence. By Edith Wharton. \$2.00.

MANHATTAN & BRONX ADVOCATE, New York:

Freedom, Truth and Beauty; Sonnets. By E. Doyle.

HARCOURT, BRACE & Co., New York:

The Trend of the Race. By S. J. Holmes. \$4.00 net. *A Short History of the English Drama.* By B. Brawley. *Tudor Ideals.* By L. Einstein.

GOVERNMENT PRINTING OFFICE, Washington, D. C.:

Thirty-Fifth Annual Report of the Bureau of American Ethnology, 1913-1914. Part I.

MISSION CHURCH PRESS, Boston:

The Glories of Mary in Boston. By Rev. J. F. Byrne, C.S.S.R. *Collectio Rerum Liturgicarum.* By Joseph Wulst, C.S.S.R.

LITTLE, BROWN & Co., Boston:

If Winter Comes. By A. S. M. Hutchinson. \$2.00.

MARSHALL JONES & Co., Boston:

The Life Indeed. By John F. Genung. \$3.00.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY PRESS, Boston:

The Founding of New England. By J. T. Adams. \$4.00.

THE Catholic World

VOL. CXIV.

DECEMBER, 1921

No. 681

THE EXTRA-EVANGELICAN CHRIST.

BY EDWARD ROBERTS MOORE, M.A.



So many a protagonist of Christianity has truly said, were the Person of Christianity's Founder to be ruled off the pages of certain history for lack of sufficient evidence, then by the same canon would fall nearly all the great figures of antiquity. F. C. Conybeare, of whom we may say only that he is less a radical than Professor Arthur Drews, whose extravagant theories he attacks as baseless and absurd, is willing to admit¹ that the Gospels and other Christian literature date back at least to within seventy years of the death of Christ, whereas, he points out, our chief sources of information regarding Solon the Lawgiver, for example, are Plutarch and Diogenes, writers who lived seven and eight hundred years after Him. And this is but one example of hundreds that could be adduced of "individuals for whose reality we have not a tithe of the evidence which we have for that of Jesus." If, then, Christ and His teachings are but emanations from the collective consciousness of mankind, or merely the results of the evolution of the religious impulse, which in turn is rooted in primitive man's ignorance and superstitious fear of natural phenomena, then are Solon the Lawgiver but a preëxistent

¹ *The Historical Christ*, p. 3, *et seq.*

æon, the Battle of Marathon a myth and Pythagoras and the rest but figments in the mind of some later romancer.

But theological predeterminations should not be permitted to drive from the judgment seat sober reason meting out equal justice to all claimants. If the more scanty and unsatisfactory evidence dealing with those dim but majestic figures of ages antedating by many centuries the opening of our era, be accepted as conclusive, then far, far beyond all thought of question should be the voluminous testimony corroborating in every detail the traditional account of the beginnings of Christianity, a testimony that includes the findings of *true* higher criticism, as well as a great mass of matter extrinsic to the text itself, consisting of quotations from scores of the early writers, countless indirect references, and last, but not least, innumerable monuments, if not contemporary with the Apostolic Age, at least closer to the deeds they commemorate by many hundred years than the earliest record we have of many an event universally regarded as unimpeachably historic.

It is not our purpose, nor were it possible, to recount in this article these testimonies in their entirety, nor to examine into and defend their validity as a basis for evangelical credibility. The vast compass of such an investigation constrains us to restrict our present interest to just one phase of the question. The enemies of Christianity had sought in many ways to devitalize or to destroy entirely the New Testament record of Christ; it remained for David Friedrich Strauss,² in 1835, and after him, for Professor Arthur Drews³ and his associates, to seek not merely to strip Christ of supernatural power and mission, but actually to deprive Him of the fundamental attribute of existence. In their judgment, the Gospels were pure myths and Jesus a mere creation thereof!

Even among those formerly considered the most thoroughgoing of the Rationalistic school, this extravagant theory met with but little encouragement, and today *Das Leben Jesu* and the *Christ-Myth* with their fantastic ramblings live but as reminders of the absurdities to which the human mind will descend in its attempt to defend a preconceived notion. Not infrequently, however, we do hear one question propounded for the raising of which these gentlemen were largely re-

² In *Das Leben Jesu*.

³ Writer of *The Christ-Myth*.

sponsible: "Why does not profane history tell of Christ? If He is all the Gospels claim Him to be, how does it happen that in secular chronicle there is no mention of Him?" That this question involves a "*petitio principii*," since, as a matter of fact, impartial history did not thus, by its silence, bear witness against Him, it shall be the purpose of this article to demonstrate.

One of the favorite arguments of the Mythists was culled from what it pleased them to term the "Silence of Flavius Josephus." This gentleman was an historian, a professional narrator of events. Hence, they aver, if he knew of Christianity and Christianity's Founder, he certainly should have made some mention thereof. Secondly, it is absolutely incomprehensible that he should not have had this knowledge—if, say our friends, there was any such knowledge to be had!—because his life was cast by the very cradle side of the infant Church. It was within a decade at most after the death of Our Saviour and in the very city against which was written the stoning of the prophets of the Old Law, and now the crucifixion of the Great Prophet of the New, that Josephus entered upon the stage of mortal existence. Here he lived, very nearly continuously, until, in the year 70 at the hands of Titus, the "Holy City" paid the penalty of her faithlessness. For thirty years, then, he dwelt at the birthplace of Christianity; for approximately thirty more, basking in the sunlight of imperial favor and perfection, he lived at Rome, already Christendom's primatial See. It is, therefore, clearly beyond the scope of possibility that he should have been ignorant of a movement which was already assuming proportions not only sufficient to rend in twain the outworn veil of Judaism, but to set even the temples of pagan Rome a-tremor with apprehension.

And yet, it is said, Josephus makes no mention of Christianity or Christianity's Founder, and, therefore, the latter could never have existed at all. But suppose we were to grant—which we do not—the original basis of this whole contention, that the author of *Jewish Antiquities* really was silent on this momentous topic, would we be constrained by the force of the above reasoning to admit the truth of the rather startling conclusion—startling at least to one unacquainted with the vagaries of the Mythists? Far from it. Of this contention, a brief consideration of the proving force of the so-called

"argument from silence" will be sufficient evidence. For its validity two conditions are necessary, one that the writer must certainly have known of the event if it took place; the other, that if he knew of the event he must certainly have mentioned it. Now, the second does not follow from the first.

To bring the discussion within the periphery of our own personal and constant experience, do we feel obliged to impart any and all knowledge we have, just because we have it? Do we rush at once to our business rival's office and blurt out our newly conceived plans to circumvent him? Do we summon in our friends and neighbors and, flinging open the closet door, disclose to their horrified gaze the disedifying remains of the family skeleton? Or, to step again into the realm of history, shall we argue that Thomas Jefferson was never President of the United States, because on a monument erected to him as a quondam President of a University, no mention is made of the higher dignity? Absurd, of course, you will say, but not applicable to the present discussion because in this case both conditions are fulfilled. Josephus, as a historian, setting out formally to give an account of the period, must certainly have mentioned an event of the importance you ascribe to the origin and early growth of Christianity. The answer is that it is true that Josephus was a historian, *but that he was such only secondarily.*

First and foremost, Josephus was a courtier, a sycophant, writing only those things which fell with sweetness on the ears of his royal master and benefactor, and when occasion arose Truth readily followed to the same block of sacrifice on which Honor and Loyalty to the land and people of his birth had already bled. As Schürer points out,⁴ Josephus was writing a history of the Jews to suit the taste of the Romans, and at that time it was the fashion—as we see from the writings of educated Romans, as Pliny and Tacitus⁵—to look upon Christianity as contemptible and of no account. And it was his scrupulous observance of just such niceties, his skill as a flatterer and ready adaptation of personal allegiance to varying political fortunes that had won for our "historian" the proud title of Roman Citizen, the patrician prænomen, Flavius, and a large share in the estates confiscated from his own fel-

⁴ *History of the Jewish People*, vol. II., p. 150. See also Battifol, *Credibility of the Gospels*, p. 16; T. J. Thorburn, *Jesus the Christ, Historical or Mythical*, p. 101.

⁵ Tacitus, *History*, v. 3; Pliny, *Epist.*, x. 96, 7, 8.

low countrymen! As Thorburn says,⁶ "that Josephus *could* have said much (*i. e.*, about Christianity) is the opinion of the great majority of scholars. But since he was writing mainly for educated Greeks and Romans, who knew nothing and cared nothing about Jesus, who, politically speaking, played an insignificant part in the history of the period, he does not prominently obtrude the question;" and again, "since Josephus was above everything a discreet and politic man, it was better for him to avoid, as far as possible, such a subject."

Moreover, the attitude of Josephus towards his own people might also be considered a factor in the problem. Although a thoroughgoing opportunist, a "Jewish ex-priest," as Schürer calls him,⁷ and as Battifol says,⁸ one of "that despicable class of men who build up their fortunes on public calamities," yet when it did not interfere with his own interests, he did have some regard for those of his people, in fact, we might say that this affection for his people was second only to his affection for himself. Hence, one would expect in his work, which Battifol terms "a literary defence of a conquered nation," a tendency to pass over in discreet silence any allusions to "deceptive national aspirations," such as were contained in the Judaic idea of the Messiah,⁹ and anything that, in the mind of the world for which he was writing, brought so little honor to Judea as did this new and despised cult. To quote again from Battifol:¹⁰ "Thus Josephus, in speaking of Jesus and of Christianity, might have compromised the Jewish Cause, which he had at heart, and also his own reputation as a man of letters, which he had still more at heart. To a man so filled with vanity and opportunism as Josephus, this was more than enough to make him keep silence."

So much for the "Silence of Flavius Josephus"—*if* he had been silent! But such is not the case. Although his testimony is neither as voluminous nor as clear as we could desire, yet certain passages in his work have a bearing on the point, and since, as has already been stated, there is sufficient reason for even total silence, then, *a fortiori*, any deficiencies in the selections we will quote certainly constitute no argument against us. There are, in all, three of these passages. The first has reference to the death of John the Baptist:

⁶ *Jesus the Christ, Historical or Mythical*, p. 101.

⁷ *Diesen Chemalige Judische Priestern*, vol. 1., p. 77.

⁸ Page 5.

⁹ Acts 1. 6, *et al.*

¹⁰ Page 17.

Now some of the Jews thought that the destruction of Herod's army¹¹ came from God, and that very justly, as a punishment of what he did against John, who was called the Baptist; for Herod slew him, who was a good man, and commanded the Jews to exercise virtue, both as to righteousness towards one another and piety towards God, and so to come to Baptism.¹²

We have here, in the words of Keim,¹³ "a splendid and unassailable account," though brief, of the mission and death of John the Baptist, and one which agrees with, and confirms, the Gospel narratives¹⁴ of the same events. Regarding the genuineness of the passage, the fact that in some details Josephus deviates from the earlier accounts, as, for instance, in particular, the reason for Herod's murderous rage against John, is an argument in favor rather than against it—for a Christian interpolator would have sought a more minute agreement—and is easily explained by the difference in the writer's viewpoint. Moreover, all the external evidence also favors this passage.¹⁵

The second passage¹⁶ describes the death of St. James the Less, the brother of Jesus. It reads as follows:

So he assembled the Sanhedrim of Judges, and brought them the brother of Jesus Who was called Christ, whose name was James,¹⁷ and some others. And when he had formed an accusation against them as breakers of the law, he delivered them to be stoned.

This passage also, "it is difficult to believe a Christian interpolation,"¹⁸ and though Professor Arthur Drews says,¹⁹ that "in the opinion of the eminent theologians such as Gredner (Eml. Ins. N. T., p. 581), Schürer (Gesch. d. Jud. Volkes, I, p. 548), etc., it must be regarded as a forgery," in the words of T. J. Thorburn,²⁰ this is "not a very valid argument, since

¹¹ By Arctas, King of Arabia.

¹² Josephus, *Antiquities*, Book XVIII., ch. v.

¹³ *Jesus of Nazareth*, vol. I., p. 16.

¹⁴ Matthew xiv. 1-12; Mark vi. 17-29; Luke iii. 19, 20.

¹⁵ For example, Battifol, *Credibility*, p. 8. After Schürer, vol. II., p. 24, says: "The authenticity of this passage of Josephus is not open to any suspicion," and Professor Emery Barnes in *The Contemporary Review*, January, 1914, p. 57, in an article which I will quote frequently later, says of this passage and the one that follows: "It is difficult to believe that either of them is a Christian interpolation."

¹⁶ Josephus, *Antiquities*, Book XX., ch. ix.

¹⁷ Τὸν ἀδελφὸν Ἰησοῦ τοῦ λεγομένου Χριστοῦ, Ἰακωβὸς ὄνομα αὐτοῦ.

¹⁸ See note 15.

¹⁹ *The Christ-Myth*, third edition, pp. 230, 231.

²⁰ *Jesus the Christ, Historical or Mythical*, p. 108.

equally and even still more eminent theologians and scholars might be quoted on the other side of the question. . . . There are really no valid reasons of any kind for regarding the passage as a forgery." Keim²¹ remarks upon it: "There can scarcely exist any doubt concerning the authenticity of this passage, which is quoted in full by Origen; here is genuine Jewish history, without a trace of Christian embellishment."²²

Accepting the passage, then, as genuine, what does it prove? Somewhat more to the discerning reader than a casual glance might discover. It has, in the first place, a direct reference to "Jesus Who was called Christ," and the manifest identification of this Jesus with Him Whom we know as the Founder of Christianity is undeniable, in spite of the far-fetched ratiocinations of Professor Drews and his school.²³ In the second place, the phrase, "Who was called Christ," Τοῦ λεγομένου Χριστοῦ, although it expresses no personal opinion of the author,²⁴ does something far more significant and important: it indicates a widespread knowledge of—and shall we not say acceptance of?—the Messianic claims of the Jesus he mentions. Finally, as Battifol points out,²⁵ although it does not declare explicitly whether St. James and his companion were accused of violating the *laws* or *The Law*, the penalty inflicted—they were stoned to death—is that decreed in Deuteronomy²⁶ against those who would serve strange gods. It is clearly implied, therefore, that their crime consisted in the desertion of Judaism for some other form of worship.

It is about the third of these reputed passages from the Jewish historian²⁷ that the greatest controversy rages—a condition to be expected, for so clear is its testimony that, once accepted, the so-called "Silence of Josephus" fades away into that mysterious nebula whence come and whither return so many evanescent theories and fancies of those who are re-

²¹ *Jesus of Nazareth*, vol. 1., pp. 16, 17.

²² See also in this connection, Battifol, *Credibility*, p. 11, footnote: "To me it (*i. e.*, this passage) seems fully authentic, since Origen found it in his copy. He quotes three times the words, 'Brother of Jesus, Who was called Christ,' *Comment. in Matthew*, x. 17; *Contra Celsus* i. 47; ii. 13."

²³ See passage referred to in note 19, ably answered by Dr. Thorburn on pp. 107-111 of his work.

²⁴ Battifol reads it as ironical, *Credibility*, p. 11.

²⁵ *Credibility*, p. 11.

²⁶ xvii. 1-7.

²⁷ *Antiquities*, Book XVIII., ch. 3.

solved, at any cost, to know not Christ. I am quoting the current translation²⁸ of the passage:

About this time lived Jesus, a wise man, if it be proper to call Him a man; for He was a worker of miracles, a teacher of such men as receive the truth with pleasure. He drew over to Him both many of the Jews and many of the Greeks. He was the Christ. And when Pilate, at the instigation of the principal men among us had condemned Him to the Cross, those who had loved Him at first, did not forsake Him. For He appeared to them alive again on the third day; the divine prophets having foretold these and many other wonderful things concerning Him. And the sect of the Christians, so named after Him, are not extinct to this day.

What shall we say of this passage? Is it genuine? Let us state the case. In the first place, we may say that it is found in all manuscripts of Josephus. But, "*melior conditio possidentis*"—the presumption is in favor of the existent order. Hence, if the passage is to be rejected, strong positive reasons must be presented. It is said that both on external and internal grounds, the passage cannot be genuine. In the first place, though it be admitted that all the existing manuscripts bear witness in its favor, of what value, it is asked, is testimony that reaches back only to the eleventh century, the date of the earliest of these manuscripts? Again, though Eusebius thrice quotes the passage,²⁹ and that brings us back to about 320 A. D., yet before that date it is not found at all, and its absence (the "argument from silence" again!) is particularly to be noticed in Origen, who, in his *Contra Celsum*, published about 248 A. D., shows knowledge of the two other passages already quoted from Josephus, but entirely passes over this one, which it would seem he could have used in his polemic with most telling effect of all. Is it not clear, then, it is asked, that the passage in question was interpolated by some Christian between the years 248 and 320, especially since (the internal argument) the sentiments contained in it are far different from anything Josephus could have written? This is, in general, the conten-

²⁸ I say the "current translation;" later I will have occasion, after Barnes, in *The Contemporary Review* of January, 1914, to find some fault with it.

²⁹ Notably and at length in his *Ecclesiastical History*, I., 11, 7, 8.

tion of Professor Drews,³⁰ Doctor Thorburn,³¹ Kurt Linck,³² etc., and our own Doctor Schürer³³ and Father Lagrange.³⁴ What shall we reply?³⁵ The attack is twofold, historical and higher critical. Can we repel this double assault?

In our attempt to do so, we will marshal our defence first against the destructive weapon that our foes reserve for the final thrust, the argument from the content of the disputed passage. Is it such that Josephus could not possibly have written it, as our opponents aver? Could anyone but a Christian—and the Jewish Chronicler, opportunist that he was, certainly never was that—could anyone but a Christian have written such a phrase as: “If, indeed, He may be called a man,” or again: “For He was a worker of miracles,” or “This was the Christ,” or, finally: “For He appeared to them alive again on the third day?”

Would not he who penned such words as these be declaring his faith in the Nazarene? Let us take up these phrases one by one. In the first: “If, indeed, He may be called a man,” is there anything incompatible with the character of Josephus as we know it? It is said that the inescapable implication of these words is that this Jesus Whom the writer is discussing is something more than a Man—and this is a necessarily Christian concept. But he who argues thus, is basing his contention *not on what Josephus wrote, but on a peculiarly unfortunate version of it*. The original is εἶγε ἄνδρα αὐτὸν λέγειν χρῆ. Now ἄνδρα does not mean “man” in the sense of human being and in opposition to some being other than the rational animal. Had such been the idea that Josephus, who was a careful student of the classics and their almost slavish imitator, intended to convey, he would have used the generic ἄνθρωπος, the Latin “*homo*” instead of “*vir*.” Ἀνὴρ (nominative case of ἄνδρα, accusative) signifies rather the

³⁰ *The Christ-Myth*, third edition. p. 230.

³¹ *Jesus the Christ*, p. 97, where it is argued (a) that “the passage was apparently unknown to Origen and the earlier Fathers who quoted from Josephus;” (b) that “even its position in our present Greek text seems uncertain;” and (c) finally, that “in its present position it very awkwardly breaks the narrative.”

³² In his treatise, *De Antiquissimis Veterum quæ ad Jesum Nazarenum Spectant Testimoniis*.

³³ *Geschichte des Jüdischen Volkes*, vol. II., p. 146.

³⁴ *Messian*.

³⁵ On the other hand, it has been defended by Whiston, Daubuz and F. H. Schoedel, *Flavius Josephus de Jesu Christo Testatus*; F. Bole, *Flavius Josephus uber Christus Und Die Christen*; and, finally—and most convincingly—in the article already mentioned of Professor Emery Barnes in *The Contemporary Review* of January, 1914.

possessor of manly qualities or virtues, and the English equivalent is formed only by proper accentuation, as we would say of one who had accomplished some feat of daring. "He is a *MAN*," with the stress on the last word. Further, as Professor Barnes points out,³⁶ no doubt is expressed in the phrase, εἴγε.....χρῆ, for although the first meaning of εἴ is "if," it is frequently used to signify "since." Hence, the real meaning of the phrase is not "if, indeed, He may be called a man,"—with the implication that He is really something more—but rather, "*since* it is befitting to call Him a *MAN*"—i. e., a somewhat unusual individual because a doer of wonderful works. And is there anything in those words that Josephus could not have written? Is it not merely the translator, instead of the original author, who ventures thus to betray decidedly Christian inclinations?

And this contention is strengthened by a consideration of the very next phrase: "For He was a worker of miracles." Triumphantly, you say: "Could Josephus, a non-Christian, thus describe Jesus?" No, it certainly is not likely that he would—and *de facto* he did not! "Worker of miracles" is a very free and misleading translation of παραδόξων ἔργων ποιητής. Παράδοξος means strange or unusual and not miraculous; hence, the writer of these words is not at all professing faith in the possession of any supernatural power by Him Whom he describes as doing these παράδοξα ἔργα. In fact, if we look closely enough at the text, cannot we discover here an example of that delicate innuendo, intended only for the discerning reader, for which Josephus was well known? A paradox in English today is something which *seems* to be what it really is not—would a Christian have written that Jesus was a doer of works that seemed wonderful whereas they really were not? That were equivalent to calling Jesus a common trickster—a blasphemy that it were absurd to ascribe to a Christian interpolator, seeking to strengthen the position of his Faith, but quite in keeping with the character of Josephus. Finally, would any Christian writer have finished this description of the Lamb of God, Who had offered Himself as a Living Sacrifice for the world, with anything quite so tame and cold as "a Teacher of men Who received true words (for there is no basis for translating τὰληθῆ as

³⁶ *The Contemporary Review*, January, 1914, p. 59.

'the Truth') with pleasure?" No one at all familiar with the burning sentences of love and reverence that flowed in such abundant streams from the tongues and pens of the Fathers could ever imagine a Justin or Clement or any contemporary thereof, interested enough in Christianity to seek by such extreme means to establish its place in history, guilty of such tepidity!

"But," you object again, "Josephus said of Jesus: 'This was the Christ.'" What if he did? Does he thereby express his own belief in the Messiaship of Our Saviour? No more than a Protestant who calls a priest "Father," by the word acknowledges all that title connotes. Today in a city like New York, where non-Catholics necessarily mingle a great deal with Catholics, and in that way are familiar with their priests also, it is almost the ordinary thing for them so to speak. "Father" is simply the conventional title of the priest. In like manner, the writer of this passage was merely seeking to connect historically the character of Jesus, of Whom he was speaking, and that of Christ, with which many of his readers would be familiar, without advancing any personal opinion whatsoever regarding the theological accuracy or significance of the identification. It is as if he said: "This Jesus, of Whom I am speaking, is the same person as Christ, the Founder of that sect you probably have heard of, the Christians." Would it take one of these same Christians to write anything so simple and free of implication as that?

Immediately after this phrase, which the protagonist of the "silence" would make so damning, we read the following: "Now when at the instigation of our chief men, Pilate condemned Him to the cross, those who had first loved Him did not fall away." Is this the style of a Christian apologist? Here we have merely a cold, lifeless statement of fact, with perhaps an implication of faint surprise that His followers did not fall away; no word of the noble cause in which He died, no word of vindication, no word of praise or affection, not a single Christian thought or expression. In the words of Professor Barnes: "Why should a Christian trouble himself to make up such an interpolation as this?"³⁷ And as for the succeeding phrase: "For He appeared to them alive again on the third day," at the very most it proves merely that the writer

³⁷ *Ibid.*, p. 62.

"knew of a tradition of an appearance or appearances of Our Lord to His disciples after His crucifixion;" for no suggestion of the Resurrection is there in the word ἐφάνη.

So much then for the sections of this passage which those inimical to its genuineness claim in support of their case. How ill-founded are those claims by now is evident. As Professor Barnes well says:³⁸ "The writer, in setting down the main facts of the Gospel History, has not once fallen into Christian, or at least into Gospel, language. This supposed Christian interpolator has had the self-restraint to avoid the term 'Prophet' (applied to Jesus)³⁹ and the terms 'Signs' and 'Mighty Works' (applied to His miracles); 'Parables,' 'Believe,' 'Repent,' 'Be Saved,' 'Convert,' 'Disciples,' are all absent from his vocabulary, together with all mention of Herod, the High Priests, the Scribes and the Pharisees. He does not use the phrases 'Rise (be raised) from the dead,' 'That it might be fulfilled,' 'As it is written,' and his phrase for 'on the third day' is non-evangelican." And so with the eminent author whom we have just quoted, we feel justified in concluding that the content and style of the passage under consideration furnish no argument against its authenticity.

How does the case stand? The opponents of the passage advance two mutually complementary arguments: one, that the passage is un-*Josephan* in style and content; the other, that no trace of it is found up to the year 320. Taken together, they would present a formidable front. If the language of the passage and the thoughts contained therein were entirely alien to what we should expect from the putative author thereof, and in decided contrast to his other writings, then we would say, indeed, that there was solid probability that he was not responsible for it. And if we were to add that for two hundred years after his time no trace of these words is to be found, then we might well feel justified in concluding that they did constitute an interpolation on the part of someone who sought thereby to advance himself or some project dear to his heart. But the former argument, in the light of the examination given it, must be rejected, for the characteristics of the passage are such that *Josephus* might well, and that no Christian interpolator could, have written it. Therefore, all that can be advanced against it is the apparent failure of other writers

³⁸ *Ibid.*, p. 59.

³⁹ Cf. Matthew xxi. 11; Luke xxiv. 19.

living between the years stated above—remember that it is definitely traced to 320 A. D.—to quote it. And even though there was nothing further to be said, would any well-balanced judge, with every external authority back to, and including, Eusebius, solidly in its favor, and with the internal or higher critical argument likewise sustaining it, reject it because it is not found among the very incomplete remnants that have come down to us from the literature of the second and third centuries of our era?

And that is “even though there were nothing further to be said,” which is far from being the case. Remember that this is the argument from silence again, which, to be valid, must rejoice in the possession of various characteristics. Where are they in this case? We cannot even be sure, in the first place, that none of the writers of the period did quote the passage, for, as Rawlinson points out,⁴⁰ “testimony of the greatest importance has perished by the ravages of time,” and Professor Barnes adds: “Time has wrought havoc on the literature of the third century, and particularly on the works of Origen,”⁴¹ and again: “So much of the literature of that period is lost that “Silence,” as an argument, becomes unreal and inconclusive.”⁴² And this fact is not one merely of vague and general possibilities;⁴³ it has a very definite and particular application. In his commentary on the Gospel, according to St. Matthew, Origen quotes the passage which refers to St. James, without mention, however, of the one now under discussion. But perfectly natural is a reference to the former when commenting on Matthew xiii. 55, where the brother of the Lord is first mentioned, whereas the obvious place for turning to the latter passage is in the discussion of the second verse of the twenty-seventh chapter, where Pilate is first mentioned. But the commentary on this part of the Gospel has not come down to us in the original.

If, however, we were to omit even so logical and probable a surmise from our discussion, and restrict our consideration to fragments of Origen in our possession, among which there is no trace of the passage in question—what then? That Origen, for instance—because it is of his silence that the

⁴⁰ *Historical Evidences*, p. 184.

⁴¹ “Testimony of Josephus,” *Contra Renan*, p. 65.

⁴² *Ibid.*, p. 67.

⁴³ *Ibid.*, p. 65.

strongest point is made—that Origen would have known of this passage if it existed is indeed probable, but that, therefore, he must have mentioned it—does that necessarily follow? Let us quote again from Professor Barnes:⁴⁴ “What force remains in this objection [*i. e.*, the silence of contemporary writers] . . . if the passage be as carefully guarded in its admissions as I have tried to show? What is there to compel earlier apologists to quote it? It shows that a Jewish historian, who was born and bred in Palestine, who was twenty-six years old when Felix was Governor of Judea, was acquainted with an outline of the Life of Our Lord which agrees with that accepted by Christians. Such a passage has become of serious evidential value only since Strauss started the Mythical Theory; it is ‘Testimony’ today only because Arthur Drews and others are again writing about the ‘*Christus-Mythus*.’” And, in solid substantiation of this contention, it might be mentioned that Eusebius quotes the passage without any comment, without any endeavor to prove great things from it; apparently, although he spoke the same language as Josephus, without seeing in it much that modern objectors would have us believe has lain hidden for a decade and a half of centuries awaiting discovery by their eyes. He actually states, in so many words, that he brings forward the passage not as a necessary or even important part of his argumentation, but merely *ὅτιν ἐκ περισυρίας*, as of superfluity! Why, then, must Origen or other writers have quoted what Eusebius only thus carelessly mentions?

Regarding Origen, we can say still more. It can be doubted⁴⁵ whether he ever possessed a copy of the *Archæology* itself, because in the first place his references to it are so few and slight, and, secondly, because he, at least twice, misquotes it, asserting that Josephus attributed the destruction of Jerusalem and the attendant calamities to the Divine wrath over the slaying of James, the brother of the Lord, whereas no such statement appears in the writings of Josephus as we have them. This statement also accounts for the assertion found in his *Commentary on Matthew*, xiii. 55, and again in *Contra Celsum*, i. 47, that Josephus did not believe in Jesus as the Christ, for a Christian would have ascribed the disasters above mentioned not to the slaying of the brother of the

⁴⁴ Professor Barnes, *ibid.*, p. 63.

⁴⁵ *Ibid.*, p. 66.

Lord, but to the cruel and shameful execution of the Lord Himself.

And so we feel constrained to regard the so-called "Silence of Josephus" as but a figment of prejudiced and predisposed imaginations. Three passages from his works have been quoted, two admittedly beyond all serious attack, the third intrenched in a position which is the despair of its enemies. And, we might add, an argument from Philip Schaff,⁴⁶ that, in addition to these direct references, "the writings of Josephus contain indirectly much valuable testimony to the truth of the Gospel narrative. His *History of the Jewish War* is undesignedly a striking commentary on the predictions of Our Saviour concerning the destruction of the city and the temple of Jerusalem; the great distress and affliction of the Jewish people at that time; the famine, pestilence and earthquake; the rise of false prophets and impostors, and the flight of His disciples at the approach of these calamities." Moreover, this testimony, just because incidental and unintentional, is, by that very fact, all the more eloquent, and, in addition, honey-combing as it does the whole work of the author, as to genuineness is absolutely unimpeachable.

We now turn our attention from a Palestinian-born Jew living at Rome to a small group of the Imperial City's native sons, and the testimony which they have handed down to us. Cornelius Tacitus,⁴⁷ the most famous of all the historians of Ancient Rome, shall be the first to occupy the witness stand. Does he support our contention? In the *Annals* xv. 4, 4, he says:

The author of this name [*i. e.*, Christian], Christus, was executed in the reign of Tiberius by the Procurator, Pontius Pilate, and the detestable superstition, suppressed for a time, broke out again, and spread not only over Judea, where the evil originated, but even through Rome, where everything upon earth that is vile or shameless finds its way and is practised.⁴⁸

⁴⁶ *The Person of Christ*, p. 193. Rawlinson (*Historical Evidences*, p. 185) also speaks of the "allusions to the civil history of the times which the writings of the evangelists furnish." See also Doctor Lardner's, *Collection of Ancient Jewish and Heathen Testimonies to the Truth of the Christian Religion*, vol. vi., p. 406, of his *Works*.

⁴⁷ Born about 50 and died about 120 A. D.

⁴⁸ "*Auctor nominis ejus, Christus, Tiberio Imperitante, per Procuratorem Pontium Pilatum, supplicio affectus erat; repressaque in præsens exitiabilis superstitione rursus erumpebat non modo per Judæam, originem ejus mali, sed per Urbem etiam, quo cuncta undique atrocia aut pudenda constuunt celebranturque.*"

Here we have a very clear and definite reference to Christianity and its origin, and a testimony safe from any attack. It is true that Professor Arthur Drews finds fault with it,⁴⁹ but serious minded scholars pay little attention to the wholly biased and incomprehensibly fantastic attempts of this gentleman to warp and distort or to eliminate entirely all evidence at variance with his strange theories. His only authority for the rejection of this particular passage is a French writer named Hochart, known principally for the amazing effrontery and absolute independence of voluminous testimony to the contrary with which he relegates the whole of the last six books of the *Annals* and the first five of the *Histories* to a forgery on the part of Poggio Bracciolini, an Italian scholar of the Renaissance period! And this in spite of the fact that in the Laurentian Library is a manuscript of Tacitus—with the passage that especially interests us intact—dating back to the eleventh century, four hundred years before Bracciolini's time!

Another prominent Roman of the period who may be cited not as "a primary and independent authority for the fact of the existence of Jesus, but as testifying, in a secondary sense, to the record of that fact in general and well informed public opinion,"⁵⁰ is Suetonius, private secretary to the Emperor Hadrian. Two quotations from his works concern us. In his *Life of Claudius*, he reports that that ruler (A. D. 48-54) expelled the Jews from Rome on one occasion, because they continually made riots at the instigation of Christus,⁵¹ and in his *Life of Nero* he writes that by him "the Christians, a race of men professing a new and mischievous superstition, were punished."⁵²

Even Professor Drews is unable to find any argument against the authenticity of these passages; it is left to Reinach⁵³ to attempt to nullify them by emphasizing the discrepancy between the form "Chrestus" and our Christ. The name Chrestus, he says (from the Greek *χρηστός*, serviceable) was common enough among slaves and freedmen, and here prob-

⁴⁹ *The Christ-Myth*, third edition, p. 231.

⁵⁰ Thorburn, *Jesus Christ, Historical or Mythical*, p. 125.

⁵¹ Chapter xxv.: "*Judæos Impulsore Chresto Adsidue tumultuantes Roma Expulit.*"

⁵² Chapter xvi.: "*Affecti supplicitis Christiani, Genus Hominum superstitionis Novæ ac maleficæ.*"

⁵³ *Orpheus*, p. 227.

ably refers to an obscure Jew who had stirred up some commotion amongst his co-religionists in Rome. But if such were the case, would not Suetonius have written "*Chresto quedam*," "a certain Chrestus," rather than the unqualified "Chrestus," just as today we would refer to our nation's Chief Executive simply as "Mr. Harding," while, were we to narrate an incident in which some unknown gentleman of that name figured, we would describe him as "a certain Mr. Harding?" Moreover, we have testimony in abundance that the Romans spoke of Christ and the Christians as "Chrestus" and "Chrestiani."⁵⁴ Regarding the ignorance of Suetonius, in which he could write that it was Christ Himself in person Who caused the disturbances of which he writes, it is amply accounted for by "the carelessness and inattention with which he treated a matter that really did not interest him, nor his friends and contemporaries."⁵⁵

We have reserved for the last a document—or rather two documents—"of the highest value"⁵⁶ whose authenticity is beyond all question,⁵⁷ the letter of Pliny the Younger, Imperial Legate of the Province of Bithynia and Pontus from 111 to 113 A. D., to the Emperor Trajan, and the latter's reply. Regarding the Christians in the District under his jurisdiction, he reports:

There are many of every age, and of both sexes, and not only cities, but country towns and rural districts have been touched by the contagion of this superstition.⁵⁸

He has discovered, too, that they offer neither incense to the Emperor nor sacrifice to the gods, nor will they curse Chrestus, being a people of "inflexible obstinacy," but gather before dawn each morning to repeat in alternating chant among themselves a hymn to Christ as to a god,⁵⁹ and later in the day assemble once more to partake of a common meal. Except for the "gross and immoderate superstition,"⁶⁰ he has nothing

⁵⁴ Tertullian, for example, refers to "Chrestus" and "Chrestiani" as "a faulty pronunciation of the words in use principally among the heathen," *Ad Nationes*, III.

⁵⁵ Thorburn, *ibid.*, p. 127.

⁵⁶ Battifol, *Credibility*, p. 30.

⁵⁷ Thorburn, Conybeare, Keim, Platner, Wilde; Renan, Mommsen, Neumann, Rehnach, Harnack, etc.

⁵⁸ Epistle x. 96.

⁵⁹ "*Essent soliti stato die ante lucem convenire carmenque Christo quasi deo dicere secum invicem.*"

⁶⁰ "*Superstitionem pravam immodicam.*"

against them, for they bind themselves by oath not to commit adultery nor theft; nor bear false testimony, and he sees in the above-mentioned repast only a meal of the ordinary and innocent kind. In reply to this report, the Emperor issued strict orders that Christians who proved obstinate were to be punished, but that they were not to be sought out, and if, when accused, they sacrificed to the national pagan deities, they were to be released.

Here we have two official documents, without a single extrinsic argument against them; couched in the peculiarly characteristic style of the writers whose names they bear, giving testimony to the thus early ubiquity of the Christian Faith and its purity of worship and morals, and even attempting some description of its rites—well is it that secular history is not made to pass a more rigid test of credibility!

There are other footprints left by the Divine Captain of Christendom which it might profit us to examine. Celsus, a Grecian Eclectic philosopher of the second century, wrote *A True Discourse*, the first pagan work devoted in its entirety to an attack on Christianity. Living, as he did, almost within hailing distance of the Apostles, this able infidel writer, the principal portions of whose work have been preserved to us by Origen in the author's own language, "bears witness, as St. John Chrysostom remarks, to the antiquity of the Apostolic writings, and the main facts of the Gospel History."⁶¹ Lucian, a Syrian writer of the second century, testifies to Christianity by his indirect attack on it in his *Life of Peregrinus*. The heretics, Basilides (c. 125 A. D.), Marcion and Valentius (c. 150 A. D.) and Heracleum (c. 160 A. D.), are certainly not writers who could be accused of a predisposition in favor of Christianity, yet they bear indisputable testimony of a very early date to the existence and person of Christ. Again, Candan M. Coburn, D.D., of Allegheny College, in a volume entitled *New Archæological Discoveries*, published in 1917, gives an interesting account of some recent excavations that have resulted in finds of considerable historical value, all of them tending to confirm the results of investigation through other sources.

And so we see that after all Christ is not a mysterious personage Who left an impression only upon history written

⁶¹ Schaff, *Person of Christ*, p. 199.

by His friends and, therefore, open to suspicion. In fact, when all circumstances are taken into consideration, the manner in which history was written in those days, the many reasons which would induce non-Christian writers of the period to be silent about Him, the peculiar character of His mission, life and work, it is not surprising that we find, comparatively speaking, so little in contemporary profane history about Him, and, on the other hand, a source of the greatest wonder—at least to those not possessing a strong faith in the Divine Ordering of all things—is the completeness with which the Gospel narrative, as it has been handed down to us, is verified by the findings of history certainly not prejudiced in favor of Christianity.

One good thing, however, Mythism did accomplish—to draw good out of evil is often the way of the Lord—it constituted an occasion for us to search into the pages of secular history, and to discover the real strength that our case possesses. Strauss and Drews and the rest had eyes and saw not, and then, with the rash folly of a moth that would seek, with its flimsy wings, to cut off from the earth the light of the sun, they thought to hide from their fellowmen Him Whom they would not see. But the penalty of willful blindness has been paid; they and their work are well-nigh forgotten, and the ghost of the monster conceived by their warped brains is laid and walks no more, while more glorious than ever, majestic, dominating, standing out like a towering mountain peak against the blue sky of Truth, is the eternal, resplendent Figure of Jesus the Christ.

OF FATHER TABB.

BY KATHERINE BRÉGY, LITT.D.



NEW biography of John Bannister Tabb has recently come from the press,¹ compiled very sympathetically by a niece, the daughter of his elder brother, William Barksdale Tabb. It is what one has learned to recognize as a *family book*, with the intimate human qualities and the critical defects of its kind. Defects, to be sure, must here be understood in the sense of superfluity rather than omission. For the little volume is copiously documented: it reprints almost everything that has yet been said of the inimitable Father Tabb, owing much to the appreciation published a few years back by "M. S. Pine." But when all is gathered together, poetry lovers must admit that not half enough critical praise or critical knowledge has yet been meted out to him whose music Mrs. Meynell profoundly compared to that of George Herbert on one side, and of Mozart on the other. One slim but admirable critique written chiefly from the devotional point of view—and this present one written from the ancestral—leave much still to say of an artist who invites, and can endure, the "abashless inquisition" of art itself. But because this book brings the poet-priest's life once again freshly to memory, and because it has the grace to include quantities of his loveliest lyrics, it is quite manifestly justified by works as well as faith.

There is rather a curious coincidence in the fact that both Father Tabb and Father Ryan—the two American priests who first won popular recognition as poets—should have been sons of that Southland which is not generally associated with Catholic traditions. Traditions there were, indeed, about the head of John Bannister Tabb, rich and ancient enough, although not of the Faith. He was born of a patrician English-Scotch family, one of the earliest to settle in Virginia; his father, Thomas Yelverton Tabb, being a direct descendant of Sir Thomas Peyton, and of that Humphrey Tabb who was already burgess of

¹ *Father Tabb, His Life and Work.* A memorial by his niece, Jennie Masters Tabb. Introduction by Dr. Charles Alphonso Smith. Boston: The Stratford Company. 1921.

Elizabeth City County in the year 1652. The future poet's mother (tenderly immortalized in his "Cowslip" verses), being first cousin to her husband, naturally shared his genealogy: by name she was Marianna Bertrand Archer, a daughter of the distinguished Dr. Archer of "The Forest," Amelia County, Virginia. And at this latter estate the boy was born on March 22d, in that year of 1845 which must forever be associated with the historic submission of John Henry Newman to the Catholic Church. Little John Tabb had an adoring black "Mammy" from whom he won his first superlative, by being delightedly singled out as "the ugliest baby ever born in Virginia"—and his childhood was passed in an atmosphere probably more leisurely than any since known to this strenuous continent, the atmosphere of the Old South. In the course of time he studied under the family tutor, one Mr. Thomas Hood, along with his brother, Yelverton, and a few of the neighbors' children who were permitted to attend classes at "Cassels," the Tabb homestead. One of these pupils, a cousin, later described the whimsical "Johnny" as the "most joyous, rollicking and trifling boy" he had ever known—a lad who rarely "studied his lessons a minute," and whose chastisements (not of the modern "moral" kind!) were consequently frequent. But he was already not only the favorite of the school, but also a clever cartoonist; and if he neglected his books, he gave proof of heroic concentration when the incentive was strong enough by frequently sitting at the piano six hours a day.

In 1861, the threatened scourge of Civil War swept the country into two hostile camps, and John Tabb—although only sixteen years old—proved equal to the other sons of Virginia in immediate valor. As his already feeble eyesight disqualified him for army service, he enlisted in the Confederate navy, and was assigned as captain's clerk on the ship, *Robert E. Lee*. It is said this adventurous craft ran the Federal blockade twenty-one times; but in 1864, when returning from England, she was captured, and young Tabb was one of those forthwith sent as prisoners to the "Bull Pen," Point Lookout, Maryland. Inevitably, it was a searing experience: but its great consolation was the companionship of the gentle poet and musician, Sidney Lanier. The friendship of the two young Southern patriots, begun in those "evil days," lasted through life, and doubtless beyond. For in more than one of his later

poems, John Bannister Tabb celebrated the memory of Lanier, and of the precious flute with which he had sweetened the bitterness of their captivity.

With the peace of 1865, the future priest returned home, weakened by fever and illness, indeed, but, as he soon found, less broken than his beloved Virginia. As the ancestral estate was ruined, he cast about for some means of promptly earning a living. Music was his first thought; but this had to be abandoned in favor of teaching, and in 1866 he accepted a post—momentous as it afterward proved—as instructor in St. Paul's Protestant Episcopal School, Baltimore. The parish with which this was connected was of the advanced ritualistic type, its rector being the Rev. Alfred Curtis, with whom the youthful pedagogue almost immediately climbed into relations of affectionate intimacy. A more stimulating friendship could scarcely have been imagined, and it continued unbroken when, about 1870, John Bannister passed on to a more lucrative post at Racine, Wisconsin.

There was no longer any doubt about it—the boy who would not study was a predestined professor: but with teaching merely human truths, he was already unsatisfied. So within a year he resigned his chair, to enter the theological seminary of his ancestral faith at Alexandria, Virginia. But his feet were destined for more distant shrines, and a sharp turn in the road of their pilgrimage. Almost simultaneous with his own decision to enter the Protestant Episcopal ministry, came Mr. Curtis' conviction that it must be abandoned. With characteristic sincerity, the former pastor promptly severed his powerful association with St. Paul's foundation and sailed for England as a humble seeker after truth from the lips of the Oxford apostle, Dr. Newman. More than one soul trembled in the balance during their conferences; and when the mighty Oratorian bade Mr. Curtis read more and study "if he liked," but above all, to *pray*, he was all unwittingly doubling the orisons of another and younger neophyte, over in Virginia. In 1872, Alfred Curtis was baptized into the Catholic Church in the presence of his preceptor, John Henry Newman. And before that year was out—all in a single golden day, according to the present biography—in St. Peter's Cathedral, Richmond, John Bannister Tabb received at the hands of Bishop Gibbons (the future Cardinal) the four sacraments

of Baptism, Confession, Confirmation and Holy Communion. "I was always a Catholic—born a Catholic," he declared later on. "Whenever any doctrine of the Church was spoken of, I knew it was true as soon as I heard it. I would have been a member of the Church before I was, if I had learned what the Catholic doctrines were, and had known that they were taught and practised in the Catholic Church." With him, as with so many converts, the "coming over" had been less a matter of revelation than of inspired recognition; and in his newly acquired fullness of faith he found immediate and permanent peace.

It was, perhaps, a foregone conclusion that both of these men should press on to their natural, or supernatural, home in the further sacrament of Holy Orders. In fact, Mr. Curtis proceeded at once to St. Mary's Seminary, Baltimore, and eventually, of course, to the episcopacy as Bishop of Wilmington. With more "deliberate speed" but not less "majestic instancy," young Mr. Tabb entered in 1874 St. Charles' College, Ellicott City, Maryland. And there he remained, with the briefest of temporary vacations, until his death in 1909. His was, in all truth, a life of singular simplicity; and like the poetry he was to create, of singular concentration and even condensation. There is an old saying that a happy woman has no history: but even the most conservative would hesitate to suggest this of a happy man. And yet, the life under consideration was essentially happy in achieving at once spiritual fullness and usefulness and objective artistic satisfaction, while being, with quite obvious spontaneity, *itself*. But it was, both from circumstance and desire, a very hidden drama.

When Father Tabb first went to St. Charles' Seminary, his intention was simply to complete his classical studies, then to follow his friend to St. Mary's. But the Sulpicians were so deeply impressed by his rare teaching gifts that they persuaded him to stay on at Ellicott City, continuing his theological studies while one of their own faculty. Consequently, he was not ordained to the priesthood until December, 1884, when he celebrated his first Mass—with extraordinary joy and devotion—in the college chapel at midnight on Christmas Eve. His patience in brooking this long delay of his vocation seems all the more extraordinary in a man of such keen sensibilities and quick wit. Indeed, this quality of patience—whether natural

or acquired at great cost, who shall know?—was conspicuous throughout his whole life. It was the guardian angel of his class-room; where he presided with unfailing energy and humor, not only through the inspiring hours of English literature, but also through the more arid and technical periods of English grammar. Generations of students learned from him to love the fine things of speech and poetry—and to this perennial harvest of his pupils, “Active and Passive; Perfect and Imperfect; Past, Present and Future,” Father Tabb dedicated those inimitable *Bone Rules*, or *Skeleton of English Grammar*, which inaugurated a new and vivid fashion in text-books. One can imagine the gurgle of delight with which any young wrestler with the King’s English would attack the following, among “sentences to be corrected:”

“Lay still,” his mother often said
When Washington had went to bed.
But little Georgie would reply:
“I set up, but I cannot lie!”

Of course, the supreme test of the poet-priest’s patience came with the partial and at last complete failure of his eyesight during the final years. This ever-darkening shadow of blindness he met with constant work, and equally constant wit, almost to the very end. Many and historic have become the puns and *bons mots* with which he bantered his calamity—his request that Cardinal Gibbons confer upon him “a new see,” his quips about “taking his two worst pupils” up to Baltimore, having his volume of poems bound in “blind-man’s buff,” etc., etc. But like the long line of laughing saints, John Bannister Tabb smiled at sorrow because he had learned the stark secret of abandonment in God’s hands. To his friend and former pupil, Father Connor of Scranton, he declared awhile before the end: “If the Almighty came to me and said: ‘John Tabb, you can have your eyesight back by asking for it,’ I would not ask. I would be afraid of proving unfaithful to responsibilities of which I might not be fully aware. Now I know perfectly what is God’s will, and I am resigned to it.” The one supreme privilege of offering up Holy Mass was permitted Father Tabb even in blindness, and it is not easy to think unmoved of this ultimate union between the silent, hidden Victim and the priest whose eyes were closed to all but Him. In the *Later*

Poems, published after Father Tabb's death, one finds that supreme message of *Helplessness*, which so consummately distills the threefold secret of the Purgative, the Illuminative and the Unitive ways:

In patience as in labor must thou be
A follower of Me,
Whose hands and feet, when most I wrought for thee,
Were nailed unto a tree.

Delivery came to him after a short illness, on November 19, 1909; and like one of his own poetic paradoxes, it was midnight when the *light not of this world* broke suddenly upon him.

Father Tabb possessed a most unique and vivid personality, and to his idiosyncrasies even the poet's gift owed much. This gift he does not seem to have discovered, or at least to have used, until after slipping into the destined groove at St. Charles' College—that is to say, after all his great decisions were made and his individuality was well matured. And if the distinguishing merits of his poetry were mystical insight on one hand, and metrical skill on the other, it will not do to forget those minor characteristics which were so intimately his own. One of these was a pungent, an almost perverse originality: the quality which Poe had in mind when he declared that the true poet could not see, and consequently never said, the obvious thing. Another was intuitive sympathy, particularly with child-nature. And a third was his glorified but quite incorrigible habit of punning.

His nature poems are, for the most part, brief vignettes of long vision and exquisitely compressed music—painting nature realistically in such verses as the "Fern Song," but more often interpreting her by some sudden and striking analogy. Here, for instance, are two flower-pieces in which surprise leaps to a new truth, and fancy to a new simplicity of vision:

MIGNONETTE.

Give me the earth, and I might heap
A mountain from the plain;
Give me the waters of the deep,
I might their strength restrain;
But here a secret of the sod
Betrays the daintier hand of God.

THE WATER-LILY.

Whence, O fragrant form of light
Hast thou drifted through the night,
Swanlike, to a leafy nest
On the restless waves at rest?
Art thou from the snowy zone
Of a mountain-summit blown,
Or the blossom of a dream,
Fashioned in the foamy stream?
Nay, methinks the maiden moon,
When the daylight came too soon,
Fleeting from her bath to hide,
Left her garment in the tide.

Of the poems for children—Father Tabb wrote one entire volume of them, and scattered others throughout his various books—it is perhaps the highest praise to say that children themselves understand and love them. “Only great poets can write about childhood poems worthy to be printed,” declared Joyce Kilmer, who knew both childhood and poetry! And surely, between the multitude of poems *about* children and children’s supposed interests, written from the adult standpoint, and such delectable foolery as the following, there is all the difference between Dresden tea-cups and—buttercups!

THE SQUIRREL.

Who combs you, little Squirrel?
And do you twist and twirl
When someone puts the papers on
To keep your tail in curl?
And must you see the dentist
For every tooth you break?
And are you apt from eating nuts
To get the stomach-ache?

Again, following the child’s imagining straight up to the skies, Father Tabb gives this version of the Bluebird’s creation:

When God had made a host of them,
One little flower still lacked a stem
To hold its blossom blue;
So into it He breathed a song,
And suddenly, with petals strong
As wings, away it flew.

But, of course, the most celestial of all his child poems—one of the most perfect child poems in all literature (although infinite maturity went into its making!)—and by the same token one of the most unique of Christmas verses—is the well-beloved “Out of Bounds:”

A little Boy of heavenly birth,
But far from home today,
Comes down to find His ball, the Earth,
That Sin has cast away.
O comrades, let us one and all
Join in to get Him back His ball!

It is obviously possible to have an extraordinary fondness for animals without any all-embracing sympathy with “man’s unpardonable race:” but it is far less possible to love little children without loving grown-up children, and somehow comprehending their broken or unbroken toys. Father Tabb, while intensely shy of strangers and of all public functions, even ecclesiastical, had deep wells of affection and copious sympathies. Indeed, this hermit-priest, to whom, in the outward sense, almost nothing ever seemed to happen, had not only the “genius for friendship,” but also the priceless gift of psychic versatility. He could enshrine in one perfect quatrain Father Damien, the “leper white as snow;” yes, and he could also probe the ultimate passion of “Cleopatra to the Asp” and of “St. Afra to the Flames.” Death was familiar to him—as, indeed, it grows familiar to all priests; but because he was a poet, it was the singleness, not the uniformity, of death. He found words, quiet words, to voice the mysterious pathos of broken babyhood—even of martyred motherhood—in “Confided:”

Another lamb, O Lamb of God, behold,
Within this quiet fold,
Among Thy Father’s sheep
I lay to sleep!
A heart that never for a night did rest
Beyond its mother’s breast.
Lord, keep it close to Thee,
Lest waking it should bleat and pine for me!

And under the selfsame symbol, he made audible the contrasting pathos of tired age in his “Old Pastor:”

How long, O Lord, to wait
 Beside this open gate?
 Thy sheep with many a lamb
 Have entered, and I am
 Alone, and it is late.

In conversation, as has been already pointed out, it was Father Tabb's high habit to jest at the jeopardy of his eyesight, but in a few of his later poems he permitted the voice of the Great Void to speak aloud. *Fiat Lux* is one of the most piercing of these; but to some of us, the terrible simplicity of *Going Blind* strikes even closer:

Back to the primal gloom
 Where life began,
 As to my mother's womb
 Must I, a man,
 Return:
 Not to be born again,
 But to remain;
 And in the School of Darkness learn
 What mean
 "The things unseen."

Through all these poems rings the same note of ultimate hope: the hope, even the mystical certainty, of *light in darkness*. And there can be no doubt at all that he achieved this. Possibly the accident of blindness aided, possibly it had very little to do with it, since spiritual insight—or the lack of it—is not in the natural order. But through all his later years, he spoke habitually as one for whom the Veil of the mortal temple had long since been rent asunder. As he himself said (and as everyone writing about him seems bound to quote),

My God has hid Himself from me
 Behind whatever else I see—

the result being an enormous enriching of the imagination, even on the human side. To attain this gift of mystical vision is to *see*, indeed, with a lucency beside which mortal eyesight seems too myopic even for regret. It is to see in the Assumption the Mother-bird soaring up at the Fledgling's familiar call, and to hear the trees along the Via Crucis murmuring "in awful silence" as the God-man passes.

Behold, the Gardener is He
Of Eden and Gethsemane . . .

And it is to discover the final cosmic harmony—far from our daily discord and unrest—of a poem such as “The Dayspring:”

What hand with spear of light
Hath cleft the side of Night,
And from the red wound wide
Fashioned the Dawn, his bride?
Was it the deed of Death?
Nay, but of Love, that saith,
“Henceforth be Shade and Sun,
In bonds of Beauty, one.”

John Bannister Tabb may be said to have anticipated the recent school of “imagism” in the pictorial vigor and boldness of his metaphors. In fact, he is nearly all on the side of the moderns: and if one wishes to realize just how nearly, one has but to compare or contrast his work with that of his confrère and contemporary, Father Abram Ryan. Father Ryan’s work is remembered for the sincere pathos of “The Conquered Banner,” for the tender piety of such short pieces as “The Valley of Silence;” in its longer efforts it is forgotten. For his affiliations were with his poetic predecessors: in more senses than one, he was the gentle laureate of a lost cause. But again and again, Father Tabb points on toward the poetic future. He shared Edgar Poe’s revolutionary belief that “a long poem does not exist,” and he stood, as nearly every poet of today stands, committed to the brief lyric—worthy of perpetuation because it gathers up perfectly the emotion and the music of the moment. It is doubtful, certainly, if his intense musical sense and the felicity and facility of his rhymes would ever have permitted him to espouse the crusade of free verse. To the contrary, his metrical skill was so certain that he rejoiced in all the *finesse* of his craft. He was master not only of the sonnet, but of the sextet and the quatrain. And the challenge of these forms is, to the poet, what the intimacy and the exactions of the “little theatre” are to the actor. The lines are so frightfully few, so frightfully close, not one can afford to waver by a hair’s breadth!

But all this is simply repeating that Father Tabb was a consummate artist—one of the very few consummate artists in American literature. Within his chosen and highly specialized field he stands peerless. Always in his work the vision is unique—the music like a swift, sure clash of bells. It has become a distinguishing trait of contemporary poetry to ask questions beautifully and vividly. But Father Tabb found beautiful and vivid answers, too. Therein lies his demarcation from the ultra-modernists, his frank derivations from the past—from the eternal. For mysticism, authentic mysticism, is not merely the cure for materialism. It is also the completion of æstheticism.

NATIVITY.

BY GERTRUDE ROBISON ROSS.

Now, there was the man with quiet face
And the Maid with the shadowed eyes,
And sleeping soft in the lowly place
The King in a babe's disguise;
With none to lay at the princely feet
The sceptre or studded crown
(O! reeds stand tall where the waters meet,
The thorn bush grows in a safe retreat
While the star shines calmly down.)

No one dreamed on the twisted way
That led unto David's home
Or thought in the inn at the close of day
That the end of the watch had come.
But oh! may we, by Mary's grace
Who have pierced the poor disguise,
Open our hearts for a little space
To the tired man with the quiet face
And the Maid with the clouded eyes.

THE NEAR EAST SINCE THE WAR.

BY JOSEPH GORAYEB, S.J.



ODAY the world is pulsing with expectancy for the outcome of a great Conference. We are face to face with a most serious problem; and America, at least, seems determined to settle the problem once and for all.

But while a new period is thus about to open for the Western world, for America and the Far East, are we to forget that older, more vexing question, the question which is coming to be recognized more and more clearly as the real tap-root of the World War, and which, never removed, may yet again spring up to yield the same terrible fruitage? What of the Near East, and the complicated ramifications of that war-fertile question? Why was not that problem faced, as America is facing the Far Eastern problem now, courageously, dispassionately, and with finality of purpose? And, a query that is of more immediate interest to ourselves—whose sympathies were so deeply aroused during the War—what of the people of Armenia, of Palestine and of Syria, whose misfortune it is to dwell in a region that has known no peace and will know none, so long as the nations continue to bicker and wrangle over it as over the spoils of victory? "*Quicquid delirant reges, plectuntur Achivi.*" for persecution and plague and massacre and famine and war—all the ills of humanity—are still dreadfully rampant over the Near East, still rampant on the third anniversary of the Armistice. Peace has scourged the nations of Asia Minor more terribly than four years of war.

But it would be impossible to find scope for an adequate answer to all these questions within the compass of one article. At least nine new nations have arisen on the ruins of Turkey, in a territory extending from the Black Sea to the Indian Ocean, from the Mediterranean to the Caspian Sea, a region which is nearly as large as the United States west of the Mississippi. Changes are daily taking place, and events still passing with kaleidoscopic rapidity over this vast area. But

strange to say, in all this shifting panorama the background remains always the same—and that is the background of European politics and European relationships with affairs in the Near East.

First of all, the nation most immediately and directly interested in Asia Minor is France. France now holds by far the most of Turkey's bonds and war debts. French money has long supplied the capital for the railroads and industries of the country. Paris bankers financed the Young Turk Revolution in 1908; and it was the French loan of seven hundred million francs that raised Turkey from the wreck of the Balkan wars in 1913. Most of her interests are centred in Syria, where France has for centuries exercised a sphere of influence. And when the War was won, the French press made no secret of the plan to extend that influence over the whole of Asia Minor. But events have since not only proved this hope illusory, but have made it increasingly clear that France stands to lose with every loss of territory and prestige to Turkey.

No less concerned with Near Eastern affairs, but for an entirely different reason, is England. Along the stepping stones in Britain's trade route to India, the weakest point in an otherwise impregnable line is said to be the Suez Canal. Germans spoke of it during the War as the "heel of Achilles" of the British Empire. Hence, it is easy to conjecture that Britain's is no merely sentimental or religious reason for her present policy. Indeed, it has been said that every increase of British territory in the Near East due to the War—and it may be seen at a glance how immense that increase has been—is meant but to consolidate and insure the fortifications of the Suez Canal.

True, there are other influences also at work in the Near East; but all seem destined to prove either negligible factors in the final settlement, or else mere pawns in the game of the two controlling powers. Germany began, with the Kaiser's pilgrimage to Palestine in 1888, and again in 1896, a strong bid to wrest control of the situation from Britain, using as means to this end the reorganization of the Turkish army, the building of the Bagdad Railway and the exploitation of Turkey's economic resources. But since the War, German influence has been practically non-existent in Turkey. Russia, too, has, for the moment, ceased her restless pressure in the direction

of warmer waters and Mediterranean ports; but Russia must sooner or later reënter the struggle in the Near East. Italy's position there is a comparatively new factor of modern politics. But in the whole sordid game, the old game of European imperialism, there is but one redeeming feature, supplying the only visible element of real gallantry and romance, and that is found in the latest phase of Greece's age-long struggle against Turkey. The Greek War of Independence, which began in 1821, has lasted, with varying intervals of peace, over the whole century; and the present struggle in Asia Minor is but the dramatic culmination of a secular effort to free the whole of the Greek race from Turkish domination.

In point of fact, then, France and England hold the keys to the situation in the Near East, and every move in the world game, in this theatre, is inevitably subordinated to the realization of their definite aspirations.

It is easier, then, to envisage the swift changes and the appalling events that have taken place in this region since 1914. It will be remembered that Turkey entered the War on Germany's side on November 1st of that year, her chief cause for fear being the alliance existing since 1908 between England and Russia, an alliance which she felt could have but one aim, the ultimate dismemberment of Turkey. Then came the Dardanelles campaign, which ended in costly failure for the Allies in the late winter of 1915. Its immediate sequel was the Armenian massacres, the bloody attempt made by the Young Turk party, now that they felt secure against European interference, to carry out ruthlessly their insane plan for a physical unification of all Turkey, the "Turkification," as they called it, of all the elements of the population. That plan made it necessary to deal summarily with the Christian elements—in what revolting manner the world has since been told. We have available appalling reports from the Bryce Commission and other official investigations, which fixed the full responsibility for the Armenian massacres, and for their fiendish atrocity, not on incompetent subordinate officials, but directly on the Turkish Government at Constantinople. But it was only last June, at the trial in Berlin of Solomon Teïrian, the Armenian who assassinated Talaat Pasha, that the official Turkish documents were published to the world, and revealed the deliberate cold-blooded plan to get rid of the

Armenian question, in the words of Talaat himself, "by getting rid of the Armenians."

An infamous triumvirate was then in power, Talaat, Enver and Djemal Pashas; and these men, aided by the Deportations Committee, with headquarters at Aleppo, in Northern Syria, used the riff-raff of Turkish jails, who were released for this very purpose, as their tools in carrying out a policy of annihilating a Christian nation. In the same gruesome programme were also included the Greek, the Assyrian and the Syrian Christians of Asia Minor. We may well be spared another recital of the frightful details; but that a million human beings were thus killed is said to be only a conservative estimate of this horrible slaughter.

We will glance quickly at the outstanding events of the following years of the War. On April 29, 1916, the surrender of the British forces, beleaguered at Kut-el-Amara, halted the British Mesopotamian campaign; Russia's collapse in the spring of the following year led to the withdrawal of Russian troops from the Caucasus, and left the Christian population completely at the mercy of the Turks. Meanwhile, in the south, Allenby's army successfully crossed the Sinai Desert; the King of the Hejaz revolted from the rule of Turkey; and the Arabian tribes, under the guidance of Colonel Lawrence, coöperated with Allenby in the campaign which resulted in the capture of Jerusalem and the annihilation of an entire Turko-German army. Then, on October 30, 1918, came the armistice with Turkey.

We in America can scarcely appreciate the tremendous burst of thankfulness that welled from the heart of Christian Asia Minor at the moment of its deliverance. And, strange to say, in that moment all eyes turned hopefully for guidance, not to England or France, but to America. Eastern peoples are thoroughly familiar with European intrigues, and distrust them as thoroughly. But America is to them a land of mystery and idealism. Respect for America is a veritable cult in the Near East, and perhaps nowhere else in the world did the hopeful aspirations of down-trodden races respond more enthusiastically to the wonderful ideals embodied in President Wilson's utterances. Then came the Harbord and other American investigating commissions, the American Committee for Armenian and Syrian Relief, the Red Cross and, finally, the

great Near East Relief organization, which has since merged all American philanthropic activities in this region. Thus there grew up among the peoples of Asia Minor the most sanguine hopes for an American mandate over the whole of Turkey.

At this moment the Near East Question seemed very simple and easy of solution. Turkey was a vanquished nation, helpless and penitent. Everywhere there was enthusiasm and eagerness for an immediate start; people were ready to adopt almost any plan for a readjustment of their individual national policies and the resumption of the normal pursuits of peace.

But the Allies did not act. There were uncertain plans and endless delays. The psychological moment was allowed to pass, and soon the Near East was as restless as ever before. The very terms of the armistice with Turkey, absurdly easy as they had been, were not even enforced. No time had been set for the final disarming of the Turkish troops. Very few places of strategic importance were occupied by the Allied armies, though it is estimated that one-tenth of the troops available, under command of Allenby and D'Esperey, would have sufficed for the purpose. And worse still, no attempt was made to oust the Turks who had settled on Armenian lands, or to repatriate the homeless refugees, or to compel the release of prisoners, to say nothing of the women and children still held captive in Moslem homes. For two whole years the Peace Conference allowed Near East affairs to drift along, and a dreadful chaos was the result.

The first tangible fact to arouse the world's indignant attention, was the reawakening of Turkish fanaticism. Disbanded Turkish soldiery, still in possession of arms and ammunition, presently gathered together in irregular bands of brigands to terrorize the land. Soon there were serious uprisings throughout Asia Minor, and new massacres were perpetrated, at Aintab in Syria, at Marash in Cilicia, and at Alexandropol in Armenia. The meagre French forces left in North Syria found themselves unable to cope with the numerous hordes, and withdrew, leaving the Armenians and Syrians, and the Relief Agencies to shift for themselves. The Armenian Governments of Erivan and Georgia, which had attempted vainly to secure outside aid, were attacked by the

Bolsheviki from the north and the Turks from the south, and were overpowered. In the words of Lord Bryce, "the Turks once again know that they can massacre a million Christians with impunity, and then claim that there is no reason for liberating a land where no Christians exist."

All that the Turks now needed was a strong leader to gather these guerilla troops into an army. That leader soon appeared in the person of Mustapha Kemal Pasha, a member of the notorious Young Turk party, and during the War commander of the Turkish Third Army Corps at Sivas. So many Turks rallied to his Nationalist army that Kemal was able to defy the Allies, and to establish a provisional government at Angora, which professed loyalty to the person of the Sultan of Constantinople, but repudiated his foreign-ruled government, and refused to abide by the Treaty which had been signed with the Entente.

For, in the meantime, the Peace Conference had moved to San Remo, and there the patient diplomacy of Venizelos had at last won over the Allied statesmen to draw up the Treaty of Sèvres, which was finally presented to Turkey on May 11, 1920. By the terms of this Treaty, Armenia was created into an independent nation, whose boundaries President Wilson was asked to determine. Greece was given Thrace and most of the coast of Anatolia except for the city of Smyrna, left nominally under Turkish suzerainty, with the option of a plebiscite after five years. Constantinople remained under the Sultan, but subject to Allied control conditionally on the Turkish fulfillment of the Treaty. France was confirmed in her mandate over Syria, while England retained the mandate over Palestine, Arabia and Mesopotamia.

"Turkey will never again trouble Europe," were the solemn words of the European politicians who affixed their signature to the covenant. When the Turkish Government refused to sign, the Allies replied with an ultimatum, which has been called one of the most startling indictments ever presented against any nation. By this ultimatum, Turkey was compelled, under threat of losing Constantinople itself, her last foothold in Europe, to sign the Treaty of Sèvres, on August 10, 1920.

Though the hopes of Greece were yet far from being realized, she was the chief beneficiary by this Treaty. But again,

as at the armistice, no strong measures were taken to enforce the terms, and the Allies seemed unwilling to allow Greece a free hand in carrying out the Treaty. It was soon found that the words which Trotzky had written on the walls of the old Jesuit College at Brest-Litovsk, where the Russo-German Treaty was signed, were applicable also to the Treaty of Sèvres: "Neither war nor peace," was the result. The situation was suddenly complicated for the Allies, by the Greek elections of December 5, 1920, which took on the character of a complete ostracizing of the Premier, Venizelos, in the classical manner; and there was an overwhelming popular vote for the restoration of Constantine, the Kaiser's brother-in-law, to the throne of Greece. This was gall and wormwood for the Allies.

At once France and Italy initiated measures to have the Treaty of Sèvres set aside, and began to give more active support to the Turkish Nationalists. A conference was called at London on February 21, 1921, to revise the Treaty. By the new terms adopted, Smyrna and most of the Asiatic littoral were given back definitely to Turkey, with other concessions, at the expense of Greece, that were to make Turkey again a considerable military and naval power. The result is well known. Greece flatly refused to accept the new terms, declaring that the final settlement had already been made, and that she alone was ready, with an army at her disposal, to enforce the original covenant as signed by England, France, Italy, Greece and Turkey. The Greeks were in a fever of excitement. Constantine called three new classes to the colors, and the response was enthusiastic and prompt. Early in March a vigorous campaign against the Turkish Nationalists was begun, regardless of all the warnings of the Allies. But, by the middle of April, the campaign was over. Disaster had met Greece in the battle of Eski-Shehir and the evacuation of Ismid. And yet, dark as the situation then was, when the Allies came forward, on June 8, 1921, offering to intervene on the basis of the revised Treaty, Greece held firm, and absolutely refused to reconsider the original covenant.

Suddenly the whole situation underwent a swift change. What the outside world saw was an amazing revival of morale in the Greek army and people. Constantine went to the front and assumed command. Somehow, many new

troops were equipped and organized. From somewhere, fresh supplies and ammunition began to pour into the Greek lines. A magnificent offensive was begun early in July, and by the middle of the month the Turkish army was all but crushed, and the way left practically open to Angora. But what had really happened? Word had come to the Allied premiers of the daring game that Kemal was really playing. Successful alliances with the Bolsheviki of Moscow, and with the Moslem leaders of Afghanistan and Mesopotamia, for a concentrated Russo-Turkish drive on Constantinople—this was a danger far more threatening to the interests of Europe than tolerating 'Tino as King of Greece. Hence the sudden outpouring of British support, and the recent victory, which brought the Greek army to within fifty miles of Angora, has given Greece control of the whole of Asia Minor south of the Sea of Marmora, and now leaves her, apparently, in a position to claim Constantinople itself. "The Great Idea" of Greek national aspirations seems at last near realization, and Byron's words have again proved true:

Hereditary bondsmen! know ye not,
Who would be free, themselves must strike the blow!

Meanwhile events had been moving in other parts of the Near East. Syria for many months continued in turmoil and uncertainty, but the strong, efficient leadership of General Gouraud gradually brought confidence and order. The development of orderly government was only once seriously interrupted, by the adventure of Emir Feisal in Damascus, about which we must speak presently. Roads and railways are being constructed, and the industries of the country, notably the cultivation of the silk-worm, have been reorganized. After several experiments, Syria was last June divided by General Gouraud into six autonomous districts united into a common federation, somewhat on the plan of the cantons of Switzerland. For a time, after-war conditions and high prices started a wave of emigration that threatened to cripple all attempts at economic revival; but early in the present year the French High Commissioner put a complete stop to the exodus, and the passage of the American immigration law last June removed most of the danger from this quarter. It is gratifying to note that since the Armistice and through all the uncertainties

of the political situation, the patriotic Catholic clergy proved to be the strongest element for stability, giving whole-hearted support to the French administration in its efforts at reconstruction. Happily, Syria has now started on its way to a revival of prosperity. French schools and missions are operating in every part of the Lebanon and in Cœle-Syria, and in Beirut the Jesuit University has re-opened its classes in College and Preparatory Departments, as well as in Seminary, Medicine and Law. But at present the one disquieting element in the religious situation in Syria comes from the tremendous impetus, since the War, given to French Masonic influences, and to American Protestant activities centring at the American College of Beirut.

But affairs of a far more complicated nature have occupied the British in the Near East. There had been before the War, two distinct departments concerned with this region: the India Office, operating through Bagdad, and the London Foreign Office, operating through Cairo. The latter began early in the War to develop a plan for a vast Arab empire centring at Mecca, to take the place of Turkey. This plan comprises the famous Sherifian Policy, so called because the empire was to be built around the family of the Sherif of Mecca, Ali-Hussein, the guardian of the Holy Places of Islam and a descendant of the Prophet. Hussein was to be made King of the Hejaz, while his sons were to be advanced to subordinate positions of power: the Emir Feisal as ruler in Damascus, Emir Abdullah in Bagdad and Emir Said in Kurdistan; while a fourth son, Emir Ahmed, was to remain as Heir-Apparent at Mecca. Even during the War the Sherifian Policy was fairly on the road to realization. Hussein declared a Holy War against the Turks, and was at once recognized by England as King of the Hejaz; and when, in the spring of 1918, Damascus was taken by Allenby's army, the Emir Feisal and his officers were hustled in Ford cars to take possession, and give him, in the eyes of the Arabs, the glory of capturing the city. Shortly afterwards was enacted the farce of a Syrian Congress, which elected Feisal King of Syria. Meanwhile, steps were taken to install Abdullah and Said in their assigned places.

But all three plans were broken up. Damascus being within the traditional sphere of influence of France, Gouraud's

army promptly stepped in and expelled Feisal; while affairs in Mesopotamia and Kurdistan proved to be far too unsettled for the success of the other parts of this interesting programme. Other complications ensued. The powerful chief of the Nejd-Hasa, a much more important personage among the Arabs themselves than Hussein, renewed an old quarrel with the latter and attacked the Hejaz from the east, and was only prevented from capturing Mecca by the warnings of the British Government; Mustapha Kemal, of course, was utterly opposed to the Sherifian plan; but what was far more serious, the entire Moslem population of India and Mesopotamia declared a boycott against Hussein, because he was unable of himself, without the aid of the foreigner, to guard the holy places of Islam. As a result of this boycott, the famous pilgrimage to Mecca was this year, for the first time in generations, completely discontinued. Then again, in England itself, popular sentiment, led by Herbert Asquith, began clamoring for the abandonment altogether of a mandate which was costing the taxpayers nearly five hundred million dollars a year.

Late last spring, Lloyd George felt it was time to take active measures to straighten out the tangle. His first step was to abolish the dual control of the India Office and the Foreign Office, and a new bureau, the Middle East Department of the Colonial Office, was created, with Winston Churchill at its head, to take control of affairs in Arabia, Palestine and Mesopotamia. Churchill went to the East to investigate conditions, and on his return, in June, announced to Parliament that the Government had definitely adopted the Sherifian Policy, by advancing subsidies both to Hussein and to Ibn Saud, establishing Abdullah in the newly created State of Trans-Jordania, and promising support to Feisal for the throne of Irac, as Mesopotamia is now to be called. Feisal has since been invited to Bagdad, and installed as king.

All this time France was watching with undisguised alarm the progressive unfolding of the Sherifian plan: it meant a danger to her own policy in the East. The tension between the two Powers has become daily more acute. Churchill, in the same speech in Parliament, attempted to reassure France, declaring that the Sherifian Policy was itself for France's best interests, and that the only hope of a peaceful settlement of

the Near East problem was for France and England to co-öperate.

Nor has the situation in Palestine been entirely *couleur de rose* for the British Premier. It will be recalled that, early in the War, Jewish activities were organized for a united drive on the Allied Governments to secure the reëstablishment of the Jewish nation, and Britain, in 1917, definitely committed herself to the realization of Zionist aspirations. The Balfour Declaration then made it clear that Palestine was to be made a national home for the Jews. After the conquest of Palestine, military rule soon gave way to a complete civil administration under Sir Herbert Samuel, a Jew, and the task of actuating the Balfour Declaration was at once begun. By the spring of 1920, some ten thousand had immigrated into Palestine and were absorbed on farm areas or in gainful industries. They arrived with a plentiful supply of ready money in gold, and were guided by an efficient organization, whose headquarters are at Haifa, the chief seaport of modern Palestine. They easily tempted the Arab landholders to give up some of the best holdings in the territory; while in the towns Arab merchants soon found themselves forced out of business by Jews who sold the same goods at half the price. Even at present the Arabs are leaving for the interior at the rate of some forty or fifty families a day. Their leaders at last were awakened to the real meaning of the movement; and a widespread conspiracy was set on foot, and is still operating, to thwart the incursion by every means, fair or foul. Placards were posted in Jerusalem, calling on the Moslems to "arise, and make of Jerusalem a national cemetery instead of a national home for the Jews." There were serious riots, in the Holy City at Easter time, 1920, and in May of this year at Jaffa, Haifa and the large new Jewish colony of Petah-Tikvah. Their evident object was to terrify and intimidate the Jews, and to make the Jewish programme impossible.

So serious was the situation that in June the High Commissioner gave orders to suspend immigration altogether; more rigid regulations were made; and a new declaration of policy was given out with the purpose of conciliating the Arabs. But the Arab Congress at Haifa organized a delegation, which went to London to protest against the whole Zionist scheme. Nor have Christians all this time remained indiffer-

ent to the menace which Zionism involved. Energetic protests from all parts of the world were finally, on June 14, 1921, crystallized in the solemn declaration of Pope Benedict XV., who, in his Allocution of that date, reiterated still more plainly a warning he had given to the Powers two years before. The Pope declared:

The situation in Palestine not only is not improved, but has been made worse by the new civil arrangements which aim, if not in their authors' intentions, at least in fact, at ousting Christianity from its previous position to put the Jews in its place. We, therefore, warmly exhort all Christians, including non-Catholic Governments, to insist with the League of Nations on the examination of the British mandate in Palestine.

The English Government forbade the publication of this Allocution in Palestine. It is seldom that the Holy Father has spoken so openly of any one nation; yet his outspoken language in this case seems but to represent a universal Catholic opposition to the present aims of Zionism. It is well to understand that there is even stronger opposition from the ranks of Jewry itself. Influential and well-informed Jews, both in Europe and America, are declaiming against the folly of the whole movement. The word is not a haphazard one. Henry Morgenthau calls the Zionist plan "the most stupendous fallacy in Jewish history." Impressive figures are adduced to prove its final impracticability, and though Jewish wealth and British protection have made a start really possible, the whole scheme is doomed to failure because it is "economically unsound, politically impossible and spiritually inadequate." Baron Rothschild's comment, made long before the Palestine campaign was over, is typical of the present attitude of many Jews: "Yes, I am for a Jewish republic in Palestine, if they will make me perpetual ambassador at London."

But by far the most hopeful sign in the present situation in the Near East lies in the possibilities that are now open for the spread of the Faith. The oppressive restrictions of Turkish misrule are gone forever. Missionary activity and active propaganda, which up to this time were rigorously proscribed in Turkey, can now be undertaken. Had the Allies acted with decision at the close of the War, who knows what progress would have been made in these three years? But even now,

with this late beginning, the brightest hopes may be entertained for the now easily attainable reunion of large numbers of the Oriental Churches with the See of Peter, and the evangelization of the non-Christian elements. But affairs are still in a chaotic condition in large sections of the Near East. And, while all praise is due to the heroic efforts of the Near East Relief organization, whose workers are in the field combating disease and bravely attempting to save whole populations from starvation, Catholics cannot be indifferent to the danger that other agencies, Protestant for the most part, will take hold when the Near East Relief organization withdraws, and start the same unscrupulous proselytizing which aroused such stern criticism in France and Italy.

But we can rely again on the watchful care of the bishops and clergy of the land to give timely warning. The Holy Father has shown himself keenly alive to the immense possibilities for good in the present conjuncture of affairs in the Near East; and besides making the friendliest advances to the heads of all the Oriental Churches and raising one of their great Patriarchs, St. Ephrem, the Syrian, to the dignity of Doctor of the Universal Church, Pope Benedict has inaugurated active plans for the reorganization and restoration of Eastern Catholicism. In pursuance of these plans, various eminent prelates have been selected to visit Europe and the United States, in order to organize the faithful for the support of the Churches of their homeland, and at the same time to study conditions abroad with a view to establishing, on their return, needed reforms and improvements. Thus between the lines of the restless and pitiful story of the Near East we may read God's message of hope.

In conclusion, we can but touch briefly on other sections of the Near East, which it is impossible now to speak of in detail, and to survey the situation in general. Palestine, as we have seen, is passing through a crisis that is altogether an anomaly and a vexation to all concerned. Armenia and the adjoining nations of Georgia and Azerbaijan are still helpless under the chaos of Soviet and Turkish rule; to the north of them, the terrible Russian famine stalks across the border; cholera has lately invaded the region, and winter is on—adding still deeper shadows to the gloom that has so long hung over that unfortunate region: so true is it that war's after-

math inflicts untold sufferings on victims utterly innocent of its cause. In Arabia disorder still holds sway, though King Hussein retains his title and two of his sons are established in power. Assyria is now a Republic, under British mandate, and with a woman, the Lady Surma, as its first President. Egypt continues to seethe with unrest, and was last year on the point of forcing from England the concession of autonomy; but the final decision was put off, as was said in Parliament, till the Irish question should first be settled. Syria alone appears to be moderately peaceful, under the French mandate, and well on the way to prosperity.

There is no concealing the fact that all these nations are now awake and marching to ultimate independence, which many of them believe to be very near. They understand the motives of greed and selfishness and jealousy that have too often actuated European dealings with them and their countries; and they will not, as in the past, tamely submit to foreign dominance. Now, as never before, there is need of infinite tact and patience on the part of European statesmen. Momentous possibilities hover in the air over the entire Near East—for religion and for civilization. These nations are not in any real sense a backward people. They were once the vanguard of progress. And if centuries of oppression and physical violence and the moral degradation of their alien conquerors have coerced and restricted them in every field of legitimate endeavor, the very fact that they have survived to see the opening of this new era, shows that the Greek, the Armenian and the Syrian and, to a certain extent, the Arab people, are not only sincere in their eagerness, but able also, to take once again their old, honored places in the march of civilization.

It behooves the Briton and the Frank to make haste, and to put an end to the intolerable chaos and the sickening miseries that have piled up as a result of their unfortunate policy of indecision. Settle the Near East Question definitely and wisely, and give us peace: else there is no prophet daring enough to foretell all the dreadful havoc that is yet in store. "Where there is no vision, the people perish."

WHEN THE GODS DIED.

A GALLERY OF FOUR PICTURES.

BY C. M. WAAGE.

I.

THE GODS.



EARS, fraught with unrest and dismal forebodings, had passed over Norway's land. A century before Harald, the Fairhaired, had bargained the submission of many kings for the love of a woman, when Gyda had stipulated that the only way to win her heart and her hand would be for Harald to make himself supreme ruler in Norway. Then he had gone forth to conquer, and kings and mighty earls had been forced to leave home and country and had sought new fields in Iceland, in the Orkney and Shetland Islands, had gone to Ireland, where, as the Finngalls, they had fought the Dubhgalls or Danes, or they had settled on the shores of Normandy, whence they were destined within another century to emerge for the invasion and conquest of Britain. Some few chiefs had remained independent in spite of Harald and the wars for supremacy, carried on by his successors. Their "fylkes," or domains, had been too secluded to be reached by the conqueror; or their resistance, aided by natural conditions, had been so bold, that shielded, as they were, by natural environments, they had been left alone, considered, probably, of too small importance to be worth the price of war.

Among such isolated chiefs was Gunnar of the Ref. He belonged to the men of the Fjords, the most daring of Norse vikings. Through the narrow inlet from the sea, framed on either side by sheer and towering cliffs and guarded on the outside by dangerous reefs, the men from this part had for generations made their exit, when starting out on viking raids or for commercial purposes, steering towards the islands of Hjatland, south past Scotia, then coasting the lands of the

Franks and the Moors, passing through Njörve Sund, as they called the Strait of Gibraltar, and eastward through that mighty island sea which bore them to many a coast of unknown mysterious lands, from which they had brought back rare and costly booty.

In this isolated place, Gunnar had lived all his life, as did his ancestors for generations back, that is, when not sailing the seas, for he had himself been a viking of great renown. Here he had married a maiden from the uplands, who had borne him a daughter, whom they called Astrid. Then his wife had died and the girl had been left to the care of Gunnar's sister. She had grown into womanhood, living her simple life where the waves of the fjord lapped the shores of the verdant valley, and her home was the only place she knew on the bright earth.

Gunnar had built a house of rough hewn rock. Warm and snug it was in the winter, when the tempest blew over the little valley, lashing the waters of the great ocean outside and sending them thundering over the reefs, until they rolled like huge white mountains into the otherwise tranquil fjord. Ægir's horses, they taught Astrid to name them. They were the horses Ægir, the god of the great waters, rode in his merry chase, laughing at the tempest, and Astrid wondered at their grandeur and their might, when the tide rose and carried them far into the fjord.

She had sat of winter's evenings near the huge log fire that burned in the centre of the hall, sending its volumes of smoke through a hole in the roof, and had listened to her elders telling curious tales of the Lapp-folk, who knew witchcraft. Had not Snefrid, the Lapp-girl, turned the head of the great King Harald? And had not another, Gunhild, done the same thing with his son, Erik? This happened long years ago, and she wondered whether there were still Lapp-girls and what they looked like. She felt sure there were trolls within the mountains and sprites within the waters that tumbled in splashing torrents over the mountain sides. For did not the trolls forge the swords and shields for the Asa-gods and the fallen heroes who lived with them in Valhalla, and had she not heard the voices of the sprites singing through the roar of the waters? When the winter gale bore down upon the valley and carried the snow upon its invisible wings, she

had heard the cries of elves and spirits, that human eye could not see, yet the human heart could feel the terror of them. And Thor, that majestic god who drove through the heavens, throwing his hammer amidst the Jotuns, the evil powers—had she not heard the chariot thundering through the clouds with a noise that terrified her as echo was calling to echo from mountain to mountain? Had her own eyes not beheld Mjölner, Thor's glittering weapon, traversing the sky in sweeping zig-zags, sometimes rending a mighty forest tree or killing cattle, when a Jotun had taken refuge behind them?

As Astrid grew up these pictures assumed a more definite form in her mind. They became the fabric out of which was woven her faith in the unseen, her hopes and her aspirations. The strength and poetry of the Asa-myths gripped her young soul. Naturally, as she grew older, certain myths forced themselves to the front in her imagination. The story of Freya, the goddess, ruling in Folkvang, impressed her deeply. She shed tears when she contemplated Sigyn holding the cup over Loke, as he lay chained to the rock with the serpent dropping its venomous poison upon his head from above. Then, when the cup was full and Sigyn turned to empty it, the venom struck the tortured body and in his agony Loke shook it, so that the earth trembled. But nothing that had ever been told of the Asa-gods so appealed to her as did the account of Baldur's fate, when killed, not in battle as he ought to have been, but from ambush, by the assassin's shaft. Then Baldur could not share in the joys of Valhalla, but must descend to Hela. They placed his body upon a burning ship and pushed it out to sea; but Nanna, his wife, leaped into the lurid flames that she might follow him even down into the shadow land. With the women of the North faithfulness unto death was esteemed the highest virtue, and so Astrid treasured the myth as a sublime inspiration.

When the men were at home other tales were told, tales of foreign lands, of wonderful adventures, of strange people and daring deeds. Costly presents would be unfolded, magnificent costumes for the women, ornaments, drinking vessels, plates and platters of gold and silver, fine linen for the household, drapery of splendid hues, shields and weapons, wonderfully wrought, to hang upon the walls or for more practical purposes, and a hundred other things, not seen before but

much admired and wondered at by the women and the older men, whom advancing years or infirmities had kept at home.

Among the latter was Gunnar himself. Though not far past middle age, he had for some years past stayed at home, when the younger men that he used to lead had taken wings for distant countries. Wounds and the physical imperfections that come from exposure had prevented his leaving home except on short excursions, when he went up the coast to attend the annual "ting," where the chiefs from the various parts assembled to discuss matters of common importance.

Meanwhile, his fleet had been directed by Alf, his younger brother, while Leif, Alf's foster son, a youth of uncommon presence and great renown for seamanship and intrepid valor, had commanded his own vessel, a magnificent craft with a gilded prow like a dragon's head rising high and defiant from the waters. It had a half deck fore and aft, along the gunwale hung glittering shields, and it was thirty-benched, with two men to each oar, and a total crew of over two hundred men. When the wind was fair, they set the mast and hoisted the immense sail, and then the ship would cleave the waves like a frightened doe fleeing over the forest meadow.

Leif had been reared at the Ref. When he was still an infant his mother had died, and his father had fought in distant Bjarneland on Gandviken, now known as Archangel, and there he received his death wound. Then Alf, who had shared his father's hardships in the frozen North, had taken the boy as his own, and he had grown up at the Ref, being, in fact, the childhood's companion of Astrid, though older than she by a few years.

No wonder, then, that Astrid, when she pictured to herself the viking hero of her native land, pictured him as Leif. His stately and muscular figure had grown into splendid proportions through athletic exercises from his very childhood. Often she had watched him fighting the eagle, hanging with one hand to the ledge of the towering crag and battering with a club in the other hand the king of birds, from whose nest he daringly extricated the coveted eggs. This was but a boyhood's prank, but, as he grew older, he showed himself far above his companions in all manly sports.

No mountain buck was more agile on its feet than Leif; his aim was so true that his arrow never missed and his

strength so great that he could speed it to goals far beyond the ordinary reach of the archer. At sea, he could handle the steering oar singly, when it would require two strong men to keep the prow to the wind, and he had been known to brave the waters with his armor on and keep himself afloat till assistance reached him, albeit the rest of the crew went down with the sinking vessel.

Since he got command of Gunnar's vessel, Leif had brought many precious gifts to Astrid from far foreign shores. To her wardrobe he had added costumes of rare material, rich in color and texture; to her ornaments costly gems, to her household goods white linen of rare fabric. Nobody ever spoke of the betrothal of Astrid and Leif, but nobody ever thought of them in any other relation, and as for themselves, they intended that the marriage feast should be held after Leif's next return from abroad, when he intended to turn from the sea to agriculture, an art which had of late come considerably into vogue.

With this intention in view, he had built a great house of mighty logs close to Gunnar's hall. It had two fireplaces within and seats along the side walls. There was a private chamber for himself and Astrid and there were beds in the four corners of the hall. The walls were hung with rare tapestry and the windows, made from the membrane of animals, admitted the light of day. The gables were richly ornamented, and over the door beam runes had been carved for good luck and also the welcome which is spoken in the "Elder Edda:"

Fire needs he
Who enters the house
And is cold about the knees—
Food and clothes
The man is in need of
Who has journeyed over the mountain.

II.

THE BOAST OF THE GODS.

It was midwinter solstice in the northlands. They called it Yuel, because the word signified a wheel, and the seasons had once more revolved to a point, the most momentous in the year, when the long nights would begin to shorten and

brighter days were in store. Though sometimes it took months to bring about, yet everybody knew that the time was approaching when the rills would again leap unfettered through the meadows, when the migrating birds would return from the South and bring with them the warm breath of sweeter climes, when the grass would sprout again and the cuckoo would tell lovers the number of years they should dwell together. "Baldur's return from Hela," they said. Life renewed, for life might slumber for a while, but it must awake again, and even the embrace of Hela had to loosen, when the ransom was paid and Baldur arose once more. No wonder, then, that the people of the North rejoiced at this season and gathered together in festive mood to pledge one another renewed friendship, and over the hospitable board speak of the past and plan for the future.

Outside, the sun was shining brightly. It was what they called a ringing frost, and the word was well chosen, for so clear and pure was the atmosphere that man's footfall upon the hard black ground, or the slight, crunching noise when he stepped over the frozen snow, sounded afar off and gave notice of the approaching traveler. Up over the mountains the snow lay like soft dunes; it covered the pine trees and forced their branches earthward. In spots the green needles seemed to have thrown off the white mantle, and occasionally a belated cone, not yet fallen from its branch, added its sombre color to the glitter, which, like a million precious jewels, sparkled in the rays of the winter sun. The rills in the meadow below were silent, harnessed by the ice, and, like gigantic stalagmites, the frozen waters in the walls of the mountains threw back the reflection in a variety of colors as the light from above played upon the opalescent shafts.

Over the surface of the snow, the nimble foot of the hare and the fox had left their imprints in thin straight lines, traversing the landscape in different directions, but there were other tracks, somewhat larger and heavier, where the wolves had come down in packs from the dark forest to prey upon stray cattle or sheep, which might have escaped the byre in which they were kept during the winter months. On the roofs gathered the hungry house sparrows, knowing, as they did, the habit of the people of the North to feed them when the rigid winter made it hard to gather food.

Within the hall of the Ref the feast was on. Gunnar sat in the high seat at the head of the table and along the sides were most of the men, belonging to the Ref, both those who had returned from the raids with the approaching winter and were now waiting for the fairer season and new adventures, and also those who, at the lower end of the table, represented the menial staff of the household, some of them slaves, brought as captives from foreign land, but all treated as members of one large family. At another table sat the women, presided over by Astrid, and here also the seats had been distributed according to the rank and position of those present.

The huge log fire in the centre of the hall added to the lighting of the scene as well as to the warmth. It threw its glare upon the walls, and was reflected from many a gleaming weapon upon the table and danced in the shining curves of costly vessels; it sent sparks toward the ceiling that sometimes caused some cautious person to leave his seat and adjust the pile of logs, it sent volumes of smoke through the outlet above, that carried with them the scent of savory viands.

Through it all, an incessant interchange of speech was going on. Every now and again a youth would call out some bantering remark to one of the young women only to receive a prompt counter from the maiden addressed; and there was much laughing and jesting as the feast progressed, while sparkling eyes and flushed cheeks bespoke the enjoyment of the company.

Near the high seat sat the foremost men among those present, Alf on Gunnar's right hand and next to him Leif. With them the entertainment appeared to have a somewhat different import. The merry jesting of the rest found only an occasional response with this little circle of more serious men, who were discussing among themselves matters of greater significance. Naturally, Gunnar spoke as the leader. His words were listened to with profound respect, the older men nodding their bearded heads in silent assent, the younger ones giving vent to their approval in a more boisterous manner by loud acclamation and knocking with clenched fist or perhaps with some heavy goblet the oaken plank of the table.

"These are evil days," said Gunnar. "Evil days for Norway and for all these parts. Men are mocking the gods and turning away from them. Those who live in foreign lands

despise them altogether. Some have no gods at all, others call upon a new god, who has come from far off Jorsalaland, they say. They say he is mightier than all the Asa-gods put together—but that cannot be.”

“Has he drunk wisdom from Mimer’s well, like Odin?” asked one.

“Can he cleave the heavens with lightning, like Thor?” demanded another.

“Or sound the Gjaller horn like Heimdal, so that the whole world may hear it?” from a third.

“Twelve Asa-gods rule the world,” said Gunnar. “How could one god do it alone?”

The old men shook their heads. How could he? There were men and women in this world, there were the waters and the dry land, there was love and there was war, there was the grain in the fields and the forging of weapons—and one god to direct all these and a hundred other things—it was impossible! Somebody laughed aloud and others followed. It became part of the general mirth.

“There is a great chief somewhere in the Southlands,” said Alf. “They call him Otho. He came north and made King Harald of Denmark pledge fealty to the new god, and then the King forced Haakon, the Earl of Norway, who had helped him in battle, to do likewise. He sent Haakon back to Norway accompanied by men with shaven heads and long beards, dressed in long cloaks and wearing ropes around their waist, that they may tell the men in Norway all about the new god.”

“And did they?” someone asked.

“No,” said Alf. “The Earl slew some of them and sent the rest back to the King of Denmark. ‘No one must mock the Asa-gods where I rule!’ he said, and made an offering to Odin.”

Again they laughed.

“There is a country far to the south, further than I have ever been myself, but I have heard of it,” said Alf. “They call it Romagna, and there, they say, dwells this god.”

“You mean: he still lives there in the land—whatever you call it?” ejaculated Gunnar in amazement.

“Yes!” said Alf. “They say he can never die.”

“How’s that?” queried one of the company. “Even the

Asa-gods must die, and this one never dies. That is impossible."

By this time the feast had reached a point, when certain semi-religious ceremonies were in order. No Yuel passed by but that the host of the feast would sprinkle the hall with the blood of some animal, dedicated to the gods before being slaughtered, and again, there was the promise to be made on Sonegalten, the sacred boar. This last ceremony was not only very ancient, but was also looked upon as an event of particular interest, for, when the animal, well groomed, was conducted into the hall, the men would rise, and those who desired to make special promise of some daring deed would place one hand upon the back of the animal and make an oath to that effect.

Gunnar had risen from his seat and strode toward the door, which he threw open. Then all rose from their seats, men and women, for the moment had come when they would pay respect to the Asa-gods who had so far preserved the independence of their existence, shielding them against the invasion of the usurper and protecting them against that mysterious power from distant lands, which was said to have conquered their gods in neighboring countries.

A loud call from Gunnar, which echoed on the still crisp air from the mountain sides, brought to the door a man who handed his master a silver urn of splendid workmanship containing the sacred fluid. It had been the custom in earlier days to sprinkle the blood over the walls of the hall and even over the guests, gathered within, but a greater refinement in custom and manners prohibited such an act, and Gunnar merely poured the blood from the urn in a few scattered places upon the hard clay floor, then he threw the rest into the blazing fire and returned the urn to the bearer.

Meanwhile, the door had been left open, and the bright sunlight from without silhouetted the opening in sharp outlines upon the floor. In this illumined spot the famous boar now appeared, conducted by two stalwart youths. It was, indeed, a magnificent animal. As it stood there in the full blaze of the sunlight, it might have been easily taken for the gold-bristled boar upon which Freyr, the god of the fruitful fields, was said to ride, or for one of those famous boars upon which the fallen heroes fed in Valhalla, which, slaughtered

for the day's supply, came to life again for the feast of the morrow. In truth, the boar in the Northlands was as sacred as the bull, Apis, was to the Egyptians of old or as the elephant is to the natives of other distant lands. This one was of immense proportions with large protruding tusks, ornamented with golden bands. Its bristles stood upright like a cropped mane upon the forepart of its back. A massive bronze ring had been placed in its snout, to which ropes were attached for the keepers to hold it. Its small vicious eyes blinked maliciously as it stood there, dazzled by the glare of the fire through the sombre twilight of the hall. No wonder that the maidens nearest the entrance timidly shrank further in the interior behind some of their companions, though the animal, apparently in perfect control of its keepers, made no attempt to advance.

Gunnar, who had returned to his place without taking his seat, now spoke: "Who is there among those here assembled," he said, "who will take the oath on Sonegalten and swear to do some daring deed of which all men shall speak?"

He had scarcely finished when Leif stepped forward. His cheeks were flushed, his eyes glittered defiantly and his broad chest heaved like the long swell of the sea. He seized his sword, which had been hanging on the wall above him, and, dipping it deliberately into one of the little pools of blood left on the floor, he placed his left hand on the back of the boar, and, raising his sword, he spoke boldly, albeit his voice trembled a little with inward emotion:

"You men of the Ref," he said, "have all heard of the White God, who rules far in the south and defies the Asa-gods. We have been told that he dwells in Romagna, whence he sends forth his sorcerers, that they may do their evil deeds and crush even Thor in all his might. I swear to you at this hour with my hand upon Sonegalten and the point of my sword dipped in the sacred blood, that I will find this Romagna, find the White God and pierce him with this sword or bring him back, a captive, that we may offer him to Odin. I have spoken."

He returned to his place and seized his goblet: "To this undertaking I pledge you this toast. Skaal!" he said and emptied the goblet.

A tremendous tumult followed. The men stamped their

feet upon the floor or beat it with heavy weapons, raising their beakers with uplifted hands and spilling much of the contents ere it reached the lips to be drained to the last drop. Loud calls of approbation rose from both men and women, and for a while pandemonium reigned. Leif alone stood calm and silent. Gunnar threw his arms around the strong shoulders of the youth and others followed his example. Women approached him and tugged at his tunic to let him know of their admiration. But Astrid stood aloof. She remembered other similar scenes, when men had sworn on the boar to do great deeds, and had gone to sea with unswerving courage and a brave following, but had never returned to tell the adventure. They had gone out to fight other men, but Leif had declared war upon a god, and there were bitter misgivings in her soul.

It was not to be wondered at that no one else offered himself for an undertaking after Leif's great promise. Many pledged themselves to be his companions or asked for the privilege, and long and loud was the talk and the noise at Gunnar's banquet, as the night closed upon the Yule-feast at the Ref.

III.

THE GODS SICKEN.

The welcome sun of early spring shot its tender rays upon the ancient city of Ravenna. Down from the vast primeval pine forests that were the pride of the province came every now and again a cool and fragrant breeze, that raised the dust on the Via Cæsarea, and sent a slight ripple over the dark blue waters of the Adriatic as they lapped the quays of Classis, the seaport of Ravenna. Here ships from all known parts of the world were at anchor, and seafaring men of many nations surged in a colorful throng from their landing places up along the famous highway towards the great city of the Romagna.

Ravenna, emerging from a misty past with no record of her birth and the names of her founders buried in oblivion, was in those days a city of much importance. Her architecture—Roman, Greek and Byzantine—pointed to the vicissitudes which had made her history, and the magnificent churches with their rich monuments spoke of the great part she had taken in the service of Christendom. She was, indeed, one of the foremost cities in the Christian world.

The city was dotted with pretty gardens. On this spring day many of the early flowers had unfolded their buds, and their petals were eagerly inhaling the sun-tempered air, while the darker leaves of the laurel and the myrtle glistened in the lightsome day and orange blossoms began to unfold their delicate charms.

In one of these gardens, somewhat larger than the rest, opening upon a narrow lane, but in reality being part of the environment of a palatial mansion facing on a more pretentious street, stood a small cottage, which might have been erected there for the use of a gardener or a keeper of the property. Looking along a wide veranda, running the full length of one side of the structure, one perceived that this side was but a series of windows, all of them thrown wide open to admit light and air. The whole space within consisted of but one room, filled with innumerable mechanical devices, placed on tables, while on the wall opposite hung a variety of tools, such as mechanics might use. Bending over one of these tables, busy with some intricate piece of workmanship, stood a tall, athletic man of middle age; upon his broad shoulders a well proportioned head with soft pleasant features and large kindly eyes, set far apart. His eyebrows were marked, almost as if they had been artfully penciled, his general expression was genial, one might say benevolent, and his movements, as he adjusted or removed portions of the mechanism, were vigorous, showing energy and strength, although executed with great care, even tenderness. He wore a loose kirtle, open at the throat and fastened round the waist with a leathern girdle. The sleeves were short and displayed arms and hands, by no means those of the ordinary artisan, but the most striking feature about him was the crown of his head which, as he stooped, revealed plainly the bald spot of the tonsure, always worn by the priest. Indeed, this toiler in mechanical arts was a priest. He was known as Gerbert of Rheims, a friend of the young King Otho.

The genius of this man was considered phenomenal. His knowledge of theology was profound, and carried him eventually to the chair of St. Peter, which he occupied as Sylvester II. He had mastered mechanical arts and had constructed the most wonderful clock in the city of Magdeburg; he ranked high as a mathematician and had taught mathematics at

Rheims, and he was no stranger to medicine, being a student of Hippocrates and Galen. He had studied music as well, and was familiar with the keys of the famous Constantine organ in the Church of St. Corneille at Compiègne, and the organ builders of Venice had no better friend. He spoke many languages, for at Rheims and on his travels he had met men from Iceland in the far North, Arabs from the tropical South, men from the Orient and men from many parts of Europe, all in quest of knowledge. Only recently, he had been removed from his beloved France and was at this time Archbishop of Ravenna, an office high in the service of Rome.

As this singular person stood there, absorbed in contemplation of his work, he suddenly became aware that he was being watched, and, looking up, he saw at one of the open windows a man of noble stature, wearing a costly armor of glittering steel rings and leaning upon an immense sword, while he appeared to be contemplating the toiler within with a sense of curiosity. Versed as he was in the world's affairs, Gerbert immediately recognized in the stranger one of those Norsemen, who occasionally reached Ravenna for commercial purposes or paid visits to less settled districts of the coast with more sinister intent. There was something about the man's appearance which attracted him, so he made an inviting gesture with one hand, as he dropped his work, and, addressing the stranger in what was known as the "*Danske Tunge*," he bade him enter.

It has always been particularly pleasing to the human ear to hear one's native language spoken in a strange land, where the vernacular is merely a jumble of inarticulate sounds. Leif was no exception, for it was he who, after much voyaging and constant inquiry, had found his way by accident to this secluded spot. The sound of a language with which he was so familiar, the pleasing intonation of the well modulated voice that greeted him, the friendly and courteous manner in which the invitation was extended impressed him immediately, and he entered the workshop, where his host, with a hand clasp, bade him be seated, and presently the two men were in conversation.

"From Iceland?" queried Gerbert.

"Norway," answered Leif.

"You are a trader?"

Leif passed his hand over the hilt of his sword in a caressing manner.

"I do not barter," he said. "I have been roaming over two years now, in search of someone. I cannot find him."

"Looking for whom?" inquired his host.

"Up North we spoke of him as the White God. They say he is very strong and will conquer the world. Here in the South they call him Christ, I believe. Do you know him? Do you know where he dwells?"

This extraordinary statement, so frankly spoken, almost staggered Gerbert. He had come in contact with pagans from different parts at various times, but the stranger's speech puzzled him. However, prompted by a sense of curiosity, he asked:

"And when you find Him—what then?"

"I will slay him," said Leif. "Over two years ago I swore on Sonegalten at the Yuel feast that I would go out and find him, and, having found him, I would slay him."

Gerbert could hardly conceal his amazement at this audacious speech. Yet, he curbed himself and, with an effort, he said in his usual pleasant manner:

"I know Him—I am His servant."

"I am not one who would ask a man to betray his master," said Leif, "but you tell him that whenever and wherever I meet him one of us must yield."

"That's fair," said Gerbert.

"And does he dwell in this city?" asked Leif.

"He dwells in this city and in every other city and in every hamlet and little cottage, where His name is known and honored."

"Then it is not true that he died?"

"He died and rose from the dead," said Gerbert.

"So did Baldur," rejoined the Norseman.

Gerbert looked at him thoughtfully. He was familiar with the myths of the North, and he knew the significance the one referring to Baldur would have upon this man's imagination. It was the one demonstration of eternal life, and it was a powerful one, for it came back to the worshippers of the Norse gods every succeeding year. But he also knew the argument of the Norsemen, when they contemplated the death of men, so he said with some force:

"Baldur died a foul death, so he must stay with Hela till the last day. But the Christ that I speak of faced His foe as they slew Him. Hence, Hela could not hold Him and He rose in three days."

"And where is he now?" queried Leif, becoming impressed.

Gerbert raised one hand towards heaven and laid the other upon the steel covered shoulder of his guest. "I will tell you of Him," he said. "You know that in Ragnarok all the Asa-gods must die, but have you ever listened to Hynda's lay?"

Leif merely nodded silently.

"Then you must remember what the Skald sings:

Then comes another
Yet more mighty
But Him dare I not
Venture to name."

Again Leif nodded, for he had heard the Skalds from Iceland recite the song.

"I will tell you His name," said his host. "His name is Christ. He is the One by Whom all men are called, Who died for all men and in Whom all men may rise from the dead to live for ever in eternal happiness."

He paused for a moment. Leif sat motionless, his two hands clasping the hilt of his sword and his head leaning upon them. He remained in utter silence, his eyes gazed into space like one in a dream.

Then Gerbert spoke again: "Five days hence," he said, "in yonder temple we celebrate the Risen Christ. Be there, that you may see us worship, and after that I will meet you in this place that you may tell me what you think."

The trees in the garden threw long shadows across the gravel walks, when Leif finally left his new-found friend, for he had to confess that he felt drawn towards this strange man. The sun was setting behind the pine forests and threw fantastic reflections upon the light clouds that rose like mist from the eastern horizon. The birds were bidding "good-night" in gentle notes, the fragrance of the sweet moist earth filled his nostrils, and strange filaments of hitherto unknown thoughts

were woven into life and whispered to his soul as he made his way towards the quay where his ship was moored.

* * * *

It was Easter morn. The grand old church of Sant' Apollinaris was rapidly filling with an eager crowd, anxious to show their devotion and to do honor to the Risen Saviour of mankind. Moreover, it had been announced that Gerbert, the famous Archbishop, who had but recently arrived from France, would sing Pontifical Mass and also address the congregation in their own language, of which he was said to be perfect master.

Through the windows in the upper story long shafts of light fell into the sombre twilight of the vast space and illumined the magnificent mosaics, wherever they happened to strike, or brought out in bold relief the delicate moldings of capitals and archivolts, which topped the marble columns dividing the central nave from the two aisles. The high altar was rich in decoration. Magnificent candelabra with long, arrow-like candles, already lighted, altar cloth of the finest texture, delicately embroidered; the floral offerings of many gardens, tastefully arranged in vases of exquisite workmanship; the artistry of the carver and the smith in wood and iron details—in fact, everything that human ingenuity had made it possible to express through art was there to add to the splendor of the occasion.

Leaning against one of the slender columns stood Leif. As usual, his hand rested upon his sword hilt, and his helmet was jammed under one arm, for though, on entering, he had kept it on, when he perceived that all men removed their head gear he had instinctively uncovered himself.

He looked in wonder upon this immense throng of worshippers, most of them kneeling in prayer upon the hard floor, for in those days bodily comfort and religious exercise did not unite and pews were not known. He noticed the expression upon uplifted faces, in them all humility, in some fervor, in others ecstasy, and he realized that something or somebody was present, that he had not yet perceived with his own senses, withal, a power that moved the throng in some inexplicable, intangible manner.

Suddenly, one long note of a trumpet was heard, and as it died away, sounds of music poured forth from the organ,

the like of which had never burst upon his ear before. Human voices joined in a magnificent chorus and down the nave came a procession, headed by a cross bearer and ending with—Leif had to ask himself whether he was awake or dreaming—that stately man at the end, wearing the mitre, the crozier in his hand and clad in the rich vestments of an Archbishop; blessing the kneeling people with a graceful movement right and left as he passed on—that man was in truth the artisan from the garden cottage by whose strange speech Leif had been so singularly impressed.

“He, the servant of this Christ!” thought Leif. “How powerful, then, must be his master, how rich, how wonderful!”

Little did he understand of what he witnessed, but his soul was filled with wonder. How different the melodious singing from the shouting of boisterous men, trying to outdo the thunder of Thor at the sacrifice! How sweet the fragrance of incense that floated through the space in comparison with the nauseating stench of burnt flesh! The grace and dignity of the priest at the altar impressed him. How different, when he lifted up his hand in solemn benediction, from the blood-stained hands of the priest in his own home! How soft and melodious his voice, when he spoke, how earnest his voice, when he addressed the throng!

Leif did not understand the language, but he did understand, without knowing, that behind the words spoken, there was a prompting voice of some mysterious, unseen one. When the service closed, he walked out as one in a dream. Still holding his helmet under his arm, he passed down the street, unconscious of his surroundings. Men and women turned to stare at him, wondering who this stranger might be; but he walked on until he reached the little gate in the lane, which led him into the garden, and, when Gerbert shortly after arrived, he found him seated on the edge of the veranda, his head between his hands, supporting his elbows upon his knees and his eyes fixed upon the ground, like one in deep thought.

IV.

THE GODS PERISH.

Behind Gunnar's house a narrow trail took its beginning, zig-zagging up the mountain, leading by innumerable turns

and twists to a plateau, which gave a view, as far as the eye could reach, over the vast ocean that stretched into unknown regions, and showed the way to such distant lands as had already been explored by the men of the Ref and by other daring sailors of the North. There, too, was a bauna, a pile of pine logs ready to be lighted in answer to summons from other mountain peaks where similar baunas were installed, which in those days gave notice of approaching danger or announced important events, as the case might be.

When the weather permitted, Astrid had for many months past climbed almost daily to this plateau, spending perhaps hours there, scanning the sea that churned its broken waters over the reefs below, looking into the western horizon in the hope of seeing the returning dragon ship which should bring Leif back once more. There she had lived over again in painful daydreams the departure of Leif, when he set out over three years ago for a fair wind, spreading the mighty sail on which, with her own fingers and with the assistance of her maids, she had worked the hand of Thor, throwing his hammer, the lightning represented by long red streaks, making fantastic figures upon the white canvas. There she had invoked Freya, praying in her heart that the goddess would preserve Leif's love for her; and Thor, that he might give Leif victory; but the months had grown into years and Leif had not come back.

Every now and then men had returned from abroad, who had seen him on the coast of Scotia, which some called Erin, or further south, but even such messages had ceased to come, and her heart was heavy with fear.

"He will come back!" said the young men of the Ref, for they knew his courage, his resourcefulness and his superior seamanship, and, moreover, they wished to encourage the maid for whom they all had great affection.

Then, one morning, near summer solstice, Astrid perceived from her lofty station far away over the blue waters a large ship, steering for the Ref. Her heart leaped with joy, for she thought she could see the sunlight playing upon the painted dragon in the bow. Nearer still, and her keen eyesight beheld a figure in the sail that swelled in the summer breeze. But lo! Though it was surely Leif's ship, the sail—she looked again—there were no red streaks furrowing the white canvas;

instead a huge black, sinister looking cross had been painted on it, a cross, such as she remembered having seen on a smaller scale among the odd things brought home as curiosities from abroad.

Astrid leaped down the mountain trail in great excitement. Hope and fear blended within her soul. Would Leif be on board, and if so—why had he changed the sail that on the day of his departure had meant so much for both of them?

There was great stir on the Ref. Others had sighted the dragon ship and Gunnar had ordered a horse sacrificed to Odin that they might feast on the meat, and word had gone abroad, which soon brought men from different parts of the valley, eager to welcome the returning friends. As to the change in the sail, that might be explained in different ways. Nobody paid any attention to that except Astrid; when Leif came ashore he would tell them about it, and probably it would be a tale well worth listening to.

And now the boat had crossed the outside breakers. The sail had been hauled down and strong arms drew the bending oars through the water, making the dragon ship fly like an arrow from the narrow inlet into the smooth and tranquil fjord. Men shouted their welcome from the shore and were answered with lusty calls from the crew. Forward in the bow stood Leif, bareheaded, his long hair falling in curls over a leathern doublet, his face somewhat sterner than when he left, his hands waving greetings to those ashore, who, as the boat now neared the landing place, were eager to assist in the final task of making fast.

Leif was the first to leap ashore, and Astrid was the first whom he greeted. He took her in his arms and pressed her against his broad chest, whispering a word or two into her ear, and she forgot her misgivings and the fear she had felt.

Who can describe the many little scenes that were enacted at this happy reunion? There were other maids and other swains whose hearts beat as fast as did Astrid's at this home coming. There were friends and kinsmen whose greeting was no less hearty, there were mothers who had missed their sons these three long years; wives who had wondered whether widowhood were in store for them; sisters who were proud of returning brothers after an adventure so great. Human sentiment is ever the same. Love and hate came into the world

when the world was very young, and the men who braved the great seas in those days and knew no fear in the fierce battle, were subject to the same emotions that dominate their descendants of the present age.

Once more there was a feast in Gunnar's hall, but now it was midsummer. Most of the younger men were away, but such as chanced to be at home flocked to be present, happy at the return of their comrades.

Alf had gone to Iceland on a visit, so Leif held the seat on Gunnar's right, and all along the table the men, who had returned with him, were quizzed by the others and gave answer as to places they had visited and deeds they had done, praising one another and sometimes taking personal credit for some valorous act. Every now and then somebody would touch upon the strange worship they had witnessed and how Leif had made friends with a mighty priest, who spoke their own language. But Leif, alone, appeared silent and moody, and when the meat of the sacrifice was placed before him, he pushed it aside.

Then Gunnar spoke:

"What ails you?" he asked. "Scarcely a word have you spoken, and you spurn the sanctified meat. Did you not swear that you would go South and find the White God and that you would slay him or bring him back a prisoner? Now I perceive that you have forgotten your oath, or—it may be that you slew him in some distant land. But fain would we hear of your meeting, if so it be that, indeed, you met him."

"I met Him," said Leif, "and I have brought Him home with me; but not as a prisoner, for He conquered me."

"And how did it ever happen that the prisoner brought home the victor?" asked Gunnar, who seriously thought for a moment that Leif had lost his wits. "I take it," he added, "that the mead has been too strong for you or that the sun in the South has dulled your senses." Then, after a moment's pause, Leif remaining silent, he continued in a more cheerful tone: "Come Leif! Throw off whatever dismal thoughts may possess you and give the toast to the Asa-gods who have brought you back to Norway. Drink, I say, to Thor, in whose name you have fought."

The men around the table had heard Gunnar's speech, for it had been uttered in a loud and distinct voice, so that all

present might hear it. All now craned their necks. Those who had returned with Leif were well aware that a great change had come over him, and all were eager to learn what response he would make to Gunnar.

Then Leif rose to his full height. His head was thrown back and his eyes seemed fixed upon the rafters. Even though his face was weather beaten it seemed pallid in the gray light that came through the open door and windows, for the sky had grown leaden with threatening clouds, the harbingers of a storm. But his voice was calm and steady as he spoke:

"Men of the Ref," he said, "you may think ill of me for refusing the sanctified meat. You may despise me for refusing to drink to the Asa-gods, but you shall know the reason and, whatever your judgment, I will pay the penalty. I swore in this hall to find the White God, to slay Him or bring Him back with me, and I have brought Him back, but I am His slave and He is my Master. Against the White God no Asa-god can stand, for they are but like shadows and drifting clouds. The wisdom of Odin, the strength of Thor, the goodness of Baldur are as naught against His majesty, His power, His goodness. The name of that God is Christ, and He is my God. I drink to Christ!"

So saying, ere the astonished men and women, who had listened to him open-mouthed, barely understanding him, had realized the meaning of his speech, Leif emptied his cup, threw it on the floor and strode out of the hall.

Gunnar sat dumfounded. For many seconds, which appeared as so many minutes, no one spoke. The scene was one the like of which no one present had ever witnessed, nor ever expected. Great as was their admiration and friendship for Leif, they all understood that he had grossly offended. Then one cried out: "He denies the gods!" and immediately the cry was taken up in angry tones, while men rose from their seats and spoke and gesticulated in wrathful moods.

Suddenly a terrific crash was heard. The clouds, gathering around the mountain peaks, had let loose their mighty tongues and spoke in threatening thunder, echoing from mountain side to mountain side with a deafening roar, awe-inspiring, striking terror to their hearts. The women fell back into the interior of the hall, pale and trembling. Then men, in clusters, looked aghast and shouted still louder as they realized the sacrilege:

"The gods are angry! The gods are angry!" came the fierce chorus from many throats.

Meanwhile, Leif had repaired to his own house. In the little chamber, set apart for Astrid and himself, when she should be his bride, he had deposited some of his belongings, already brought ashore. He opened a small bundle and removed from it a cross upon which hung the image of the crucified Saviour of men. He knelt down, and with the cross lifted towards heaven his lips moved in prayer, for well he knew that the hour of the test had come.

A garish, blinding light flashed through the heavens and illumined the murky scene without. Another deafening crash followed, and then—

"His house is aflame!" they shouted. "Leif's house is burning—the gods will be avenged!"

For a little while the men stood in silent awe, clustered at the doorway of Gunnar's hall, while the flames surged in fantastic leaps around the wooden structure, which they speedily enveloped. Then a singular sight was revealed. In the midst of this seething furnace, holding in his hands the cross, stood Leif, his eyes lifted towards heaven, his arms stretched upwards. He did not appear to move. Calmly, he awaited the approach of the scorching flames, every now and then hidden by dense smoke that disclosed him again, in the same position, as it whirled away upon the breeze.

All of a sudden, a piercing cry was heard. Astrid had broken from the women, who were trying to hold back the frantic girl.

"Ye men of the Ref," she cried, "make way for Gunnar's daughter!"

Mechanically, the men stood aside, and through the narrow passage thus formed Astrid rushed forward, her hair streaming behind her, her hands in front, like one breasting a strong tide. Once in the open she made straight for the burning structure, and ere the astonished men could realize her intent, she had plunged into it.

For a moment the smoke curtained the scene. When again it lifted, they beheld her by the side of Leif. He had one arm round her waist, and the other was still lifted towards heaven, his hand firmly grasping the cross.

Horried, the men beheld them thus, standing like two

statues, motionless in the midst of the terror, while the flames were licking their clothes and help was beyond the scope of human endeavor. Suddenly the roof began to give way. A large portion fell down close by them, but as yet they stood like a group of hewn stone.

Then an agonized cry rent the air. Clinging to Leif with both hands round his neck as far as she could reach, Astrid called out: "Now rides Nanna with her Baldur to Hela!"

Leif once more straightened himself to his full stately height. He still held the crucifix aloft, but for a moment his eyes sought Astrid, and an expression of great tenderness passed over his face. Then looking towards heaven, he cried so that all could hear him: "No, no! Now rise two souls to the living Christ!"

There was another crashing sound of falling timber. Sparks flew upwards like spray from a fountain, the dense smoke hid the scene for a while, and when it had cleared away Leif and Astrid had passed from view, buried in the lurid wreck.

DISARMAMENT AND ARLINGTON.

(November 11, 1921.)

BY KATHRYN WHITE RYAN.

ONCE on a hill the dead God hung His head
Because men sinned.
After three days the stone rolled back its girth,
Peace walked the earth
Like a great wind.

Lord, on this hill is throned atoning Dead!
Let it befall
This present Resurrection Morn shall blow
War and its woe
Beyond recall!

THE TEXT OF HOLY SCRIPTURE.

BY CUTHBERT LATTEY, S.J.



IN strictly Biblical studies, what is most fundamental is the text itself. Until we have the text, we cannot begin to study it. In reading most ancient authors a certain familiarity with textual criticism is a legitimate self-defence, for fear an editor should foist upon us his own private composition. Something of this kind there is in the Old Testament, but in the case of the New, it is perhaps even more the ancient scribes themselves of whom we need to beware—of that free lance who perpetrated the *Codex Bezae*, and of that manner of copying that ended in the *textus receptus*, or rather (should we not now say?) *reiectus*. But of these things more in detail presently. Meanwhile, before we go further, it must be understood that what was said in a previous article on “The Study of Holy Scripture,” chiefly as regards the question of method, with especial reference to faith and authority, is here presupposed, because it is fundamental in the widest and most important respect of all.

As a matter of fact, the conclusions to be indicated in the matter of text, seem to be reasonably certain, apart from any theological argument, and in a course of strict apologetic would have to be considered in that light. Another point may also be worth immediate attention; from the point of view of textual criticism, both Old and New Testaments are unique, but that, strangely enough, for reasons in the main diametrically opposed to each other—the New Testament by reason of the abundance of the attestation the Old Testament by reason of the lack of it.

It is best to speak of the New Testament first, because the course of events is here more certain (though much must still be left doubtful), and also easier to follow. And here, again, it may help to give a brief sketch, so far as is relevant, of the history of writing and writing materials. The first and original copies of most of the New Testament writings were probably written on papyri, each on an independent roll, in dif-

ferent times and places. Greek papyri (from *papyrus*, through the French, comes our paper) are found from the end of the fourth century B. C. down to the ninth century A. D. This writing material was manufactured from the pith of the papyrus-plant, which of old grew plentifully in the Nile and the adjacent marshes. The pith was cut into thin strips, which were placed side by side, while another layer of strips was laid at right angles to the first; the whole was then pressed and glued together. The sheets would be from six to fifteen inches high, and would practically never exceed thirty feet in length, while they might be much shorter. The writing would in the first instance be on the side on which the fibre followed the length of the roll, called the *recto*; at need the *verso* might also be used.¹

Egypt was the chief centre of manufacture, and it is there that the papyri have survived, thanks to sand-burial and the very dry climate. Elsewhere they have almost wholly disappeared, the chief exception being offered by the calcined papyri of Herculaneum. Greek writing upon papyrus falls into two main classes: the literary or professional hand, for use in the transcription of books, and the non-literary hand, for use in business documents, private letters and what not. The distinction roughly corresponds to that between print and writing today. Literary papyri have a rudimentary equipment of accents, breathing and punctuation. The systematic study of papyri may be dated from the great find at Arsinoe in 1877 A. D.

The papyri shed a great light on the New Testament from many points of view, most of all perhaps from that of language, for they show that, in the main, New Testament Greek was the common Hellenistic speech of the time, thus bringing it out of its former apparent isolation. But here we are only concerned with textual criticism. St. Luke's Gospel and Acts would both require a roll of the maximum length in use; but some of the shorter epistles may have come to be written on the same roll. Short epistles, at all events, may have been dictated to educated amateurs, and in general early Christian copying would mostly be in the non-literary hand, though St. John's Gospel might well have been taken down by a professional scribe. The early transmission was probably not

¹ Cf. Apocalypse v. 1.

of the best, not being carried on through the regular book-trade, but by private individuals. The best copies, too, would be most eagerly sought out by the persecutors. Much corruption was inevitable, and this may well be one of the chief reasons of early divergences of text. In classical authors, similar private papyri have a worse text than vellum manuscripts of a thousand years later.

Towards the beginning of the fourth century A. D. the conversion of Constantine led to Christianity being recognized as the more or less official religion of the Empire. The Scriptures were multiplied with all the usual resources of writing, Constantine himself ordering fifty vellum manuscripts to be prepared, for the purpose of supplying his new churches with Bibles. It was, indeed, the Christian Church that made the vellum codex triumph over the papyrus, which now decline in number and quality, though still plentiful till the eighth century A. D. Vellum is skin prepared for writing on both sides, a far stronger material than papyrus. Hence it was far easier to bind it into a codex or book, even of a large size, and for this reason again the introduction of the codex probably contributed to the fixing of the canon of Scripture. It was now possible to include the whole Bible in one volume, and it therefore became an urgent necessity to decide what works should be included. Vellum also allowed of firmer writing, with thicker and heavier strokes, the more so because economy of room was no longer essential. Hence, the letters become larger, so as to be called "uncial" or "inch-long," although the term is in reality an exaggeration. The scribes go back for their models to the best ages of the papyrus hand, the first and second century A. D., not to that immediately preceding. Unfortunately, they practically drop punctuation and all other helps to reading, so that in this respect there is a complete break in the tradition. From now onwards the non-literary hand may be left out of account, being no longer a channel of transmission.

The uncial period of vellum manuscripts extends into the tenth century, but the increasing demand for books led to the uncial hand being found too cumbrous, as requiring too much space and time. By the ninth century a modified form of the running hand of everyday use had become literary, of which we find all the elements in the non-literary papyri of the

period immediately preceding. This is the minuscule hand: it is also called the "cursive" or running hand, because the minuscule hand lent itself readily to ligatures, connecting strokes, and came to have them more and more, whereas they are not found in uncial writing on vellum, though sometimes employed in uncials written on papyrus. Paper is introduced in this period; it appears to have been first imported into Europe in the tenth century, and first manufactured there in the twelfth. The best work continues to be done on vellum; it was the introduction of printing that secured paper the victory. The earliest and most beautiful productions of the printing press were Bibles; during the fifteenth century more than ninety editions of the Latin Bible were printed.

After this summary outline of the evolution of the writing process itself, it is needful to give another of the principles of textual criticism. The primary object of textual criticism is to discover what the original writer himself wrote or dictated, though in a wider sense the whole history of the text and everything that has immediate relation to the text falls within its province. The chief evidence consists of the various reproductions of the text, whether in whole or part, in the original language or in translations. Some accidental and preliminary processes must here be taken for granted. The scribe, for example, writes *laboraborabas*; we smile at his sleepiness, but accept him as a witness for *laborabas*. There are other kinds of mistakes equally superficial and easily verifiable, of which some amusing examples are given in Dr. Gow's *Companion to School Classics*. Spelling, again, is a study in itself, closely allied to that of pronunciation; but the spelling of a manuscript has little bearing upon its value for the reconstruction of the text.

The three main processes or stages of textual induction, at all events where the evidence is so abundant as is that for the New Testament text, lie in the consideration of reading, manuscript and genealogy. That is to say, we first consider the relative probability of rival readings of the same passage: next, as far as possible, we assign a relative value to manuscripts, according as they contain a larger or smaller percentage of readings in themselves more likely to be correct: thirdly, we endeavor to establish lines of descent and connection between manuscripts themselves so as to be able to impute

a better or worse character to each of these very lines of descent, and thus judge of a manuscript in part from its genealogy. And at each stage we note whether our previous results are being confirmed or shaken. By this systematic investigation the margin of uncertainty is reduced to a very small compass. The now famous dictum of Westcott and Hort that, mere trifles apart, the words still subject to doubt can hardly amount to more than a thousandth part of the whole New Testament, has never been seriously controverted, in spite of a fairly general feeling that they themselves have relied somewhat too exclusively upon a single manuscript, the *Codex Vaticanus* (B).

The general tendency of textual criticism has been to bring order out of chaos; and indeed it was no small commendation that Pope Pius X. bestowed upon the modern elaboration of this science, when in his letter to Cardinal (then Abbot) Gasquet, intrusting him and his Order with the revision of the Latin Vulgate (1907), he remarked that "this praise is certainly to be paid to the genius of the present times, that such investigations are carried on in such a way that no possible fault can be found with them."² The legitimate processes of textual criticism, based upon a scientific study of the documentary evidence, give no cause for anxiety; it is the vagaries of a so-called "higher" criticism that do the mischief, as the *Providentissimus Deus* itself points out. But to work out from one's own imagination and highly subjective pre-suppositions, without a shadow of support in the actual evidence, what must have been written first and what must be regarded as a later addition, or rather as a whole series of later additions, with the when and wherefore of each—all this is not textual criticism, but rather the unblushing and ostentatious disregard of it.

However, we must retrace our steps. The three main processes or stages of textual induction have been said to lie in the consideration of reading, manuscript and genealogy. In the case of the first and third of these some further explanation may be called for. In judging between rival readings for the same word or passage, it is not intrinsic, but transcriptional,

² The important words are, *ingentum item horum temporum, quibus illud certe dandum est laudi, pervestigatones istiusmodi ita perficere, ut nulla ex parte reprehendendæ videantur.*

probability that matters; that is to say, our main care must be, not to select the reading that appears to us to give the best sense or the smoothest language or the like—for in choices of this sort there is great danger of excessive subjectivity, and endless havoc has been wrought through them—but rather to look for the reading which most easily would give rise to the others, and thus seems best to explain the present state of the textual evidence. For example, if we examine the parallel passages, Matthew viii. 28, Mark v. 1, Luke viii. 26, 37, it is tolerably clear that the desire to reconcile these texts with each other and with the geography has affected the transmission of the proper name in the manuscripts. Yet—apart from the fact that the attempts at uniformity vary in their selection of the name in different types of text—it must be evident that if this uniformity had existed at the outset, it would never have developed into the variant readings which are still extant. To postulate or to produce such uniformity was tempting to the scribe, and still at times proves tempting to the uninitiate, but its transcriptional probability is almost *nil*.

On the subject of genealogy what remains to be said is this. If the scribes had been wont simply to keep to a single manuscript, so that we only had to reckon with that manuscript and with the copyist himself, then textual criticism would be immensely simplified. We should have a great genealogical tree, ever spreading outwards in its growth, the divisions and subdivisions representing the changes, intentional or no, made by successive copyists. On the hypothesis that each copyist was confining his attention to a single manuscript, these changes would, of course, be due purely to lack of skill or attention, or to preconceived ideas. But in practice a scribe usually bases his work upon two or more manuscripts, often from quite different parts of the genealogical tree, so that side by side with genealogical divergence we have the contrary and confusing phenomenon of genealogical convergence.

This convergence is most easily detected in “conflate” readings, which are a fusion of two readings. Thus at the end of Mark ix. 38, one type of text is exemplified by the *Codex Vaticanus*, “and we hindered him, because he was not following us:” and another by the *Codex Bezae*, “who was not following with us and we hindered him:” while the fusion of the two may be illustrated from the *Codex Alexandrinus*, “who

was not following us, and we hindered him, because he was not following us." Yet this glaring conflation was printed by Nestle in his small Greek Testament! As a matter of fact, it is only very rarely that a manuscript can be put entirely out of court as the direct descendant of an extant manuscript, or as a conflation of two or more that are likewise extant. But the affinities of manuscripts, affinities both of the closer and more remote kind, may be noted, and these, as has been said above, must be taken into account in determining its general value.

We may now come to the textual problem of the New Testament, confining ourselves to the Gospels and Acts, for fear of entangling ourselves in ulterior issues. At the best, but a summary sketch is possible. Three main types of text emerge, each marked by a series of variant readings peculiar to itself; for the sake of brevity such a type of text is itself called simply a "text." We may begin by rejecting the "Traditional text," the so-called *textus receptus*, called by Westcott and Hort the "Syrian" text. But Westcott and Hort have not proved happy in their names, and Sir F. G. Kenyon prefers Greek letters, as committing to no theory; this type he calls the alpha-text. This type of text, after a long supremacy, is now discredited, because its distinctive readings cannot be traced further back than the fourth century. Its most typical representatives are the late uncial manuscripts, the great mass of minuscule manuscripts, the later Fathers and later versions, and the latest manuscripts of early versions.

The second type of text we may call "Syro-Latin," as having its chief strength in the Latin pre-Vulgate and Syriac pre-Peshitta versions, the Peshitta being, as it were, the Syriac Vulgate, and written not long after the Latin Vulgate; this latter belongs to the end of the fourth century, the Peshitta probably to the early fifth. The early writers, also, such as St. Justin, martyr, and Tatian in the second century, strongly support this text: it is the "Western" text (an utterly misleading name) of Westcott and Hort, the "delta-text" of Sir F. Kenyon. Significantly enough, the bilingual *Codex Bezae* (D) is the only Greek uncial manuscript that reproduces this kind of text, and the exception proves the rule, for Latin influence is certainly to be traced in the Greek text of this manuscript, though to what extent it is difficult to say with certainty. The skilled copyists, therefore, held out against this text, although

they were later engulfed by the "Traditional" text. But before we discuss the matter further we had best speak of the third textual family.

This may be called the "Egyptian" type, as having Alexandria for main stronghold. Westcott and Hort, supposing that in this group the true text was to be found, called what they considered the true text the "Neutral" text (Kenyon's "beta-text"), and the rest of the group, in so far as it differed from this, the "Alexandrian" type (Kenyon's "gamma-text"). But the distinction between the two is slight, and to emphasize it in this way has some appearance of begging the question, as indeed Westcott and Hort's title of "Neutral" does openly beg it, presupposing, as it does, the correctness of their whole theory. Yet for them this "Neutral" text is little more than the *Codex Vaticanus*, and there seems to be a fairly wide impression that they have relied somewhat too exclusively upon this one manuscript. However, that is comparatively a minor point; what we have most to fear is a sort of textual bolshevism that would bring in the "Syro-Latin" texts as the supremely reliable authorities. The chief "Egyptian" representatives are the *Codex Vaticanus* (B), the *Codex Sinaiticus* (represented by the Hebrew letter Aleph), the Coptic versions and, in parts, Origen.

The very fact that this type of text is definitely connected with Alexandria, from of old the home of textual criticism, tells heavily in its favor; thither we should naturally turn in any case for a scientific preservation of the text. And a careful examination of the distinctive readings of this type bears out this presumption. The Syro-Latin text is marked by many additions, great and small, to the Egyptian text, by many small and pointless variations, by frequent changes of order, and in the Gospels by frequent assimilations to the parallel narratives; these peculiarities, it may be remarked, are especially noticeable in St. Luke's works. The consideration of the nature of these differences leads to the conclusion that the Syro-Latin type has resulted from the free handling of an original text of the Egyptian character. Such free handling must in any case be postulated in the *Codex Bezae*, which carries the peculiarities of the Syro-Latin text farthest. Even apart from this, the type is far from being a simple unity, the Old Latin type, for example, differing from the Old Syriac.

Moreover, it is not difficult to see how historically the Syro-Latin type came into being; it is due to the inferior transmission of the papyrus period, when the best resources of the book trade were not at the disposal of the Christians, and when, even so, the best work was the most liable to destruction. These disadvantages in the transmission have already been touched upon; we may also suppose that the preservation of the *ipsissima verba* would not be the object of the same meticulous care while there was still a vigorous living tradition. Such is the usual tendency in things human; and it was not necessary that Divine Providence should completely overrule and eliminate it. It was enough that there should be a great Christian centre with a high standard of textual transmission inherited from other days, which should be the chief repository of a more exact type of text.

For the relation between living tradition and *ipsissima verba*, a parallel may be suggested from the Constitutions of the Society of Jesus, written by St. Ignatius. The first general congregation of the Society, held in 1558, two years after the Saint's death, made some minor changes in these Constitutions, putting Hebrew, for instance, on a level with Latin and Greek as a necessary language, instead of leaving it with Chaldee, Arabic and Indian as possibly useful. Such changes are still printed in the Constitutions, but with a reference to the decree that produced the change, in this case the twenty-ninth of the First Congregation. But, in 1573, the Third Congregation, held upon the death of St. Francis Borgia, in its twenty-third decree forbade any further changes; the Constitutions were to be handed down to posterity such as they had come from St. Ignatius, and other means were to be found of making known any decision of the Congregation against the observance of any point. The change of attitude is significant; the generation that had known St. Ignatius well and learned his mind from him in person was dying out.

The divergence of the Syro-Latin and Egyptian texts, as has been noted above, is especially noticeable in St. Luke's works; and they would be especially open to the influence spoken of above, because of their larger Gentile circulation. In the case of the Acts, indeed, there is reason to suspect that authentic touches of local detail were added by readers on the spot, such as the mention in the *Codex Bezae* (D) that St. Peter

and the angel, after passing through the outer door of the prison, "went down the seven steps" (Acts xii. 10). But this is not at all the same thing as saying that these glosses, often peculiar as they are to this manuscript, have any right to be looked upon as the original text. And if once we recognize how free in interpolation the *Codex Bezae* can be, either alone or occasionally with a few allied manuscripts, we shall feel little difficulty in crediting it with freedom in omission also. It is, in fact, no less remarkable for its omissions than for its additions, but the really noteworthy instances of the former are practically confined to the last three chapters of St. Luke's Gospel, and especially abound in the last chapter of all, as though the scribe had tired of his long task. Such vagaries we cannot discuss in detail; it may be enough to note that Westcott and Hort have such a leaning to the shortest reading available that they even forsake their favorite *Codex Vaticanus* in favor of these startling omissions.

Let us conclude our consideration of the New Testament text with a reassuring inference. The Syro-Latin type of text goes back to a very early date, being found, as has been said above, in St. Justin Martyr and Tatian. From the point of view of mere chronology, indeed, it finds earlier witness than the Egyptian text, which latter seems to be first clearly distinguishable in the writings of Origen, who died in the middle of the third century. The Syro-Latin text is also the more widespread; it is, indeed, found everywhere, even in Egypt, and even in the larger part of Origen's work. On the other hand, the Egyptian text must not be regarded as confined to the region where it is strongest; it can itself be traced over a fairly extended area. Now, differences such as those between the two types of text do not quickly develop and harden; it must have taken considerable time for the Syro-Latin variations to establish themselves as they did. Even with the facts of the papyrus period before us, we find it difficult to imagine how such a divergence could come about so swiftly, how liberties taken by individual scribes could have been reproduced so soon all over the Church. But that very difficulty gives us the confidence that we know substantially all, the whole history of the text. There was certainly no considerable change or corruption in the text previous to the divergence we know; it could not have happened in the time.

The history of the New Testament text is a crowded history, even as it is; what we do know of it is more than sufficient to crowd out any imaginary anterior adventures, even if such were otherwise a tempting hypothesis. In a word, to the textual critic this twofold type of text, considered in the concrete and in all the variety of extant testimony, is a solid guarantee that we do indeed possess the genuine text; a guarantee that would not be nearly so solid did not the divergence exist.

In the Old Testament—for it is time to conclude with a few words about that—this uniformity of text is complete, but it means, not greater certainty as to the text, but far less. For this uniformity was artificially induced by the rabbis, who fixed upon a single type of text—in the main, it must be confessed a good type—and allowed that type only to survive, so that now the uniformity in all Hebrew Bibles is practically absolute. Does such uniformity mean that throughout the ages there has never existed any but this single type of text? Far from it! No other type of text survives, it is true, in the original Hebrew; but it survives in some of the versions, and chiefly in the Greek Septuagint and Latin Vulgate.

The former translation was begun before the middle of the third century B. C., chiefly for the Jews in Egypt. It is very important in a number of ways, as giving us an insight into Jewish exegesis prior to the outbreak of anti-Christian controversy; as having been in the main (apart from a comparatively small number of quotations taken directly from the Hebrew—the original Aramaic of St. Matthew's Gospel, if recovered, would presumably swell the number considerably), the Bible text used by the New Testament writers; as having been the official Bible text of Greek-speaking Christianity, both Catholic and schismatic, and also that from which most of the early versions in other languages were made; and, finally, not to dilate further upon the matter here, as being very important philologically, as a monument of Egyptian Greek, written though it be with a Hebrew bias.

The Latin Vulgate, as has been said above, was written by St. Jerome about the end of the fourth century; perhaps it will be possible to say more about it at a future date. For the present, it must suffice to point out that these translations were both made prior to the rabbinical unification of the text; and in passages where it is evident that both were made from a

Hebrew reading different from that of the "Massoretic" or "traditional" text as it is today, the question arises whether this different reading may not be the correct one, rather than that of our present Hebrew Bibles. In some cases it is obvious that the latter are at fault, as for example in Genesis xlix. 10, the text and meaning of which I have discussed in my little book, *Back to Christ*.³ An even more glaring instance, if possible, is Genesis iv. 8, where the Hebrew itself requires that Cain's actual words should be given, though they have no place in the Massoretic text. In both these cases the Septuagint and Vulgate are supported by some other early authorities of no less weight.

But the question as to how far we are to go in support of the traditional Hebrew text is a difficult one, and all the more difficult, as has been indicated above, because of the absence of variant readings in the Hebrew text itself. The present writer can only record a general impression that the textual critics of the Old Testament, even including some Catholic scholars, seem rather too ready to adopt readings for which there is absolutely no evidence whatever of a strictly textual kind. In the present state of the text, no doubt, we cannot wholly eschew conjecture; but our prevailing attitude towards it should be one of distrust.

In dealing with the New Testament, we began with a brief sketch of the history of writing and writing materials, so far as it seemed relevant. In the case of the Old Testament we have to go much farther back. The date for the Exodus and for Moses which best seems to fit the sacred text is the middle of the fifteenth century B. C., though the general tendency outside the Church is to put both more than two hundred years later.⁴ But, in any case, the date is far earlier than the first known appearances of the Semitic *letter-alphabet* in the famous Moabite stone (about 850 B. C.) and in the Siloam inscription at Jerusalem (probably eighth century B. C.).

It has, therefore, been suggested that Moses must have used the cuneiform syllabary of the earlier centuries, the various combinations of small wedges incised in clay, each combination signifying a syllable, which we find used, for example, in the Tell el-Amarna letters (about 1400 B. C.),

³ Pages 73-77.

⁴ The present writer may perhaps refer to his article on "The Chronology of the Pentateuch" in *The Irish Ecclesiastical Record* for January, 1919.

constituting the archives, as we may say, of the Egyptian foreign office. The language of diplomacy and commerce in western Asia was then Babylonian, which was known and used even by the Egyptian officials. On the other hand, Dr. Burney, in his edition of *The Book of Judges*,⁵ has made it plain that by the twelfth century B. C. papyrus was employed in Phoenicia as a writing material. Such a surface practically excludes the cuneiform script, and justifies us in supposing that the letter-alphabet, the so-called "Phoenician" script of the Moabite stone and Siloam inscription, was already in regular use. It would be very hazardous to deny that it might go back to Moses, in our present ignorance of its origin; no certain conclusion can as yet be drawn, but it would be less surprising to find Moses writing in the "Phoenician" script than in cuneiform. If, however, it were proved that he did write in cuneiform, that would have an important bearing upon the textual criticism of the Pentateuch, and perhaps of the books of Josue and Judges also.

The greater part of the Old Testament, however, would in any case be written in the older Hebrew writing, the "Phoenician" script. On their return from exile, the Jews picked up the Aramaic speech in use around them, and Hebrew as such gradually became a dead language, though the difference between the two is but slight. The Jews also came to adopt the Aramaic or "square" script, with which we are familiar today. The stages of transition in speech and writing largely elude us; by Our Lord's time, however, as we see from a passage in the Sermon on the Mount, the "square" writing was that with which the people were familiar. "One jot shall not pass from the Law" (Matthew v. 18): by the word translated "jot" is meant the letter "yodh," very small in the "square" script, but large in the earlier writing. The allusion fits the newer alphabet, but would be pointless with the old one. Nevertheless, the older writing does turn up in various connections even at a later date.

The last development of the Hebrew text was in a manner the most important of all. The letter-alphabet, unlike the earlier cuneiform syllabary represented (and still represents) in the main only the consonants, possessing but a very vague and defective system of indicating certain vowels (chiefly

vowels "long by nature") and diphthongs; this peculiarity is common to the Semitic scripts. But in Hebrew, as in most of the Semitic scripts, this defect came by degrees to be remedied. After it had become a dead language, there was a danger that the correct pronunciation might be finally lost; hence, in the sixth and seventh centuries, A. D., the Jewish grammarians developed a system of vowel signs or points whereby to fix it. Signs were also invented for other purposes, and especially the complicated system of accents, designed at first, as it is thought, to regulate minutely the public reading of the text, and later to serve more or less as musical notes, when the reading had changed to chanting or singing. These accents are arranged, to some extent, according to sense, but there is no punctuation in the ordinary sense in our Hebrew Bibles.

We may not linger upon this subject; what is important to note is that all this vast array of signs and points represents, not the original text, but the rabbinical interpretation of the original text, made many centuries after it. If, then, we keep the letters that have come down to us (mainly, as has been said, consonants) but, for example, read other vowels between them than those in our printed Bibles, that is in reality not an emendation of the traditional text, but of the rabbinical interpretation of it, which is a very different matter. A partial illustration of this may be seen in the discussion of Genesis xlix. 10, already referred to. Even apart from special cases of this kind, there is some reason to doubt whether the pronunciation stereotyped by the rabbis represented accurately that of a thousand or fifteen hundred years earlier.

Such, in brief outline, is the study of the Biblical texts, the quest after the very message delivered of old by God Himself. Copies and translations, even such hallowed translations as the Latin Vulgate and the Greek Septuagint, are to be valued chiefly as channels whereby these original texts have come down to us, but the texts themselves are to be valued for their own sake, that is to say, for the sake of Him Who spoke them. To listen to Him is the better part; to hear Him somewhat more clearly, with somewhat less admixture of mere human stuff, is the reward exceeding great of a toil that itself is not lacking in interest and consolation.

A MODERN CRUSADER.

BY P. W. BROWNE, D.D.



ÉTAIT un croisé.¹ This expressive phrase epitomizes the career of one who was the champion of the cause of the toiler, a distinguished parliamentarian, a brave soldier, a great Frenchman, and a loyal son of the Church—Albert de Mun, one-time ardent royalist who, in maturer years, in obedience to the wish of Leo XIII., became a consistent supporter of Republican institutions.

By the irony of fate, says an admirer of de Mun, the great-grandson of the materialist philosopher, Helvetius, who sowed the noisome seeds of anti-clericalism and infidelity in France which bore the fruit of lamentable horrors in the French Revolution, was to become in later days the right arm of the Church of France and the healer who poured balm upon the wounds of the nation in the days of a great national crisis. One of the daughters of Helvetius married, in 1772, Count de Mun, a distinguished soldier, who became a lieutenant-general in the army of Louis XVIII. The de Mun family were soldiers by heritage, of ancient and honorable lineage. An Astor de Mun took part in the Seventh Crusade and was with St. Louis at Damietta. Albert de Mun recalled this when assailed by a member of the Chamber of Deputies on a certain occasion, and said with pardonable pride: "*Je suis le fils de ceux qui pendant de long siècles avaient trouvé dans l'honneur de combattre et de verser leur sang pour la France, le fondement de leurs privilèges.*" The family device is *Servir*.

Albert de Mun, who was born in 1842, at the Castle of Lumigny, inherited from his mother, the saintly Eugénie de la Ferronnays, the sterling religious qualities which characterized him during life. As a youth, he was not distinguished for either industry or scholarship, and failed to get his degree in letters, and only by persistent effort passed his baccalaureate in science at the Military School of St. Cyr. On receiving his commission in 1862, he became a lieutenant of African Chas-

¹ Victor Giraud, *Un Grand Français*, p. 5.

seurs and was drafted to Algeria. His African military experience taught him the value of discipline and gave him an insight into colonial problems which, later, as a deputy in the Chamber of Deputies, served him in good stead. At the outbreak of the Franco-Prussian War he was a lieutenant of cavalry, and this disastrous campaign made upon his soul, as he tells us in *Ma Vocation Sociale*, a profound impression: "*Elle marqua dans ma vie l'heure décisive.*"

He had been attached to the army of Metz and won the Cross of the Legion of Honor on the battlefield of Gravelotte. At Rezonville, he came in contact with another ardent patriot, René de la Tour du Pin, whose influence molded de Mun's subsequent career. They were fellow-prisoners at Aix-la-Chapelle after the capitulation; and during their internment they outlined a programme which was to eventuate in the social regeneration of Catholic France and, singularly enough, their programme was initiated through the interest of a Jesuit, Father Eck, who made them read the little volume of Emile Keller, *L'Encyclique du 8 Decembre, 1866, et les Principes de 1789*. A Dr. Lingens revealed to them the new programme which Kettler had outlined, and they became imbued with the idea of saving the proletariat through social organization on a Catholic basis. After their release came the Commune with its horrors. The tragedies of those two frightful months in the springtime of 1871 filled de Mun's soul with revulsion. He had witnessed the massacre of the hostages of la Roquette, had seen altars overthrown and profaned, crucifixes torn from the churches, the Tuilleries given to the flames, the rigorous reprisals, and he asked himself: What had legally-constituted society done to form the popular conscience? Had not the State failed in its rôle as educator of the masses? It had sown the seeds of irreligion and moral indifference; was it not natural that it should reap revolution? De Mun then began to formulate his plans for the moral regeneration of France; but, as yet, they were vague and nebulous. He assimilated the programmes of de Maistre, de Bonald, Balmez and Donoso Cortes; but his programme still lacked a solid fulcrum, a definite and concrete objective. Providence was soon to supply both.

One day in November, 1871, a gray-haired, meanly-clad visitor was ushered into de Mun's room at the Louvre. This was

a Brother of St. Vincent de Paul, Maurice Maignen, director of a *Cercle des jeunes Ouvriers*, on the Boulevard Montparnasse. He told de Mun of his work, and with deep emotion and an eloquence that was contagious, he spoke of the needs and the sufferings of the working class, of the terrible responsibility of the ignorant or disdainful indifference of the well-to-do, and asked de Mun's assistance. This interview was the decisive moment, and de Mun's career as a moral crusader began.

Immediately, he began to take part in the work of workingmen's circles and his first public utterance, written carefully and learned by heart, was addressed to the circle on the Boulevard Montparnasse, and he terms it "*Apostrophe émue d'un soldat à des travailleurs chrétiens comme lui.*" He was enthusiastically received, and then and there came an almost mystic revelation of his social and oratorical vocation. The path, however, was still strewn with anxieties, though the objective was as clear as noonday. His friend, La Tour du Pin, and others, became identified with him in the noble work he had undertaken; and they immediately drew up a Memorial to the Holy Father expressing absolute adhesion to the principles set forth in the Encyclical *Quanta cura*, and subscribed to a condemnation of the errors of the day. Through the public press, they issued a stirring *Appel aux hommes de bonne volonté*, definitely outlined the purpose of their work and the means of making it effective, and set forth its object as a "counter-revolution made in the name of the *Syllabus* and the means to accomplish it, *l'Association Catholique.*"²

Thoroughly organized and sustained by active sympathy, the work prospered from its inception. On April 7, 1872, de Mun inaugurated a Circle of Catholic Workingmen at Belleville, later, a second at Montmartre, and in the same year two circles were organized at Lyons. In May, 1873, the circles held their first general meeting, and two years later, in 1875, when the third convention was held the *Œuvre* numbered one hundred and thirty committees, one hundred and fifty circles, and eighteen thousand members, of whom ten thousand were workingmen.

Though actively engaged in the development of the social programme, Albert de Mun did not fail to discharge his pro-

² *Ma Vocation Sociale*, p. 289; *Discours*, t. 1., "Questions Sociales," p. 11.

fessional duties as a soldier of France. Although he did not obtrude his political ideas into his conferences, he regarded the restoration of the monarchy as the salvation of the nation, and his royalist tendencies caused him to see in the Count de Chambord the needed antithesis of the revolutionary ideas which characterized the Third Republic. He felt his place to be in the political arena, and, resigning from the army towards the end of 1875, offered himself as a candidate for the Chamber of Deputies. He was elected for the *arrondissement* of Pontivy in 1876, on a strictly Catholic platform.

But de Mun had not reckoned with the opposition he was to encounter from the Right in the Chamber, and he was debarred from taking his seat by the influence of Gambetta. Finally, he succeeded in gaining a place in the Chamber of Deputies, and from 1881 to 1893 sat for Pontivy. He was defeated in the elections of 1893, but in the following year he was returned for Morlaix, and represented Finisterre till his death in 1914.

As a parliamentarian, Albert de Mun was a brilliant success. He possessed great oratorical ability, but his intense faith and his sterling honesty were even greater assets during his political career. As an illustration of his indomitable courage, his patriotism and his faith, the following excerpt from one of his many great speeches is sublime in its import:

Ce que j'aime dans ma patrie, ce n'est pas seulement la terre qui porte mes pas, c'est le clocher à l'ombre duquel je suis né, l'autel où j'ai fait ma première prière, la tombe où reposent ceux que j'ai aimés, et tout cela, c'est la trace que Dieu a laissé du même coup dans mon cœur et sur le sol de mon pays, en sorte que je ne saurais défendre l'un sans l'autre, ma religion et mon foyer.³

He was still bitterly anti-republican. In November, 1878, in defending his attitude, he says: "The revolution is neither an act nor a fact, it is a social doctrine, a political doctrine, which pretends to base the existence of society upon the workings of the human will rather than upon the Will of God, and

³"I love not only the earth I tread, but also the tower, under whose shadow I was born, the altar where I said my first prayer, the tomb where those I love rest. These are the marks God has left upon my heart and the face of my country. I cannot defend the one without defending the other, my religion and my country."—*Discours*, t. II., p. 186.

it substitutes human reason for the Divine Law. Herein lies the great evil, and it cannot be remedied until we return to the opposite principles." This idea dominates the *Œuvres des Cercles Catholiques d'Ouvriers*. His intimacy with the Count de Chambord was interpreted as evidence of a desire to restore the monarchy. Against this imputation he protests, however: "*Nous ne voulons pas ni l'ancien régime ni la révolution.*" And soon his royalist predilections were to be set aside. In 1892, Leo XIII., in his Encyclical of February 20th, called upon the Catholics of France to accept existing political conditions, and Albert de Mun bowed submissively to the Holy Father's command.

His faith and his experiences during the frightful days of the Commune taught Albert de Mun that war on Christianity was undermining society; hence, at the outset of his political career he realized the urgent gravity of dealing with the social questions disturbing not only France, but the entire continent of Europe. As a solvent, he recommended Catholic organization and social legislation. In 1876 he wrote:

We must oppose the Declaration of the Rights of Man, which is the basic principle of the Revolution by a Proclamation of the Rights of God, ignorance of which is the actual cause of the evils which are leading modern society to destruction. We must seek in absolute obedience to the principles of the Catholic Church and the infallible teaching of the Sovereign Pontiff all that necessarily comes to the social order with the full exercise of the Rights of God on societies. We must propagate by a public and unwearying apostolate the doctrine thus established; we must train men of strong calibre to adopt it in public and private life, and prove its application to the cause which we advocate by zeal on the part of the governing class for the welfare of the people. We must strive ceaselessly to inject these principles and teachings into conduct and create an organized force to bring them to a successful issue, so that they shall find expression in the laws and institutions of the nation.⁴

Thirty years later, Albert de Mun could say with all truth that this statement expressed the effort of a lifetime.

The organization of associations for toilers had a twofold purpose: religious and social. By grouping Catholic working-

⁴ *Ma Vocation Sociale*, p. 285.

men with representatives of other classes, the object was, primarily, to remove them from the dangers of the street and the wine shops by means of healthy amusement, and by affording them an opportunity for mental improvement, and, secondarily, by means of conferences, discussions and a popular exposition of Catholic principles to give them correct views regarding the solution of labor problems. A review, *l'Association Catholique*, was founded in 1876 to stimulate individual research and to encourage general studies. Numerous conferences, congresses and international reunions (the first being held at Fribourg) helped to bring about an exchange of ideas. Gradually, a new spirit began to appear in active and intelligent Catholic centres, and it was becoming apparent that even anti-clericals were beginning to realize that the Church was by no means as "reactionary" as they had believed.

These activities, of which Albert de Mun was the guiding spirit, received an official endorsement in the *Rerum novarum* Encyclical of Leo XIII., which a brilliant French author terms: *La Charte du Catholicisme Social*. De Mun's programme is its best interpretation. But, something more was necessary in his propaganda: *quid mores, sine legibus?* Legislation was necessary to make it effective, and he brings it to the Chamber of Deputies. To Albert de Mun must be granted the distinction of initiating legislation regarding labor. Whilst it is true that an attempt to outline some such legislation was made in Switzerland in 1881, nothing definite had been effected. In 1889 the Swiss Government invited all the European Governments to participate in a conference, whose purpose was to resolve upon certain basic principles of international legislation regarding factory labor. Prior to this, Albert de Mun had proposed in the Chamber of Deputies a series of resolutions regarding the regulation of industries, the protection of rural landowners and other economic and social measures which later were formulated into laws covering accidents to workmen, a minimum wage, the employment of young girls and women in factories, and arbitration between employers and workers.

To him it was a Christian duty to interest himself in the temporal and moral well-being of his fellowman; and few men have so exemplified Our Lord's *misereor super turbam*. Patriot to the core, his ambition was to see France more united,

more respected, more Christian. During one of the debates on a social measure in the Chamber of Deputies, he said:

I do not bring to this debate either the science of the economist or the experience of the artisan. I have entered into this discussion . . . because I regard it my duty as a Christian . . . because I hear within me an insistent appeal which forces me to devote to the unfortunate every lesson, every principle, every hope with which my Faith inspires me. . . I have long been convinced that underlying the demands of the people and in their vision of justice, which haunts them as an ideal, there is an unconscious groping towards that Christianity which they have forgotten.

As a defender of the Faith, Albert de Mun was equally aggressive in the field of social action. Clémenceau, in the autumn of 1907, extolling the glories of France and her prowess, quoted Renan's famous expression, *c'est le miracle grec*. Some days later, de Mun in an address at Bordeaux commenting upon Clémenceau's enthusiastic utterance, said:

The seal of Christianity, which distinguishes our nation from all others, was by providential design indelibly imprinted upon the nation in her infancy, and she has borne it for fourteen centuries at every stage of her marvelous career—from the battlefield of Tolbiac to the plains of Patay; from the conversion of Henry IV. to the great reconciliation by the Concordat—astonishing the world, tottering on the abyss, by awakenings to freedom which, no matter how great her trials, how lamentable her failures, brought her back full of life and vigor to the path traced for her in the Divine plan. This is *le miracle français*.⁵

Forced by ill health to abandon the platform soon afterwards, Albert de Mun did not abandon the struggle for the religious emancipation of France: he began to wield the pen as mightily as he had wielded the sword. During the troublous days, from 1898 to 1911, when France was nigh rent in twain by discordant factions, he was actively engaged in defending the nation against the sectaries who, during what he terms the "*affaire maudite*," had made great onslaught on

⁵ *Combats d'Hier et d'Aujourd'hui*, t. II., p. 178.

the Church. He insists that the "question" is not a religious issue only, but a national one; it is a struggle for national existence. He saw in the Separation Law the prelude to religious persecution, and, as a champion of the Faith, stood in the breach to defend the nation's spiritual birthright. He knew not discouragement, but he often drank to the dregs the cup of bitterness. At the beginning of January, 1908, in reviewing past events, he tells us that he is making a melancholy examination of conscience.

The Separation Law had begun to bear its fruits; he writes: "Not since Metz have I experienced more bitterly the shame of an inglorious defeat." He has been criticized, even by his admirers, for this seeming depression. They explain it by his absolute dependence upon the Holy See, to which he had been, from earliest years, unswervingly devoted. He himself tells us that as a young man, when the question of Papal Infallibility was under discussion, he avoided Monseigneur Dupanloup, whose influence actually dominated every member of his family, and that he, by nature, was inclined to simple obedience. This was evidenced when Leo XIII. requested him to abandon the royalist programme, and later, the project to organize a Catholic party. Notwithstanding his "failures," de Mun was ever ready to venture forth to new conquests. Inspired by the zealous Bishop of Versailles, Monseigneur Gibier, who had said to him: "The people do not know the clergy of France: when will the latter realize that they can dominate the hearts of the people, if only they sincerely wish to do so," he set out on a new campaign. No longer able to participate in the discussions on social legislation in the Chamber of Deputies (his health was badly impaired), he supported them by virile articles in the press. He was even more influential than before. Finally, his pleadings met with response from his bitterest enemies, and support from many who had not been in sympathy with his "visions." His victory was decisive: no longer could it be said in France that the Church was not interested in the temporal welfare of the people.

Albert de Mun's patriotism and his love for France aided him materially in the last years of his life. As a soldier, a gentleman and a Christian, he loved his country with undying affection, and in her hour of trial he manifested it with in-

tense fervor and enthusiasm in word and deed. In the dark days before the outbreak of the Great War, he uttered many warnings. The army had fallen into disrepute by the repeated assaults of theoretical Socialists; pacificism was being preached by so-called patriots, some of whom have since been condemned as traitors; storm clouds were gathering beyond the Rhine; the future was menacing. He appealed to France to beware the *obscurité voulue et silencieuse* of her foreign policy, and he denounced it in terms of unmistakable meaning. He believed that another war was inevitable, and that Germany was provoking it. Though a soldier, Albert de Mun hated war, yet admits that it is unavoidable: "*Oui la guerre est horrible, source de larmes et douleurs, source aussi de grandeur et de prospérité: il y a pour les nations comme pour les hommes des épreuves nécessaires à leur force.*"⁶

These presages shocked the pacifists and diplomatists in 1910; but the Morocco incident revealed Germany's aims. De Mun uttered another statement: "There, as everywhere else, German pride wishes to dominate, and it is evidence of German pretensions to supremacy." He warned France that she must be prepared to face the inevitable; and the Tangier, Algeciras, Casablanca and Agadir incidents emphasized his attitude. France, at last, began to awaken from her death-like lethargy. In 1913 he saw: "Lines of transportation multiplying on the Belgian and the Luxembourg frontiers, fleets of aéroplanes under construction, preparations for war being carried out on a vast scale," yet there were many who regarded him as an alarmist. Nevertheless, the French Government had been influenced by his insistent appeals to be prepared, and military matters began to occupy their attention. They were forced to this step by public opinion created and fostered by Albert de Mun. To him must be ascribed the fall of the Caillaux ministry and the *veille du pays*. He was requested to reënter political life; but his answer was: "I cannot permit myself to be drawn into it—*l'heure est trop poignante.*" The war clouds were gathering ominously, and keen observer that he was, he signalized each *étape* with the vision of a seer. At last the nation realized the truth of his prognostications and admitted the gravity of the situation by electing Poincaré President of the Republic—"the impelling

⁶ *Ibid.*, t. v., p. 216.

force which brought about military efficiency," of which de Mun was the persistent advocate in the public press.

On July 28, 1914, de Mun was at Roscoff. For several days diplomacy had held the world in suspense following the Austrian ultimatum to Serbia, and during this time he had published an article bearing the caption, "*l'Heure a-t-elle sonné?*" Ere he reached Paris, the hour had struck and the world was plunged into the most sanguinary conflict it had ever seen. In the early days of the War, de Mun's articles in the *Echo de Paris* were, as they were termed by Paul Bourget, "*le battement même du cœur du pays*—the pulse of the nation's heart." His three sons were at the front and, although seventy-two years old, enfeebled by serious illness, Albert de Mun seemed to take a new lease of life. His activities became ceaseless. Profoundly Christian, he revived in France the sentiments of Joan of Arc and preached daily to the people, through the *Echo de Paris*, peace, courage and hope.

Now he stands forth the true crusader, the nation's herald. In one of his messages he writes: "This is no time for long articles; it is the time for action. Each day I shall note our heart beats. Alas! the old soldier cannot find a place on the battle-line—a poignant sorrow, truly—yet he can perhaps render service to his country with the only weapon his old arm can wield—the pen."

When Mulhausen was taken by the French on August 8th, he gave expression to his enthusiasm in an apostrophe to his old comrades-in-arms, which has been likened by literary Frenchmen, Victor Giraud, for instance, to the peroration of Bossuet's *Funeral Oration on the Prince*, which Chateaubriand calls "the height of human eloquence." When disaster came and defeat followed upon defeat, de Mun continued optimistic and exhorted bereaved mothers and sorrowing wives to bear their cross patiently, reminding them of France's providential mission: "*Il y a Dieu et Jeanne d'Arc.*" Not content with his messages to the civilian population, he regularly addressed the soldiers at the front, in the *Bulletin des Armées*, in language which the French soldier understood. The occupation of Brussels, the German invasion of the northwest of Belgium, Morhange, Charleroi, the retreat, were painful episodes that none had anticipated, yet de Mun's attitude was admirable.

¹ *La Guerre de 1914*, p. 8.

In the gloomiest hour he never despaired. As the German menace became more and more formidable, his voice became more vibrant, and he urged, as did Wellington at Waterloo: "Hold fast, to death!" His eagle eye saw defeat for the German armies on the Somme, and he writes: "An army which should attempt such a movement as the taking of Paris by leaving its flank exposed to organized and powerful forces would commit an act of irreparable folly." He spoke truly. He lauded the splendid strategy of Joffre and extolled the indomitable courage of the rank and file of the army, and when Joffre's victory at the Marne turned the tide, he sent this message to his "beloved children" at the front:

"Hardi, les enfans! Poussez! Tout est vôtre comme criait Jeanne d'Arc aux siens le jour de Patay," and regrets that he—one of the vanquished of an elder day—could not be there to participate in the *revanche*, awaited these forty years!

Shortly afterwards, the great crusader's health began to fail, but heedless of warnings, he continued his labors. He recked not of the danger of sudden death which menaced, and replied to those who begged him to conserve his strength: "If I cannot die on the field of battle, what more glorious death can an old soldier wish for than to die wielding the pen in his country's cause." One evening in October, 1914, just as he had finished an article for the morrow, he was seized with a sudden illness and passed away with a smile upon his lips. Sorrow for his passing was universal. He had no enemies now: those who fought him but yesterday were first to pay tribute to his memory. Everybody who loved France was represented at his obsequies; and everybody mourned the Christian knight whose life had been a ceaseless combat for the cause of God and country. His best epitaph is that pronounced by a soldier who was asked by a comrade in arms: "Who is the hero of this ovation of homage?" *"C'est M. de Mun, celui qui consolait nos mères!"* In the passing of Count Albert de Mun the Church in France lost her greatest champion. Such was the tribute to his memory uttered by the Holy Father. His spirit still lives; and the crusade initiated by this valiant soldier of the Cross gathers strength with the fleeting years.

A LOAF AND A FISH.

A CHRISTMAS FANTASIE.

BY LAURA SIMMONS.



HE man's existence had become utterly embittered; his debts, his wrongs, the thought of those former friends whose monstrous treachery had brought him to his ruin—all morbidly obsessed him.

And now he realized that his span of life must be all too short in which to gratify his revenge; for he was old, he was ill—and, worse than all else, he was hopelessly, sordidly poor. Alas! but for that last blow of a malign fate, he might still hope to bring to ruin those names which haunted his nights and days with a consuming fury and despair.

True, he had duped others—wastrels like himself; at his own game had he been outwitted; yet, surely, this was penance enough—this tragic secret bitterness that envenomed all his remaining days!

It was Christmas Eve, and he made his way slowly and stumblingly along the dim embankment; a heavy storm was setting in from the north, and the fine, stinging sleet bore down upon him, fairly forcing him to the refuge of a nearby bench, whereon he sank numbed and hopeless from the misery of the body no less than the consuming agony of the soul.

He had thought himself utterly alone; now he became aware that a Stranger had approached, and stood silently regarding him. In the misty yellow light His face showed pale, grave, concerned; about it was a strange benignity—a sweetness vaguely familiar, as of a vision long forgot, or in the fleeting memory of an old print.

With muttered oaths, the man cursed Him for the intrusion.

"I can help you," said the Stranger mildly.

"You can go Your way," was the sullen response; "none can help me."

"I can give you all you need; all you ask!" There was a

curious tenderness, a lifting compassion in both voice and look.

With a fierce gesture, the man rose—only to sink back again, battling between wrath and the mortal weariness of the flesh.

"I tell You it is too late! too late, in either heaven or hell; and from You—You!" glancing contemptuously at the Other's threadbare robe, and worn sandals. Then, with strength quite spent, he huddled down again.

"To pay them out! only to pay them out before I died!" he moaned.

"And so you shall pay them out; to the uttermost! Yours shall be the wealth of the world, I promise you!"

From beneath His mantle, the Stranger drew a peasant's basket, such as are used by the fisher-folk on their rounds.

"The wealth of the world!" with an exceeding bitterness the man laughed as he leaned over to peer within. A blasting oath of exasperation escaped him.

"Fool! are You gone mad?" For at the bottom he descried two humble objects—a small loaf of bread and a fish, fresh caught.

There was a pause; then slowly the Stranger stooped and again drew something from beneath His cloak.

"Since you do not understand," He said meekly, "tell me, how much will suffice?" and displayed a wallet bulging with golden coin.

With a strangling sob of immense relief, the man snatched desperately at the glittering hoard.

"Freely, I give it you, the treasure of earth—your heart's desire, if you will partake."

Incredulously, the man stared at the precious store; if he would partake! One thought possessed him—the enemy at last delivered into his clutch!

"Curse him!" he cried, half sobbing; "and may his soul shrivel through all eternities! He who most wronged me, him shall I first destroy!"

He had forgotten the gentle Stranger; now with face distorted in dreadful triumph, he glimpsed Him, enveloped in the mystic light, out of which His pale face shone gravely in infinite sorrow and appeal.

"He who most wronged you, whom you most hate, shall he not need you most?" queried the Figure gently.

"Ho, ho! shall I not do as I like with my own?" jeered the man, scowling as he hugged his precious burden to his breast.

"And so you shall; you shall overcome every foe; not a single enemy shall remain. But first you must make one sacrifice for Me; for every golden piece you spend in wreaking your revenge, you must spend one in ministry for Me. To each upon your list of hate you must bring some help, some hope and benefaction. Then only shall I promise you so vast a reward; then only shall you receive riches beyond your dreams, and growing vaster day by day."

And for the sake of that dazzling lure, the man obeyed. Hating, he was forced to cheer, to lift. Malignly, vindictively, he, nevertheless, wrought in hidden channels to bestow alms and solace upon those his soul detested.

For was he not thereby gaining further means to satisfy his own ends?

Then one day the most dreaded event befell; the man was found out! His foe most execrated chanced to penetrate his secret, and recognized who it was that had saved him from despair. And so the word went abroad.

Straightway, from countless mysterious sources, poured in letters of gratitude, of passionate remorse and pleas of forgiveness. Men, dying, blessed him with latest breath; in the street a woman knelt, at dark of night, to kiss his hand in wordless benediction.

And always the shining Stranger kept His word, and paid in full. Soon, it would seem, the golden flood must overflow the treasure-vault into which the Man directed him to pour the precious hoard.

But now—oh, so strange and miraculous the event! the man no longer gave thought to his earnings; his malevolence had faded within him—the poison died from his spirit. Never again could he look unmoved adown the abysses of human sorrows and despair.

Hauntingly, the Stranger's prophecy would recur to him:

"You shall vanquish every foe—not a single enemy shall remain. Yours shall be the wealth of the world, even riches beyond measure."

Peace settled upon his days; his wants became fewer; incredibly meagre were the needs of his body. His love for his fellows became all-surpassing.

Once in the bitter weather an evil-doer crept into his poor home and made off with his shabby coat. And the man hastened to overtake him, crying:

"My poor friend! How chill must you be! I pray you take my cloak as well! And would that my love might warm and shield you from the blast!"

But, in shame and dismay, the thief drew near to him, shivering the more at his words.

"My sins," he cried, brokenly; "ah—it is they that have numbed me unto death; From loneliness and the scorn of men my heart was frozen and starved within me. Oh, give me of your blessed warmth—your precious pity and goodness, for never have I chanced upon another like unto you!"

And he begged to stay and serve him in his home.

And now, once again, it came to be Christmas Eve; and again, as the man slowly traversed the embankment, he perceived the familiar Figure far ahead, and about It the soft, mystic radiance that at all times seemed to suffuse It as it moved. With heart a-thrill with joy, the man hastened after, calling loudly:

"Wait, wait, my Friend! Return to me! I would speak with You!" for now he had missed Him these many days.

Frowningly, the passers-by stared, and shook their heads.

"He dreams—there is no stranger nigh: his mind wanders!" they whispered.

But steadily, laboriously, he proceeded:

"I pray You, I beseech You, bring nothing more unto me!" he gasped. "It burdens me! How shameful a thing, indeed, that the more I give, the more shall I earn! Take it, I implore, for Your almsgiving, or Your own need," he added, for the Other's garment was cruelly thin, His sandaled feet bare and bleeding.

But at the words, the Stranger's face, infinitely worn and harassed, lighted into a great joy.

"Now you can understand," He spoke, gravely, "now you know that it is I you have helped most of all." And once again the golden mist enveloped Him, seeming to brighten the man's faltering footsteps as he sought his own bare threshold.

He was tired to death. Closing his eyes in utter exhaustion, he sank upon the rude couch that was his bed.

"The wealth of the world," he murmured wearily; the

mere thought of that dazzling, iniquitous pile distressed him unspeakably. Thieves, he feared not, for no man was so safe as he, armored by the love and reverence of the poor folk about him.

From afar off could be heard the caroling of the Christmas waits, as their vibrant, young voices rang clearly upon the starry twilight:

Oh, come, all ye faithful!
Joyful and triumphant!

He was tired to death; with infinite effort he groped his way to the vault into which the shining, sorrowful Stranger had always promised to intrust the golden reward.

"I needed it not!" he sighed. "Had I truly known, I needed nothing; and now it has become but a heavy cross—a mockery to my soul!" Half resentful, half fearful, he glanced within.

Then into his worn face leaped a look of swift delight and understanding. His dying eyes lighted with the glory and triumph of that moment of illumination.

"Riches beyond the dreams of earth—growing ever vaster and vaster," he breathed, with a smile of perfect content.

For there was no treasure within; the chest was quite empty—save that far yonder in its depths lay two humble objects—simply a loaf and a fish!

THE LOVERS.

BY CHARLES J. QUIRK, S.J.

"I LOVE the earth, the sky, the flowers," cried one.

"And thou?" "My love is with my dead."

"And thou?" (they turned to me), "What lovest thou?"

"Him Who created love and died for it," I said.

ROMANCE.

BY H. E. G. ROPE, M.A.



ROMANCE is one of those things difficult to define but not difficult to recognize. Objectively, it may be considered the quality of welcome strangeness, the quality that evokes both wonder and pleasure in a receptive mind; and subjectively as the wonder and pleasure of the recipient. It is not synonymous with mediævalism, though eminently characteristic of ages that, with all their faults, were emphatically ages of Faith. Those ages themselves recognized it in Virgil. Strangely as they exaggerated this Virgilian quality, it is unmistakably present. Indeed, the antithesis of "classic" and "romantic" is inaccurate and misleading, for in a true sense the romantic *Chanson de Roland* and Malory's *Morte d'Arthur* are classics and the classical *Æneid* is a romance. Homer is full of romance, also the grim Teutonic epics such as *Beowulf*, while the neglected literature of early half-pagan Ireland is probably the most romantic of all. It is not lacking in the *Mahabharata* nor the *Ramayana*, and the Arabian Nights are romance itself.

A living writer has happily described the character and the prevalence of romance under normal conditions of human life: "Primitive man, Homeric man, mediæval man, man, indeed, almost to our own day when the School Board (and other things) have got hold of him, had such an unconscious, but all-pervading, all-influencing, conviction that he was a wonderful being, descended of a wonderful ancestry, and surrounded by mysteries of all kinds, that even the smallest details of his life partook of the ruling ecstasy; he was so sure he was miraculous that it seemed that no part of his life could escape from the miracle, so that to him every meal became a sacrament. It is the attitude of the primitive man, of the real man, of the child, always and everywhere; it may be briefly summed up in the phrase: all things are because they are wonderful. This is, of course, the atmosphere in which poets ought to live . . . Formerly, it was natural to all men or almost all."¹

¹ A. Machen, *Hieroglyphics*, pp. 176, 177.

In one form or another homesickness-would seem to be of the essence of romance. Canon Barry beautifully describes the Romantic Movement as a "homesickness for the Catholic Church," while in the great poets it looks regretfully back to *Paradise Lost*, and aspiringly onward to *Paradise Regained*. Is not the very strangeness of high and noble things due to our consciousness of exile from *Paradise*? We sense it even in that vague *Wanderlust* of early youth:

And that desire that rippling water gives
To youthful hearts to wander anywhere;²

in that pensive mood at nightfall also, to which Dante has given a deathless voice:

Now was the hour that wakens fond desire
In men at sea, and melts their thoughtful heart
Who in the morn had bid sweet friends farewell;
And pilgrim newly on his road with love
Thrills, if he hear the vesper bell from far,
That seems to mourn for the expiring day.³

In an exquisite poem, Belloc pictures the child praying "for men that lose their fairylands." In a true sense: "ignorance of fairyland is the punishment of intellectual vanity—the vanity of the average pedagogue, who has forgotten that education means leading forth and not stuffing in. . . It is the vanity of the eugenist who believes he will improve upon those ancient ways of life which, for a few ages before Mendel and Weissmann, managed, all untutored, to evolve a reverent man something more marvelous than these modern academic things who seem so ignorant of their native virtues."⁴

The dullness and tedium of modern life, which trench-warfare rather changes than effaces, betoken a grievous loss and certainly tend to deaden the imagination of "a people laboring and enjoying, more secure from plague, pestilence and famine than in former ages, so accustomed to carry out unimpeded the labors of the day as almost to have forgotten the experience of a time when life itself was precarious and hazardous, and every morning an adventure into the un-

² W. Morris, *Earthly Paradise*, June.

³ Cary's version.

⁴ Greville MacDonald, "The Fairy Tale in Education" in *The Contemporary Review*, April, 1913 (*ad finem*).

known.”⁵ The better instincts of mankind must always desire “the sense of the haphazard, which, ultimately, is a starry quality and the very essence of heroic living.”⁶ Such a quality, touched by Divine Grace, may be the making of a saint:

Verily, verily, I say unto you. Except a grain of wheat fall into the earth and die, it abideth by itself alone; but if it die, it beareth much fruit.

He that loveth his life loseth it; and he that hateth his life in this world shall keep it unto life eternal.⁷

The romantic spirit, when baptized, becomes the childhood thirst of St. Teresa for martyrdom among the Moors.

Even when it does not go beyond the natural, the romantic temperament is surely no more evil *per se* than the mathematical temperament. If the one easily diverges into wayward indiscipline, the other is as easily perverted to purblind selfish narrowness. A person of no imagination will hardly be a person of large or wide sympathy. A boy will scarcely take harm from Stevenson’s “Song of the Road:”

Then follow you, wherever hie
The traveling mountains of the sky.
Or let the streams in civil mode
Direct your choice upon a road;

For one and all, or high or low,
Will lead you where you wish to go;
And one and all go night and day
Over the hills and far away!

Or the fine “Reveille” of A. E. Housman:

Wake: the silver dusk returning
Up the beach of darkness brims,
And the ship of sunrise burning
Strands upon the eastern rims.

Wake: the vaulted shadow shatters,
Trampled to the floor it spanned,
And the tent of night in tatters
Straws the sky-pavilioned land.

⁵ C. F. G. Masterman, *The Condition of England* (1909), ch. 1., p. 2.

⁶ *The Irish Rosary*, August, 1919.

⁷ St. John xii. 24.

Up, lad up 'tis late for lying:
 Hear the drums of morning play;
 Hark, the empty highways crying
 "Who'll beyond the hills away?"

Towns and Countries woo together,
 Forelands beacon, belfries call;
 Never lad that trod on leather
 Lived to feast his heart with all.⁸

This harmless, natural but undepraved romance recurs from time to time in Morris' rather melancholy *Earthly Paradise*, melancholy because the consciousness of the skeleton in the cupboard, the fear of death, the known, but unacknowledged futility of all time-bounded efforts, pervades the book, which truly "cannot . . . make quick-coming death a little thing." In the prologues to the months and in occasional passages, we have entrancing pictures, also in his *Jason*:

I know a little garden close
 Set thick with lily and red rose,
 Where I would wander if I might
 From dewy dawn to dewy night,
 And have one with me wandering.

* * * *

There comes a murmur from the shore
 And in the place two fair streams are,
 Drawn from the purple hills afar,
 Drawn down unto the restless sea;
 The hills where flowers ne'er fed the bee,
 The shore no ship has ever seen,
 Still beaten by the billows green,
 Whose murmur comes unceasingly
 Unto the place for which I cry.⁹

Sir Walter Scott is surely more wholesome fiction than Mr. Wells' "history" of early man. And yet the present age leaves neglected the works of Sir Walter and his school, immersed in morbid city-bred psychologies and problems and sensations. It is the age, writes Canon Barry, of "a new and baser Renaissance," and "every day its pagan color deepens and spreads." There are, however, some signs of a possibly near reaction. The Great War may haply serve to scatter the

⁸ *The Shropshire Lad*: This could not be said of all the pieces in the book, some of which are morbid and agnostic.

⁹ Book iv.

fog of Prussian psychology in storm blasts from the everlasting mountains. Where the presence of death is constant, it is less easy to palter with the primal realities. *Credo, ut intelligam* will then become the watchword of men of good will.

Braving the curses of MacAndrew's Hymn, we may regret that of the many who pay their orisons to the "nine fifteen," which the Kipling romance "brought up," so few have read the *Song of Roland*. Who could remain unmoved could he be brought to read in the *Song of Roland* of the last stand of the Paladin and the summoning horn blast, the leal valor of Oliver and the love and faith stronger than death that are the soul of this Christian epic? Who among human beings could read unstirred the sorrow and penance of Lancelot and the radiant prowess of Galahad the pure, the Michael of the hosts of mortal chivalry? Or, leaving aside the sublime and peerless Latin hymns of the Church, let us ask in all seriousness what modern hymn, what post-mediæval poem could surpass in life and inspiration the *Quia amore langueo* or "I sing of a Maiden?" The treasure of devout poetry, and prose, too, for that matter, enshrined in our salvage of mediæval MSS. remain, in spite of the Early English Text Society, not merely unread, but utterly unknown and unguessed, to most English readers—as entirely undreamed of as the beautiful and racy Middle English speech, which is their vehicle.¹⁰

We must indeed deplore the antagonism, largely artificial, of the Renaissance and Mediæval Schools. The Christian Renaissance neither made nor advocated a violent break with the past. It was that ignorant contempt for their predecessors which beset many of the Renaissance leaders, that gave the idea of a necessary and permanent division. Catholic wisdom is synthetic, rigidly excluding falsehood, but including all truth. Pugin's well-meant and well-motived fanaticism can hardly be enough deplored, but it was merely a rejoinder to a fanaticism equally deplorable of the paganized humanists who reviled St. Jerome's Latin and "had under their eyes the radiant majesty of the portals of Rheims, of Paris and of Amiens—and they despised them! One of the most enlight-

¹⁰ E. g., "My streyngth full afte me drowe amys,
And torned me, lorde, clene fro the.
Now, kyng crowned in heuen blys,
Parce michi, domine!

—Minor Poem from the Vernon MS.

ened, and, certainly, one of the most sympathetic of the great writers of the seventeenth century—our good Fénelon—formulated against the art of our fathers a condemnation whose every line and whose every word is an outrage against truth, good taste and esthetic sense.”¹¹ Both fanaticisms are really uncatholic and perverse.

The attempt to identify mediævalism with the Gothic architecture that eventually arose out of it has been fruitful of confusion. Nor was Gothic the *only* artistic expression of Christendom. In Italy, apart from French-built Cistercian abbeys like the noble piles of Casamari, Valvisciola, Fossanuova, there was very little true Gothic. (Apart from its screen-like façade, Orvieto is hardly Gothic at all.¹²) It is very far from my wish to stint my homage to the superb Gothic achievement. Indeed, I reverence it as much as any, this side idolatry or injustice. “The ideas and feelings of man’s moral nature have never found so perfect expression in form as they found in the noble cathedrals of Catholicism.”¹³

Without faith, indeed, pagan romance is haunted with sadness when it touches or meditates upon the end of man, man “moon-and-star-hoping, doomed to low groping,” seeking that happiness of which Phæacia was but a false mirage:

Deep in the woods as the twilight darkens,
Glades are red with the scented fire;
Far in the dells the white maid hearkens
Song and sigh of the heart’s desire.¹⁴

A good example of natural romance is the finding of utterly unexpected associations and echoes of home in remote regions, as, for instance, Gothic—in Moab! “Other ruins at Kerak are distinctly of the Roman Empire. On the southern side is a vast Crusaders’ Castle, with a crypt chapel, having an apse ninety feet long. Here were seen lancet windows, fragments of Christian columns and inscriptions, and most touching of all, one solitary head of a saint with its corona, still

¹¹ Kurth, *The Church at the Turning Points of History*, translated by the Rt. Rev. Victor Day, 1918, p. 123.

¹² This is the judgment of M. Ralph Adams Cram. (See *The Catholic Encyclopedia*, vol. vi., p. 678.)

¹³ Comte quoted in F. Harrison, *Choice of Books*, p. 128.

¹⁴ *The Song of Phæacia*, by Andrew Lang, International Library Famous Literature, I., 277.

bearing its silent witness that Christians once worshipped here, and that God was once present on those ruined altars. The castle of Kerak is said to be altogether the finest monument left by the Crusaders. It was built under King Fulk, or Folko, by a predecessor of Raymond of Chatillon, about A. D. 1131. There is also at Kerak a ruined mosque, which was once a basilica, and where two chalices sculptured on the walls still remain witnesses of the presence of the true faith."¹⁵ We find romance, too, in the cheek-by-jowl neighborhood of East and West in the little-traveled, beautiful Cyprus.¹⁶

The plague of industrialism either kills romance outright or stimulates it by way of reaction :

In Périgord in haytime,
The larks they sing all day,
There are no city streets there
So bitter and so gray,
But there the folk are merry,
The low-browed oxen sway,
In Périgord,
In haytime. . . .¹⁷

An unconscious yearning after the old monastic remoteness often touches artistic souls. "It is too seldom that we, whose artificial lights divide our time artificially, know the mystery of dawn or submit to the majesty of night. Yet there is something very beautiful in the idea of God withdrawing the sun, as a mother her children's candle, and leaving the world to that sleep which is one of His choicest gifts. Surely, they must be blessed who, like these peasants, living far from the rush of cities, bow before the uprising and down-going sun as our fathers did, and, wearied with healthful work beneath the open heavens, obey the rule of night. . . .

"Ah, what an inestimable blessing is that of silence and solitude! How great the relief of hearing no foolish nor bitter nor angry voices, but only the bird-songs, the music of running water, the dirges of the winds! There are some, condemned to live ever in noisy cities, who sigh in vain for this solace;

¹⁵ Review of H. B. Tristram's *Land of Moab* (1873, Murray), in *The Month*, April, 1874, p. 488.

¹⁶ See Mallock, *In An Enchanted Island* (third edition), vii., pp. 98-100.

¹⁷ B. H. Bashford, *Vagabonds in Périgord* (1914), *ad intt.*

others who would never desire it even if it might be theirs; but those of us to whom life offers from time to time these spaces of quiet, with the soul to perceive their sweetness, may well be grateful; for . . . they soothe as a hand of healing laid on fretted nerves.”¹⁸

Men drench the green earth and defile her streams
With blood, and blast her very fields and hills
With the mechanic iron of their wills,
Yet in her sad heart still the spirit dreams.¹⁹

Natural romance leads a boy to run away to sea, the divine quest of perfection leads a Benedict, a Francis,²⁰ a Joseph Benedict Labré, a Grignon de Montfort, a Campion, a Henry Heath, through strange and unexpected ways Divinely willed. The baptism and direction of the romantic temperament is splendidly exemplified in Julian Watts-Russell, of holy memory, and his wise father. After a description of Giulio Watts-Russell's boyish running away from Ushaw, we read: “The whole adventure ended in a little punishment; but it was oftentimes the cause of great amusement among his companions; and when, at last, the news of his glorious death reached Ushaw some of them said: ‘Giulio ran away from Ushaw, but he did not fly before the muskets at Mentana.’ *His father, in a letter of correction, which he wrote to his son on the occasion of his running away, told him that if he so much loved adventure and romance, he must leave the Blessed Virgin to direct his life for him, instead of doing it for himself, and then perhaps she would weave it into a more romantic tale than he could possibly picture to himself.*”²¹

How lovingly wise and wisely loving this paternal counsel. A model surely for all who have under their charge the children of romance.

¹⁸ Dorothy Neville Lees, *Tuscan Feasts and Tuscan Friends*, xii., pp. 195-197.

¹⁹ Eva Gore-Booth, *Broken Glory* (1918), p. 20.

²⁰ See *The Romanticism of St. Francis*, by Father Cuthbert, O.S.F.C.

²¹ William Tylee, translator of Father V. Cardella's *Giulio Watts-Russell* (1908), p. 27.

New Books.

THE SOCIAL MISSION OF CHARITY. By William J. Kerby, Ph.D., LL.D. New York: The Macmillan Co. \$2.25.

The Social Mission of Charity appears as the second volume of the Social Action Series issued by the National Catholic Welfare Council. The work aims, in the words of its author, to present general points of view in Catholic charities.

In the first portion of his work, Dr. Kerby analyzes the background of poverty into the factors of human inequality, competition among unequals, lack of State interference, and the breakdown of the cultural forces supplied by the normal human agencies of home, Church, school and public opinion. He next outlines the problem of poverty in its relations to the individual, society, the State, and Christianity, and considers the social implications of poverty. The fundamental nature of justice and charity in our social relations is then analyzed in its theoretical aspects and in its practical application to the ever enduring, as well as to the specifically modern, problems created by human inequality and the institution of property.

The second division of Dr. Kerby's work is devoted to the defining and fixing of our responsibility toward the poor, the formulation of certain primary principles of relief and an analytic study of tendencies and needs in Catholic charities.

Certain thoughts are given special emphasis and recurrent treatment throughout the volume. The responsibility of all to participate in the service of the poor is insisted upon. "No one is required to do everything for the poor, but everyone is obliged to do something,"—the specific nature of the obligation being determined for each person by individual capacity for thought or action. The supernatural character of charity, its high mission to society in general and to the poor in particular, and the duty of Catholics to infuse this viewpoint into the modern, purely sociological attitude toward poverty are truths emphatically stated. The complexity of the problem of poverty requires, in the view of the author, that charity be scientific; that system and science be regarded as means through which supernaturalized love may find fuller and more adequate expression. Anything less than the most mature wisdom, the most patient research, the fullest application of careful methods and helpful resources to the solution of the problem, would be an affront offered to the high nature of charity. Organization, coöperation, expert training, and the de-

velopment of a strong and extensive literature are fundamentals in the scientific approach to poverty, and as such must be diligently cultivated in the field of Catholic charities.

The author presents a frank criticism of certain attitudes and tendencies in our charities; but in no instance does this criticism pass the bounds of fairness or fail to bestow just appreciation. Breadth and sanity of view, soundness of judgment, and a willingness to recognize and adopt true and helpful viewpoints and policies wherever found, are characteristic of the writer's attitude—as they are characteristic of the new spirit which is at work in the Church seeking to combine the scattered strength and enlarge the scope and vision of our charities.

The range of the work is definitely limited: it deals only with basic truths; it omits all consideration of conflicting problems and policies growing out of different fundamental viewpoints held by those within and those without the Church; it attempts merely to clear the ground and to lay solid foundations for future explanation and discussion. The programme is sufficiently comprehensive for a single volume. Yet, we cannot but regret the limitations which deprive us of a treatment of these matters from one whose broad outlook and mature scholarship would undoubtedly have cast much light on difficult or disputed questions.

The importance of the subject-matter of the present work must not lead us to overlook the form of its presentation. Its style, which combines clarity, directness and vigor with aptness of diction and wealth of illustration, presents convincingly and delightfully the message of the book.

That message will, we feel assured, reach its destination and arouse every Catholic, to a sense of the supreme importance of the "social mission of charity," and its claim upon his energy and thought.

INSTITUTIONES THEOLOGICÆ NATURALIS, *ad usum scholarum accommodatæ.* Auctore Gulielmo J. Brosnan, S.J., Theologiæ Naturalis Professore in Collegio maximo SS. Cordis Jesu Woodstickii in Marylandia. Chicago: Typographia Loyolæa. \$3.50.

The Loyola University Press of Chicago must be congratulated on this excellent example of what can be done in the United States in the printing of books even in the Latin language. It had become almost an accepted maxim that only in Europe could Latin works be printed with success. Here is a volume, on choicest paper, in finest type, with titles and paragraphs well marked and differen-

tiated, and solidly bound in half-leather—all of which make it quite attractive. Be the content what it may, either light or grave, the reader is prepossessed or prejudiced by first impressions. And a Latin work, by reason of its more serious subject matter and less familiar language, needs all the more to win the attention at first glance. In this respect, the volume in review has its advantage.

As regards the contents, Father Brosnan, who is professor of Theodicy at the Jesuit Scholasticate of Woodstock, Maryland, presents, in simple and very readable Latin, as the ripe fruits of years of study and of experience in teaching his special subject, a valuable work on Natural Theology. Both in the presentation of his arguments, which are few, and in dealing with objections, which are many, the author is severely intellectual and Scholastic. Thereby, he emphasizes the falsity of modern philosophies fathered by Kant, which are at one in rejecting the faculty of reason as a basis of proof, while willing to maintain belief in some sort of God and religion on various subjective grounds, such as "faith, instinct, the subconscious, feeling, will, value-judgment, social sense, intuition, mystic reason, perhaps, *l'élan vital*."

An admirable feature is the apt, extensive and numerous quotations in English from modern philosophers and present-day writers of literary note whose minds, infected by Kantian agnosticism, are incapable of appreciating the rational arguments for Christian theism. In this manner is the student enabled, at first hand and with safety to himself, to make the acquaintance of the contemporary mind on the fundamental doctrine of all religion. This makes the issue for the apologist vital and concrete.

In connection with each aspect of the problem, the author refers the student to recognized and reliable authorities who treat the matter more *in extenso*. The volume closes with a full alphabetical Index Auctorum and Index Rerum. Available space forbids offering some comment and criticism of the author's treatment of the question of God's prescience of free actions, and His manner of coöperation with these actions. The statement of the case for both Thomism and Molinism is full and fair: and, despite his able defence of the latter, one who is impartial may still remain convinced that the reconciliation of free-will with the Divine coöperation involves a *nodus insolubilis*. This volume of Father Brosnan supplies to seminaries a treatise to fill the gap in the cursus of Father Tanqueray. With this added as a preamble to his three volumes, the professor and student possess a complete and satisfactory course on Apologetics and Dogmatic Theology.

HISTORICAL RECORDS AND STUDIES. Vol. XV. New York: The United States Catholic Historical Society.

Volume XV. of the *Historical Records*, with its ten essays, is indeed a worthy addition to American Catholic history.

Maurice Francis Egan, late minister to Denmark and emeritus professor of the Catholic University, has contributed "An Appreciation of James A. McMaster," editor and publisher of the New York *Freeman's Journal*, with whom he was associated as assistant editor. McMaster was an interesting figure, a convert Scotchman, who never forgot his Union College Seminary training, and as a Calvinist gloried in philosophical encounters with the hierarchy. This delightful sketch has much of Maurice Francis Egan in it, and a great deal of McMaster's virile personality.

A study of John Rose Greene Hassard (1836-88), by Dr. Blanche M. Kelly, describes the life work of this convert-journalist, who left his stamp on the *American Encyclopedia*, aided Charles Dana on the *Chicago Republican*, Father Hecker in founding THE CATHOLIC WORLD, and, finally, Horace Greeley on the New York *Tribune*, of which he assumed editorship on Greeley's death. As special representative of the *Tribune* abroad on great occasions, he had the advantage of association with European personages, who appear intimately enough in the pages of his diary. Mr. Hassard will be remembered for his deciphered Tilden dispatches, which caused such a furor in Democratic circles in the disputed election of 1876. However, Mr. Hassard was interested in politics only as an editor, and always as a reformer.

Rev. J. D. Hannan has a short paper dealing with Prince Gallitzin's experience with quasi-spiritistic phenomena. Miss Elizabeth Finigan's article on "New York State Indians" will interest those who would know something of aboriginal life. Father Richard Tierney has contributed a homily on early Maryland, "Father Andrew White, S.J., and the Indians." Mr. George F. Dwyer writes of "Anna Glover, First Martyr to the Faith in New England," with the thesis that the witchcraft mania was essentially due to a wave of bigotry. Mr. Scannell O'Neil's list of converts among Mayflower descendants would astound and scandalize the Pilgrim worthies. Mrs. Margaret Downing writes of a pioneer Irish immigrant, James Gould Barry, who engaged in business in New York in 1784, as an associate with the merchant princes in shipping and Thomas Law in land speculation. Like Law, he lost heavily in District of Columbia real estate. Barry was a militant Catholic and church builder.

Even greater as a land speculator and colonizer was the naturalized Frenchman, James Donatien Leroy de Chaumont

(1760-1840), of whom Father J. L. Tierney has written a splendid memorial. With holdings amounting to 348,200 acres, he laid the foundations of Jefferson County. Leroy was a Democrat and a thorough American. Unfortunately, his speculations brought ruin, but undaunted, Leroy, until his death in Paris, worked to pay his creditors in full and to interest French capital in American investments.

A scholarly article, replete with references, is that of Dr. Frederick Zwierlein of St. Bernard's Seminary, Rochester, on the "Catholic Contribution to Liberty in the United States." This completes a book, highly interesting to Catholics who would know something of their place in American development.

OUT OF THEIR OWN MOUTHS. By Samuel Gompers and William English Walling. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. \$2.00 net.

The title of this indictment of Sovietism is peculiarly apt at this time of starvation in Russia, for, truly, out of their own mouths and the mouths of their people is the mad autocracy of Trotzky and Lenine being revealed.

Sovietism has striven to produce the ideal state by methods far from ideal, methods that completely destroy the ideals they were intended to attain. The foundation of Bolshevism, as these two authorities trace it in Soviet documents, are laid in a wholesale mendacity of propaganda. They have a studied contempt for truth. They have spread terror over a vast land. They have enslaved their people by compulsory labor, and have prosecuted organized labor in America and other countries as well as their own. The oppression of the agricultural population—which comprised before the War fully seventy-five per cent. of the Russian people—has been brought about by raids, taxation and seizure of crops. Under this régime—even the Bolshevik statistics admit it—the agricultural productivity of Russia fell to less than fifty per cent. of the normal. The famine is a logical result of these methods. Equally tragic has been the economic collapse. Suppressed or controlled, the industries of Russia have no output, no goods to exchange.

The maddest dream of all is the desire to engulf the whole world in the maelstrom in which Sovietism finds itself. The Third Internationale is the child of Bolshevism, and it is fairly safe to say that the labor of the world, once it understands what Bolshevism means, will repudiate that child. Even British labor, running after false gods, has been unable to agree on an attitude toward Russia.

The latest turn of Bolshevism is Lenine's "conversion" to

capitalism and the principle of private property. Unable to make their machine work without the energy they have repudiated, the Soviet Government is now ready to discard its principles and embrace whatever economic style is within reach. But it will be embraced for but one purpose—the maintenance of the dictatorship of the Communistic Party.

These are the bare outlines of a book that American Labor might do well to study and digest. Its authors are leaders of unquestioned standing in American life. They have collated an amazing indictment of this foe of Democracy.

PREHISTORY. By M. C. Burkitt. Preface by the Abbé Breuil. Cambridge: Cambridge University Press.

We congratulate the author of this book and its publishers for having given us what is undoubtedly the best of the many books which have appeared on the prehistoric question, one likely to retain this preëminence for some time to come, in spite of the flood of new discoveries constantly washing away old ideas and casting up new facts. Its author has had very large experience in the field, and especially amongst those chambers of romance, the picture caves of Spain, and that he has had for his companion Abbé Breuil, an acknowledged past-master of the subject, is enough to prove that his studies have been carried out under the best conditions.

The task of the prehistoric archæologist is, he very accurately states, one of great difficulty, owing to the meagreness of the materials to hand and, as he adds, “allows only too much scope for hypothesis and speculation not properly founded on scientifically proved facts.” An excellent remark, and one which the author has faithfully borne in mind save in one connection, namely, the origin of man. “Scientifically proved facts” teach us nothing conclusive about this, yet the author assumes the hypothesis of the development of man’s body, by slow and minute changes, from that of some lower vertebrate. He even states that “pre-glacial man,” as to whose existence there is still considerable doubt, may have been a kind of half-way house. “How human this man was, and how intelligent, is naturally a matter of speculation. The biologist is as yet uncertain whether specialism of the brain was the result of the erect posture, or *vice versa*. “*Uncertain*” seems to indicate that the solution lies between the two hypotheses, whereas the actual state of the case is that science is today unpossessed of any fragment of fact which suggests either of these explanations, let alone any which actually *prove* (though we may surmise as we choose) anything whatever as to the actual method of origin of man’s bodily frame.

Again, he tells us, with the saving clause that "the imperfect nature of the remains makes precision impossible," that "the volume of the cranial cavity (of the Trinil skull) has been *determined* at 850 cubic centimeters; while that of the higher apes is never known to exceed 600 cubic centimeters, and that of man never to fall below 880 cubic centimeters." The word "determined" had been better abandoned and "guessed" substituted for it. For guess it certainly is, as those, who, like the present reviewer, have had the opportunity of handling and examining the actual specimen itself, must needs admit, and how uncertain such guesses are, is surely proved by the startling differences between the estimates of different authorities as to the capacity of that other "bone of contention," the Piltdown skull. We have devoted space to the criticism of these matters because we believe that the statements, whilst in no way misleading to scientific readers, may well be so for the many who cannot thus be designated, who will also, we hope, to their own great benefit, be readers of this book. In every way, it is a most valuable work and, perhaps, especially in the accurate and detailed lists of finds of various kinds which reduce to order what was almost a chaos. The portion relating to prehistoric art could hardly be improved. Indeed, with the trifling exceptions to which we have alluded, the book is admirable, and we can hardly speak too highly of it.

THE RELIGION OF THE SCRIPTURES. Edited by the Rev. C. Lattey, S.J. (M. A. Oxon.) St. Louis: B. Herder Book Co. 75 cents.

This little volume comprises essays read at the Catholic Bible Congress, held at Cambridge in July of this year. The Congress was in the nature of a religious celebration in honor of the fifteenth centenary of St. Jerome, the great Biblical scholar of the Western Church. The central theme chosen for these lectures has been the practical issue of Biblical religion. In these essays subjects of special interest are treated in a scholarly, yet popular manner. The writers of these papers are well known to Catholic readers. If we single out one of the essays for special commendation, we do not thereby wish to detract from the high merit of the other papers. Dr. Arendzen's treatise on the difficult subject of Inspiration is one of the best statements of the Catholic doctrine on this point that we possess in Catholic Biblical literature. The negative and the positive aspects of the teaching are set forth with remarkable clearness, exactness and precision. The remaining essays deserve likewise the highest praise and commendation. The Catholic who wishes to inform himself on important Biblical

questions will do well to read and study this little volume. In addition to the lectures on inspiration, the volume comprises the following papers: "The Mosaic Law," by Dr. T. E. Bird; "The Prophets," by the Rev. C. Lattey, S.J.; "Christ in the New Testament," by the Rev. C. C. Martindale, S.J.; "The Organized Church in the New Testament," by the Rev. R. A. Knox; "St. Jerome, the Interpreter," by the Canon William Barry, D.D.; "The Genesis of a Myth," by the Rt. Rev. R. C. Casarrelli, Bishop of Salford.

THE LABOR MOVEMENT. *Its Conservative Functions and Social Consequences.* By Frank Tannenbaum. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$2.00.

This volume presents to the public a work of rare and condensed value and of remarkable comprehension. It may aptly be described as the philosophy of the Labor movement. With a knowledge of the past that is intimate and a vision of the future that is attractive and persuasive, the author studies the movement in its origins and the industrial conditions that made its creation an imperative necessity; in the methods by which it pursues its purpose, and in the consequences of its growth and progress, which lead, consciously or unconsciously, to one inevitable goal—the eventual mastery and control of all industry by Labor for the benefit of the community. This work ought to be read by the multitude—both by Labor and Capital—that the full implications and functions and purposes of the Labor movement might be appreciated. The laborers have found in the system of competitive Capitalism, whose dominant motivation is profit-making, an inherent vice which no concessions in the form of improved conditions and increased wages can remedy. The entire system must change. As absolutism and autocracy in political government have been replaced by democracy, so autocratic Capitalism must surrender to the gradual advance and ultimate triumph of an industrial democracy wherein grinding competition for the profit of the few will be replaced by universal coöperation for the welfare of the many. In this coöperative commonwealth, entitled an industrial democracy, the great motto and incentive to Labor is: the interest of one is the interest of all; and the interest of all the interest of each.

Whether the consummation which Labor organizations are moving towards, and which Mr. Tannenbaum so devoutly wishes, is realizable, and for the best interests of mankind in view of certain well-known defects incidental to the Labor unions, and which the publisher points out in a preface to the volume, is a moot and debatable question. That the Labor movement has

accomplished great good for the working classes, and is still essential to protect and promote their interests against the exploitation of greedy capitalists, is undeniable. Whether the future State will be an industrial democracy where the various industrial units will coöperate for the common weal may be too good to be true; but none can fail to receive light and stimulation from the study of *The Labor Movement* by Mr. Tannenbaum.

DANTE. *Essays in Commemoration, 1321-1921.* London: University of London Press, Ltd. 12 s. 6 d. net.

This scholarly and handsome volume, issued by the University of London is one more evidence of the ever-widening appreciation of Dante which the sexcentenary celebration has at once fostered and focused. The chosen essays include some interesting "Thoughts on Dante in His Relation to Our Own Time," by Viscount Bryce, in which the poet is revealed as a pioneer of universal peace—also a very human and suggestive appreciation, by Professor Edmund Gardner, of "Dante as Literary Critic," wherein he takes his place as "the first romance philologist." Most of the other discussions—"Dante and the Latin Poets," "Dante and the Troubadours," "The Italy of Dante and Virgil," "Oxford and Dante," *et cetera*—are more technical and restricted in their appeal. By way of variety, two papers in Italian, by Professor Benedetto Croce and Professor Antonio Cippico, are inserted among these specimens of recent English scholarship; and the volume is further enriched by several rare reproductions of Botticelli, Signorelli and Blake, with a most alluring page from a fourteenth century MS. of the *Purgatorio*.

The book is a substantial and, obviously, a highly specialized addition to Dantean research, and its publication will doubtless point the way to other "local" collections in honor of the immortal Florentine.

VIGILS. By Aline Kilmer. New York: George H. Doran Co. \$1.25 net.

Mrs. Kilmer is one of those rare poets who, by the exercise of patience and restraint, never give anything less than their best. Her work is always on a high level of predetermined excellence, marked by a delicacy and sureness of technique that places her quite definitely among the authentic artists. For sheer fineness of music, indeed, for subtle verbal effects and modulations there are few singers of the present day her equal.

In Mrs. Kilmer's first book, *Candles That Burn*, the qualities just mentioned were shown in their fullness. Hence, to say,

as we do say, that the present collection is on the same artistic plane as its predecessor is to give it very high praise, the praise of an unusually beautiful and satisfying art. Lyric poetry is a personal utterance, and we have in the present book the individual note that gives verse its chief power of appeal. These poems show strongly certain outstanding qualities that seem characteristic of their maker: simplicity, poignancy and a whimsicality—now gay, now wistful—that is often unexpected and altogether delightful. Anyone at all interested in contemporary poetry will find the present volume a distinct and distinguished achievement in a difficult art.

OUR LORD'S DISCOURSES. By Abbé Nouvelle. Translated from the French. New York: Benziger Brothers. \$2.00 net.

Various types of souls need their respective aids. Even within types there is variety. Books which appeal to a class, oftentimes lack interest to many of that group. We have books in English similar, in many respects, to the one before us. We feel, however, that souls—and they are not a few—that cannot receive inspiration on re-reading their devotional books: souls that for profit must have the old and familiar in new form, will find these meditations on St. John's Gospel (chapter xiii. to xviii.) interesting, stimulating, instructive. The references show a wide range of choice reading. The footnotes are particularly excellent.

THE STORY OF LOURDES. By Rose Lynch. St. Louis: B. Herder Book Co. \$1.60.

Special commendation is due to this little addition to Lourdes literature. It was written, the author tells us, in response to a suggestion made to her after a six months' visit to the hallowed spot, a period spent in close study of the history of Lourdes and of its people, some of whom were of the few remaining who had personally known Bernadette. The tone of loving, reverent intimacy that runs throughout gives a touch of freshness to matter already familiar. Miss Lynch writes with a composure and simplicity that make for conciseness; therefore, though the letterpress covers only one hundred and eighty pages, the story is rounded and satisfying, including even an event so recent as the great procession to the Grotto in 1919, when the Archbishop of Auch removed the black crape from the banner of Alsace-Lorraine, to drape it once more with the French colors.

More than half the content deals with the time preceding the death of Bernadette. A full account is given of the painful experiences endured by the favored child and her family from the severely cautious attitude of the Church authorities during their

slow investigation, and from the active hostility of those of the State. By this means, an eminently serviceable character is imparted to the book, as a manual wherewith to meet non-Catholic questions and cavillings.

IN THE LAND OF THE KIKUYUS. By Rev. H. A. Gogarty, C.S.Sp. Dublin: M. H. Gill & Son. \$1.10.

The romance and adventure of a missionary life, the story of strange people and lands, is delightfully portrayed in this diary of a young Irish priest. Fresh from a French missionary centre, at the outbreak of the War, he thought that he was to leave Europe and the War for the outposts of Africa. But the latter traveled with him and he had experience as an Army Chaplain and on a Hospital Ship. But the main story is that of his missionary life amongst the natives. He is an observant traveler, to whom the poetry of these strange peoples and lands appeal, and who never for an instant loses his gift of Irish humor. He is, at the same time, an historian, and very deftly weaves into his tale the narrative of deeds and men of long ago. But he does not gloss over that other phase of a missionary's life, the dangers from man and beast, the dread diseases that claim so many noble lives, the loneliness and, perhaps, apparent failures. It is a book, not only for those whose young eyes are fixed upon the mission fields as their life work, but for all who love adventurous sacrifice for God.

AN ENTHUSIAST. By E. O. Somerville, in collaboration with Martin Ross. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. \$2.00.

Miss Edith Somerville possesses a deft knack of making us see what she wishes us to see. Whether it is a man or a woman, a horse or a dog, or only the casual aspect of a room, a few words suffice to hit off the object adequately. "In the corner by the door a few incurably crippled chairs were huddled, one on top of the other, as if in panic they had rushed into each other's arms." Her similes are almost invariably effective, a pleasant quality in a story-teller.

An Enthusiast attempts to describe a comparatively quiet country district in Ireland in the fourth year of the Sinn Fein rebellion. Dan Palliser, the hero, belonging to the Anglo-Irish gentry, devotes himself to economic solutions of the Irish question. He is honest, generous and ardent; but in his effort to keep clear of politics falls foul of the two contending political forces. The logic of his character convinces us that he would have cast his lot eventually with Sinn Fein, if his creator had not involved him

in an unfortunate infatuation with a beautiful lady, unhappily married. Dan's wild passion removes him from the rare regions of patriotism, and resigns us to his premature and tragic death.

The author avows in the preface that her story is an effort to paint contemporary Irish life impartially. But she speaks dubiously of her success. One must give her credit for her good intentions. It is not hard to conjecture her real attitude. It is that of the middle-aged and comfortable who do not like to have their peace disturbed by such fantastic things as patriotism, civil liberty and national ideals. If Miss Somerville is a non-Catholic writer, her sympathetic glimpses of Catholic life make her skill in the art of fiction all the more conspicuous.

ORIGINALITY AND OTHER ESSAYS. By William H. McMaster. Boston: The Four Seas Co. \$2.00 net.

If, as Webster tells us, the essay is "a literary composition . . . permitting a considerable freedom of style and method," then most decidedly "Originality" has a right to its title. That such a thoroughly "up-to-the-minute" collection should, or could, issue from the sacred precincts of Boston is proof positive that the democracy of letters has at last established itself in places heretofore hallowed by the presence of a less expansive Muse. In twenty pithy chapters Mr. McMaster discusses cleverly, and by no means thoughtlessly, our everyday life in its aspects both grave and gay. The valedictory, "On Why Not Worry?" is a cheerful foil to some of the white-corpuscle Pollyanna-ism that has been circulating riotously within the recent memory of man.

THE CASE OF KOREA. By Henry Chung. New York: Fleming H. Revell Co. \$3.00.

The question of the Pacific, which more and more is occupying the authorities at Washington, cannot be completely understood unless one also understands the problem of Korea—what it was, what it is today.

Its present rôle in the Far East is as a colony of Japan. Seeking a solution for her ever-increasing population, Japan assumed control over the Hermit Kingdom—the same glittering plea that she uses for other expansion in the Far East. The methods by which she attained this control are a matter of history—much of it unpleasant history. Japan's highest card, played upon all occasions, is that whatever she does in Korea is done for Korea's good, for her development and welfare. Mr. Chung, a Korean patriot, sets out to prove that this unctuous solicitude is simply

a cloak to hide injustice and the rankest of national oppression. He has made out a very convincing case both for his people and against Japan. His book does not make altogether pleasant reading, but the record of gross injustice is never pleasant.

REBUILDING A LOST FAITH. By an American Agnostic. New York: P. J. Kenedy & Sons. \$3.25.

John L. Stoddard, the well known traveler and lecturer, has just written the story of his conversion. He was received into the Church three years ago after wandering in the desert of unbelief, as he says himself, for over forty years. He gives a very brief account of his life in a Protestant seminary, and his loss of faith because of the inability of his professors to answer his theological difficulties.

He has in mind especially those Protestants and unbelievers who have grown up like himself under modern skeptical and materialistic conditions, with little or no conception of ecclesiastical authority. In a score of chapters, he discusses the idea of God, the immortality of the soul, the concept of revelation, the moral law, the divinity of Christ, the Church, the infallibility of the Pope, purgatory, indulgences, prayers to the Blessed Virgin and the saints, persecutions for heresy.

It is a good book for the non-Catholic who is studying the claims of the Catholic Church.

LIFE IN A MEDIAEVAL CITY. By Edwin Benson. London: Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge.

York is the city which the author takes to illustrate life in mediæval English towns. Into the slim handbook of eighty-four pages he compresses a deal of information about its streets and buildings, its civic, parliamentary, business and religious life, its education, entertainments and social classes. Small as his scale is, Mr. Benson succeeds by deft selection and vivid touches to reconstruct the general outline of the fifteenth century and to demonstrate that the "most attractive feature of the Middle Ages is that they were so intensely human." Of religious life, he necessarily has much to say. The organization of the Church, its supervision of education, monastic life, St. Mary's Abbey, pardoners, palmers and pilgrims—these are some of the topics upon which he dwells. The Minster, with its shrine of St. William of York, attracted streams of pilgrims, whose donations helped the funds of erection and maintenance. This means of raising money was well established, we are told, and we agree; but in the next sentence, when Mr. Benson casually adds that "there was, also, the

money from penances and indulgences," we protest. The book otherwise is accurate and fair, and will appeal to readers who must have a succinct account, or perhaps none at all. A drawing of York in the fifteenth century and several smaller illustrations increase the interest of the text.

LARAMIE HOLDS THE RANGE. By Frank H. Spearman. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.75.

Mr. Spearman is at his best in stories of adventure, in tales of the pioneer West where the wild life of plains and mountains brings out the best and the worst in the men who adopt it. *Laramie Holds the Range* deals with cattlemen and cattle-rustlers, and though the time is in post-pioneer days, when railroads, Pullman cars, and bathtubs have invaded the Rockies, its actors have all the daring and dash of the first cowboys, their primitive faults, their primitive and splendidly worth-while virtues. Kate Double-day is a fine heroine, Jim Laramie a noble hero, and when after thrilling dangers and escapes he wins out in the end, we are made happy in reading that "the old priest came down from the Reservation to perform the ceremony."

HUMAN HEREDITY, by Casper L. Redfield (Chicago: Heredity Publishing Co. \$1.50). This book presents some new ideas on a hackneyed subject in a very unprejudiced manner. Many of the statistics are very interesting perhaps, especially so those which relate to trotting horses, and show that such can go on improving and acquiring greater powers up to an age which the uninitiated would have supposed to be impossible. On this and other evidence, the author builds up his theory that the more distinguished members of a family are born low down in the list of that particular family, and that their distinction is due to the fact that they have inherited the additional experience and faculties acquired by their parents, which become greater as they pass through life. We can, therefore, fully agree that, if the modern eugenist and birth-controller had had their vicious way for the past couple of centuries, the world would have been immeasurably poorer in knowledge. But we must beware of the fallacy of selected instances. All geniuses do not come late in the family history. Although Mr. Redfield has provided a powerful argument against birth-controllers, when he comes to his explanation, we must part company with him. The segregated germ in the parental sex-gland can be affected by the state of health of the parent, by alcohol, where he is a drunkard, and so on. Lack of nutrition may also affect it. All these things can be explained on the lines of food absorption and similar well-known happenings. And we may admit that a healthy, strong couple are more likely to provide their child with a choice brain fabric through which the soul may exhibit itself, than a couple of moral and physical degen-

erates. But we are wholly unable to see how mental and spiritual experiences and growth in the parents can affect the germ at all. We understand Mr. Redfield to urge that "life" is a form of energy and may be transformed like other kinds of energy. Well, it certainly is, or was, a theory. Lodge discusses it in one of his books and declares that he himself disbelieves in it. Whether true or not, we do not see our way to accept the author's conclusions on this head, though we thank him for having given us real food for thought.

BEATRICE NELL' ALLEGORIA ESTETICA DELLA DIVINA COMMEDIA, by Gætano F. Lisani (New York: Bagnasco Press. 50 cents). In this brief study of the *Divina Commedia*, the author undertakes to analyze the allegorical significance of the chief figures introduced by the poet. Perfect familiarity with his subject, a keen instinct for latent suggestions and a clear, sometimes an eloquent, style—these qualifications for his task, Doctor Lisani possesses. Possibly, it would be too great a demand on his power of self-control, were he to attempt to write thirty pages without a fling or two at the Catholic Church—so he lets himself become disrespectful as well as superficial.

BABETTE BOMERLING'S BRIDEGROOMS, by Alice Berend, translated by Margaret Nohowel (New York: Boni & Liveright. \$2.00). This story is a clever, satirical skit upon the German *nouveaux riches* of the *ante-bellum* period. It describes in jocular fashion the many maneuvers of Mother Bomberling, the wife of a wealthy coffin-maker, to win a fitting bridegroom for her charming daughter, Babette. How the old lady is victimized by pseudo-Italian counts and swindling Polish baronesses—how the many suitors press their claims only to go down to utter defeat at the hands of Bab's true lover, the much-despised Paul—is told with inimitable humor.

PEEPS AT MANY LANDS is the appropriate title of an attractive series of travel books which The Macmillan Company have brought out in an American edition (\$1.50 per volume). These books are made attractive to young readers, for whom they are primarily intended, by ease of style and charm of illustration: many of them are by well-known authors. Among the Catholics who have contributed are Katharine Tynan and E. M. Wilmot-Buxton. The countries and noted places covered are: London and Paris, England and Wales, Scotland and Ireland, Canada and Newfoundland, Spain and Portugal, Sweden and Finland, Holland and Belgium, France and Alsace-Lorraine, China and Japan, Norway and Denmark, Italy and Greece, Egypt and the Holy Land, Australia and New Zealand, South America and Panama. From these peeps here and there may be gleaned a fair notion of the history, topography, customs, arts and industries of these varied lands. While the standard of the series is well sustained, the volumes are not entirely equal in merit, nor are all free from evidences of the too broad

and the too narrow points of view. In Italy, and especially in Rome, we look for more adequate mention of the great Catholic monuments: the history of Sweden is presented with decided Protestant bias and the Christianizing of the country by the Catholic Church ignored: in Scotland, the Celtic Church is differentiated from the Catholic Church: a strained effort at fairness describes the religion of the Mahommedan in Egypt as "fine," and Mrs. Tynan's picture of Ireland is unfortunately capable of making an impression certainly not intended by that devoted Irishwoman. Of unalloyed charm are the peeps at England and Wales, London and Paris, Canada and Newfoundland and Norway and Denmark. And when all is said and done, the series is well calculated to evoke interest and incite many a boy and girl to further study.

THE KING OF THE GOLDEN CITY, by Mother Mary Loyola, with an introduction by Rev. Herbert Thurston, S.J. (New York: P. J. Kenedy & Sons. \$2.50.) This charming allegory will bring to the heart of the child a deep love for Our Lord in the Blessed Sacrament and an understanding of the graces received in Holy Communion. We follow with delight the little Dilecta in her meetings with The King; her struggles against the evil influence of Malignus, in which she is so ably helped by the Prince Guardian; from the hut in which she lived, and where The King so often and so graciously visited her—right into His Golden City. Aside from its religious and literary merit, the book is artistic in its make-up, and has eight full-page color illustrations by J. Watson Davis.

A T GREENACRES is the first of a series of books for children from Marion Ames Taggart's facile pen (New York: George H. Doran Co. \$1.50 each). She has called them the Jack-in-the-Box series, taking the name from the wholesome, yet fanciful, boy who is her hero. In this book, we are introduced to four children, *Isabel*, sweet, idealistic, weaving stories out of everything and living in a land of fancy; *Prue*, downright, practical and "straight" to the last degree; *Poppy*, plain, fiery, impulsive, but with a loving heart to guide her, and *Mark*, or "Jack-in-the-Box," who comes to them first as a boy of mystery. There is a delightful out-of-doors atmosphere about this story, and the children and grown-ups alike will fascinate the young readers. There is a distinct plot—and an interesting one, too. To tell it would spoil the reading. *The Queer Little Man* and *The Bottle Imp* take these same children through a series of adventures, full of excitement and interest.

Poppy's Pluck is the last of this jolly series, and shows especially the development of Poppy in the atmosphere of love into which she has been fortunate enough to wander—and, of course, of Isabel, Prue and Mark. It is interesting from cover to cover, and when the last page is reached the only regret of the reader will be that a "good-bye" must be said to these charming children.

THE ANNES, by Marion Ames Taggart (Garden City, New York: Doubleday, Page & Co. \$1.75 net), is Miss Taggart's first full-fledged novel. It is the story of three Annes, aged severally: sixty-eight, twenty-two and seven years—and the youngest Anne, though rather precocious to be quite lovable, is the one who most enlivens the story. Readers, old and young, of Miss Taggart's many tales for girls should be equally pleased with this, her first story for grown-ups.

OTHER children's books recently issued are *The Saviour's Fountains*, by Michael Andrew Chapman (Huntington, Ind.: Our Sunday Visitor), a book for children on the Seven Sacraments, profusely illustrated; *The Tree of Light*, by James A. Scherer (New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Co. \$1.35), the story of how Christmas came to old England and how the Oak, worshipped by the Druids, gave place to "The Tree of Light." *Mostly Mary*, by "Clementine" (Chicago: Matre & Co. \$1.00). The influence of a truly Catholic home makes Mary the devout, honest and unselfish child we cannot help loving. *How Lotys Had Tea With a Lion*, by F. B. Kirkman, B.A. (New York: The Macmillan Co. \$1.00). The story of a little English girl and her wonderful adventures with "Mr. Lion," which will fascinate the very little ones. Also from the Macmillan press we have *The Windy Hill*, by Cornelia Meigs (\$1.75), in which Oliver Peyton meets the "Bee Man," listens to his enthralling stories, and later becomes a hero; and a new edition of Mrs. Molesworth's ever fresh and charming, though age-old stories, *The Cuckoo Clock* (\$1.00) and *Carrots* (\$1.00). *The Girls of Highland Hall*, by Carroll W. Rankin (New York: Henry Holt & Co. \$1.75), is a story in which we meet again the four very real girls of Dandelion Cottage, in what we hope is a very unreal boarding school—Highland Hall. These publishers have also put out a very delightful collection of stories in dialect, told by the negro "fo' de Wah," by John C. Branner, entitled *How and Why Stories* (\$2.25).

Of especial interest to boys are *The Coral Islands*, by R. M. Balantyne (\$1.75), *The Lone Scout* (\$1.50) and *A Marine, Sir!* (\$1.50), by Edward Champe Carter, all three published by The Cornhill Publishing Co., Boston, and all books of thrilling adventure. *The Boy Who Came Back*, by John Talbot Smith (New York: Blase Benziger & Co., Inc. \$1.25), in which we are shown the good influence the Sisters can have over even the heart of a wayward boy; and *Signals from the Bay Tree*, by H. S. Spalding, S.J. (New York: Benziger Brothers. \$1.50), which relates the thrilling adventures and narrow escapes of three boys in the Everglades of Florida.

THE PRINT-COLLECTOR'S QUARTERLY, edited by Campbell Dodgson, C.B.E.; American Editor, Fitzroy Carrington, M.A. (London: J. M. Dent & Sons, Ltd. American Agent, E. Weyhe, New York. \$4.00 a year.) A periodical interesting to the art lover. The issue of April, 1921, treats of the Etchings of Forain, Tiepolo, Cozens and Lumsden, and is profusely illustrated.

FOREIGN PUBLICATIONS.

From the press of P. Téqui, Paris, we have received some very interesting books. *Plans de Sermons Pour les Fêtes de l'Année*, by Monseigneur Millot, is made up of skeleton sermons for the principal feasts of the Liturgical year. Any priest seriously interested in preparing his sermons will find in this work an inexhaustible mine of inspiration; *La Bienheureuse Marguerite de Lorraine*, Duchess d'Alençon and Poor Clare, by Canon René Guérin, is an interesting history as well as an edifying biography; *Pensées Choies de Pascal*, by E. Cretté, is a selection of the "Thoughts of Pascal," the greatest of French thinkers, intended for popular use; *Sanctifions Le Moment Présent* is a delicious little work of spirituality, consisting of thirty meditations by the Abbé Feige. This author has written similar works on the Sacred Heart and the Blessed Virgin, suitable for the months of May and June; and *Jesus Vivant Dans Le Prêtre*, by Father Millet, S.J., is the fifth edition of this work, which is too well known from the excellent translation by Bishop Byrne of Nashville, Tenn., to need any commendation.

Monsignor d'Hulst, Apologiste, by J. Bricourt (Paris: Ancienne Librairie Poussielgue), treats fully of the great work of Monsignor d'Hulst, the French apologist. It gives a character sketch of Monsignor d'Hulst, his view of the period in which he lived and the spirit in which he went about his work, also his specific teachings. This work is evidently a labor of love, and forms a splendid companion volume to the *Life of Monsignor d'Hulst*, by Monsignor Baudrillart.

La Philosophie Moderne Depuis Bacon Jusqu'à Leibniz, by Gaston Sortais, S.J. (Paris: P. Lethielleux.) Many have sought to appraise the life, work and character of the English statesman-philosopher; in the present scholarly study, Father Sortais has accomplished the work with a thoroughness and impartiality seldom surpassed in the whole range of Baconian literature.

Phéniciens Essai de Contribution à l'Histoire antique de la Méditerranée, by C. Autran (Paris: Paul Geuthner. 30 fr.), is an interesting and erudite monograph which cannot be neglected either by anthropologists or by students of the Old Testament. It is the fashion to attribute that remarkable culture which grew up around the Mediterranean and bears its name, to the inhabitants of Egypt, and to a lesser extent to those of Mesopotamia races, as he says, which, during some three thousand years, exhibited, in all orders of ideas, very limited activities. The author will have none of this, but sets out to prove his thesis that the real originators of this culture were the Ægean Phoenicians, whom he distinguishes sharply from the more frequently discussed Semitic Phoenicians.

El Libro de la Mujer Espanola, by the Rev. Graciano Martinez, O. S. A. (Madrid: Asilo de Huerfanos.) This book is a small encyclopedia on feminism. Its thirteen chapters present the history of the feminist movement from the Greek and Romans till the present day. It supplies the reader with valuable information and reasons for and against women's exercise of rights, civil and political. Chapter VIII. presents a canvas of the intellectual development of the Spanish woman since early days, with Isabella of Castile and St. Teresa as the main figures. The author treats of the political rights of the Spanish women of our period, and while he criticizes the "hysteria" of the ultra-feminists, declares himself an advocate of the just claims of woman for participation in the Spanish Commonwealth. He mentions briefly the great social work undertaken by the association, called *Acción Catolica de la Mujer*, founded by His Eminence Cardinal Guisasaola, in order to direct the feminist movement in Spain in right channels within the bounds of Christian feminism. The style of this book is, unfortunately, emphatic and oratorical.

Recent Events.

France. The chief topic of French discussion during the month has been the Conference on the Limitation of Armaments at Washington

and the question whether Premier Briand would go as a delegate to it and even, for a time, whether his Government would survive the attacks of the opposition. Finally, after prolonged debate, both the Chamber of Deputies and the Senate, by a clear majority, gave the Premier the necessary vote of confidence, and he has since arrived in this country. The majority was won only after a hard up-hill fight and against severe counter-attacks, but it can be fairly taken to represent the national backing which the Premier has in the policy he has pursued since he took office, and will pursue at Washington. The opposition was in no way connected with the Premier's attendance at the Conference itself, or even with his conduct of foreign affairs, but was a matter of internal politics, pure and simple, the question involved being whether or not he was leaning too much for support on the Liberal Republican and Socialist side of the Chamber, to the detriment of the Nationalist group represented by M. Tardieu and ex-President Poincaré, which swept the country in the last election.

The Conference opened on Saturday, November 12th, and on November 15th the real work begins. Besides the American representatives, there will be delegates from the four other principal Powers: Great Britain, France, Italy and Japan, who will take up all questions to be considered by the Conference and, in addition, there will be delegates from the Netherlands, Belgium, Portugal and China, who will participate in the deliberations respecting Far Eastern questions.

All the Powers agree in principle in desiring to achieve three objects as fundamental purposes of the Conference: first, the reduction and limitation of naval forces to the lowest point consistent with national security; second, to establish the peace of the world by removing the causes of political and economic rivalries in the Far East; and third, to guarantee the open door in China—that is, equal commercial opportunity for all nations—and to maintain the territorial integrity of China.

In addition, the United States wishes to bring about the term-

ination of the Anglo-Japanese alliance. Neither France nor Italy is particularly interested in the alliance, as they do not regard it as either a military or an economic menace to the United States. According to American opinion, however, it is both, and it is the most delicate and difficult question for decision.

On November 9th, the Council of Ambassadors met in Paris and signed a protocol setting forth the frontiers between Jugo-Slavia and Albania. Up to the present, these boundaries have not been accurately defined, and by their action in thus delimiting the frontiers, the Council of Ambassadors have placed on a legal basis the issue which the Council of the League of Nations will discuss on November 18th, the issue, namely, of Serbia's frequent aggressions during the last few months against Albania. This meeting of the Council of the League of Nations has been called at the instance of the British Government, which has been watching Serbian military activities for some time with grave anxiety. It will be important as showing the power of the League to prevent an aggressive war for the territorial expansion of one of its members. Former representations to Serbia, concerning the invasion of Albanian territory, have been countered by assertions that only irregular bands, over which the Serbian Government had no control, were engaged in it, and by excuses founded upon doubts as to where the true boundary of Albania lay.

A protest has been entered against the Wiesbaden agreement signed last month by French and German representatives, which provided for the delivery to France by the German Government of 7,000,000,000 gold marks' worth of building materials in lieu of cash. The protest was made in a paper by Sir John Bradbury, British delegate to the Reparations Commission. His contention is that the broad result of the agreement will be that for the next fourteen years Germany will be able to count as payment under the Peace Treaty a maximum of 1,000,000,000 gold marks annually in respect to deliveries to France, whatever these deliveries may attain in fact, and that Germany will doubtless plead these obligations to France as ground for consideration of her position in regard to reparations in general. He proposes, therefore, among other things, that France pay to the general reparations account any amounts necessary to insure that the other Allies shall receive their proper amounts due from Germany. The publication of the Bradbury report has aroused severe criticism by the French newspapers, which object not so much to the protest itself or its recommendation, as to the moment of its publication and its effect at this time in Germany, where the Reparations Commission is now starting its work.

Meanwhile, a project to rebuild eleven villages in the Somme district with German material and by German labor has been submitted to M. Loncheur, the Minister of Reconstruction, by French and German Labor organizations, acting through two groups of practical builders. The villages which have been selected are all near Chaumes, in the Somme Department, and the Prefect of the Somme Department has informed M. Loncheur that the Mayors of all the villages and all the other local authorities favor the proposal. It has been decided, however, that before definite approval is given to the scheme, all the property-holders and inhabitants must have an opportunity of expressing their wishes. This will be done as soon as possible, and if the reply is favorable, the Government will certainly allow the project to be carried out as an experiment, which may have further development in the zone where the destruction was complete. It is proposed to complete the work within twelve months.

According to the report of the Finance Commission of the Chamber of Deputies, there will be a deficit of 1,625,258,000 francs in the French budget for 1922. This will be made good by the issuance of Treasury bonds. The total expenditure for the year is estimated at just short of 25,000,000,000 francs and the total revenue at 23,327,000,000. The report says that the maximum which France can hope to recover from Germany is 68,000,000,000 gold marks. For reconstruction between 60,000,000,000 and 80,000,000,000 francs are still needed, and France will have to find between 6,000,000,000 and 8,000,000,000 francs for the next ten years. It will also be necessary to find 4,000,000,000 francs for pensions and 2,000,000,000 francs for interest on the sums already borrowed on this account.

Under the direction of the League of Nations on October 22d, there was signed at the Headquarters of the League at Geneva a ten-power agreement for the neutralization of the Aland Islands. In its arbitration of the Aland dispute between Sweden and Finland, which gave the islands to Finland, with a degree of autonomy, the League Council recommended that all the interested nations come to an agreement as to their military and naval neutrality. The ten nations thus invited—Germany, Denmark, Esthonia, Finland, France, Great Britain, Italy, Lithuania, Poland and Sweden—have now signed the agreement, whereby, under the supervision of the League, the neutrality of the islands is guaranteed.

The latest result of the Polish-Lithuanian dispute, which the League has been endeavoring to compose for several months, is the proffered resignation of General Joseph Pilsudski, President

of Poland. His action was based on the rejection by the Polish Cabinet of the plan for the creation of a middle Lithuanian State, the Ministers insisting upon the incorporation of Vilna with Poland. The President's resignation to date has not been accepted, and the Ministers are seeking for a compromise.

During the year 1922 the cost to Germany of the Allied and American armies of occupation will be 22,000,000 gold marks less than during the present year. This is the first and most outstanding result of the work that has been done at Paris during the last three weeks by the Inter-Allied Military Commission, appointed by the Supreme Council to examine questions of possible reduction and limitation of the cost of the Allied armies on the Rhine. A further saving to Germany, it is pointed out in the report, will result from the fact that a majority of the commissions set up by the Treaty will soon have completed their work. The commission suggests also that the Inter-Allied Rhine Commission, which is a civilian organization, shall be asked by the Supreme Council to meet and seek a way, as it has done, to reduce claims to the minimum.

Germany.

Towards the middle of October, the Council of the League of Nations announced its recommendation on the Upper Silesian question, and shortly thereafter the Allied Governments communicated it to the Governments of Germany and Poland as the final decision in the fixation of the Upper Silesian boundary. The findings are in two parts. First, the line between Poland and Germany is laid down, whereby, roughly speaking, Germany is allowed two-thirds of the disputed area and Poland one-third; and second, provision is made for the establishment of a commission of Poles and Germans with a neutral Chairman to draw up a convention for the protection of the economic unity of the Silesian industrial district. The Allies called on Germany and Poland to accept both parts of the League recommendations.

Although by this decision Germany is awarded about two-thirds of the territory of the plebiscite area, in the portion going to Poland lies, it is estimated, two-thirds of the undeveloped mineral wealth of Silesia. The situation may be stated thus: Germany loses sixty-four per cent. of the Upper Silesia anthracite production, to wit, sixty-seven anthracite coal mines, which last year produced about 32,000,000 tons. She also loses all her Upper Silesian zinc production, or sixty per cent. of Germany's total zinc production. There is less statistical certainty regarding the industrial loss, but it is believed to be about sixty-three per cent. of

the Upper Silesian iron industries' production, or approximately 1,500,000 tons of iron and steel products.

As a result of the decision a wild outburst of disapproval swept over Germany and, on October 22d, Chancellor Wirth, whose reparations policy was largely built on the retention of Upper Silesia, and who had vigorously protested against its partition, handed his resignation to President Ebert with those of the entire Cabinet. Owing to the fact that Germany was obliged within the following week to send an economic commission to Upper Silesia to treat with a similar Polish commission, the Wirth Cabinet agreed to "conduct affairs" till a new Government was formed, but after several days' trial in other quarters, President Ebert was forced to ask Chancellor Wirth to form the new Cabinet, to which he agreed. Besides the post of Chancellor, Dr. Wirth took over the portfolio of Foreign Affairs, and with the changing about of several ministers from their former posts formed the new Cabinet practically out of the old. The office of Minister of Reconstruction, formerly held by Dr. Walter Rathenau, was left unfilled for the present, as the Democratic Party, to which Dr. Rathenau belongs, objected to his acceptance of a post in the new Cabinet. He is expected, however, to join later.

The Reichstag voted confidence in the new Ministry by a vote of 230 against 132, the majority of 98 being made up of Majority Socialists, Centrists, Independent Socialists and Democrats. The Majority Socialists and Centrists, will constitute the nucleus of the parliamentary support of the new Government. The Democrats and the Independent Socialists promise to stand by it, while the People's Party, representing the great industrial interests, again agrees to observe a benevolent neutrality.

The new Ministry, though protesting in a formal note against the Allied decision, has sent in its formal acceptance to the Council of Ambassadors, and has appointed delegates to carry out, with the Polish representatives, the practical work of partition. The Polish Diet has also signified its assent, so that the Silesian question is now considered definitely settled, at least politically and, probably, economically also.

At first, there were reports that the Germans would institute an economic boycott against the Polish part of Silesia, and even planned the systematic destruction of industrial plants, railways and bridges in that territory. This, however, proved false, and heavy buying of mines in Polish Silesia featured the first session of the Berlin Bourse after the Council's decision. In addition, the German concerns owning big industries in the region awarded to Poland, have decided to conduct their plants at their former high

state of efficiency. At present, Germany and Poland are endeavoring to come to a complete understanding not only with regard to Upper Silesia, but on all political and economic questions at issue between the two countries.

Coincident with the political crisis, and largely a cause of it, has been the internal economic situation, the mark steadily falling in value throughout the month till, on November 8th, it reached the unprecedented figure of three hundred and thirty for the dollar. This, of course, has played havoc with everything in prices, taxes, wages and budgets, and the Finance Minister says it is utterly impossible to balance the budget, the annual deficit amounting to 110,000,000,000 marks.

The Government still adheres to its taxation scheme, but without much hope of success, and asserts that the country is on the verge of financial chaos. It is estimated that taxes in Germany amount to 22,000 marks yearly per family, of which 6,000 marks is for internal expenses. The fall of the mark, in the opinion of German bankers, was caused chiefly by the fact that the Government had to borrow twenty-seven per cent. of the last payment on reparations by means of short loans which had to be repaid, and payment as a whole had, of course, a cumulative effect. On the question of devising ways and means of meeting the country's international financial obligations, three bodies are now at work—the Reichstag, the National Economic Council and the executive committee of the Association of German Industry. The latter is devoting its attention primarily to raising a credit of 2,000,000,000 gold marks for the Government by combining the forces of German industry and agriculture.

The tax bill has become the political centre of gravity and will probably determine the future of Chancellor Wirth's Cabinet. A bitter conflict is expected on this subject. The prevailing belief in Germany is that unless the whole reparations scheme is revised downward, the only feasible taxation programme is one that increases direct levies on large capital. This will amount to partial confiscation.

On November 5th, it was announced that the entire Reparations Commission would soon go to Berlin for a stay of several weeks, in order to determine how far the fall of the mark and the disposition of the Silesian problem have affected Germany's capacity to meet the payment of 500,000,000 gold marks due to the Allies on January 15, 1922. Another object of the Commission will be to obtain information which will lead to an adjustment of the disagreement of England and France over the Wiesbaden accord. In general, the Commission will endeavor to determine to

what extent the conditions on which the London ultimatum was based have changed since last May. In this connection, many complex financial problems will be discussed. In a sense, the Reparations Commission may be considered to be moving toward a reconsideration of the whole reparations problem on a purely scientific basis.

On October 18th, the United States Senate ratified the treaties negotiated by the Harding Administration with Germany, Austria and Hungary, and since then the formal exchange of the German and American ratifications has taken place in the respective capitals. A German envoy is at present on his way to this country to be succeeded later by an Ambassador not yet named.

The United States Government has decided to retain approximately 5,600 officers and men of the army in the occupied region of Germany for an indefinite period, pending determination of whether the United States shall participate in the permanent occupation of German territory. The number of American soldiers now in Germany is 13,000, about 8,000 of whom are to be brought home, but as only two transports have been assigned to this duty, the reduction, which begins about the middle of November, will not be accomplished till March, 1922.

Russia. The crisis of the Russian famine will be reached in January, and indications are that it will be accompanied by a big typhus epidemic, according to Colonel William L. Haskell, chief of the American Relief Administration in Russia. Fifteen million persons, he says, are more or less affected by the famine, which is most serious and widespread in the Volga Basin and to the east thereof. The famine is due, primarily, to the drought of last summer, in Colonel Haskell's opinion, and not due to the requisitions of the Soviet Government or of the Red or White armies. He estimates that fifty million dollars would save the bulk of the stricken people, as the population is not uniformly affected, and seventy-five per cent. of them can be reached by the transport available. The Soviet Government is unable to accomplish relief without outside aid.

A new attempt to gain foreign recognition was made by the Soviet Government towards the end of October, when Foreign Minister Tchitcherin dispatched a note to the British, French, American, Italian and Japanese Governments saying that the Soviet Government would agree to recognize the foreign debts of the old Imperial Russian Government, incurred up to 1914, under the con-

dition that "Russia be given certain privileges, making possible the practical fulfillment of those obligations," by the great Powers concluding final peace with and recognizing the Soviet Republic. The Foreign Minister proposed the immediate calling of an international conference to consider the demands of all nations upon Russia and the Russian claims upon them, and to work out a final treaty of peace. Since the note was dispatched, the Russian Soviet Council of Commissars has appointed a special commission, headed by Maxim Litvinoff, chief of the Soviet legations abroad, to consider the question.

To date, none of the Powers has replied to the note, though it has been authoritatively indicated that Great Britain will reply. The British note will point out that the Soviet's offer mentions only the Imperial State debts, and these only up to 1914, whereas advances made to Russia by the Allies during the War aggregated between £400,000,000 and £800,000,000. The British reply will also set forth that the conference to establish peace, suggested by the Moscow Government, would be possible only after an Allied, or preferably an international, consensus of opinion was obtained regarding the policy to be pursued towards Russia's indebtedness. British public opinion looks on the offer from Moscow as merely another step in the steady progress towards the reestablishment of Anglo-Russian relations, which started with the signing of the trade agreement.

The commercial treaty between Italy and Russia, negotiation of which was begun several months ago, has been put into draft form, and is now waiting the signatures of the Italian Foreign Minister and the Soviet representative in Italy.

The fourth anniversary of the *coup d'état* of Nikolai Lenine, which took place November 7, 1917, was celebrated very quietly this year, as the Moscow Government has let it be known that spectacular demonstrations, either in Russia or among Communists abroad, would be distasteful to it. Instead of vast manifestations, the waving of red flags and an outflow of world revolution propaganda, which has characterized previous anniversaries, meetings were held in Petrograd designed to emphasize the need of a new economic policy and to influence the readmission of Russia to the official councils of the great nations.

Meanwhile, Lenine has introduced into his economic policy certain modifications designed to meet unforeseen difficulties, and admitted by him to be an approach to capitalism. The changes are due to Lenine's recognition of the fact that Communism is at present inadequate to supply the peasants, on the one hand, with manufactured goods and the urban workers, on the other, with

food, and though there has been some acrid criticism of the new policy by out-and-out Communists, Lenine has successfully vanquished all opposition.

On the occasion of the Soviet anniversary, a general amnesty was declared for all private soldiers abroad who had fought against the Soviet Government. The amnesty has also been extended to General Shashchhoff and several other generals who fought under General Wrangel in the anti-Bolshevik campaign in the Crimea.

The only force at present actively in operation against the Bolsheviks is that of the Ukrainian leader, General Petlura, who is reported to have captured several towns, including Kamneetz-Podolsk. It is reported that the Ruthenians, in Polish Galicia, are joining the Red Army opposing Petlura, and in official Allied circles it is believed that Petlura's new uprising can only be considered a raid and will be easily suppressed by the Soviet forces.

On October 26th, the Soviet Foreign Minister announced that negotiations had been opened in Moscow between the Soviet Government and the new Mongolian Revolutionary Government of Urga, which coöperates with the Far Eastern Republic. Treaties also have been completed this year, M. Tchitcherin announced, with Persia, Afghanistan, Bokhara and Khiva.

Hungary.

On October 22d, ex-Emperor Charles made his second attempt within a year to regain the Hungarian throne. After a sensational flight from Switzerland by aëroplane, accompanied by the former Empress Zita, he landed near Oedenburg, where he received the allegiance of the troops gathered there. From there he and his army marched, on the following day, to Raab, occupying the town and sending out calls for various Hungarian leaders under the old régime and other royalist sympathizers. On the next day, however, the Carlist forces were defeated in two engagements near Komorn (about forty miles northwest of Budapest) by Regent Horthy's troops, and Charles and his queen taken prisoner.

Meanwhile, the governments of Czecho-Slovakia and Jugoslavia sent an ultimatum to Hungary demanding the delivery to them of Charles and guarantees for the disarmament of Hungary, and for the reimbursement of the costs of mobilization and, in the event of refusal, threatening invasion. At this junction, however, the Allied Council of Ambassadors took charge of the situation and, after several days' deliberation, decided on the banishment of Charles and his family to the island of Madeira. The Council

issued a note calling on the Hungarian National Assembly to depose the former King and declare all other members of the Hapsburg family ineligible to the throne.

Early in November, the Assembly complied with the Allied demands, and President Masaryk issued an order for the demobilization of the Czecho-Slovak forces. At present, the ex-Emperor and his consort are being conveyed to Madeira on board a British battle-cruiser, and this is considered the final act in the drama of attempted restoration. Admiral Horthy, the Hungarian Regent, has issued a decree granting amnesty to all participants in the Carlist movement except the leaders.

Immediately before the royalist uprising, the controversy between Austria and Hungary over Burgenland, the strip of West Hungarian territory awarded to Austria by the Allies, was settled by a compact between the two countries. By this agreement Hungary bound herself to clear Burgenland of insurrectionary Hungarian bands and Austria accepted a plan for a plebiscite in certain towns of the district. Latest advices are to the effect that the insurgents are evacuating their position on the southern front of the area. In the north, Colonel Hyjas, commanding the insurgents, has requested an armistice.

An important step in the liquidation of
Greece. affairs in Asia Minor was taken on October
30th, when the French Government an-

nounced its ratification of an agreement with the Turkish Nationalist Government at Angora, declaring peace between the two Governments and providing for economic coöperation. By the terms of the agreement Cilicia is to be evacuated by the French, the boundary between Turkey and Syria, held by France, is drawn, and various economic advantages are granted to France, notable among which is a concession for the operation of the Bagdad railroad from the Mediterranean to the Tigris River and a ninety-nine year lease on the iron, chrome and silver mines in the northern part of Anatolia, near the shores of the Black Sea.

The political importance of this agreement is great. Not only is France on good terms with Mustapha Kemal, and hence will not help the Greeks in their war on him, but it is very likely that the weight of French diplomatic influence will be cast against the Greeks. The agreement also implies that France recognize the Angora Government as the ruling power in Turkey, and not the Constantinople Government, which is still treated by England as officially representing that country.

Though the French Government pointed out that the Treaty concerned only affairs between France and Turkey, and hence did not need the approval of the Allied Powers, a protest has been raised against it by Great Britain. The French, in reply, state that the British Government has been in constant touch with the Franco-Turkish negotiations ever since they began in London on March 21st last, and that the present objections are very belated. The real cause of the dispute seems to be a clash of the two policies which France and England have pursued in the Near East ever since the end of the War. The French have constantly endeavored to obtain a settlement by what they call a positive policy—dealing with the facts of the situation as they found them. The British policy, on the other hand, has been as constantly negative in its refusal to recognize the government of Mustapha Kemal as the *de facto* Government of Turkey with consequent admission of Turkish independence.

Meanwhile, the Greco-Turkish front has remained inactive throughout the month, though diplomatic maneuvers have been made by both countries. The Turks, besides arranging the Treaty with France, have concluded an alliance with northern Persia, which, according to Mustapha Kemal, is the first step to unite the whole Mohammedan world. The Greeks have been less successful. Late in October, Premier Gounaris went first to Paris and later to London in an endeavor to obtain financial assistance and recognition of King Constantine, but failed in both objects, with the English as well as the French. It is understood that unless Greece soon obtains a considerable loan, it will be bankrupt.

The Fascisti are still belligerently active in Italy, the month being marked by clashes between them and three other parties. The

first occurred on October 21st at Venice when they attacked the Catholic Party in convention there, causing a riot call to be sent in and the dispatch of police reinforcements to the scene. On November 8th, sharp fighting between Fascisti and Communists occurred near Novi, in Alessandria Province, Northwestern Italy, in which most of the combatants were wounded, some seriously. The general strike of the railway workers in Rome was the occasion of the third conflict, when, on November 10th, the Fascisti attacked the workers and caused numerous disturbances throughout the city.

The only other Italian news of moment was the solemn interment, on November 4th, of the body of Italy's Unknown Soldier

under the Victor Emmanuel monument in Rome, and the purchase by the Italian Government of the majority ownership of the "Sudbahn" Company of Vienna, a company controlling the principal trunk-line railway system of Austria-Hungary. The main line of the road connects Vienna with Trieste, Budapest and Prague and traverses what is considered one of the richest sections of Central Europe.

Portugal. A military revolt against the Portuguese Government broke out in Lisbon on October 20th, in which the Premier Antonio

Grango and several other officials, including Machado dos Santos, founder of the Portuguese Republic and once its President, were slain. The trouble seems to have been occasioned by the feeling that the Premier was not sufficiently severe towards the monarchists, who since the last election have taken a bolder stand. Since the beginning of the year, Portugal, which has been a republic since October 5, 1910, has had no less than seven Premiers, at least three of whom came into office after incipient revolutions. The present outburst had its inception in a less serious one last May when it was reported that Machado dos Santos had seized the Presidential power. Quiet has now been restored, and a new Cabinet under Senhor Pinta has been inducted into office. The new Government has started an investigation of the late revolt and has issued orders for the disarming of all civilians.

November 14, 1921.

With Our Readers

AS the manifestation of a great hope, it is good to record the event which took place upon Armistice Day and the characteristic attitude of the whole country. There are moments in the life of a man when he is at his best. The whole nation was at its best in those two minutes at noontide of November 11th, when, in silence, it paid its tribute to the Unknown Soldier and to all that was represented in him. It would be enlightening could we but pierce the walls and enter into the souls of all the people during that little space of time. But, of one thing we are convinced, that, in the majority of cases, not only thoughts of patriotism were aroused, but also thoughts of our reliance upon God. That same spirit which shone forth in the address of our President and reached its climax in his recitation of the Our Father, which pulsed in the hearts of those who gathered in the churches of the land, seemed to animate the whole country and to raise it to the appreciation of its need of God. It was the manifestation of a great hope, the hope that, in spite of all contrary and unseemly things in our civilization, the higher things, the substantial virtues, the fundamental principles of religion and morality will prevail.

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DEVELOPMENT is one of the signs of life. But development does not mean revolution; it does not mean destruction and substitution. For if we are to have development, we must have something to develop, something of essence and substance that remains through all the accidental changes and improvements. Development, in other words, implies a definite subject matter and a determined law of action. The complement of the particular is the universal. The complement of the dynamic is the static. The complement of the individual is the typical or the general. In meeting the problems of life, therefore, Catholic thought, which is capable of development, likewise has its static and immutable elements. The unchangeable facts of revelation and the unchangeable decrees of conscience form the fixed and determined foundations from which truth cannot vary, no matter what may be its development. Throughout all its progress, truth is essentially the same.

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ON the other hand, the so-called modern thought is characteristically a matter of change and flux both in itself and in its view of the matters and problems of life. It flies often from one extreme to the other: it neglects the general for the particular and the common or typical for the individual. It abhors universal statements and fixed definitions. In all departments of knowledge and of action, it varies with the shifting opinions of the times, considering that every change is an advance and that every adaptation to the circumstances of the day is growth and progress.

With two such differing fundamental positions, it can be seen that there must result very different attitudes towards the ethical conduct of life, as well as towards its theory. In fact, it is in this realm, the realm of moral behavior, that the difference is most vitally manifested and experienced. The result, in the one case, is definiteness of decision with the obligation of meeting and conquering any difficulties that may be presented: and, in the other case, vagueness of principles, with no obligation of facing difficulties, but rather with the questionable privilege of obliterating difficulties by denying them.

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THE daily evidences of this latter state of mind are numerous and, sad to say, are destructive of ethical character and moral strength. Lately, for example, we had the pleasure—for it was a pleasure—of reading one of the few exceptionally good novels of the day, a pleasure which, however, was cut short in the conveniently weak solution at the end of the story. Through the book was portrayed in excellent language and with understanding and imagination, the supreme effort of a human mind to fathom the meaning of life and to face its difficulties, bravely, with fixed moral principles, with candor, and with a real desire to reach reality. Then, suddenly, the wonderful edifice that has been erected, the strong and attractive character that has been built up, calling forth our admiration, collapses before all difficulties by adopting for them the easy solution of divorce. Of course, the worst feature of this is that the author would consider his solution to be legitimate. If it were so, it should have come much earlier in the story. If not, then it should not have entered at all. And there is always in the application of such a solution in our works of fiction, a sense which it would seem that the authors themselves dimly share, of the unseemliness of this way out of the difficulty.

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IN another matter of ethical import today, the same sort of tendency is evident; the readiness to solve the difficulties of life, not by facing them, but by annihilating them at any cost. No one

will question the fact that marriage frequently begets difficulties of one sort or another. No one will question the fact that even married people may find it hard to get along with one another. But is the very institution of marriage, therefore, to be destroyed? So, too, no one will deny that the begetting and rearing of children entail trial and inconvenience and suffering and difficulties of many sorts, but is the moral law to be set aside on account of these things, and practices approved and preached which are nothing less than serious violations of the laws of life and of God? It is, of course, the easiest way out. And even if it means the denial of moral obligations, and the destruction of purity, and the disintegration of character and physical and moral degeneration, the tendency of the so-called modern thought is to yield to the demands of the particular as against the universal, of individual selfishness as against the general good; and to advocate the unseemly methods of birth-control. All reverence for fundamental law is lost. The most sacred precincts of life, where, if anywhere, law must reign, are invaded by a veritable demon of destruction and annihilation.

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NOR is this attitude confined to problems that are connected with marriage and the family. It invades many realms of ethical action and moral principle. For example, as evidenced recently in an address by the president of one of our woman's colleges and frequently exploited in our more or less radical press, the virtue of patriotism is treated with the same irreverence and ridicule. No one questions the fact that there are many things in our civic and political life crying out for change and betterment: no one would say that we should not labor for such improvement: no one, with an intelligent view of our present conditions, would argue that things are altogether right because they are: no one would deny that there are difficulties in our political life to be met courageously and problems to be solved. But, on the other hand, are these troubles to be alleviated and are the deplored conditions to be remedied by casting ridicule upon our Constitution, by sneering at our flag, and by decrying patriotism? Are there not, in all the branches of life, standards to be preserved, fundamental and essential principles that should not vary, no matter how many accidental changes and applied improvements of development may be desirable?

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FROM out all this stands forth the basic difference between what its votaries are pleased to call modern thought and that sum of teaching in regard to matters of faith and morals, which is

Catholic thought. In the one case there is vagueness, in the other definiteness; in one case constant change, in the other fixity; in one case a worship of the new because it is new, in the other reverence for the old because, while old, it is also true; in the one case no possibility of attaining rest and satisfaction, in the other a certainty that, whatever the new conditions of life and whatever the ever-arising needs of life, whatever the problems that must be faced, there are standards and principles of an ethical nature that are as old as the human race, yea as eternal as God. Life is conserved and bettered, not by sacrificing these, not by annihilating them, but by building upon them.

EDUCATION presents many problems and one of these problems is just how and where this or that individual student is to secure the training necessary for his vocation in life. It would be a great blessing for American Catholic young men and young women if, in the realm of higher education, there were Catholic colleges and universities sufficient in number and adequately equipped to supply all the demands. Unfortunately, this is not so.

That the Catholic Church in the United States has done a stupendous work in the field of education cannot be questioned. Considering all the obstacles and difficulties, this achievement is probably without parallel in history. A glance at a recent publication, *The Directory of Catholic Schools and Colleges*, compiled by Rev. James Ryan, D.D., Secretary of the Education Department of the National Catholic Welfare Council, will show the magnitude of the Catholic educational work in the United States.

With all that has been accomplished, however, it is quite evident that there are certain educational advantages that cannot always be obtained under Catholic auspices. It would be quite impossible, for example, for all Catholic students throughout this vast country who so desired, to obtain instruction in medicine in Catholic schools, for the simple reason that such schools are few and far between. The same, in a lesser degree, is true of courses in law and in many branches of physical science. Again, the territorial question creates a difficulty. Many students would have to travel far to a Catholic college or university, whereas well-equipped secular institutions are close at hand. The financial question, too, not infrequently is one that has to be considered by the student of small means. Many State universities offer free tuition, a consideration that often makes possible the obtaining of an education that otherwise would be impossible.

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AT any rate, it is quite true that, for one legitimate reason or another, there are thousands of Catholic students in America who are attending secular institutions of learning. It has been reckoned that the number of these today is between thirty and forty thousand. This is a great fact or condition that has to be admitted and faced. It carries with it a danger, no doubt, but it also carries with it a duty. The danger, of course, is that in such educational institutions there often exists not only a neglect of religion, but, sometimes among some of its professors, positive opposition to the teachings and principles of Christian Faith and even Christian morality. In the plastic years of college life the student, sometimes even unconsciously, is liable to suffer a weakening of faith because his faith is not nourished as it should be, and the reasons for his faith are not kept before his mind. The food of life is denied him. It was, no doubt, the realization of this fact and this danger that called forth one of the mandates of His Holiness Pope Pius X. in his Encyclical on Christian Doctrine, which reads as follows: "In large towns, and especially in those which contain universities, colleges and grammar schools, let religious classes be founded to instruct in the truths of faith and in the practice of Christian life the young people who frequent the public schools, from which all religious teaching is barred."

* * * *

FROM the fact and the danger there arises the duty. Many have realized this duty, notably the Archbishops and Bishops who have assigned priests for the spiritual care of the Catholic students attending secular universities within their respective dioceses. In the Directory referred to above there are listed no less than forty-seven universities, attached to which are Catholic chaplains or spiritual directors. No doubt, at present, among all these institutions, the character and degree of the catechetical and spiritual work vary considerably. Perfection has not yet been attained in all cases. But there are instances in which the attention given to the students and to meeting their spiritual needs is quite adequate. This is the condition to be aimed at and, let us hope, soon to be attained in all such efforts. To draw upon a report, which is at hand, in one of the largest of our universities where the Catholic students are well supplied with a chapel, all their own, and a well-equipped clubhouse containing a splendid library and recreation facilities, there are no less than three Masses for them every Sunday, a sermon preached at each Mass, and sermon and benediction of the Blessed Sacrament in the afternoon. Every year a mission is conducted, lasting a week, and in another part of the year a retreat of five days. Daily Mass is attended by a goodly number

of students and special lectures and sermons are given throughout the year. Classes in Christian Doctrine are held regularly. Perhaps, the most important feature of all is that the priests can always be consulted by the students and are sought out when difficulties present themselves to their minds, difficulties of a philosophical or religious nature. It may be well to note here that, through such consultations, thoughts of a vocation to the priesthood and the religious life have been frequently awakened, later to flower, under the guidance of the Holy Spirit, into realization.

* * * *

ONE of the first to reach out an assisting hand to Catholic students attending a State university was Archbishop Riordan. Shortly before his death, he wrote at considerable length about Newman Hall at the University of California; and it is not out of place to quote some of his words: "Since the establishment of this Hall the attitude of the University towards the Catholic Church has undergone a decided change. A friendly interest has been established. Many non-Catholic professors and students encourage the work by attendance, not only at the lectures and conferences, but also at the religious services. The Fathers at the Hall devote much time to answering questions and correcting misunderstandings in regard to our Faith. Several non-Catholic students have been received into the Church and many Catholic students, who before were careless in the practice of their religion, now receive Holy Communion monthly. The frequent attendance at Mass and Communion, the interest that is manifested in the lectures and conferences—both by Catholics and the University public generally—the favorable change that has come over the University public mind in regard to the Catholic Church, all prove that Newman Hall is accomplishing its purpose."

* * * *

THE example of Archbishop Riordan has been followed by others, and today there are many well-equipped establishments of a like nature throughout the country. Such as those, to name a few, at the University of Wisconsin, the University of Illinois, the University of Michigan, the University of Texas and, as soon will be the case, at Columbia University in New York City. Nor has our sister-country to the north been behindhand for, both at the University of Toronto and at McGill University at Montreal, there have been such establishments for years. The fact, the danger, the duty, all are apparent and all necessitate, on the part of those who have at heart the spiritual welfare of our children, devoted effort not only to keep them within the fold, but also to advance them in the knowledge and love of God. To say

that the existence of such Catholic establishments at secular universities tends to draw some students who would otherwise go to Catholic colleges or universities, is a contention which probably has in it some small measure of truth; but, on the other hand, that no special spiritual attention should be accorded these thousands of Catholic young men and women at our secular colleges and universities is unthinkable.

AN article in the *American Church Monthly* (Anglican) for November dwells, at considerable length upon "The Problem of Reunion," by Leslie J. Walker, S.J. Here are some of the things it says:

"Yet, after all, it is our foremost need to face the actual facts, and for clear vision (of the facts of other Communion than his own) and for constructive statesmanship we must give a very high place to the book of the Jesuit, Father Walker, *The Problem of Reunion*. It does not give in large detail the interesting facts of our American movement towards coöperation and union; but it is of all these volumes the most masterly in setting out the world's need for a united Church and the most statesmanlike in its handling of the constructive problem."

Our readers who have followed Father Walker's articles on "Why God Became Man" will be glad not only to read these words, but also to know that his recent articles in *THE CATHOLIC WORLD* will soon be published in book form, making a notable contribution to apologetic literature.

A NEW experiment in mission preaching, soon to be made, is thus announced in the *New York World*:

"For the first time in any Catholic church in the United States a wireless telephone will be installed in the pulpit of old St. Patrick's, Pittsburgh, Pa., during a mission to be held by the Paulist Fathers from November 27th to December 12th.

"The wireless will be connected with the Westinghouse wireless telephone station, and the sermons will go out every evening to all those who have wireless receiving attachments. The preachers will be the Rev. Bertrand L. Conway and the Rev. David W. Kennedy.

"All questions asked by those of every creed will be answered over the wireless telephone. The question box will be placed near the door of the church and the questions and answers sent broadcast every evening."

IT is our hope to present to our readers in the next number a special article on a very important book recently published by The Macmillan Company, *American Catholics in the War*. It is the story of the work of the National Catholic War Council during the trying days of conflict, told with that literary charm always characteristic of the pen of its author, Mr. Michael Williams. Needless to say, the glorious substance of this record and the grace of its presentation combine to make a volume which every American, Catholic and non-Catholic, should read with profit and pleasure.

“THE LECTURE GUILD” which was started a few years ago, has proved a useful agency for spreading Catholic ideals. It has just issued a new list of noted public speakers on Literature, Drama, Philosophy and Religion, Travel, Music and Art, Science, History, Sociology and Current Topics, which will enable Catholic schools, clubs, parishes and other bodies to arrange programmes of lectures, and engage lecturers from among the best in the country on subjects which are well up-to-date. Among foreign lecturers listed by the Guild are Mr. Cathal O’Byrne, who comes to sing, as well as to talk, about the Folksongs of Ireland, and Miss Annie Christitch, whose Irish mother has long been a contributor to THE CATHOLIC WORLD. Miss Christitch, during the War, raised funds for eight hospitals in her native country, Serbia, and did valiant work at the International Congress of Women in Geneva.

In this crucial period of readjustment it is scarcely necessary to accentuate the value of an organization whose purpose is to make available correct Catholic opinion.

The Advisory Board of “The Lecture Guild” counts among its members the editors of *America*, THE CATHOLIC WORLD, *The Rosary Magazine*, *The National Catholic War Council Bulletin*, the assistant editor of the *Catholic Encyclopedia*, the Hon. Maurice Francis Egan and Mrs. Joyce Kilmer.

“The Lecture Guild” will gladly send free its list of speakers, and any information desired in regard to lectures, their rates and dates, and to add to its lists the names of well recommended Catholic lecturers from any part of the country.

For any information desired address, Secretary of “The Lecture Guild, 7 East 42d Street, New York City, N. Y.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

BENZIGER BROTHERS, New York:

Life's Lesson. By Father Garesché, S.J. \$1.50. *Sundays in the Garden of Easter.* By E. Seton. \$1.75. *The Exercises of St. Gertrude.* Translated by Thos. A. Pope, M.A., of the Oratory. 85 cents. *Denys, the Dreamer.* By K. T. Hinkson. \$2.00 net. *An Epitome of the Priestly Life.* By Canon Arvisenet. \$2.50 net. *Jesus Christ, the King of Our Hearts.* By V. Rev. A. Lepicier, O.S.M. \$1.50 net. *St. John Berchmans.* By H. Delehaye, S.J. \$1.50.

THE MACMILLAN Co., New York:

Their Friendly Enemy. By Gardner Hunting. \$1.75. *The Philippines, Past and Present.* By Dean C. Worcester. \$5.00. *Dante, 1321-1921, Essays in Commemoration.* Issued by arrangement with the Dante Sexcentenary Committee. 12 s. 6 d. net. *Topless Towers.* By Margaret Ashmun. \$2.00. *Eudocia.* By Eden Phillpotts. \$2.00. *Reynard, the Fox.* By John Masefield. \$5.00.

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LONGMANS, GREEN & Co., New York:

The Sacraments. By P. J. Hall, D.D. \$2.25 net.

INTERNATIONAL CATHOLIC TRUTH SOCIETY, Brooklyn:

How Catholics Get Married. By T. F. Coakley, D.D. *What the Protestant Bible Says About the Catholic Church.* By J. MacLeod Patterson. Pamphlets.

REV. PETER P. CONATY, Arlington, N. Y.:

Helpful Thoughts for Boys. By Rev. P. P. Conaty.

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The Beggar's Vision. By B. More. \$2.00 net. *Sketches of Butte.* By G. W. Davis. \$1.75. *The Isolation Plan.* By W. H. Blymyer. \$2.00 net. *A Marine, Sir.* By E. C. Carter. \$1.50. *In Occupied Belgium.* By R. Withington. \$1.50. *With Star and Grass.* By A. S. Twitchell. \$1.50. *Jen of the Marshes.* By J. F. Herbin. \$1.75.

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Dominican Saints. By the Novices of the Dominican House of Studies. Introduction by Rt. Rev. T. J. Shahan. \$1.75.

PSYCHOLOGICAL REVIEW Co., Princeton, N. J.:

Psychological Studies from the Catholic University of America. Edited by E. A. Pace.

THE Catholic World

VOL. CXIV.

JANUARY, 1922.

No. 682.

THE HUMAN RACE: ITS UNITY OF ORIGIN.

BY J. ARTHUR M. RICHEY.



PRESIDENT HARDING'S notable speech in the South on the Race Question brings to a focus the basic principles on which racial and social difference or inequality rest. This difference is deeper than the skin; it is found in the disposition, and is as apparent oftentimes among those of one household or among the peoples of one race as among those of different races. There are a great many things which are essentially human, and always have been. It is human to err; it is human to differ; it is human, under stress, to let passion get the better of reason, and so on. All these avenues of difference, on the other hand, encourage the affinity of kindred souls, the gathering into cliques, tribes and nations. We find plenty of evidence of this in the study of the Indian tribes and nations of former times in North America; we find it also in the organization of the Feudal System in Europe which issued from that most militaristic of ages succeeding the fall of the Roman Empire. Out of the Feudal System were built up the nations of Europe, and while there was here and there, from older days, a nucleus which could be called a national entity in embryo, it was not the all-controlling factor in the erection of the nations of Europe.

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IN THE STATE OF NEW YORK.

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Among democratic governments the people at large have a voice, as a rule, but no sane man will assert that universal suffrage conveys economic equality which is governed by other laws of intelligence, opportunity and initiative, in which any race may share in as far as it has ability to do so. Economic success leads very often to political prominence, so do marked success in educational, literary and other pursuits, and political or intellectual prestige is often the stepping-stone to that which approximates social "equality," consequently, we have seen an Israelite holding the premiership of England, a negro Master of Arts dining with the President in the White House and the "Lily of the Mohawks" canonized by the Catholic Church. Nevertheless, exceptions do not *preempt* the rule. It is difficult to say what constitutes social equality. In individual cases, it is largely a matter of personal choice; in a larger way, as in the case of many of our pioneers, it was the result of conditions; but social normalcy has a way of setting up its own barriers and establishing, to a large extent, its own standards of social equality, which are conditioned not only by the color line, but frequently by the degrees of one's wealth, education, tact, personal attractiveness and a host of other qualifications. The exceptions to the general rule, however, are numerous and sufficient to establish the fact that, after all these ages which have passed over the human race and witnessed its divergences, it is still the human race with the same physical, mental and spiritual powers of functioning similarly under the same favorable conditions. This is proof enough of the essential unity of the human race as we find it today, and does not involve the accidental features of political, religious, educational, economic or social divergence.

I.

There are two theories as to the origin of biologic species, the monogenetic and the polygenetic. These two theories have been employed in the effort to work out the problem as to the various races of men. Because of certain superficial differences which appear more or less permanent, the polygenetic theory, supposing different origins for the chief divisions of the human race, was adopted by some; the monogenetic is the more generally accepted hypothesis.

Brinton, who was both a biologist and Egyptologist of

note, says concerning the origin of the races of men: "The theory of single origin is the simpler, and it is the rule in scientific reasoning always to adopt the simpler hypothesis when it explains the facts. From these considerations the majority of anthropologists, both in Europe and America, are inclined to favor the opinion that the human species arose in some one locality, and spread thence over the face of the earth."

Darwin himself wrote, and I think it was one of the most rational things he ever said as to origin of species: "All the races of men agree in so many unimportant details of structure, and in so many mental peculiarities, that they can be accounted for only through inheritance from a common progenitor."

Neither of the two gentlemen quoted, perhaps, would be selected for the defence of "orthodox conceptions," but their statements are of especial value from the viewpoint of serious scientific investigation, and as representing the opinion of "the majority of anthropologists." And, as the evidential value of the Bible is recognized by practically all anthropologists and chronologists, it is interesting to note that the diagnosis of the two scientists quoted agrees substantially with the writer of the Acts of the Apostles—that God "hath made of one, all mankind to dwell upon the whole face of the earth."¹ The agreement of worthy witnesses, when separated by nearly two thousand years of time, affords evidence of unusual value, particularly when the same conclusion is reached by different modes of reasoning, one biologic, another anthropologic and the remaining, evidently, traditional. To further establish the value of the traditional method of reasoning, one may recall the nineteenth verse in the ninth chapter of Genesis, which says: "These three are the sons of Noe; and from these was all mankind spread over the whole earth." This, at least, establishes the antiquity of the traditional view, while the only antediluvian chronology which has come down to us traces its origin to Adam. The fact that no other chronology of any other people reaches that far back, is in itself a confirmation of the traditional view, and when Darwin practically establishes the same fact along biologic processes and Brinton, from a host of witnesses, does the same through anthropological

¹ Acts xvii. 26.

argument, the value of traditional evidence is greatly enhanced. Tradition was accepted on faith, but it is shown to have been confirmed by scientific investigations which did not seek to confirm it. But the first essential of Truth is that it be *true*, and its testing has been the chief incentive, pro or con, to the development of the natural sciences and higher learning.

II.

Brinton says the best scientific researches go to show that "the birthplace of man was somewhere on the southern slope of the vast mountain chain which extends in an almost unbroken line from the northern coast of Spain eastward to the Himalayas. . . . There is more to be said for that locality than for some sunken continent—(the Atlantis, or Haeckel's Lemuria)."

The Himalayas form the southern rampart of the Tibetan tableland, separating it from the low-lying plains of Northern India. Just south of the Caucasus mountains would be midway between the two extremes allowed by Brinton and several others, and, as a matter of fact, this is the very section described in Genesis as the location of the "Garden of Eden." A luxurious growth in the salubrious climate south of the Caucasus, with the Caspian Sea to the east and the Black Sea to the west, certainly offered advantageous conditions for the advent of man. From the Bible account one does not gather that the "Garden" of Eden was the whole of Eden. The account in the second chapter of Genesis, taken as a whole, presupposes an extensive territory, a dominion, as it were, prepared for man's rule. The first man is described as giving names to many beasts, cattle and fowl, all of which intimates an extensive reserve. Then, the river that went out of Eden "is divided into four heads," or sources. The names are given—the Euphrates, the Tigris or Hiddekel, and the smaller tributaries, Gehon and Phison. These rivers become one, and enter the Persian Gulf at its northern extremity. The description in Genesis probably places Eden just west of the border between Persia and Turkey, near the confluence of the Tigris and Euphrates, about seventy-five miles northwest of the Persian Gulf and a few hundred miles south of the Caucasus mountains, but well within the extensive radius allowed by Brinton.

It is now generally conceded that Babylonia has a more ancient history than Egypt, and Babylonia extended up along the Euphrates some hundreds of miles, Babylon itself being nearly half way between the Persian Gulf and Mount Ararat, where the Ark was said to have landed. All this goes to establish the closest relationship between the earliest remains of man and that section of the Earth which the Bible geographically ascribes to Eden.

III.

The chronology of the Bible, going, as it does, much further back than any other known chronology and, at the same time, having the ear-marks of authenticity, after allowing for some probable omissions, must, in all reason, take precedence of all other chronologies both for antiquity and accuracy; no Babylonian, Egyptian nor Chinese chronology of established merit can be compared with that of the Bible in these two respects. It is worth while, then, to refer to the Bible record in so far as it sheds light on the division of the earth, the dispersion of the people and the beginning of different tongues; it will then be apropos to examine the relation of the most ancient peoples of the earth to such data as are thus supplied.

In the first place, if it may be assumed that mankind had a common origin at a common centre, it will follow, for a considerable length of time, at least, that they had a common tongue. The eleventh chapter of Genesis opens with these words: "And the earth was of one tongue, and of the same speech." This was after the Flood. Prior to the Flood, we hear nothing of different languages or nations. Aside from genealogies and events related in those chapters which deal with the primordial history of primitive man, the substance of it all may be said to be embraced in the first four verses of Genesis vi.: "And after that men began to be multiplied upon the earth, and daughters were born to them. The sons of God seeing the daughters of men, that they were fair, took to themselves wives of all which they chose. And God said: My spirit shall not remain in man for ever, because he is flesh, and his days shall be a hundred and twenty years. Now giants were upon the earth in those days. For after the sons of God went into the daughters of men, and they

brought forth children, these are the mighty men of old, men of renown." Then follows a very brief account of the growing wickedness of men, the preparation of the Ark, and the Deluge. As antediluvian men dwelt in the valley of the Euphrates, and are said to have invented the harp and organ and many devices in iron and brass, it is quite possible that some of the excavations in that region have unwittingly uncovered some remains of antediluvian man and erroneously attributed them to people of the land of Babylonia, which later covered the same region. As to the universality of the Flood, science has proved such an abundance of prehistoric creatures, physically fit to survive the struggle for existence, which have not done so, that some such cataclysm as the Flood is demanded to explain their wiping out, as well as the mythology common to the most ancient races regarding the "sons of the gods" and dragons and giants, the foundation of those fanciful tales which entranced our childhood, and which are corroborated by our men of science who have shown us that fact is stranger than fiction.

Post-diluvian history began with the three sons of Noe, namely, Sem, Cham and Japheth, their wives and children. The tenth chapter of Genesis names the principal lines of their descendants for several generations, and concludes with these words: "These are the families of Noe according to their peoples and nations. By these were the nations divided on the earth after the flood." This division, according to the twenty-fifth verse, took place in the days of Phaleg, the fifth generation from Noe in the line of Sem; Sem was the father of the Semitic tribes or nations.

It remains to establish the relationship between the descendants of Sem, Cham and Japheth and those ancient peoples, such as the Babylonians and Egyptians, which, apparently, were derived from them. But it is equally important to point out the probability that many omissions, of whole generations, occur in the Bible chronology. In his *Early History of the Hebrews*,² Professor Sayce points out that "son, in Semitic idiom, was frequently equivalent to descendant." For example, Matthew i. 8 says: "Jorem begot Ozias," although between the two there intervened Ochozias, Joab and Amasias. Similar known omissions occur in 1 Paralipomenon vi. and

² Page 144.

elsewhere. The older the chronology, the more probable would such omissions be. It is not, therefore, to be necessarily assumed that there were only five generations between Noe and the division of the earth above referred to. J. A. Howlett, a Catholic authority, who is probably conservative, points out the wide differences in the Hebrew, Samaritan and Septuagint chronologies, and says: "It may be safely affirmed that the time has not yet come to fix an authoritative chronology of the Bible." The purpose here is to establish a sequence for the most ancient chronologies rather than attempt the impossible task of supplying their omissions. We start then with the Semitic and Chamitic peoples as the oldest and propose to show that the peoples of Babylonia and Egypt were derived from them.

Morris Jastrow does not hesitate to declare that the Babylonian language is a Semitic language and the Babylonian people a Semitic people, whom he traces to the Euphrates valley as the original home of the Semites. This is certainly the most logical view, although he does advance an alternative, giving Africa as a "starting-point" both of Semitic speech and migration. That seems far-fetched enough, but if he put the cart before the horse, he at least had them hitched, no doubt, when he said: "An important factor in this theory is the relationship that has been demonstrated to exist between Egyptian and the Semitic languages, a connection so close as to warrant the assumption of a common origin for the two, Egyptian itself being the result of a combination of a Semitic substratum with Chamitic elements." If this proves anything, it proves that the Egyptian language was derived from the descendants of Sem and Cham, and that the starting-point of migration must have been those parts where the sons of Noe and their more immediate descendants had been established, namely in the Euphrates valley.

From Japheth, the other of the three sons of Noe, the nations of Europe are usually deduced. The Hebrew spelling of Japheth is *Yepheth*, and he has generally been identified with Iapetus, whom Greek mythology makes the ancestor of the human race. This would indicate that, with Mount Ararat as the common starting-point after the Flood, Japheth's descendants spread northeastward and northwestward, while those of Sem and Cham spread in southerly directions, through Baby-

lonia, on both sides of the Persian Gulf, into Arabia and Egypt.

The Hebrew tradition, well established before the days of King David, was that Egypt was the land of Cham. It is twice so described, as a matter of course, in the Psalms. Two of the sons of Cham were Chanaan and Mesram. From the region about Mount Ararat, it was but a journey of some few hundred miles to the Mediterranean Sea, where the Chanaanites came to be established, and two or three hundred miles more took one into the delta of the Nile, the passageway to the establishment of a new country which was not at first known as Egypt nor its people as Egyptians: among the Hebrews, it was known as Mesram, and among the Assyrians as Miisrii, or Misri, and as Mesram was the son of Cham, it was also called the land of Cham. The name "Egypt" came much later through the Greek ΑΙΓΥΠΤΟΣ, which seems to be of uncertain origin. There is considerable evidence which points to original Semitic and Chamitic foundations in Assyria, Babylonia and Arabia. Sheba was a name found several times among the descendants of Cham, and at an early date a city by that name was established in Southern Arabia; it later became the capital of a Kingdom, across the Red Sea from Egypt, and the Queen of Sheba visited Solomon. But we are not now dealing with such recent connections.

Everything points to an original Semitic foundation in the regions which later came to be known as Babylonia. Babel, very logically it would seem, has been identified with Babylon. The Hebrew was *Babel*, probably from *babili* (gate of the gods); Babylon is the Greek form of the word Babel. Sir Henry Rawlinson identified Babel with the ruin now called Amran, within the city of Babylon itself, but it is more generally identified with Birs Nimrud in Borsippa, which became a suburb of the greater city. However this may be, the earliest Babylonian records speak of the Semites, and prior to that the Semites speak for themselves in older records, handed down.

When we come to the Mongolian division of the human race, we have to do with records less extensive, or at least less ancient than those of Babylonia and Egypt, but the connection of a common origin between the Chinese and Babylonian and Egyptian languages is also established. Lyon says:

"The oldest forms of writing, like the seal of Sargon of Akkad and the inscriptions found by De Sarrec at Tello are read from above downward, the columns, however, advancing from right to left. By changing the columns or lines to horizontal, the writing in later times came to read from left to right, as in the English. Thus the Assyrian language, like the Ethiopic, came to differ from the other Semitic tongues, which read from right to left. The oldest specimens of Egyptian writing likewise read from above downward, as the Chinese still does." He says, further, "the use of many Chinese characters representing objects makes the Japanese writing precisely parallel to the Babylonian-Assyrian method." Robert Lilly says: "History shows that the people of China entered the country at a very early period as a band of immigrants from some place in central Asia, and recent researches seem to point to Babylonia as their original home."

It is not my purpose here to enlarge, as one easily might, on the many and various connecting links between the most ancient peoples of the Earth; it is enough to have indicated with some measure of definiteness the convergence of all racial origins, in their retrospective, toward that place of the common origin of mankind which, by every sort of witness, seems to be fixed at that general centre which has Mount Ararat to the north of it and Eden to the south, Babel being the distributing point.

IV.

Having pointed out in a general way the relationship of the races of men, an examination of their chronologies should confirm this relationship, as I believe it does.

The earliest chronologies of the human race, like Einstein's theory, are governed by relativity. Ussher's Biblical chronology supposed that no links were lacking in the geneological chain, but over against his date for the creation of man, 4004 B. C., stands that of the Septuagint version which gives 5199 B. C. J. A. Howlett, a Catholic chronologist, says: "At least two hundred dates have been suggested, varying from 3483 to 6934 years B. C., all based on the supposition that the Bible enables us to settle the point. But it does nothing of the sort." He says, further, "the Church does not interfere with the freedom of scientists to examine into this

subject and form the best judgment they can with the aid of science. She evidently does not attach decisive influence to the chronology of the Vulgate, the official version of the Western Church, since in the Martyrology for Christmas Day, the creation of Adam is put down in the year 5199 B. C., which is the reading of the Septuagint. It is, however, certain that we cannot confine the years of man's sojourn on earth to that usually set down. But, on the other hand, we are by no means driven to accept the extravagant conclusions of some scientists." F. M. Colby says: "Before the eighth century B. C., dates of events are largely conjectural. The attempts to assign a precise date to the creation of the world occasioned much fruitless labor and led to the most diverse results."

The glacial period, it is asserted by nearly all geologists, was the shortest geologic period. The Great Lakes and river basins of that region in North America are supposed to have been largely the work of the Pleistocene or glacial period. There is no authentic evidence which can place the origin of man prior to the close of the glacial period. It is also presumed, very reasonably, that the Niagara Gorge had its inception at the close of the glacial period; and, reckoning the age of the gorge by its present rate of erosion, it must be about 7,000 years old or date back to 5079 B. C., which is a little more than a hundred years less than the Septuagint date for the creation of man. On the other hand, since we do not know the varying conditions which may have prevailed during that great torrential excavation, any estimate based on the depth of the gorge and its present rate of cutting-out must also, to some extent, be conjectural. The *Encyclopedia Britannica*³ gives as "the probable real date" for the creation of man—7000 B. C. M. Guibert is of the opinion that, with our present knowledge, there is nothing compelling us to extend the period of man's existence beyond 10000, which would be 8079 B. C. But why extend the time beyond the evidence and the needs of the case?

Due to the tradition, common to the most ancient nations, which tells of a flood, we must either suppose that the Flood was universal, or that the tradition was carried by the different branches of humanity from its common starting-point of

³ Eleventh Edition, 1910.

migration. The latter appears by far the more probable of the two, and, at the same time, does not involve the question of the universality of the Flood. If mankind had their inception at a common centre, and dispersed from that common centre, it is much more reasonable to suppose that this dispersion took place after the Flood than before it, and the similarity between the traditions as to a flood leads us to suppose that the story of the Deluge also issued from a common centre. If it were otherwise, we should have to account for the remarkable coincidence of distinct floods similarly described, and for the preservation of the races involved. The diverging traditions establish the fact without necessitating any such explanations. The logical presumption, therefore, is, that the Deluge antedated the dispersion of the people. Consequently, it becomes a matter of importance to fix approximately the date of the Flood.

If we adopt tentatively the *Britannica's* "probable real date" for the creation of man, 7000 B. C., and deduct the 2,242 years, from Adam to the Flood, given by the Septuagint, we shall have 4758 B. C. as the date of the Deluge. It is noteworthy, however, that while the Septuagint and Samaritan versions agree, against the Hebrew version, in largely extending the dates between the Flood and the Call of Abraham, there is a variation of 940 years between the Septuagint and Samaritan versions, covering the time from the creation of man to the Flood. To meet the numerous circumstances of the case, many of which will easily suggest themselves, the date of the Flood, rather than of the creation of man, becomes the crucial factor in our reckoning; and the further extension of the time subsequent to the Flood, rather than before it, is not inconsistent with all the known facts, bearing in mind the acknowledged faultiness of chronologies, as well as parallel traditions of a deluge; so that it seems plausible to compromise on the 940-discrepancy noted and to place the date of the Flood about 5228 B. C.

Reckoning the years from a given point of time, began in the eighth century B. C. In this way, Babylonian history is reckoned from 747 B. C., beginning with the so-called era of Nabonassar; Greek, from 776 B. C., when Coræbus was victor at the Olympic games; and Roman, from 753 B. C., the supposed date of the founding of Rome. As noted previously,

prior to the adoption of this system, dates were largely conjectural, and the farther back they extended the less reliable they became.

Hilprecht gives 4000 B. C. as the date of the Babylonish King of Uruk, which he identifies with the Arach of Genesis x. 10, which speaks of Nemrod, the mighty hunter, and says: "The beginning of his kingdom was Babylon and Arach, and Achad and Chalanne in the land of Sennaar." Sayce gives the date of Sargon of Agade as 3800 B. C., and tells of the success of his arms as far as the Mediterranean. D. G. Lyon says: "The oldest definite date takes us to North Babylonia to the time of Sargon I., and his son, Naram-Sin. On the authority of Nabu-na'id, the last native king of Babylon (B. C. 558-538), these two rulers belong to the first half of the thirty-eighth century B. C. Nabu-na'id relates that, while he was restoring the temple of the sun-god at Sippar, he found a record deposited in the foundation by Naram-Sin 3,200 years before the discovery. Inscriptions have reached us from both of these ancient kings. Sargon is called the King of Agade (which is the twin city of Sippar), and it seems certain that he erected buildings at Agade, Babylon and Nipur."

Lyon, however, points out that information from the centuries preceding Hammurabi is scant. By the best of authorities this Hammurabi is identified with Amraphel, King of Sennaar in Genesis xiv. 1., where, together with four other kings, he is described as making war on the Kings of Sodom, Gomorrha, Adama, Seboim and Bala in the vale of Sodom, which is the salt sea. These were small kings of small kingdoms which, apparently, Hammurabi managed to unite eventually into a more important realm. Of the times previous, Lyon writes: "The history of Babylonia after the time of Hammurabi, about 2300 B. C., is intimately connected with that of Babylon. Of the centuries preceding this time our information is scant, and comes mainly from the very brief inscriptions of certain of the earlier kings, and from references in the writings of kings of later date. Successively or contemporaneously, small kingdoms arose, with capitals at Ur, Nisin, Nipur (Niffer), Uruk (Arach, Warka), Larsa and other points. At times, several of these smaller kingdoms were united under a single sceptre."

The smallness of these kingdoms, would be apparent from

the limited territory which was divided among them and, going back a few generations, one would naturally expect to find them to be little more than tribes. Sargon I. seems to have been nothing more than the founder of a band of adventurous men at first. An Assyrian record has been preserved in which Sargon speaks in the first person and tells how, as a babe, he was rescued from exposure by a shepherd, chosen leader of a band in the mountains, and afterward crowned as king. All the evidence points to small beginnings around that time, and, considering that 1,700 years is allowed for development between Sargon and Hammurabi, 4000 B. C. appears quite early enough for Sargon, if, indeed, it is not quite extreme. So far as the evidence goes, the account in Genesis x. would have supplied enough people to meet the necessities of the case as narrated in connection with Sargon I., especially when it is to be assumed, as has been indicated, that the Bible chronology of that time is not complete. And, in fact, if we accept tentatively, and as a compromise, 5228 B. C. as the date of the Flood, that leaves 1,228 years between the Flood and Sargon, which would be altogether much more than the populations and other evidence could warrant, unless there had been a great dispersion to other parts, leaving only a remnant in the valley of the Euphrates.

As to any specious claim regarding the foundation of the temple of Bel, it is too isolated from all other data to demand credence. If not identical with the Tower of Babel or other buildings about it, whose ruins rise one hundred and fifty-four feet above the level of the plain, there is no evidence which establishes an earlier date for it than for them. But, apart from other evidence, the existence of such a temple could be assumed from the fact that sacrifices were offered to God from the days of Noe downward, and from the other fact that the worship of false gods is very ancient. Nevertheless, there is always the possibility, also, that buildings antedating the Flood and whose ruins, at least, would be expected to be found in that neighborhood, might account for the presence of remains not otherwise accounted for. In any case, the latest deduction is not necessarily the most true to fact.

Egypt claims our attention next.

Burmeister supposed Egypt to have been settled with a population 72,000 years ago, and G. de Mortellet attempted to

show that European man is more than 250,000 years old, but Guibert remarks concerning all such extravagant estimates: "These numbers have been built up on such arbitrary and fragile bases, that true science could not tolerate them long." Gillett says: "Of the development of the Egyptian kingdom and of the conditions which preceded the reign of Menes, the first king, the inscriptions tell nothing. Manetho speaks of gods, demigods and sovereigns from Thinis and Memphis, while the royal papyrus at Turin enumerates beings called 'Followers of Horus,' as the precursors of Menes. These beings, of course, were mere myths. It has been claimed that traces of a stone age are found in Egypt, but proof is still lacking, since the remains thus far found can be assigned to historical times."

The dates given for Menes, the first Egyptian king, vary enormously. Wilkinson places the date at 2320 B. C., Lepsius at 3124 B. C. and Brugsch at 4400 B. C. The *Encyclopedia Britannica* gives 4777 B. C., quoting Petrie's former estimate and refusing to adopt his revised figure. The history by Manetho, the native historian, is highly colored with royal bombast and is only preserved in part. There are long intervals between the seventh and eleventh dynasties and the thirteenth and seventeenth dynasties, without monuments, inscriptions or other information, pointing, as several hold, to internal strife and the probability of conflicting dynasties. Then there are different versions of Manetho which vary as much as 300 years for one dynasty. One mentions as a fact that in the seventh dynasty there were seventy kings in seventy days. Another allows 260 years for six kings in the fifteenth dynasty, while another gives 43 kings in 151 years for the seventeenth dynasty. The Turin papyrus and Manetho are often found to be in contradiction with the monuments, and it is known that many of the monuments were changed by the kings themselves, who obliterated the names of other kings and substituted their own. It is for the most part upon this sort of evidence that the framework of Egyptian history and chronology has been built up. It is also noticeable that Manetho allows just double the time for the first seventeen dynasties as for the last seventeen, there being thirty-four altogether; yet, it is generally admitted that extremely little reliable evidence has survived the first seventeen dynasties.

Any one, therefore, can fix his own date with a good conscience, and the first question that seeks an answer is, why make the duration of the first seventeen dynasties twice that of the last seventeen? If reliable evidence existed, that would be the answer, but it does not. If it is claimed that there were more kings, the evidence on which that claim must rest also asserts that there were seventy kings in seventy days, and the vast majority of these kings (147) are assigned by Manetho to those dynasties, the seventh to the eleventh, of which we have practically no remains, while he gives 136 kings to the thirteenth and fourteenth dynasties, of which, also, we have practically no remains. Manetho evidently caught that spirit of self-exaltation common to such inscriptions as are extant, and reasoned that if Egypt was not the oldest country in the world, on general principles it ought to be, and proceeded to make it so. Working, in Alexandria, contemporaneously with the Seventy of the Septuagint, only over a much longer period and with their data at his command, he contrived to make the history of Egypt a trifle more ancient than the Seventy made the creation of man. Where the evidence is so conspicuously absent, it should be sufficient to make the first seventeen dynasties the same average length as the last seventeen concerning which we have contemporary and fairly reliable proof. This would place Menes, the first Egyptian king, at 4060 B. C., less than Petrie's and Brugsch's estimates, but considerably more than those of Lepsius and Wilkinson. This date is also in closer conformity with all the other facts set forth. As compared with the records of Babylonia, so evidently the general starting-point of migration, it gives Egypt its share in that dispersion a few generations after the Deluge, and a few hundred years in which the "Land of Cham" (Mesram or Mazor) had a chance to prepare for the setting up of its first dynasty.

According to Chinese tradition, their race began with a great chieftain named Foh-hi, 2852 B. C.—the first of the "Five Rulers." The history written by Confucius begins with Yao, 2357 B. C. Anything beyond 2852 B. C. for the beginning of Chinese history is attributed to mythology. We have already quoted Robert Lilly as saying "recent researches seem to point to Babylonia as their original home." It hardly seems necessary to the present purpose to further amplify the chrono-

logical relativity of the Chinese and other Mongolian peoples to the time of the general dispersion. They had a superabundance of time after the dispersion to expand and develop along their own lines.

The only branch of humanity whose isolation demands linking up with the remainder of the race is the aboriginal American, on whom climate, disposition and habits have implanted their racial marks. Darwin, whom we quoted at the beginning in favor of the single-origin theory for the human race, also maintains that the Indians both of North and South America afford evidence of a single derivation. He says that the physical type of the Yahgans of Terra del Fuego is identical with that of the Botocudos of the forests of Brazil. A later authority, Dr. Popper, says the southern Patagonians present the same marked and peculiar traits as the Algonquins and Iroquois of Canada. Brinton goes further and says: "The nasal index of the Algonquins and Iroquois differs scarcely at all from that of the average Parisian of today." He enforces this when he says: "This is an important fact, as no other physical trait is more closely allied to a comparatively high mental endowment."

The Indian languages do not tell much, for the tribes averaged from two hundred to five hundred persons, and wherever there was a tribe there was a dialect, the tribes usually being widely separated by intervening territory. It is true that cognate tribes sometimes formed confederacies and spoke the same language, but the fact remains that the languages of North and South America were as great in number as those of all the rest of the world combined. These languages were divided into stocks, and it has been said that a hundred different stocks were in use between the Arctic Circle and Central America, but the latest investigations have related them and claimed for them unity of origin.

Among most of the Indian tribes existed traditions of other worlds or lands to the West and East. One might well judge that among the Indians in northwestern Canada and the islands off Alaska, this would amount to knowledge rather than tradition, for they could scarcely be ignorant of the passageway between Asia and America. A few years ago, the Bering Sea controversy was a live topic among us. It was the Russian people from whom we obtained Alaska, and the Rus-

sians at first reached Alaska in the same way, no doubt, as did earlier hordes in more primitive days when there were no national boundaries to stay their migration southward. There were two convenient passageways, Bering Strait, which was about forty miles across, and that more southern bridge work of islands which extend from Kamchatka in Russia to the Alaska Peninsula.

Some are strongly of the opinion that the aboriginal American resulted from migrating Mongolian bands at an early date. On the other hand, great hordes of people used to invade China, and this is given as the reason for the building of the great wall around China by order of the celebrated Emperor, Shi-Hwang-Ti, the first universal emperor of China, who projected this vast work to protect the northern and northwestern frontier of his empire from the hordes of barbarians who then swarmed in that part of Asia. This wall was completed in 211 B. C., but the reason for its erection existed long before that. It is most reasonable to conclude that those roving hordes north of China were only part of other hordes which reached Bering Strait and Alaska, as the Russians did later. It is also worthy of note that the Yakouts in the cold, tundra region of Siberia have black, straight hair and high cheek bones similar to the American Indian. In fact, there is a point on the northeastern coast of Siberia which is called Indian Point, and it may have come to be so named from some tradition which connected the Indians originally with Asia. In any case, the logic of all the circumstances suggests this solution, and this conclusion could be greatly emphasized if space permitted its further development.

It was a long way from Bering Strait to Cape Horn, but so was it a long way from New York over the Sante Fe trail to California; and if our pioneers in a hundred years or less could build the framework of the United States afoot, or with the primitive aid of prairie schooners, much more readily could the Indians have occupied North and South America in two thousand years, and have developed those tribal differentiations which our European discoverers found. The latest investigations do not support a very ancient occupancy of this country by man. It is generally agreed that the Indians, for the most part, were still in the stone age at the time Columbus discovered America, although the use of metals, which

showed advanced skill in workmanship, were common among the Peruvians, and metals were beginning to be used by most of the tribes in both North and South America to some extent at that time. It is not likely that the foot of man ever trod American soil prior to 500 B. C., and it is highly probable that the expulsion of the aforesaid hordes northward and the building of the great wall by the Chinese people in the years 221 to 211 B. C. would about synchronize with the necessity of expansion by those "swarms of barbarians" in another direction, and lead to their seeking and finding other and better happy hunting grounds on this continent by the simple method described above.

V.

The Great Spirit, tutelar gods and happy hunting ground of the Indians; the tradition which made the Emperor of the Celestial Empire "son and minister of Heaven;" the Scandinavian mythology which made Odin the father of gods and men, with Valhalla awaiting those slain in battle; the Egyptian "Followers of Horus" with their gods and demigods, and the *babili* or gate of the gods with similar traditions among the Babylonians—all point back in their diversified and corrupt fashion to their more ancient and original source in antediluvian days when it was said: "The sons of God seeing the daughters of men, that they were fair, took to themselves wives of all which they chose." As before noted, the third chapter of the Gospel of St. Luke carries this expression back to its ultimate source, when in tracing the genealogy of St. Joseph backward, he arrives at "Seth, who was of Adam, who was of God." If Adam was the son of God by creation, it followed that his descendants were "the sons of God" by descent, and that is, undoubtedly, the origin of all similar, if corrupted, traditions among men.

By their own widely scattered testimony, the peoples of the earth declare their Divine origin and establish the unity of that origin. The implication, so far as one exists, is that this came about by Divine choice rather than natural selection; in other words, that God Himself had something, very directly, to do with it. If, then, men agree in finding their beginning in God, they shall also, ultimately, find their end in Him, also; and that spells the reunion of the human family. And the signs of the times point toward that *terminus ad quem*.

The decision to engage in a disarmament conference was, theoretically at least, a move in the direction of this family reunion. The opposition which so quickly developed against Ku Klux Klan projects and methods, was another vindication of the fundamental solidarity of the human race. The fact, also, that in the past two thousand years, or as a result of the influences of the Christian era, practically all nations on the face of the earth have come to date their letterheads, state documents and business communications Anno Domini 1921, or whatever the year may be from the birth of Christ, indicates a passive or expedient unity at least, if not always an active unity of purpose. At the same time, we have lately emerged from the World War in which every race and color of man had a share—white, black, yellow, copper—all men, all fighters, all one in apparent purpose, moving shoulder to shoulder against the enemy. Did not that mammoth conflict, in which men fought out their differences, at the same time establish the fact that they were and are one human family, notwithstanding their quarrel?

The world has still large problems to solve, but it continues to attempt their solution, and every step does something toward reuniting the peoples of mankind. International relations, an association of nations, interdenominational relations and the widespread prayer for unity “that all may be one”—all the great world movements of the day indicate a prospective return, ultimately, to that unity which existed among the people of earth, those thousands of years ago in the valley of the Euphrates, before their dispersion, when they were all of one speech and all of one purpose in building a tower which would reach unto Heaven. If the whole world could reach that stage where it was divided into only two allied camps, is it not conceivable that, at some more or less distant date, the camp may be one, with one Fold and one Shepherd?

A JACOBEOAN CHATTERBOX.

BY JOSEPH J. REILLY, PH.D.



T is not given to every man to see a scion of royalty at close range, to recount his exploits when making love, and record how, forgetful of his royal dignity, he scaled a garden wall to catch a glimpse of the high born lady of his choice. It happened in that land of Romance, Spain, and the city of many a cavalier's song—Madrid. The time, the summer; the year, 1623. That canniest of Scots, James I., was on the English throne, and his son, the handsome and luckless lad who was afterwards to lose his head in the Puritan Revolution, was in the market for a bride. The diplomatic wise-aces thought they had solved the problem; wherefore Charles, accompanied by the brilliant rake, Buckingham, journeyed to Spain and the negotiations for the hand of the Infanta were on.

In Madrid at the time was an Englishman of twenty-nine, whose ears were always open for gossip and who retailed it to innumerable correspondents in the chattiest letters in the world. Little did the young Prince of Wales suspect that even the adoring glances which he cast upon the Infanta would be handed down to immortality by the observant chatterbox, James Howell. "I have seen the Prince," he tattles, "have his eyes immovably fixed upon the Infanta half an hour together in a thoughtful, speculative posture, which," continues the bachelor-philosopher gravely, "sure would needs be tedious, unless affection did sweeten it; it was no handsome comparison of Olivares, that he watched her as a cat doth a mouse. Not long since the Prince, understanding that the Infanta was used to go some mornings to the Casa de Campo, a summer house the king hath on the other side of the river, to gather May dew, he did rise betimes and went thither, taking your brother with him. They were let into the house and into the garden, but the Infanta was in the orchard, and there being a high partition wall between and the door doubly bolted, the Prince got on the top of the wall and sprang down

a great height, and so made towards her; but she, spying him first of all the rest, gave a shriek and ran back. The old marquis that was then her guardian came towards the Prince and fell on his knees, conjuring His Highness to retire, in regard he hazarded his head if he admitted any to her company. So the door was opened, and he came out under that wall over which he had got in." How that solemn old owl, King James, would have blinked his disapproval, had this tale of filial indiscretion met his eye! When Howell adds, "I have seen Prince Charles watch a long hour together in a close coach in the open street to see the Infanta as she went abroad," one might imitate the unhandsome comparison of Olivares by recalling that a "watched kettle never boils" and by understanding why the match with the Infanta fell through. Even royalty must have squirmed under the inquisitive eye of Madrid—and James Howell.

One of a large Welsh family, Howell was born in 1594 and took his degree from Oxford at the age of nineteen. He then became steward in a glass manufactory, was later sent to study the business on the Continent, and passed through Holland, France, Spain and Italy, acquiring the language of each country with amazing facility. The warrant from the Council permitting him to travel, forbade visits either to Rome or to St. Omar, lest perchance the wiles of the Scarlet Woman should prove too much for his faith! This very contagion, however, greeted him on his return home in 1622, when he forsook business and was appointed tutor to the sons of the Catholic Lord Savage. Abandoning this post soon after, he remained for some years in touch with public affairs as secretary to men in high place, member of semi-diplomatic missions, parliamentarian and, one suspects, man about town. He was a friend of Carew, an intimate of Ben Jonson, and a regular correspondent of Sir Kenelm Digby and Lord Herbert of Chisbury. He knew the ill-fated Buckingham and the no less ill-fated Strafford and had, it appears, a genius for making blue-blooded acquaintances—and for retailing chatter.

He made ventures in verse, long since forgotten, and he dabbled in politics to the extent of writing a political allegory and some tracts, a recklessness which perhaps helped to make him a marked man. Marked he was, though we know not whether for his debts or for his loyalty to the king, who no

longer scaled garden walls for a glimpse of his Spanish sweetheart, but, wed to a French Princess and seated upon the throne of his father, found himself a storm centre, betrayed by friends, hounded by enemies, his back to the wall, fighting for his life against the iron-fisted oligarchs of the Long Parliament. Arrested by their order and his papers seized, our fascinating chatterbox was cast into the Fleet Prison, and although he addressed more than one remonstrance to the autocratic Parliament, he was compelled to remain for eight years in durance vile.

Such a fate would have crushed a less serene soul than Howell, but he (blessings upon his chatty tongue) wrote pamphlet after pamphlet (who cares for them now?) and letter after letter addressed to old friends, a dear delight to later generations. They are not filled with importunities, or complaints against fate, or with details of the hardships by which prison life might be supposed to darken his days, but with fascinating odds and ends of knowledge picked up during joyous journeying on the continent. Now he chatters about the rise of the Netherlands, now of the origin of the tobacco habit, now of the history of religions, and now about the Copernican system. Many of these missives were essays in miniature rather than letters, but he writes them with un-failing zest, lightening them with countless human touches and good stories garnered in his travels—seventeenth century drummers' yarns which, if they point no moral, certainly serve to adorn a tale.

"A German gentleman," he tells us, "speaking one day to an Italian, said that the German tongue was the language of Paradise."

"'Sure,' said the Italian (alluding to its roughness), 'then it was the tongue that God Almighty chid Adam in.'"

"'It may be so,' replied the German, 'but the devil tempted Eve in Italian before.'"

He tells us that perjurers in Bithynia betray themselves if they bathe in the waters of a certain river; and with a gusto quite forgivable in a bachelor, relates the story of a hen-pecked husband who refused to fear the devil "because," said he, "I have married his kinswoman." Who that loves Browning—and fairy tales—can forget that Howell recounted in a letter from the Fleet, the tale of the "pied-coated piper of

Hamelen" and the children, which our honest chatterbox would not relate, he protests, "were there not some ground of truth for it."

Like most bachelors, he is fond of moralizing on matrimony, and he essays now and then to advise his intimates with the air of a Solomon. In such a rôle, he writes to an old friend regarding his son: "I have observed that he is too much given to his study and self society, especially to converse with dead men, I mean books. Were I worthy to give you advice, I could wish he were well married, and it may wean him from that bookish and thoughtful humour. Women were created for the comfort of men, and I have known that to some they have proved the best helleborum against melancholy." What Howell's own helleborum was—for he never married—we can only surmise; perhaps, it was his unshakable serenity. One of his letters discusses the problem (unsettled until the advent of equal suffrage), whether women are inferior to men. With a magnanimity far in advance of his sex, Howell confesses, "I believe there are as many female saints in Heaven as male, unless you make me adhere to the opinion that women must be all masculine before they are capable to be made angels of." God save the mark!

It was when writing from prison in April, 1645, that Howell is moved to answer the most flattering of questions to a bachelor: "Why he does not marry." He will not wed for money, he avers, for while his purse is lean, yet "my genius prompts me that I was born under a planet not to die in a lazaretto." And he adds with tantalizing self-depreciation: "I have upon occasion of a sudden distemper, sometimes a madman, sometimes a fool, sometimes a melancholy old fellow to deal with: I mean myself, for I have the humours within me that belong to all three; therefore, who will cast herself away upon such a one? Besides, I came tumbling out into the world a poor cadet, a true cosmopolite, not born to land, lease, house or office. It is true, I have purchased since a small spot of ground upon Parnassus which I hold in fee of the Muses, and I have endeavored to manure it as well as I could, though I confess it hath yielded me little fruit hitherto. And what woman would be so mad as to take that only for her jointure?"

In an earlier, but no less delightful, note, he muses over

various types of women with true bachelor detachment. "I confess," he writes solemnly, "such is the nature of love, and which is worse, the nature of women is such, that, like shadows, the more you follow them the faster they fly from you. It is all very well to lay siege to a beauty's heart, but," he adds, with that practical common sense which may have been the final explanation of his bachelorhood, "if you cannot win the fort, retire handsomely, for there is as much honor to be won at a handsome retreat as at a hot onset, it being the difficultest piece of war."

Like us of today, he found his times sadly out of joint: "To take all the nations in a lump," he writes to the Earl of Dorset in 1646, "I think God Almighty hath a quarrel lately with all mankind and given the reins to the ill spirit to compass the whole earth, for within these twelve years there have been the strangest revolutions and horridest things happen, not only in Europe, but all the world over, that have befallen mankind, I dare boldly say, since Adam fell, in so short a revolution of time. . . . It seems the whole earth is off the hinges." An apprehension which now, as then, we trust may prove groundless.

Most of the letters written in prison lack the spontaneity and the zest of relation so characteristic of his earlier epistles. Yet they have the Howellian savor, and aided our irrepressible chatterbox to escape melancholia and writer's cramp.

Of course, he was freed at last; of course, he dedicated a pamphlet to Cromwell; of course, he heralded the Stuart restoration with loud rejoicings; and, of course, he begged the generous Charles for a sinecure. What was not a matter of course was that he actually received a gift of two hundred pounds from the king (February, 1661), and an appointment at one hundred pounds a year as historiographer of England. Thus the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune finally ceased to assail him and the brief round of days which still were his, brought him the contentment of deserved and slippered ease. Five years later, he was dead, having left directions, genial egotist as he was, that a tomb should be erected over him duly adorned with a Latin inscription.

Today the newspapers regale us at breakfast with the latest scandal. It is touched up by "our special correspondent," with the aid of a perfervid imagination and a hectic

rhetoric. But the prurient ear of Howell's day had no such recourse. Lucky the correspondent of the indefatigable James, to whom was vouchsafed the choicest tidbits of news in a relation vivid, satisfying, deliciously *intime*. Here is the story of that Buckingham's death, who, handsome and dissolute, had accompanied Prince Charles to Spain on his wooing and had wormed his way into the favor of two kings:

"Upon Saturday last, the Duke did rise up in a well-disposed humour out of his bed, and cut a caper or two; and, being ready, and having been under the harber's hands (where the murderer had thought to have done the deed, for he was leaning upon the window all the while), he went to breakfast, attended by a great company of commanders, where Monsieur Soubize came unto him, and whispered him in the ear that Rochelle was relieved; the Duke seemed to slight the news, which made some think that Soubize went away discontented. After breakfast, the Duke, going out, Colonel Fryer stept before him, stopping him upon some business, and one Lieutenant Felton, being behind, made a thrust with a common ten-penny knife over Fryer's arm at the Duke, which lighted so fatally, that he slit his heart in two, leaving the knife sticking in the body. The Duke took out the knife and threw it away, and laying his hand on his sword, and drawing it half out, said: 'The villain hath killed me;' so reeling against a chimney, he fell down dead. The Duchess, hearing the noise below, came in her nightgears from her bedchamber, which was in an upper room, to a kind of rail, and thence beheld him weltering in his own blood. Felton had lost his hat in the crowd, wherein there was a paper sewed, wherein he declared that the reason which moved him to this act was no grudge of his own (though he had been far behind for his pay, and had been put by his captain's place twice), but in regard he thought the Duke an enemy to the State; therefore, what he did was for the public good of his country. Yet he got clearly down, and so might have gone to his horse, which was tied to a hedge hard by; but he was so amazed that he missed his way, and so struck into the pastry, where, though the cry went that some Frenchman had done it, he, thinking the word was Felton, boldly confessed it was he that had done the deed, and so he was in their hands.

"Jack Stamford would have run at him, but he was kept

off by Mr. Nicholas; so being carried up to a tower, Captain Mince tore off his spurs, and asking how he durst attempt such an act, making him believe the Duke was not dead, he answered boldly that he knew he was dispatched, for it was not he, but the hand of heaven that gave the stroke; and though his whole body had been covered over with armour of proof, he could not have avoided it. Captain Charles Price went post presently to the King, four miles off, who being at prayers on his knees when it was told him, yet he never stirred, nor was he disturbed a whit till all Divine service was done.

"This was the relation as far as my memory could bear, in my Lord of Rutland's letter, who willed me to remember him unto your ladyship, and tell you that he was going to comfort your niece (the Duchess) as fast as he could. So I humbly take my leave and rest your ladyship's most dutiful servant, J. H."

Fortunate, Countess of Sunderland, who got the news in this epistolary masterpiece! What could be finer than those intimate touches—the Duke on arising "cutting a caper or two;" the murderer leaning upon the window as he watches his victim under the barber's hands; the wounded Duke plucking the penknife from his heart and reeling against the chimney as he fell dead; the murderer in a daze missing his way; the King hearing the ghastly news at prayers, but maintaining an iron self-command.

Small wonder that Thackeray loved James Howell! True, he did not canonize him as he did Charles Lamb, but he kept the *Epistles* ever at his bedside with Elia and Montaigne, to render his pillowed ease delectable in the wee sma' hours. Verily, that were gallant company to keep; the genial James knew no courtlier when he was numbered among the quick. Nor in his fondest dreaming dared he to hope that in a later and less leisurely day, a fairer felicity might be his than the privilege of communion with the great W. M. T. when all the world else was silent.

THE DUTIES OF THE CITIZEN.

BY JOHN A. RYAN, D.D.



HE obligations of the citizen to obey civil laws does not exhaust his duties to the State. So important is the State and its functions that it gives rise to a special kind of justice. This is called by the moral theologians legal justice, and it is commonly defined as that virtue which inclines the citizen to render to the community what is due it for the common good.¹ This means not only obedience to the laws, but all those actions, political and social, which are necessary for the common welfare. Legal justice binds both the ruler and the citizen. It obliges the former to make the common welfare the object of all his official acts. It obliges the citizen and the public official alike to comply with the laws, and to give due consideration to the needs of the State in all their actions and relationships.

The particular duties imposed upon public officials by the virtue of legal justice, can be stated summarily in a few paragraphs. The general obligation of promoting the social good implies, obviously, that the executive, the judge, the lawmaker are bound to prefer that end to their private advantage. The man who regards public office as an opportunity for private gain, except incidentally and as a necessary consequence of faithful public service, is false to his trust and violates legal justice. To accept a bribe for aid in the enactment of a bad law, for negligent or oppressive administration of the law, or for unjust judicial conduct, is an evident moral wrong. To obtain some advantage on the occasion of proper official actions, for example, through some form of "graft," is likewise a violation of legal justice. Such conduct is generally forbidden by the civil law; at any rate, it renders right judgment and adequate performance of official duties extremely difficult. Public officials are not justified in exposing themselves to such a grave temptation. What is true of their

¹ Cf. Vermeesch, *Quæstiones de Justitia*, pp. 39-49.

own private advantage applies likewise to that of their friends. In their enactment and administration of the law, they may not extend favors of any sort to any individual or class of individuals. The common good must be preferred to the good of individuals, and all individuals must be treated with exact justice.

Public officials are not only bound to refrain from promoting the interests of individuals at the expense of the common good, and to avoid favoritism toward certain individuals, but also to extend rigorous and proportionate justice to all social classes. This means that no class should be favored to the detriment of the general welfare, and that no class should receive less than its due proportion of public protection and assistance. For example, it is wrong to permit an industrial group to exploit the national resources, such as coal mines and timber, in such a way that present or future generations will suffer unnecessary hardship. It is wrong to give certain industrial interests the benefit of a public subsidy or a protective tariff, the effect of which is to impose extortionate costs upon the great body of the consumers. The possession of unregulated monopoly power is likewise a cause of injury to the public welfare, which will not be tolerated by public officials who habitually fulfill their public obligations.

On the other hand, every social class has a just claim against the State and its officials for that measure of governmental protection and assistance which is necessary to provide the conditions of right and reasonable life. Today, this principle receives its chief application in the weaker economic classes. As Pope Leo XIII. observed: "The richer classes have many ways of shielding themselves, and stand less in need of help from the State; whereas, those who are badly off have no resources of their own to fall back upon, and must chiefly depend upon the assistance of the State. And it is for this reason that wage earners, who are undoubtedly among the weak and necessitous, should be specially cared for and protected by the government."² Therefore, legislators are morally bound to provide for minimum decent standards of life and labor. This means legislation to prevent child labor, an excessively long working day, oppressive conditions in

² Encyclical, *On the Condition of Labor*.

work places, unduly low wages and the subjection of the workers to an inhumane insecurity as regards unemployment, sickness, accidents, invalidity and old age. Public officials are likewise under obligation to promote in due measure the prosperity of industrial enterprise, to levy taxes in proportion to ability and sacrifice, and in general to deal with all classes according to their actual needs and deserts, not according to some doctrinaire theory of *laissez-faire* or of opposition to class legislation. In the words of Pope Leo XIII: "Among the many and grave duties of rulers who would do their best for the people, the first and chief is to act with strict justice—with that justice which is called by the schoolmen *distributive*—towards each and every class alike."³

One of the primary duties of public officials is to possess an adequate knowledge of what constitutes the common welfare; and of the means by which it is best promoted. This obligation is disregarded by a large proportion of those who seek public office. Men, who are otherwise conscientious, assume that good will and right motives are a sufficient equipment for public service. When we consider the enormously extended functions of the modern State, the numerous and profound ways in which its activities affect the welfare of all the people, and the consequent complexity of legislating and governing wisely, we see that this notion is utterly mistaken. Only in local governments and subordinate official positions is it true that common honesty plus common sense suffice for those who are charged with the duty of caring for the public welfare. In all the more important legislative and executive offices, a considerable amount of special knowledge is essential to an adequate discharge of official obligations.

So much for the nature and elements of the obligation resting upon public officials. The scope of their obligation is identical with the province of the State. This has been described in preceding articles⁴ on the State's end and functions. All of these functions, intellectual, moral, religious, political, civic and economic, public officials are morally bound to perform in accordance with the principles of strict and proportionate justice.

The statement is frequently made in the United States

³ Encyclical, *On the Condition of Labor*.

⁴ THE CATHOLIC WORLD, March, April, May, 1921.

that public officials are merely public servants. It is incorrect. They are, indeed, the servants of the people, but they are also something more. Inasmuch as their function is that of public service, they may properly be regarded as public servants; inasmuch as their position gives them the authority to enact laws which are morally binding on the people, they are not servants but masters. Their character as public servants does not depend upon the fact that they are elected by the people; for hereditary kings are likewise bound to serve the common welfare. In a republic the members of legislatures may, in a special sense, be regarded as servants of the people, whenever they are instructed by the electors to carry out certain political policies. Their promise to pursue this course creates a particular responsibility to the people, and renders their position analogous to that of servants, or agents. Nevertheless, they are masters and rulers when they enact the legislation necessary to carry out the policies to which they have committed themselves.

The first duty of the citizen is obedience to law. It extends to the ordinances of every jurisdiction in which the citizen finds himself, national, state and municipal. The basis, nature and limits of this duty have been described in a previous article.⁵

A second duty is that of respect for public authority, and this means both public officials and their enactments. Of course, this duty can be exaggerated, but in our day and country the opposite perversion is much more frequent. Through false inferences drawn from the principles of democracy, men are inclined to minimize, or even to reject entirely, this obligation. Conscious that elected officials are human beings of the same clay as himself, and dependent upon him for an elevation that is only temporary, the citizen easily assumes that to show them respect is undemocratic and unworthy. The *Century Dictionary* defines respect as, "the feeling of esteem, regard or consideration excited by the contemplation of personal worth, dignity or power; also a similar feeling excited by corresponding attributes in things." While public officials are sometimes lacking in personal worth and dignity, they are always the possessors and custodians of political power, which of its nature demands esteem and consideration. Were

⁵ THE CATHOLIC WORLD, October, 1921.

this attitude habitually taken by the citizens, the problem of securing law observance would be greatly simplified. The man who refuses respect to civil authority because he fears that it would demean or degrade him, exhibits the slave mind and temper; for he has not sufficient confidence in his own worth to feel that he can afford to give honor where honor is due, or to recognize any kind of superiority. Such a man is not only a bad citizen, but a detriment to any social group.

Closely connected with obedience is the duty of loyalty. In essence, loyalty means faithfulness and constancy in allegiance and service. To the idea of obedience, which may be quite formal, mechanical, and even reluctant, it adds the notions of intensity, emotion, spontaneity and constancy. The genuinely loyal citizen is always ready and eager, not only to obey the laws, but to support and maintain the political institutions of his country. If the citizen merely refrains from seditious or treasonable conduct, his loyalty is negative and imperfect. Whether positive or negative, loyalty always implies a certain habitual spirit and attitude toward laws and institutions. It habitually recognizes that a presumption exists in favor of organic and statutory enactments and principles. The loyal citizen is always disposed to give his government and his political institutions "the benefit of the doubt," and to withhold obedience or support only when the doubt is converted into moral certainty that the laws or the government are in the wrong. In a word, the habitual attitude of the loyal citizen is that of sympathetic faith, not that of criticality and distrust.

The participation of the United States in the Great War made the subject of loyalty lively and very practical. As might have been expected, the discussion gave ignorant, prejudiced and selfish men the opportunity to exploit perverted notions of loyalty. During and since the War, various groups and organizations endeavored with considerable success to fasten the stigma of disloyalty upon many of their fellow citizens who were guilty of neither treason nor sedition. The conception of loyalty to the Constitution became perverted into the doctrine that any attempt to change the Constitution, even by legitimate means, is disloyal. Not only the method but the scope of loyalty was distorted. The demand was

impudently and blatantly made that all citizens should show loyalty not only to our political and legal institutions, but also to our industrial institutions, specifically to the existing positions and relations of Capital and Labor. Any theory or movement which aimed at essentially modifying the industrial system or diminishing the power of Capital, whether through Socialism, Guildism, or coöperative enterprise, was denounced as seditious and un-American. It is significant that both these forms of exaggeration were, in the main, committed by the same persons. They denounced any effort to change the Constitution because they dislike changes which would facilitate industrial reforms and social justice; they strove to place industrial institutions on the same plane of authority as political institutions because they wish to perpetuate economic injustice. In short, the perversions and exaggerations of the notion and duty of loyalty were mainly determined by sordid economic motives.

Those corruptions of a noble sentiment and doctrine do not merit a formal refutation. Loyalty to political institutions does not exclude the desire or the effort to modify or even to abolish them by orderly and reasonable process. Loyalty to the State, to one's country, to the public weal, does not include belief in, love of or defence of existing private institutions, industrial or other. The loyalty which is incumbent upon the citizen, as citizen, concerns only political institutions and relations. The organized attempt to make it apply to the economic order, is one of the most extraordinary and brazen performances in the history of human selfishness. It was possible only in the vitiated atmosphere of war, and in the abnormal psychology of the years immediately following.

In his excellent brochure on *Christian Citizenship*, the Rev. Thomas Wright declares that obedience, respect and loyalty are the constituent elements of patriotism.^o Probably, this is as satisfactory as any other analysis of the vague, though apparently elementary, sentiment that we call patriotism. The good citizen loves to be acclaimed a patriot, and the orator finds patriotism one of the most appealing and popular subjects. Nevertheless, it is very elusive. To the average man, it means love of country, but what does love of country mean? Not merely love of green fields, lofty mountains and

^o Page 61.

winding rivers; not always love of existing political institutions. In time of actual or threatened war, the idea of patriotism is very simple. It means support and defence of one's country against armed attack.

In time of peace, the phrase, "love of country," means many things to many minds. The object of the love may be the physical characteristics of the country, or its economic and social opportunities, or its government, or its political ideals, or its history, or some combination of these entities. As commonly used, the term patriotism has almost always an international connotation. It appeals to the national consciousness. It brings before the mind the facts of national individuality, separateness, distinctness of interests. It lays stress upon the welfare of one's own country against the welfare of other countries. Too often, it takes the form of boasting, jingoism, contempt of foreign nations, and identifies the national welfare with national power, imperialism and aggression. The average citizen frequently confuses patriotism with national jealousy and provincialism. He does not regularly think of it as having anything to do with internal affairs.

Adequate and rational patriotism should be quite as active in peace as in war, and it should extend to every matter that affects the common good. If patriotism is love of country, its only rational and concrete meaning is love of the people who inhabit the country and compose the State, in other words, love of one's fellow citizens. Therefore, its ultimate object is the same as that of the State, namely, the common good. In time of peace, the common good is much more dependent upon domestic legislation and administration than upon foreign policies. The true patriot realizes this and strives to promote the common good in all his political activities. The man who participates in political corruption, or uses his political position or influence for the undue advantage of any social group or for the oppression of any social class, is not a patriot, no matter how loudly he may acclaim the glories of his country or how truculently he may proclaim his willingness to fight foreigners.

Taking up now the more specific duties of the citizen, we find that they may be conveniently grouped under two heads: those which are elementary and which exist under all forms

of government; those which are complex and have place only in a State that possesses representative institutions. The most important of the specific elementary duties are concerned with taxation and military service.

According to Catholic teaching, statutes imposing taxes bind in conscience. The general reason is the same as that which attaches moral obligation to other civil laws. That is the common welfare. Since government cannot maintain itself nor perform its functions without revenues, and since it has no other means of obtaining them than taxation, the citizens are morally bound to provide the necessary revenues in this manner. Moreover, the obligation is not merely one of legal justice, that justice which requires citizens to promote the common good, but also of strict justice, that justice which requires restitution to be made when it is violated.¹ If the citizens fail to pay taxes, they sometimes inflict injury upon the State, injury which can be measured in terms of money and repaired by payments of money. When the evasion does not produce such injury, owing to the fact that the authorities increase the tax *rate*, or devise other and more effective forms of taxation, the obligation of making restitution will have a different object. The real beneficiaries of restitution will then be those citizens who have acted conscientiously and paid the full measure of taxes levied upon them.

Let us suppose that a tax rate of one and one-half per cent. will yield sufficient revenue for a city if all the citizens contribute their proportionate share. Through various devices very many of them evade a considerable part of their obligation. In as far as the deficit is not made up through an increase in the tax rate, an injury is done the public welfare. If the rate is raised sufficiently to bring in all the necessary revenue, the conscientious taxpayers contribute more than their proper share, and, therefore, suffer injustice at the hands of the dishonest. If the evasions are so great as to require that the rate be raised to two per cent., it means that the honest citizens are paying one-third more than their fair quota. They pay one-third more than they would have to pay if all were as honest as they. The injustice done them by the evasive action of their fellow citizens is obvious. Hence, follows the obligation of restitution.

¹ Cf. Bouquillon, *Theologia Moralis Fundamentalis*, pp. 460-463.

These are the general principles. Their application, however, is not entirely simple, owing to the complexity and injustice of our tax system, and the very large proportion of persons who habitually understate their taxable property. The principal form of taxation, at least in local and State jurisdictions, is what is known as the general property tax. Not only does this directly violate the ethical principle of taxation in proportion to ability to pay, as determined by comparative sacrifices, but it is apportioned and administered most inequitably, and it is evaded in wholesale fashion. In the words of Professor Seligman: "The general property tax, as actually administered, is beyond doubt one of the worst taxes known in the civilized world."⁸ In these circumstances, the conscientious citizen cannot be required to do more than pay that proportion of the full amount which is paid by the majority. If the prevailing understatement of taxable property amounts to twenty-five per cent., the citizen who pays on more than three-fourths of his goods, contributes more than his share.⁹ This general rule of action may properly be applied to other kinds of taxes where evasion is considerable and notorious. Of course, the conscientious citizen will not take advantage of it until he is morally certain of the facts.

It is sometimes asserted that certain tax laws are purely penal, obliging the citizen only to submit to the penalty in case his evasion is detected. From our discussion on "The Moral Obligation of Civil Law,"¹⁰ it seems fairly clear that this theory must be applied with great caution, and that the tax laws which fall under it are exceptional. Tariff duties are the taxes most commonly adduced. Probably, the laws prescribing these are purely penal, not only because of the common popular conviction, but because they are saturated with economic and ethical inequalities.

As a rule, the citizen is not bound to pay taxes until the amount due from him has been defined by the fiscal authorities. When he is legally required to furnish a statement of his property, he is obliged by legal justice to comply. Is he obliged to volunteer such information? For example, is a person morally bound to inform the authorities that his income is sufficiently large to subject him to the income tax?

⁸ *Essays in Taxation*, p. 61.

⁹ Cf. Tanqueray, *De Justitia*, no. 597.

¹⁰ THE CATHOLIC WORLD, October, 1921.

If he does not give this spontaneous information, he will escape. The income tax law requires the citizens to make such a statement, and penalizes them for failure to do so when their evasion of the tax has been detected. It seems clear, therefore, that the citizen is bound by legal justice to provide a statement of his taxable property, not only in response to an official requisition, but sometimes in the absence of such a requisition.

Another elementary obligation of the citizen is that of military service, when required by a law of conscription. The object of such a law is of the greatest importance to the public weal. As a rule, the obligation is gravely binding in conscience. Hence, all fraudulent methods of escaping its operation are a violation of legal justice.

The second class of duties incumbent on the citizen results from his electoral functions. In a republic, legislation and administration depend finally upon the intelligence and morality of the voters. They have it in their power to make the government a good one or a bad one. Whether the common good will be promoted or injured, depends upon the kind of laws enacted and the manner in which they are administered; but the character of the laws and the administration is primarily determined by the way in which the citizens discharge their function of choosing legislators and administrators. Therefore, this function is of the gravest importance and the obligation which it imposes is likewise grave.

It must be admitted that the importance and gravity of this obligation is frequently ignored by Catholics, as well as by other citizens. Writing of Great Britain, the Rev. Thomas Wright declares: "There are large numbers of Catholics in this land with but little appreciation of the strong inter-relation which exists between true citizenship and Christianity. . . . Many excuses, it must be owned, may be alleged in extenuation of the apathy of Catholics towards their civic obligations in these lands. Time, however, has undermined the substance of these apologetic pleas. Catholics are now able to appeal to no sufficient cause why they should stand aloof from public affairs, or why, participating in them, they need indiscriminately follow the policies of parties without thought or test of their moral justification."¹¹

¹¹ *Christian Citizenship*, pp. 17, 18.

These observations may be applied in full measure to the Catholics of the United States. Like their co-religionists of Great Britain, they can show historical conditions to extenuate, if not to justify, their neglect of political obligations. Very many, if not the majority, of them are persons, or the descendants of persons, who came from countries whose Governments treated Catholics unfairly and allowed them very little participation in public affairs. As a consequence, a large proportion of American Catholics have been, until quite recently, possessed by what has been happily characterized "the psychology of persecution." They have looked upon government with a certain measure of distrust, and, therefore, have been predisposed to ignore or to minimize their electoral responsibility. Many of them have easily and complacently accepted the cynical judgment that "politics is a rotten business," and have either held aloof or permitted their political influence to be utilized by special and unworthy interests.

The Catholic teaching on the duty of exercising the voting franchise, as stated in the authoritative manuals of moral theology, may be summed up as follows:¹²

The obligation of taking part in the election of candidates for civil offices is an obligation of legal justice. The citizens are bound to promote the common good in all reasonable ways. The franchise enables them to further or to hinder the common weal greatly and fundamentally, inasmuch as the quality of the government depends upon the kind of officials they elect. Not only questions of politics, but social, industrial, educational, moral and religious subjects are regulated by legislative bodies and administered by executives. Therefore, the matter is of grave importance, and the obligation of the citizen to participate in the election and to support fit candidates is correspondingly grave. According to Tanqueray, the elector cannot free himself from this obligation by any slight cause or reason, such as, going hunting, or criticism by his neighbors. The excusing cause needs to be of a grave nature, such as, loss of one's means of livelihood. A slight cause will relieve the citizen from the obligation of voting, only when he is morally certain that he cannot affect the immediate result. Even then, he ought to take part in the

¹² Cf. Tanqueray, *De Justitia*, pp. 475-477; Noldin, *De Præceptis*, pp. 336-339.

election to show good example, and to hasten the day when the cause which he supports will command a majority of the voters.¹³

Just as the official is obliged to refrain from promoting the interests of individuals as against the common good, so the elector is morally bound to cast his vote for the common welfare, instead of for the benefit of private persons or groups. This principle is very often forgotten by well-meaning citizens; for example, by giving their political support to a friend, or to a member of their own race or religion, when he has not the required moral or intellectual equipment, or when he is the upholder of socially harmful policies. Too often, in such situations, the honest citizen salves his conscience with the excuse that the opposing candidate "is just as bad." Were this the fact, it would be legitimate to determine one's choice on the basis of personal friendship, or racial or religious affiliation, or other extrinsic considerations; but the general fact is that voters who adopt this course do not take adequate care to find out whether the candidate of the opposition is in reality "just as bad." They too easily decide the question on the basis of their inclinations and predilections.

Closely connected with this unjustifiable practice is that of ignoring principles and policies in the exercise of the franchise. "Vote for a good man, regardless of party," is a plausible, but essentially inadequate, political rule. A distinction should be drawn between legislative positions and those which are merely administrative. In choosing a city treasurer or a county auditor, the only pertinent qualifications are honesty, intellectual capacity and technical equipment. There is involved no question of legislative policy. When the office to be filled is that of governor of a State, president of the United States, member of a State legislature or congressman, other qualifications are essential in addition to those just mentioned. The "good man" may have some very harmful views concerning political and industrial policies. He may sincerely favor national imperialism and jingoism, or legislation to promote the undue aggrandizement of one social class or the oppression of another social class. Obviously, the citizen does not fulfill his duty of promoting the common good when he votes for a "good man" of this sort. Sometimes the common welfare will

¹³ *Loc. cit.*

suffer less through the election of a man whose political policies are right, but whose moral or intellectual equipment is deficient, than through the elevation of a "good man" who gives his adhesion to wrong policies.

It is sometimes said that the good man in other relations of life is always the best kind of a citizen. This statement is only a half truth. The unqualified propagation and acceptance of it is a serious obstacle to the improvement of citizenship. Fidelity to one's duties as husband, father, son, brother, neighbor, employer, employee, buyer, seller, debtor, creditor, professional man and client—does, indeed, contribute very greatly toward the common welfare. Actions performed under the direction of the domestic and social virtues necessarily promote individual and social happiness, just as the opposite actions are an injury to the commonwealth. Nevertheless, these virtues are not a complete equipment for all the duties of citizenship. They do not of themselves provide the citizen with that specific knowledge which he requires as a voter, nor with that civic consciousness which is essential to good citizenship.

An honest employer may treat his employees unjustly because he is unacquainted with those moral principles which apply specifically to industrial relations, or because he has an insufficient knowledge of the living conditions and needs of the workers, and the virtuous citizen may fail in his duties to the State because he does not realize the importance of this particular responsibility, or because he lacks the specific political knowledge which would enable him to exercise his suffrage for the best interests of the commonwealth. In this category are the man who does not realize how fundamentally good government depends upon the electors, the man who lazily assumes that politics is necessarily corrupt, and the man who thinks it sufficient to vote for good men, without any reference to the helpfulness or harmfulness of their political principles and policies.

In a word, the good man is not a good citizen unless he possesses the specific knowledge essential to good citizenship. This comprises adequate perception of the citizen's power and responsibility, and a reasonable degree of acquaintance with political institutions, personages and policies. The good citizen recognizes all these obligations and makes reasonable

and continuous efforts to fulfill them. Such a man, and only such a man, possesses an adequate civic consciousness.

Worth quoting, are the following extracts from a letter addressed to his people, in the year 1921, by the late Cardinal Amette, Archbishop of Paris:

In the joint letter which they recently addressed to the French Catholics, the bishops of France said: "It is a duty of conscience for all citizens honored with the right of suffrage to vote honestly and wisely with the sole aim of benefiting the country. The citizen is subject to the Divine law as is the Christian. Of our votes, as of all our actions, God will demand an account. The duty of voting is so much the more binding upon conscience because on its good or evil exercise depend the gravest interests of the country and of religion.

"It is your duty to vote: to neglect to do so would be a culpable abdication of duty on your part. It is your duty to vote *honestly*; that is to say, for men worthy of your esteem and trust. It is your duty to vote *wisely*; that is to say, in such a way as not to waste your votes. It would be better to cast them for candidates who, although not giving complete satisfaction to all our legitimate demands, would lead us to expect from them a line of conduct useful to the country, rather than to keep your votes for others whose programme would indeed be more perfect, but whose almost certain defeat might open the door to the enemies of religion and of the social order."

Tanqueray points out that, in order to be able to vote rightly and intelligently, in order to possess the specific knowledge requisite for this purpose, upright citizens should organize and participate in political associations.¹⁴ This is obvious. Men unite in trade unions, manufacturers' associations, chambers of commerce and professional societies of various kinds for the promotion of their economic interests. Hundreds of thousands of good men, thus occupationally organized, fail to see the necessity of organizing politically for the protection of their civic interests and the effective performance of their duties to the commonwealth. The conduct of political organizations they leave to professional politicians, who are usually in the service of selfish private interests. When the inactive

¹⁴ *Loc. cit.*

citizens see the evil results of this arrangement, they attempt to justify their aloofness by the reflection that politics is essentially corrupt. This lazy pessimism is not warranted by anything inherent in political affairs. It represents a vain attempt to evade moral responsibility. If politics is rotten, a large part of the responsibility rests upon well-meaning, but indolent, citizens.

In view of the fundamental and immense importance to the State of the voting function, and since the electors are in a practical sense the primary political authority, it would seem that the electoral duties of the citizens are not merely duties of legal justice. It would seem that, like the obligations of public officials, they also fall under the head of strict or commutative justice. A group of legislators inflict injury upon the community by a bad law, thereby violating strict justice: are not the citizens who elected them guilty of the same kind of injustice, in so far as they foresaw this possibility? The difference between their offence and that of the legislators seems to be one of degree, not one of kind.

Among the electoral duties of the citizen is that of becoming a candidate for public office in some circumstances. Of course, this applies only to that small minority who are competent. In certain situations, says Noldin, an upright Catholic is bound by a grave obligation to become a candidate for an administrative or legislative office; that is, when his election is certain, when he is able to avert grave evils from the community, when he can accept the office without grave inconvenience to himself, and when no other equally competent candidate is available.¹⁵ Inasmuch as the issues involved in such a situation are of much graver consequence than those dependent upon the ballot of the private citizen, the man who refuses to become a candidate for office will need a much graver reason to excuse him than will the citizen who merely neglects to vote.

¹⁵ *Loc. cit.*

BEHIND THE BARS.

BY BRIAN PADRAIC O'SHASNAIN.

SOMETIMES the soul,
Moving through dim-lit corridors of self,
Hears an old music underneath the tower
Where from of old she doth endure
The mystic paradox of life
The penalty of sense—its joy, its lure.

Then, for a time,
Through some forgotten casement gleams the sky,
And hills of blue are visioned far away,
While from the high
Unvexed white beauty of the wandering clouds,
A free bird's melody comes drifting down.

Dreamlike, the vision fades;
Only the tower is left.
The castle walls are all about,
Again the thralls of sense return—
But, inwardly, the soul doth burn
That dear imprisonment to leave,
And with unweighted wings to cleave
Its wandering way over the purple hills
And find a resting-place on some high peak
Whose sharp and perilous top the slow clouds seek.

“AMERICAN CATHOLICS IN THE WAR.”

BY THOMAS F. BURKE, C.S.P.



THE modest claim made by Michael Williams, the author of the book, *American Catholics in the War*,¹ is one that should be kept in mind by those who read. He says in the introductory chapter: “This book is the simple story of that plain fact of magnificent service—not the complete, statistical, historical record, however—of the fulfilling of the prediction of the Fathers of the Third Plenary Council: the short story of how our American Catholics fought and worked for God and for country during the Great War, and in the days of reconstruction, under the direction of the National Catholic War Council. It will take many months, perhaps years more, of assiduous labor before the full record can be gathered and made available. This book is the outline sketch of a vast literary canvas which some day must be painted: it is merely a running chronicle, a summary of a tremendous mass of material; but though it is suggestive and fragmentary rather than exhaustive and definite, nevertheless, it is based solidly upon documentary evidence: it is drawn from the archives of the department of historical records, which has been one of the chief labors of the National Catholic War Council to build up ever since that Council was created by the Hierarchy to serve as the mechanism through which that Episcopal authority, which alone was competent for the task, might guide, coördinate, and inspire the multitudinous, incessant and exceedingly diversified activities of the nearly twenty millions of men, women and children who form the Catholic Church in the United States of America.”

I.

With all these purposely imposed limitations, however, the book is still a record, and a record of no mean proportions. It will stand as such. The Chapters on “The National Catholic War Council,” “The Mind of the Council,” “The Organizing of the Council,” “The Committee on Special War

¹ New York: The Macmillan Co. \$2.50.

Activities," tell a story of tremendous and enlightened action upon the part of the Hierarchy of the country that must be fully read to be at all appreciated. Within these pages, too, is found the explanation of the union of all Catholic lay activities with the Hierarchical Council and, notably, of the union of the Knights of Columbus, who entered the field of war activity even before the Council was formed. While this volume could not adequately record the work of the Knights of Columbus, and while it recognizes that a record of their work has been made and published by the Knights themselves, still that work is fully understood as a great part of Catholic activity in the War. In regard to this matter, a statement of Bishop Muldoon, Chairman of the Administrative Committee of the National Catholic War Council, deserves to be cited: "Some people have said the Church has stepped in and tried to rob the Knights of Columbus of their glory. The Church, instead of absorbing them, has embraced them and held them up to the world as her adopted children. The Catholic Church by adopting the Knights of Columbus as her agent, has broadened the service of the Knights of Columbus. She stands behind them with all her power, and gives them the blessing of the Beloved One."

Here, too, is the record of our chaplains, of our soldiers, of all our men and women outside the military forces, who gave service of one kind or another to our country in her time of trial. Every Catholic of America should familiarize himself with this story, yea, every citizen of our land, non-Catholic as well as Catholic, should know it, for it forms an essential part of one of the most important pages in our history.

The book, while it is a record, is also an answer, a glorious, thrilling answer, written not only on these pages, but upon the heart of our country and upon the seared soil of France. Time and again, despite the facts to the contrary, fanatical opponents of Catholic Faith have dared to question the loyalty of Catholic citizens. Either through malice or through ignorance, forces have been organized which would, if they could, debar Catholics from even the ordinary rights of citizenship. The disingenuous contention has been made that since Catholics yield submission to a spiritual ruler who lives without the confines of America, therefore they cannot be true to their temporal rulers in the State or to the flag

of the country under which they live. In the statement of Catholic principles, this charge has been met and answered again and again. This volume gives an answer that cannot be gainsaid, the answer that is made up of simple facts, so convincing, so utterly plain and clear, that America herself must rise in indignation against any that would ever again question the loyalty of her Catholic citizens.

A record, an answer, the book is likewise a message. In placing thus before the public, the recorded accomplishment of the part which American Catholics played in the War, the motive manifest throughout the book would indicate that this is done in no boastful way, nor is it done for the sole purpose of establishing the claim of Catholics to due credit. Rather, beyond and above such purpose, the book speaks its message to American Catholics themselves. For the very fact that they so readily answered the call of country, and that they so quickly united for joint action under the banner of their spiritual leaders, and that they prosecuted so vigorously the work given to their hand, contains, by implication at least, the call to a like patriotism and a like earnestness of effort in times of peace. The problems of peace-time are just as serious, if not so instant, as those of war-time. The spirit that shines forth from this volume, asks from the Catholics of America an interest, at least equal to that displayed during the critical days of battle, in meeting the questions that tantalize the mind and trouble the heart of the nation in these days that have followed.

Presented as these things are in the words of a literary master, in language calm, dignified and restrained; framed with the charm with which only study and style can surround the statement of facts, they form a piece of reading that is attractive in the highest sense. Its author's reputation in the field of letters and the public's recognition of his previous works, are things which commend the story to every lover of good writing, as well as to every lover of his country.

II.

Yet, were we to stop here we would have failed to grasp the full significance of the book, and we would have failed to understand the greater lesson that is contained in it. Its idea carries it beyond the limits of a record, an answer or a

message. No doubt, it is with something beyond these in mind that the author goes back, in his story, even to the beginnings of Catholicism in America, to recount its growth in step with the growth of the United States, and to retell, though in a limited measure, the part played by Catholics in the previous great crises of our country's birth and existence.

From the preliminary study, contained in the first four chapters of the work, there stands forth very clearly the vital sympathy that has ever existed between Catholic Faith and the fundamental principles upon which our country is built. Lack of such sympathy might not, indeed, have prevented entirely the advance of the Catholic religion within our shores, for, in the testimony of history, the Faith has progressed under the most adverse conditions, but, on the other hand, nothing less than such a real sympathy could have accounted for the extraordinary growth and the steady advance of the Catholic Church in America.

We of the present generation have seen, what later chapters record, the flowering of American Catholicism during the Great War; the surpassing vigor and the exceptional unanimity with which our Catholic citizens came together, on the basis of love of country, as a united part of a mighty force to meet the exigencies of the time. But this phenomenon was not the result of merely momentary patriotism nor sudden recognition of duty. It was the fruitful product of a steadfast and definite religious force that has existed within our country from its earliest days. Catholicism was small in its beginnings. Spiritual forces, other than Catholicism, have sounded the dominant note in American civilization for many years, sometimes to the benefit, sometimes to the injury of American life. Nevertheless, intermingled with these, the Catholic spirit was ever present as a leaven, affecting in some degree the whole mass. Such words cited in the pages of this book, as those which came from the lips of men like Charles Carroll of Carrollton, Bishop John Carroll, Archbishop Hughes and as those put forth in the deliberations of the Third Plenary Council of Baltimore, express beyond quibble and doubt the essential sympathy existent between Catholic faith and American ideals.

In Catholicism, there is nothing anti-national. There is, if you will, something supra-national, which, in no way, inter-

feres with the national love or patriotism, but rather brings to that love a higher sanction and strengthens it with a strength from above. May it not be that this is why—though the reason has been generally unrecognized—the Catholic spirit has grown and flourished in the land? An assembly of facts, in spite of which that spirit has maintained itself in vigor, would seem to show this. The minority of Catholic citizens, their consequent small degree of civic influence, the frequent bitter and fanatical attacks of sectarians against them; the general reluctance of Catholics to enter the political arena for the reason that they saw in it slight prospects of success; the prevailing non-Catholic character of the literature of the country; these would seem to have been sufficient to have submerged, yea even to have slain the Catholic spirit in our land unless there were something common both to that spirit and the spirit of America itself. Supra-national, not anti-national, Catholicism on the divine level of authoritative revelation, parallels the essential elements of American civilization and, at the same time, adds to those elements the beauty and the force of divine sanction. If equality, and liberty and discipline, which supposes respect for law, are the constituents of American national life, that Faith which proclaims the equality of all before God, the liberty and the rights of conscience, the obedience which is due to all lawful authority, can find no place where it is more really at home than within the confines of our beloved land.

And how wonderfully all this is evidenced in the heart of this book. For, after all, that heart is the series of chapters which record the birth, the organization and the completion of the National Catholic War Council. These chapters tell of a magnificent conception, a gigantic effort and a tremendous response. But not one of these could have been possible on any basis less real and less sterling than that outlined, the agreement of the Catholic spirit with the genius of America.

Words seem almost futile when we attempt to express our admiration for the promptness of the Catholic Hierarchy in calling the Council into being, for the leadership which, with a vision that was not given to many, courageously presented and just as courageously made effective, the idea; for the patience with which difficulties were met and overcome; for the tact and generous diplomacy manifested in all relations

with the Government; for the patriotism that set aside all differences and cemented the various elements into one great whole. All these qualities show prominently in the great synthetic work accomplished by the Catholic Church in America during the recent time of our country's trial.

The Catholic spirit was ever there in strength and readiness, but while it existed throughout the land, it was not co-ordinated for the work that demanded attention. In Catholics, as individual citizens, in parishes, in dioceses, in local and in nation-wide organizations, patriotism was present and showed itself immediately and abundantly. To bring all these manifestations together, to unite all these various Catholic forces so that they would have an influence, the greater because of their union, was the task set itself by the National Catholic War Council. And their work was successful in every way. Catholics from all parts of the land, the diversified units in city, state and nation, the clergy and the laity, men and women were joined into one Catholic American body, acting as never before, with one mind and speaking with one voice. This union brought about untold benefits for the members of the Army and Navy, in the cantonment, in the camp, in the field, in the various cities where they visited: it secured not only the recognition of the religious rights and needs of our soldiers and sailors, but also obtained for them an adequate supply of chaplains to give them religious care and attention; it secured the proper means of protection against moral disintegration; it showed to the whole country and to the world that there could be no slightest doubt of the patriotism of Catholics in America. The story of how this unification was realized is told graphically and sympathetically, with proportionate credit given to the prominent figures in the movement. The Catholic reader will be filled with a justifiable pride in his Church and in his Catholic fellow-citizens of the clergy and the laity who led the hosts to battle and service.

III.

Another feature in the work of the National Catholic War Council quite as outstanding as that of unification was *coöperation*. That Council was thoroughly American. It did not isolate itself. It was a very part of the nation. It worked for no sectional purpose. It was in the Country, of the Country

and for the Country. It realized that the Catholic spirit was in no way foreign to the American spirit, and that the things it worked for were American as well as Catholic. Therefore, its characteristic attitude was one of coöperation with all other bodies and forces that were operating for the health and well-being of the Republic. In the circumstances of war-time, the Church was given such an opportunity to show its mind as is not frequently, nor readily, afforded in time of peace. Under the stress of war, men became aware that all were compelled to work together if success were to crown their effort. As a consequence, they were all ready to receive, as well as to give, suggestions, to accept, as well as to offer, ways and means, to recognize, under the lurid light of battle, that, in spite of differences of belief, all were of a common citizenship.

Read the story of the coöperation of the Council with the Government and with the officials of the Government, with the various religious organizations of other faiths, Protestant and Jewish, with individual representatives of these various bodies, and you will find proof upon proof that Catholicism in no way stood apart but, on the contrary, worked together with all who worked for good. As one of the striking evidences that this coöperation was mutual, we have the fact that in some of the committees formed of representatives of various creeds, the chairmanship was accorded the Catholic. Altogether, the deliberations of the Council in conjunction with other bodies were characterized by such understanding and consideration as can alone secure justice for all.

Unification and coöperation—these are the prominent words and ideas that, as it were, leap at us from the pages of this book. Such were the factors in the working of the National Catholic War Council and such were the reasons for its success. May we not suggest that in them is contained the supreme lesson which the Council has taught for the days that are to come. Into the broad light of day, into the arena of action, the Council brought that Catholic spirit which had been obscured, misunderstood, maligned and made it known, and appreciated and honored. Our thanks should go to Heaven for what it has accomplished; but those thanks would be little worth did we not at the same time learn the lesson for the future.

Our Catholic soldiers who fought and died, our chaplains

who rendered such noble service, our men and women, at home and abroad, who in canteen and welfare houses, in chaplains' aid work, in visitors' and community houses, gave of their time and energy, all, individually and collectively, have taught one and the same lesson.

It was natural that this lesson should find coördinated, immediate expression for the time of peace, and when the War ended, almost of itself, the National Catholic War Council became the National Catholic Welfare Council. As with its predecessor, unification and coöperation are its watchwords. In this continuation, by the Hierarchy, of an American Catholic organization we have the best proof that the effort which originated during the days of the War will extend with power into the future. We cannot dwell here upon the splendid programme which the Welfare Council has set for itself, but we can, at least, call attention to its general object. For the object of this latter union is akin to that of the former; to give national expression to the thought of American Catholics upon spiritual and moral matters that effect the welfare of the country. Unification is necessary that such thought may have concrete and weighty value as the expression of all Catholics; coöperation is necessary that it may be clearly seen that this Catholic thought is also truly American.

We said in the beginning that this book, with its story, is a record, an answer, a message. Our further claim is that the book is much more; that it is an inspiration; an inspiration that bids us have courage and hope; that bids us look into the future with eyes to behold our country's high political and moral mission to the world. Not many years ago an English critic wrote, "America, though young, is dying." He believed that he saw elements of disintegration in this most youthful of the great nations. At about the same time, the Supreme Pontiff of the Catholic Church wrote the memorable words: "America is the future." With a full belief in the fundamental rightness of the principles upon which our Republic is built, and at the same time with skepticism as to the stability of anything human, I would, nevertheless, be inclined to accept the view of the Supreme Pontiff rather than that of the English critic. But further, with supreme confidence in the Divine character of Catholic faith, in the eminent reasonableness of its philosophy of life, in its inherent power to

attract the minds of thinking men, in its consoling ministration for every human need, in its fidelity to the Person of its Divine Founder; with this confidence and with the consciousness not only of the agreement of American ideals with the Catholic spirit, but also of the growth of that Catholic spirit in our country, which the record before us justifies, I do not see how America can die; I do not see how she can be other than what Leo XIII. prophesied she would be when he said: "America is the future."

RUYSBROECK.

BY ANNA MCCLURE SHOLL.

IN the dark silence where all lovers will
Themselves to lose; now come I to that Sea
Whose quiet may no more disturbèd be
With things created. On His Holy Hill
The Bridegroom waits: and at the dawn is still
Waiting for one who unto Him must flee,
Who, night-bewildered, weeping bitterly
For ancient sins can never weep his fill.

Pardoned, He draws me where the Morning Star
Rises alone, and all earth's anguish hot
Sinks into peace. And I will hear men's tales
As the glad sailor, crossing the last bar,
Hears voices from the land and heeds them not,
But to eternal winds spreads out his sails.

A FIGHTING PACIFIST.

BY CHARLES PHILLIPS.



It was in the office of the Polish Red Cross at Warsaw that I first heard the story of the death and burial of General Joseph Haller. I heard it from the lips of the General himself.

The Haller funeral was held in the dusk of a soft May evening at the end of the second day's battle of Kaniow in the Ukraine, in 1918, following the victory of the Germans under Marshal Eichhorn's overwhelming numbers. The grave was dug in the black loam that borders the banks of the Dneiper, and into it the body was pitched with short shrift and scant trumpeting of the honors due to military rank and valor. Around the grave stood a group of captured Poles, who trembled while the nightingales sang over the dull swish of spades and sod.

"No quarter," had been the Teuton cry against this "rebel" as the Germans called him, who already had nearly wrung from their grasp the freshly plucked fruits of their Brest-Litewski triumph. To make doubly sure of him, they had put a price on his head. "Haller, dead or alive! One hundred thousand marks to the man who brings him in."

Was it guilt that made those captive Poles blanch and shake around the new-made grave? Was there terror in their souls because they had branded themselves with the mark of traitor to win the award set for the capture of their leader? It was they who had brought the body in, a poor battered unrecognizable thing, its Polish uniform bloody and torn to shreds. The award was theirs and the favor of their captors. Yet they stood pale with fright; they scarcely breathed with suspense.

No leader of soldiers in all the histories of war ever has been more loved or more ardently followed by his men than Joseph Haller. Yet if the Germans could have read the hearts of those legionaries who now beheld the body they had delivered to their captors cast ignominiously into a ditch, they would not have found grief there, nor rage, but rather a wild

joy, an exultation that took all the will power of their beings to conceal.

They were not traitors, but heroes; and it was this terrible joy of theirs that made their knees shake under them as the Haller grave was filled—joy, and the fear that their joy would be discovered. For at that moment they knew that Haller, the leader whom they would indeed follow to the grave, was riding as that grave was dug, on to Kiev—on to Moscow—sweeping with a chosen band of his legionaries out of the German reach, into the Russian lines—safe and sound, with the cause of Poland still on the cry.

The escape of Haller from the Germans at Kaniow and the substitution of another body for his by a handful of his loyal legionaries, makes one of the most thrilling chapters in the history of the War. The whole story of Haller, in fact, runs on heroic lines, and is filled with the dash and daring, the peril and escape, the fight, defeat and victory, that give lustre and glory to war. Yet the hero of it all, who sits today in his office at the headquarters of the Polish Red Cross in Warsaw directing one of the giant tasks of his country's reconstruction, far from being a lover of camp or march or battle, is, by his own avowal, a hater of war and a pacifist.

Such figures as Joseph Haller do not occur in history daily. He is a man surcharged with that quality which we call "personality." The ruggedness of the Tátras is in him—the hill country that gave him birth. But in Poland that is likewise the south. And, happily, he was fostered far enough down the slopes of Zakopané to be spared any of its glacial aloofness in his make-up. Only the fervid sun and the strong winds of the foothills could breed this sort of man. His youth was spent in the free range of his father's estate in the Podgorze District, south of Krakow, learning to ride bareback like a cowboy when he was a mere tot. Patriotism, public duty, and hard work were traditions in the house where, on August 13, 1873, he was born. His mother, of French descent, daughter of one of the Polish heroes of 1831, was of the old genteel school of woman and lady who loves the life of housewife, yet reigns in her home like a queen, worshipped by peasants and tenants the length and breadth of her estate. His father, Director of the Polish Landowners' Credit Society, was of the constructionist type of proprietor, a keen man of

business, leading in the activities of his district. His father's father, likewise a landed farmer, had been President of the Republic of Krakow, the "Free State" erected in 1815 by the Treaty of Vienna (when Poland was divided among the Powers) but which, in 1846, was annexed to Austria. His uncle, Cæsar Haller, had been a leader in the rebellions of 1848 and 1863.

It was in such an atmosphere that the young Joseph grew up, learning among his first lessons in life the responsibility of the landed proprietor upon whom hundreds of souls, and the trusteeship of vast acres of producing soil, depends. And it was not theory alone that he learned, but the practical work of the farmer and stock-breeder.

Nevertheless, he was destined for a military career, and he passed quickly from his first schooling in Lwów (Lemberg) to the Military Academies at Koszyce and Hronice, and thence, soon afterwards, to the College of Arms at Vienna. In 1895, when only twenty-two, he graduated with the rank of First Lieutenant of Artillery. Next he was assigned as an instructor in Imperial technical schools; then he became commandant of one of these schools, with the rank of Captain. But a short time later he retired to private life, in which, as he says, the richest and happiest of his years were spent.

All this time it must be remembered, Haller, Pole of the Poles, with a dream never dying in his heart of some day seeing his country freed and reunited, still remained legally an Austrian subject. Perhaps, he was able to half forget the fact at times, for Austria at that passage in her history was handling her share of proud Poland with a certain commendable decency. But in 1912—who knows what smokes of war Vienna already sniffed on the wind!—Haller, like many of his compatriots, was reminded of his forced allegiance. He was recalled to the army.

Knowing well the game she played, Austria encouraged at this time the organization of native Polish military units. To Haller was now intrusted the establishment of schools for commissioned and non-commissioned Polish officers, and for these he personally drew up plans for a course of training, which is still regarded among European military experts as a model of its kind. From babyhood, he had watched the maneuvers of the Austrian forces, which were carried on in

the fields within stone's throw of the Haller home. One day, when he was four years old, the Prince of Württemberg, commanding the troops, accosted the child with a wooden sword at his side. "Perhaps, you'd like to fight me?" said the Austrian prince; whereat the little fellow whipped out his wooden blade and parried every thrust of his Imperial challenger. "What are you going to be when you grow up?" asked the Prince. "A Polish soldier!" was little Haller's prompt answer. "A Polish soldier," was the answer; not merely a soldier, but "a Polish soldier."

At this time also, during 1912, Haller's pen wrote the first regulations for the Polish army. What were the man's thoughts as he framed and worded these instructions for the mobilizing and drilling of a Polish force? What could they be but of the future?—the future that somewhere behind the curtain hid a free, resurrected, reunited Poland. Would the swords of this hypothetical army of his, which sprang from pen to paper as he wrote, yet rend that curtain of the future?

The second year of this eager activity of planning, organizing and instructing a large Polish military body had just touched its meridian when suddenly, in August, 1914, the War broke out. The next four years were crammed with action for Haller. First, he organized the Polish Legion of the East and led it to Lwów within a few weeks of the declaration of war—Pilsudski, in the meantime, having advanced into Russia with his regiments of Polish fusiliers. Then he organized the Third Legion and went with it to the Carpathian front. Later, he became commander of what was called the "Haller Group," and in the action which filled these quick-fire days was twice seriously wounded, the last time badly disabled. But by June, 1916, he was on his feet again—"on one foot anyway," he laughs, describing himself at that time—and took command of the famous "Iron Brigade" with which, from then on, he fought through all the campaigns against the Russians until the treason of Lenine and Trotzky was achieved at Brest-Litewski, in February, 1918.

No more tragic position could be imagined than that of the Poles, following the outbreak of the War. Split up under three sovereignties, they were now forced, by the fate of their ancient partition among the Powers, to a fratricidal division among themselves—brother against brother; the Polish con-

scripts of the German and Austrian armies fighting the Polish conscripts of Russia. But, in reality, there was a secret balm to heal the wound. Though the body of Poland was sundered and bleeding, the Polish soul remained indefectible. A tremendous elemental unity of interest bound these outwardly opposing forces together. In the back of everyone of these hosts of Polish heads was a common dream and a common purpose—a liberated Poland.

But there must first be a Polish army. "That, under our present dispensation," General Haller explains, "had to be inevitably the corner-stone of our national structure." So it was that, while in Austria, Pilsudski and Haller, taking every advantage of the chance their enemy at home gave them, mustered up their fusiliers and legionaries, in Russia at the same time another Polish patriot, General Dowbor Musnicki, had gathered the Poles of Muscovy into an army of their own. The aim of each of these separated Polish forces was one and the same—the breaking down of their common enemies, one at a time. Thus, in fact though in secret, it was not Pole against Pole, but "Austrian" Pole against Russia, "Russian" Pole against the Teuton, and all Poles for Poland—looking to the day when they could strike hands together on their own free soil over their frustrated conquerors.

By this time, however, the Teuton was winning heavily, and the more victory was his the bolder he became in repudiating the promises he had made to Poland early in the War. That, of course, could not greatly surprise the Poles, but now it enraged them to see how quickly, with Russia's defeat, Poland was ground deeper and deeper under the heel of the German victor. He had entered shouting, "Liberty," but he stayed only as a new conqueror.

When Lenine and Trotzky sold Russia to the Kaiser at Brest-Litewski in 1918, they delivered Poland into the hands of a worse tyrant than any Tsar had ever been. By one clause of the Brest-Litewski Treaty a large slice of Poland was handed over to the Ukraine; and by another, a secret clause, later brought to light, the remainder of Poland was abandoned to Germany. The protest of Haller and his legionaries was such a flaming up of the soul that it swept them over the crest of an adventure unique in the pages of military history. With one stride, they threw Austria and her forced allegiance be-

hind them, went smashing through her lines, and hurried into the Ukraine to join Dowbor Musnicki and his "Russian" Poles.

Hot battles at Rarancza and Rotkitna saw Haller's legions pounding down the ranks of the very army they had been forced to follow a few days before. Then on to Soroki, on the Dniester, where in March Haller became commander of the Fifth Division of Engineers. Thence across country to the Dnieper, where his drama was to reach a sudden climax.

Here at Kaniow it was no longer the Austrians Haller must fight, but the Germans—the Prussian Marshal Eichhorn, drawn up with such overpowering force that a less daring commander would have halted and given up in the face of fate. It seemed a hopeless struggle, with the Poles caught squarely between two fires. But Haller was aiming at a bigger thing than the winning of a battle. His eyes were set ahead on the winning of a cause. To prolong the Eichhorn battle meant annihilation; and Haller saw a day coming when Poland would need every mother's son of these men who now stood back of him, ready to die at his command. . . . He gave the command of dispersal instead. He saved his men's lives. The Germans won the day. But it was an empty triumph that he handed to the angry Prussians.

General Haller laughed as he told the story. "But my head isn't worth nearly as much as that today—and it isn't on account of the rate of exchange, either. One hundred thousand marks, the Germans offered—why, that would be half a million in Polish money! Yet the other day the ladies sold my head at a Warsaw Charity Bazaar for three thousand—and it was autographed, too, to absolutely identify it."

Following the escape at Kaniow, Haller and his band reached Kiev in safety; later Moscow. The work of raising more Polish troops was resumed. Two divisions—the Odessa and the Siberian Chasseurs—were recruited in short order. A forced advance was then made northward, Murman, with its railway and outlet to the west being the objective. At Murman he raised the Murman Detachment, and thence, with these forces, ventured on the long journey to France where Poland was to join hands with the Allies. The famous Haller Army, linked forever with the story of America in the great War, thus had its birth.

The tireless work of Paderewski in the United States had

by this time borne rich fruit. In the first place, before America entered the War, thousands of Polish Americans, hearing the summons of their great compatriot, had rallied to the cause of democracy, going into Canada to enlist there with their Polish Canadian colleagues in the Dominion Army. Then came our own declaration of war, with veritable hosts of Poles rushing to the colors. Then came also America's first recognition of the Polish nation, when, at Paderewski's request, the Poles of America were allowed to form a separate army of their own, the ranks of which were swelled by thousands of other Polish volunteers, whose age had excluded them from American service. When Haller, ready now to fight on the western front, the same Germany whose power he had challenged and whose clutches he had slipped in the east, began the organization in France of his army of legionaries, Poles from every land under the sun came streaming to his call; from France, from England, from Italy, from all the Americas. Over 25,000 of this force, one-fourth of the entire Haller Army, were from the United States.

The Armistice of November 11, 1918, was the Gabriel cry for a resurrected Poland. But it signaled only the beginning of Poland's real fight for liberty and independence. Decrees of the Allies might set up a reunited state; but by the decree of Providence, Poland must seal her newly gained freedom with travail and blood. Germany and Austria had fallen, and Pilsudski's young armies, springing up in the night out of the very soil of Poland, had cleared the land of the invaders. But the Teuton power was far from being laid. German intrigue quickly raised a new enemy for Poland, in the Ukraine; and there was now a new and more terrible Russia than that of the Tsars for Poland to fend from her borders—the Red Russia of the Bolsheviki.

So the time had come at last for Haller and his hundred thousand to stand on Polish soil, under the Polish flag, fighting freely and openly for their native land. Early in the spring of 1919, Haller brought this army with its twenty-five thousand "Yank" Poles, out of France, through Germany, into Poland.

The heart of Poland fairly broke with joy at this home-coming of her own. Across the width of Poland, shouting and

weeping its joyous acclaim of him, Haller hurried on with his men to the Ukrainian front, and there plunged into the thick of the fight. One victory after another crowned the days that followed. He smashed the German conspiracy in the Ukraine, retook Lwów, retook Boryslaw with its rich oil wells, and cleaned all Malopolska of the enemy, Ukrainian and Bolshevik. His tasks in the southeast finished, commands followed on the western and northwestern fronts, where, during the winter and spring of 1919-1920, both Czechs and Germans were harrassing the new Republic. This chapter of Haller's military activities meant one lesson clearly read to Poland's enemies—that, though young, weak and impoverished, she was ready and strong enough to defend her rights.

No review of the career of Haller would be complete without some picture being given of that memorable March day in 1920 when, in the name of the Republic, he reclaimed those Baltic waters which for centuries had been counted among Poland's most cherished possessions. So great was the joy of the Poles at touching once more, independent and unprohibited, the open Baltic wave that meant for them access to the outer world, they gave vent to their feelings in a ceremony such as only a poetic and imaginative people could conceive.

On his "wedding" finger, General Haller wears a curious ring which commemorates that ceremony. It is a mate to the ring with which Poland was wedded to the sea at Putsk. All the solemn ritual of the Church was invoked to beautify that marriage feast. On the beach an open air altar was erected, and there, with thousands of citizens marching out from the town singing anthems and national songs, with bands playing and flags flying, the historic nuptials were celebrated.

When all the altar candles were lit and flickering in the wind, and all the singing populace had gathered around the officiating priests, the blare of bugles announced the approach of the Polish troops. In stately procession, they came marching down the sands, Haller, mounted on a white charger, leading them. At the altar, he dismounted and knelt, receiving the two blessed rings. Then, while the bells of the town began to ring, while the priests' voices rose in the chant of the Mass, while the bands played the stirring hymn-like notes of "Poland Is Not Yet Dead," and the people sang in a chorus that swelled

to the sky, the General, mounted again on his charger, rode into the tide. He drew his sword, saluted with it, and dipping its shining blade into the waters, cast the second wedding ring into the sea. The streaming amaranth and white of the Polish standard fluttered at that moment to the wind, hoisted on a staff set far out in the water. And the shouts of the people and the legionaries drowned the voice of their leader as he declared Poland and the Baltic once more united "in the name of God and the free Republic!"

Days of quiet seemed ahead for Poland in the spring of 1920. In the east, the Bolshevik invaders had been driven beyond the Dvina and the Dneiper. The western territories were cleared and busy with their rehabilitation. Haller, his martial tasks completed, resigned his command. His "Yanks" were chafing to get home to America. He himself was eager for the work of reconstruction which he kept steadily in view. He launched the demobilization of his army, shipping transport after transport of his men from Danzig to New York. But the dispersal of his forces was hardly completed before the cry of alarm rang in Poland's ears once more. The great counter-drive of Trotzky's Reds had begun, sweeping up from Kiev and down from Dvinsk, till the Republic shook with the thunder of their approach. Haller was immediately recalled and the task of raising an emergency army to back the retreating regulars, was placed in his hands by the Council of National Defence.

No democracy in peril can ever read that page of Polish history written by Haller and his "Miracle Army" without taking heart of courage. All doubts of the basic unity of the Polish people, who, forcibly partitioned for over a century, had only begun to learn the first lessons of national coöperation when this terrible crisis came upon them, vanished in the light of that mighty act of union. Within the space of six weeks, Haller rallied around him a force of seventy-five thousand volunteers, drilled them, armed them and led them victoriously through the defence of their capital. No army since the days of Lexington and Concord has gone to battle roused to such a pitch as this. Disaster was trampling the inner thresholds of their country. Hope seemed lost before the overpowering numbers of the enemy, whose Red hosts were rolling up the weary and disease stricken Polish regulars at

twenty miles a day. The dynamic personality of Haller electrified the Polish masses at that moment. He drew volunteers like a magnet, held them, molded them into an ordered moving force, and swept them to an unbelievable, an impossible victory. In that blackest of all Poland's black hours, Joseph Haller, afire with purpose, quick and foreseeing in decision, strong in his faith in God, Whom he invoked daily in public as he knelt at his morning Mass, personified the deathless Poland of the ages, brave, patriotic and religious. It was these qualities in him that gave him such power over his people. When, in an official declaration at this time, he proclaimed the Blessed Virgin the Queen of Poland, his popularity knew no bounds.

Those were wonderful and terrible days! The streets of Warsaw, Lwów, Posnan, Krakow, streamed with volunteers, men and boys, old gray veterans and lads not out of school, women and girls. How they marched and sang, how they drilled and sweated, heartening the homekeepers, shaming into action whatever slackers might be standing by! Every open space, every vacant lot was a training ground. And the name of Haller was on every lip; at every turn his face and his figure beckoned from the recruiting posters, calling the nation to arms.

Then the "miracle" happened. At the stroke of the hour set for the fall of Warsaw—for the long prophesied spanning of Trotsky's "Red Bridge" that was to open the Western world to anarchy—the miracle of the Vistula happened, that turning of the tide of war which baffles reason and is beyond human explanation. The Reds were within twelve miles of Warsaw (nearer than the Germans ever got to Paris); the capital was surrounded. In the north, the last hope was gone—the Danzig railway line was cut; the Bolsheviki had penetrated clear to the Prussian frontier. They were coming in from the south, their guns within sight and hearing. They were closing around the city in a vast circling, "nut cracker" movement that had gained such momentum, disaster seemed absolutely inevitable. The Polish regular forces, ill fed and worn out by months of campaigning on that vast front that had broken Napoleon, had now almost gone to pieces, with a decimating wave of dysentery sweeping through their ranks to finish the job. They were dying by the thousands; pouring into Warsaw in long

streams of box cars, where the living, the expiring and the dead were packed in fearful masses of agonized humanity. I stood in such cars as these, where the very silence of the corpses, covered and uncovered, seemed to be pierced by the delirious cries of the dying. It was a moment in the life of Poland that froze the heart of the nation to its core, and shook the world with threat. Yet the miracle happened—thanks, as the Poles say, to God and His Mother, who gave them Weygand and his Fochian tactics; Pilsudski and his unconquerable will; Skorupka, the young hero priest who led the first victorious dash, last but not least, Haller and his volunteers. The tide *was* turned! It was red with the boy-blood of young Poland, following Haller to the Bug; retreating with him back to the gates of the Citadel; advancing again to the fiery field of Radzymin. It was all one tremendous chaos of flame and blood, of thunder and terror and smoke. But Poland and the world was saved!

That is the story of Haller, the fighter. But to have told it so, is to have revealed only one side of the man. The other side shows us the pacifist, the constructionist, who sees, beyond the travail of her fighting days, a Poland settled in quiet and contentment, her farms restored, her factories producing, her mission the cementing of East and West in peace and amity.

When Haller had won his captainship under the Austrian régime, it will be remembered that he retired to private life. But not to ease or idleness. Retirement for him meant harder work and a bigger task than the military career offered him. He took charge of the family estate, began a thorough study of economics and agriculture, and thus commenced what he hoped was to be a lifetime career as a developer of Polish soil and resources. He went deeply into the questions of rural housing and sanitation, experimented with crops, stock, fertilizers and machinery—working in the fields himself to learn first hand what the tiller of the soil must know. He was idolized by the “Gorali” or mountaineers, many of whom fought under him as legionaries. “That was one thing my military training taught me,” he explains. “The man who would command men and lead them must first be one of them.” Haller had dreams and ideals for his farms and his tenants, but he knew well that to realize these dreams, or ever accomplish

anything in the way of leading his people ahead, he must begin by knowing all that they knew where they stood.

It was from this absorbing work among his compatriot farmers and landmen that the Austrian army had taken him in 1912. But through all the years that followed, the farmers and the farmers' coöperatives, the crops and the dairies, were always on the horizon of his mind. "For Poland," he tells us, "is first of all an agricultural country, and her soundest foundation lies in the welfare of her agriculturalists, who produce and supply her food, and make possible her widely awakening industrial development." He knew, too, by first-hand experience, what disasters war brought to the farming people, for all of his own properties were lost. Financially, the War has ruined him. He has nothing left today but a little cottage in the Tatra mountains.

When General Haller had completed his martial tasks in the Ukraine; when he had accomplished the reclamation of the western provinces, and had penetrated to the sea; when he resigned his command in the spring of 1920 and demobilized his army—each of these times he had thought his soldiering done with and his "real" work to begin again. But each time new emergencies recalled him to the line. Then came Warsaw, the crowning climax of his military career, when, from early June, through all the strenuous midsummer days of recruiting, organizing, inspecting and fighting, he never rested. In the great seven-day strategic retreat from the River Bug, August 3d to 10th, and in the final engagements which began August 12th, he scarcely slept. Yet, with the danger past and the country once more secure, instead of turning at last to the respite he had so richly earned, we find him instead, within two weeks—on August 25th—plunged into a new and vaster work than any he had yet undertaken—the direction and reorganization of the Polish Red Cross, which ranks today the second in the world, with over a million members.

"This is the biggest army I've been given yet!" the General exclaimed, as he spread a mass of documents on the table before him to explain his work. "And the happiest army!—a million fighting pacifists. Yes, we're all pacifists. But we have an awful fight on our hands—a fight against disease, starvation, despair. The army? Yes, I remain on the active list, ready for any call. But we have disbanded our volunteers.

We have sent our men and women back to work, our boys and girls back to school. They have fulfilled their duty.

"Russia," General Haller continued, "will not always be our enemy—only as long as she is leagued with Germany. But Germany, for a long time yet I am afraid, will threaten and make trouble not only for Poland, but for the whole world. From the day she sent Lenine to Brest-Litewski, Germany has been responsible for Poland's suffering and the world's danger. But peace, an entire peace for all of us will come at long last, and we are making ready for it throughout the country through our Red Cross work. . . .

"During the critical months of 1920," General Haller explains, "the Polish Red Cross spent twenty million marks in its work. Its entire administration costs ran less than five per cent. That means that for every mark spent, ninety-five per cent. went into actual relief." Assuredly, a record to be proud of!

"We employ 4,000 nurses and are operating twenty hospitals, seven sanitariums, four sanitary trains, fifty-two dressing and first aid stations, twenty-nine disinfecting columns and various other health activities. Over six hundred of our nurses have already graduated from the course of training established for us by your American Red Cross—and that establishment, let me say, gives promise of being one of the most far-reaching works of philanthropy done in stricken Poland by generous America."

Fifty-five libraries for sick soldiers, besides an ever-increasing number of elementary and trade schools for disabled men, are further items in the list of accomplished things. And this whole record, it should be remembered, is to be read in the light of such disaster and loss as no other country in the world has suffered since the War began. In the Bolshevik invasion of 1920 the Polish Red Cross lost heavily. A number of its workers were murdered by the Reds. Many hospitals and sanitary trains were destroyed. Nevertheless, most of these are already restored and again functioning.

Besides being president of the Polish Red Cross, General Haller is also at the head of the Scout movement in Poland, of which his own fourteen-year-old son, Eric, was one of the most active workers at the front during the invasion of 1920. Boy Scouts and Girl Scouts are parochial organizations in Poland,

under the leadership of parish priests, and have played a vital part in Polish history since 1914. The first Polish volunteers in the present war were, in fact, recruited from the ranks of the Scouts; there are 3,000 of them still in the army. There are more than 21,000 Scouts and nearly 10,000 "Girl Guides" in Poland today. Not a few of the memorable heroes of the war in 1920 were Scouts, among them the heroic young Chaplain Skorupka, who fell at Radzymin, and Captain Sophie, "the Heroine of Plock," who died of wounds inflicted by Bolshevik sabres and the Cossack whip, with which she was brutally beaten after falling wounded on the field.

To this army of Poland's youth, Haller is a veritable idol; and now, with his eye always on the future, he has rallied another young host about him in the Polish Junior Red Cross, which, just organized, already has 10,000 members. "Last year, in Warsaw alone," he told me, "these youngsters of ours raised about one hundred and fifty tons of foodstuffs in the civic gardens, which they themselves planted, cultivated and harvested in the vacant lots around the city. This included forty tons of potatoes, besides beets, cabbage, carrots and so on—a supply sufficient to feed a large number of families that would have gone hungry if it had not been for our Junior farmers."

The glow of the countryman's pride kindled Haller's eyes as he talked of his youthful farmers. "Of course," he said, "it is a mere platitude to say they are the hope of our country, our children. But when a man looks over the records of Poland's losses in child life—10,000 dead here in Warsaw, last year alone; a million of them tubercular throughout the country; over fifteen per cent. of all our children rickety, deformed, defective—then you understand what we mean when we talk about our children. We must save them. We cannot build a future on a foundation of broken humanity, nor offer a race of devitalized men for world citizenship."

SOME RECENT IRISH BOOKS.

BY HENRY A. LAPPIN, LITT.D.



THE compilation of a complete bibliography of the books produced in Ireland since the ever-memorable Easter of 1916, is a task which ought soon to be undertaken by some competent student of modern Irish letters. There is surely no lack of material awaiting classification at the hands of such an one. Since the great upheaval of more than five years ago, hardly a month has passed in which volumes of essays and of verse, novels, histories, pamphlets and broadsheets have not been brought forth in ever-increasing numbers. And not a few new publishers—those indispensable *accoucheurs* of literature—have set up in business to cope with the extraordinary fluency and fertility of contemporary Irish writers. By the pen no less than by the sword, has the resurgent nationalism of Ireland sought expression.

Of course, not all that proceeds from the Dublin presses is “literature” in the high sense of the term. The vicissitudes of imprisoned and interned Sinn Feiners, for example, have resulted in nothing that even remotely approximates to the literary quality of John Mitchel’s immortal *Jail Journal*, which has been called, not unjustifiably, the greatest Irish prose-book of the nineteenth century. Stirring as are Louis J. Walsh’s *On My Keeping and in Theirs*¹ and Darrell Figgis’ *A Chronicle of Jails*,² these two books are obviously ephemeral, are quite without distinction as literature, and belong merely to what a native historian of former days called “the materials” of Irish history.

Upon most of the fiction having for central theme the Insurrection of 1916, or the events which led up to, and followed upon it, much the same verdict may not unfairly be rendered. Altogether excessive praise was bestowed—especially by American critics—upon the facile Wellsianism of St. John Ervine’s *Changing Winds*,³ to the comparative neglect of Mr.

¹ Dublin: The Talbot Press, 1921.

² Dublin: The Talbot Press, 1919.

³ New York: The Macmillan Co., 1917.

Douglas Goldring's much profounder interpretation of the Insurrection in the later pages of his fine novel, *The Fortune*.⁴ Eimar O'Duffy's *The Wasted Island*⁵ was also absurdly over-rated. Here, too, Ireland is anatomized "through a temperament," astigmatically. Mr. O'Duffy is insistently and mercilessly clever, and surveys his fellow-countrymen through very superior lenses. There is neither tenderness nor understanding in his observation. So busily is he engaged in reacting against the traditional reticences of Irish fiction, so certain is he that romantic Ireland is dead and gone, that he fails lamentably "to capture and prison" in his novel the underlying spiritual realities of the life he sets out to interpret.

More than a year ago, in an article⁶ in this periodical, the present writer concurred in the opinion of an Irish critic that *The Threshold of Quiet*,⁷ the second book of a new writer, Daniel Corkery, was the finest Irish novel that had ever been published. Mr. Corkery's pen has not lain idle in the meantime. Since 1918, he has issued, under the same publisher's imprint, a volume of short stories and sketches, *The Hounds of Banba*,⁸ two fine plays, *The Labour Leader*⁸ and *The Yellow Bittern*,⁸ and a remarkable book of lyrics, *I Bhreasail*.⁹ By virtue of the distinction and nobility no less than of the versatility of his achievement, Mr. Corkery's place among living Irish writers cannot now be far from the highest.

The Hounds of Banba is unquestionably the finest literary fruit of the Rebellion. It is the epic of Sinn Fein. It explains Sinn Fein. It evokes, as does no other printed page, the soul of Sinn Fein, the soul of the New Ireland that is, after all, a very old Ireland. To read *The Hounds of Banba* is a discipline in courage and a rare spiritual experience. But, indeed, this is not a book merely; it is the tortured heart of a people. Here are ten stories and sketches, ten studies in the mournful pride and passionate exaltation of a great nation in its agony. The theme is always the rebel: the rebel in high-hearted and disdainful youth, the rebel grown old and remembering the frustrated hope of his noon, carrying always with him the dream it has been left to his grandchildren to make real. Old

⁴ New York: Thos. Seltzer, Inc., 1919.

⁵ Dublin: Martin Lester, 1920.

⁶ THE CATHOLIC WORLD, March, 1920, "Three New Irish Novels," by Henry A. Lappin.

⁷ Dublin: The Talbot Press, 1918.

⁸ Dublin: The Talbot Press, 1920.

⁹ London: Elkin Mathews, 1921.

Muirish, for instance, in "The Ember"—to mention only one, but he the grandest and most impressive of all Mr. Corkery's aged Fenians. From the youth who is now "on his keeping"—to use the consecrated Irish phrase—among the windy mountain-heights of Northwest Cork, Muirish hears how the fight of Easter, 1916, had been fought:

His grip relaxed, but not the force in his voice.

"Then what was it?"

"It was [says the youth] want of, want of . . . everything! Want of men, want of everything."

"I suppose it was," he said, very quietly. "'Tis I should know." His face turned away from me, and I was glad for it.

For one reader, at least, there is majestic pathos in the old man's word. And the closing page of "The Ember" is one of the things upon which modern literature may very well pride itself. Here is an ending to stir the soul:

"'Tis a great consolation ye're giving me. I was broken with thinking on it. I tell you, a man can be too wise and too careful and too mistrustful. And I was always like that. But 'tis in ease I'll lay my head down in my empty house this night. Good-night to ye."

He had hobbled with me to the door. I paused. I looked up into his face; I suddenly thought of what I would say to him; I would hearten him with those four lines that were ever and always in our thoughts, of how decay would as surely come upon the English as it had come upon Alexander and Cæsar:

*"Do threasgoir an saol is do shéid an ghaoth mar smál
Alastram, Cæsar is an mhéid do bhí 'na bpáirt;
Tá an Teamhair 'na féar is féach an Traoi mar tá,
'S na Sasanaigh féin, dob' fhéidir go bhfaighdís bás."*¹⁰

He drank them in, he swallowed them with open mouth.

"Again! Again!" he said; and again I repeated them, I knew he was making them his own. I knew, too, I had given him in perfect form the whole burden and pressure of his thoughts. He turned in, wondering how that could be—wondering, yet comforted, comforted for ever."

¹⁰ Here is Mr. Corkery's translation (Padraic Pearse's is even finer):

Life conquereth still; as dust the whirlwinds blow—

Alexander, Cæsar, and all their power and due!

Tara is grass, and Troy itself lieth low—

It may be that Death will reach the English too.

Every story in *The Hounds of Banba* is saturated with that appealing emotion which lives like a soul within the body of the Irish landscape. The glory of moon-blanced Irish nights, full of tenderness and breadth and distance: the winds that bluster up from Bantry Bay and roar upon the thatched roofs of mountain cabins: the great silence of chilly dawns: the blue Irish distances alive with bird-song. And the peaceful interiors of Holy Ireland—how this writer can paint them! “. . . the rich glow from the turf losing itself in the dark thatch and the dark roof-timbers, very warm and mellow.” What a chiming music is made by words like these in an exiled reader’s heart!

It is, perhaps, premature to attempt to decide for what literary form Mr. Corkery’s genius is best adapted. But so far, at any rate, he has shown himself at his greatest in meditative fiction. His dramatic work, however, has a fine distinction peculiarly its own. *The Labour Leader*, his “modern” play, is a study in the overthrow of the idealist leader, Lombard, by his disillusioned followers. It is difficult to avoid the conclusion that Mr. Corkery had Larkin and Connolly in mind in writing this play. His command of construction and characterization is sure and thorough, and the play has stood the test of the actual stage. His second volume of drama contains three one-act plays, “King and Hermit,” “Clan Falvey” and “The Yellow Bittern.” The most impressive of the three is the last, which is full of mystical beauty. It is a dramatic setting of the old tale of the death of the poet, Cahal Bwee Mac-Elgunn, and how the Blessed Virgin came to succor him in the loneliness and desolation of his ending. Father Walsh, the priest of the play, is describing the apparition that met his eyes at the poet’s bedside:

A woman with a sweet face, going about making no noise, speaking no words; her hands were white, and her feet, I think, were bare; and the poet’s eyes followed her, struggling through the dark; and when I was finished and the agony was come upon him, he groaned, and groped with his hand at the darkness, and she rose from her knees and went across the room and took his hand into hers; and then his eyes closed quietly. . . .

The religious atmosphere is achieved tenderly and sensitively.

One shudders to think how Yeats would have handled such a setting.

In *I Bhreasail*, Mr. Corkery's first book of lyrics, there is much to delight the reader. There is the poet's constant pre-occupation with the lovely southern Irish countryside and the surroundings of his native Cork. One of the three or four finest poems in the volume is that entitled "On the Lee at Cork:"

She slips the jettyside at fall of night,
For night she trims herself, her lamps are lit;
Dark figures cross her deck and, grouping, fit
Wedges and spars to make her hatchways tight.
Huge, black, she swings and blots the sunset light
And cuts the crimson flood; all heat and grit
Her smoke swoops down and chokes me; then, a spit
Of stifled steam, she shrieks! trembling for might.
And lonely on the windy throne of her,
Wrapped in the thickening twilight, staunch and stern,
The helmsman stands, his fixed eyes far away;
His grip, oh what can loosen it, or stir
The pillared feet, steeled in his one concern
To beat the storm that lifts in Graball Bay!

This splendid sonnet is full of romantic atmosphere and vision. One can feel the sweep and surge of the Irish tides, and darkness coming down over the lonely sea as the winds of night arise. One of the most discerning prose tributes to the late Terence McSwiney—God rest him!—was Mr. Corkery's appreciation published in a recent number of the Irish quarterly review, *Studies*. Here is a wreath of verse which he lays on the great martyr's tomb:

As you our life, spring hallows not the earth:
Oh how, when springtime thrills its stubborn veins,
Earth quickens, limb on limb, takes heart, regains
The swallows' headlong liberty, the mirth
Of new-dropt lambs, the ecstasy of birth
On birth; till it would still its too-sweet pains
In drowsy visions of fat harvest wains
That crawl, afraid to break their swelling girth.
The yield of fruit and corn and wine we know:
The barns are there, the vats, that reckon them

From year to year; but who can measure out
The harvest when the winds of spirit blow
And leave man's heart, cleansed of its coward phlegm,
A star of morn, a tiptoe and a—shout!

One more quotation from these poems, before passing on to consider briefly some works of less significance. Mr. Corkery's "Ploughing Song" is, perhaps, the finest piece of pure lyric in the volume, and reminds one irresistibly of the splendid *soaring* quality of some of James Stephen's best short poems. One can feel the whirr and beat of wings in these rapturous lines:

O scream and fly, O scream and fly,
O frost-crimsoned sun on the frosty-gray hill
O wheel and cry, O wheel and cry,
O rooks to your brushwood and frost-blackened trees;
And, pacing their dream, like a cloud in the sky,
Leave my horses at peace while the sun passes by.

O sink and die, O sink and die,
O frost-crimsoned sun on the frosty-grey hill
And chilly and shy from their sleep in the sky
Let the stars hitch their plough and the high heavens till;
For weary my horses and weary am I,
And the furrows are speaking, as if no one were by.

One awaits with impatience the future work of a writer so richly and diversely gifted. It seems as if Mr. Corkery were the authentic spokesman of the New Ireland.

Mr. Aodh de Blácam is a young Irish writer and publicist whose work well repays attention. His most considerable literary production, so far, is his novel, *Holy Romans*.¹¹ He tells therein a first-rate story, although his manner of telling it betrays the unpractised amateur. *Holy Romans* is worth reading for the account he gives of the Gaelic League movement in London, of life in Donegal, and, later, of the Easter Rebellion. It is frankly a propaganda novel, but there are not a few pages in which the writer's sensitiveness to the beauty of the Irish scene finds happy expression. Here is one delightful Donegal landscape:

¹¹ Dublin: Maunsel, 1920.

So at the end of a long day's travel, he came to the station of Portabeg Road, close under the mountains with the Atlantic in sight far beyond the heath and bog. The lighthouse flashed at intervals from Iris More far out at sea. A violent wind was blowing from the west, for even in the calmest summer weather there is wind here on the heights, and stupendous blue clouds from over the ocean were climbing a luminous green sky. The smell of turf-smoke in the damp, clear air was to Shane the most exquisite of scents. As he stood on the windy platform, he felt as though his body had been etherialized to the lightness of pure spirit.

Mr. de Blácam has also, one may note in passing, published a remarkable study¹² of the new Irish movement, which deals in detail with the Irish Republican ideal and its origin and development, and which is a necessary complement to Professor R. M. Henry's able work on *The Evolution of Sinn Féin*.¹³

The present writer in an earlier article in this periodical discussed *The Valley of Squinting Windows*, by "Brinsley MacNamara." There has lately come to him for review a novel, published in England, entitled *The Irishman*,¹⁴ by "Oliver Blyth," which is apparently identical in contents with a later novel by "Brinsley MacNamara," published in America by Brentano's under the title *In Clay and Bronze*. The changing alias of the pen is somewhat mystifying! *The Irishman*, however, be it!

There was nothing to commend and much to censure in *The Valley of Squinting Windows*. *The Irishman*, by "Oliver Blyth," is, perhaps, a slightly less objectionable book. The author's eyesight is somewhat improved: his astigmatism is, perhaps, not quite so acute. And, for another thing, he writes a much mellower and easier English. Martin Duignan, the Irishman of the story, receives a hundred pounds from the seducer of his sister, and is thus enabled to leave his plough and go to a Dublin tutoring-school which prepares students for the Civil Service examinations. He undergoes many miseries of body and soul in Dublin, and, subsequently, traveling to America with his mistress—a married woman—experiences even more disastrous vicissitudes, sinking down finally

¹² *What Sinn Féin Stands For*. Dublin: The Mellifont Press, 1921.

¹³ New York: B. W. Huebsch, 1920.

¹⁴ London: Eveleigh Nash, 1920.

into the lowest degradation. Returning to Ireland, he recovers himself somewhat and writes a realistic novel, which is to make him "the Dostoievsky of Ireland." This is the author's view of Martin Duignan and his book:

... he had merely filled his life with mud for the purpose of writing a muddy book in which he would show men who had sprung from the same clay as himself, crawling about dark places which were filled with a heavy stench of the soul.

That perfectly expresses the character and quality of *The Irishman*. It is just one more exercise in the prevailing pseudo-realistic mode. We renew our gratitude for the beautiful and incorrupt art of Daniel Corkery.

And we turn to the last book on our list: a new anthology of Irish poetry.¹⁵ Mr. Walters has compiled, and his publishers have produced an exceedingly attractive collection. It is a joy to see again Thomas Boyd's haunting verses, "To the Leanán Sidhe," which one comes upon but rarely. All the best-known poets are moderately well represented, but where is James Stephens' "The Fifteen Acres," one of the most exquisite "bird-poems" in the language. Joseph Campbell is most inadequately represented by only one poem, even though that be "The Old Woman." Where, oh where, is Ethna Carbery! Was there room for only *one* poem by Thomas McDonagh? one asks indignantly. And then one remembers the great truth, *tot homines quot anthologica*. "There is only one perfect anthology," Sylvia Lynd has declared, "and that is a perfect memory."

¹⁵ *Irish Poets of Today*. Compiled by L. D'O. Walters. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

THE RISE OF THE PEOPLE'S PARTY IN ITALY.

BY GIUSEPPE QUIRICO, S.J.



It is little more than three years since the People's Party was formed in Italy as a result of the efforts of a group of conscientious and courageous Catholics. In this short time, it has been able to impress itself on the political life of Italy and has obtained a conspicuous group of one hundred and seven deputies in Parliament; three ministers in charge of important portfolios and five under-secretaries in the Cabinet, and an admirable organization of 4,176 sections with more than 300,000 party adherents throughout the country. The appearance of the new party had an immediate effect on Italian politics: desire for anti-clerical legislation was arrested, and intense development was given to social legislation. The new party, a veritable giant from birth, is being watched with great interest by the Catholics of other nations, and there has become manifest a general desire to know something of its nature and its programme. It is to satisfy this just desire that we shall proceed to outline, in brief, the history and programme of the People's Party of Italy.

The inception of the People's Party may be sought in the Catholic action which developed in Italy during the past fifty years, giving rise to numerous works, and preparing Catholics for public life. The foundation of the Association of Italian Catholic Youth, at Bologna, dates from 1868. This Association still remains intact in its typical organization of the most fervent and loyal spirit. From its heart, so to speak, came the men most courageous and most representative of Catholic action and Italian political action.

The Association of Catholic Youth gave rise, in October, 1871, to the great convention movement, which rapidly became the *Operi dei Congressi e dei Comitati Cattolici* (Organization of Conventions and of Catholic Committees) in Italy. This work, as is well known, soon became permanent, with a vast organization of parish, diocesan and district committees, all

duly subordinated to the General Permanent Committee and the President-General. Among the various groups included in the development of Catholic action, one was concerned with the electoral movement in provinces and municipalities, the only political field in which the Catholics of Italy were then allowed to participate. In the limited field of municipal and provincial administration, the Catholics were free to take part in the most important problems of public life; alone, or more often in coöperation with moderate liberals, they had a majority in the greater number of municipalities, especially the larger ones. The *Opera dei Congressi*, which was dissolved in 1904, was succeeded by a new organization consisting of independent National Unions.

Besides the People's Union and the Social-Economic Union, there was the Electoral Union, whose task grew rapidly; for the Encyclical of Pius X., "*Il fermo proposito*," published June 11, 1905, while giving a new bearing to Catholic action, gave permission, in specific cases, for the participation of Italian Catholics in political life. The breach thus legally opened in the barrier presented by the "*non expedit*," became wider and wider.

Even before the appearance of the Encyclical, in fact, ever since November, 1904, there had been Catholic deputies in Parliament, for the Catholic Associations of Bergamo and some other districts had, with due permission, taken part in elections. After the appearance of the Encyclical, this course became more and more frequent, and the Electoral Union, by means of opportune alliances and agreements, succeeded in enhancing the value of the votes of Italian Catholics.

The Gentiloni pact, subscribed to during the elections of 1903 by hundreds of liberal deputies, and safeguarding some important demands of Catholics, has remained famous. At that time, a party of Catholic men was not yet desired; a few were, however, permitted in the Chamber as individuals, and the so-called "parties of order" which were essentially liberal, were supported by Catholic votes. But Catholics were preparing, in the political field, for early action by group and by party. As another remote preparation, we may recall the fervent Christian-Democratic movement which developed in Italy in 1898 in the field of theory and works. The principal deputies of today and, in fact, the Political Secretary of the

People's Party, Don Luigi Sturzo himself, were then fighting in the ranks of the Christian Democrats, and were proclaiming the necessity for a political movement of their own.

It is historically interesting to recall an incident which occurred in Rome in 1897. A small but select company of men were in the habit of meeting in the house of Count di Campello. Among them were Cesare Cantù, Giovanni Battista de Rossi and Augusto Conti. They were meditating a plan whereby Catholics might contribute directly to the political life of Italy. The Austrian and French Ambassadors having gotten wind of the plan, hastened to the Holy See, with threats, so it is said, and the movement remained without results.

It was truly providential that the People's Party did not come into being until later, in answer to the aspirations of Italian Catholics. Had it been formed earlier, soon after the achievement of Italian unity, it would have been a legitimist party, favoring some fallen throne, or else a conservative party without great social value. Time matured the programme and prepared the men, and in the People's Party there has been formed a preëminently social party with a modern platform, inspired by the real welfare of the people and of the nation.

It may be safely said that the more recent preparation of the Italian People's Party was the attitude necessarily adopted by Italian Catholics during the War. Although neutral before the War, once their country had entered the great arena, they naturally desired victory for Italy and the Allies, and co-operated in its achievement in the measure of their power.

The Holy See, which, on account of its peculiar position, believed that its duty was to remain absolutely neutral, left the Italian Catholics entirely free to act as their conscience dictated. Reading the orders of the day of the various Catholic meetings and the circulars of the President of the People's Union, we have the distinct impression that the majority of organized Catholics, whatever their previous opinions may have been, cordially and vigorously supported the efforts of their country.

Thus they accomplished an essentially public action which was to have immediate political results. When, after the brilliant victory of Vittorio Veneto, Austria was forced to demand an armistice and the Great War could be considered at

an end, the Italian Catholics, or rather a group headed by the intelligent and active Don Luigi Sturzo, asked themselves whether it would not be advisable, for the good of the nation, to continue the enormous activity developed during the War, to reap the fruits thereof and extend it to the natural field of peace, which is the political field.

Don Sturzo, of Rome, and Cavazzoni, of Milan, now the secretary of the Parliamentary Group, were the first to proclaim the necessity for a new organization in articles dated November 11th, 17th and 22d, 1918, published in the *Corriere d'Italia* of Rome. The speech made by Don Sturzo at Milan on November 17th on "Problems of the After War" was like a bugle call, giving the signal for stronger and more decisive action. We can assure our readers in the most absolute manner that the Holy See, let the "*non expedit*" fall in abeyance, and granted to Italian Catholics ample freedom to form the political organization they judged most opportune. To assert, or even insinuate, the contrary is to be guilty of error and falsehood.

Don Sturzo, who was at that time the General Secretary of the Italian Catholic People's Union, after reaching an agreement with the People's Union and with high ecclesiastical circles, called meetings on November 23d and 24th, of a small number of organized Catholics, eighteen in all, for a friendly discussion at the headquarters of the Roman Union.

The outcome of those discussions was the calling of what was known as the *Piccola Costituente*, which met in Rome on the evenings of December 16th and 17th, 1918. Forty-two men were assembled from all parts of Italy, among them the best men from the provincial and municipal administrative field, high university circles, journalistic circles and from the syndical and economic movement. The Chairman was Count Santucci, but the soul of the meeting was, as ever, Don Luigi Sturzo who, on one of those memorable evenings, led all the men, at midnight, to the nearby church of the Holy Apostles where the Blessed Sacrament was exposed, and where he prayed long for the safety and exaltation of Italy.

The discussions of the *Piccola Costituente* were rapid and conclusive. They drew up a programme in outline and decided upon methods for organizing the new party. An Executive Committee was formed which immediately sent out

a nation-wide appeal, an outline of the programme and the statutes. On January 20, 1919, the *Osservatore Romano* and the *Corriere d'Italia*, of Rome, and the other great Catholic dailies, published the appeal, the outline of the programme and the statutes. The Italian People's Party was formed.

The Italian People's Party is not an association of a religious nature like Catholic organizations which are directly dependent upon the ecclesiastical authorities, with a pre-eminently religious object and recruiting their members among devout and practical Catholics.

On the contrary, it is a party which, in its programme and action, is inspired wholly by Christian principles, but which, in intent, is directly political and social. It is autonomous, that is to say it is not directly dependent upon the ecclesiastical authorities, and it receives as members any citizens who accept its programme.

These are the characteristics which distinguish the Party from Catholic Associations.

We are not of those who believe that a Catholic party is an absurdity in terms, since party signifies a part, while Catholic means universal. There would be contradiction only if the Church itself, which is essentially Catholic, that is to say universal, were to be reduced to a party, but we can see no contradiction in the fact that Catholics should unite in the political field, and that, in a parliament where they form a minority or a slight majority, they should dedicate themselves primarily to the triumph of Catholic principles in public life under the name of Catholic Party. The term party would apply to the assembly of such persons, whose number is necessarily limited in all nations. The title, Catholic, would apply to their aims, and we see no difficulty in coupling the two words. In Italy, it was considered best to omit the title of Catholic, which was proposed by some, and it must be admitted the considerations were inspired by serious and prudent motives which may be easily surmised. Any form of confessionalism, as well as all direct dependence of the Party on the religious authorities, were rejected for grave reasons. Such dependence was absolutely to be avoided, especially in Italy, where a complete reconciliation of the Church and State has not yet been achieved.

The name People's Party was taken from the Catholics

of Trent, who gave it to their political organization. It expresses the social aims of the Party, and the addition of the term Italian constitutes an assertion of sane patriotism.

The Party's form of organization is the simplest and most flexible possible. It is composed of Municipal Sections, which it is desired to establish in every municipality, a correspondent being appointed temporarily in communities where organization is, as yet, impossible; Provincial Committees, with a minimum of seven and a maximum of twenty-one members, elected by the Municipal Sections; the National Council, at first composed of thirty-five and later of thirty-seven members, elected by the National Congress and, in part, by the Parliamentary Group, and lastly, the Party Directors, seven in number, one of whom is the Political Secretary, who is appointed by the National Council. Every year, a National Convention is held to decide on the platform and tactics for the Party. Later, special rules will be laid down for the formation of women's groups and for propaganda sections.

The Catholic daily press gave its prompt support to the Party. The *Corriere d'Italia* of Rome was the first to give in its enthusiastic adherence, and in little more than twenty-four hours after the Party's birth, more than twenty other Catholic dailies fell into line. Among these, the most important were *L'Avvenire d'Italia*, of Bologna; *L'Italia*, of Milan; *Il Momento*, of Turin; *L'Eco*, of Bergamo; *Il Nuovo Trentino*, of Trent; *La Vita*, of Palermo, and *Il Cittadino*, of Brescia.

A few days later, more than a hundred weeklies affirmed their solidarity with the Italian People's Party, and it may be said that the entire Italian Catholic Press received the constitution of the Party with enthusiasm. Of the two Pontifical organs, the *Osservatore Romano* of Rome and the *Unità Cattolica* of Florence, the first-mentioned published immediately everything concerning the fundamental documents of the new Party, and the *Unità Cattolica* explained in detail the opportuneness and character of the new movement, urgently recommending it.

It was possible to constitute a parliamentary group without delay, as several deputies gave their personal adherence to the new Party. The task of still further strengthening the Parliamentary Group was intrusted to the Hon. Bertini, Hon. Longinotti and Hon. Rodinò.

A wave of enthusiasm spread throughout Italy, and provincial and temporary committees sprang up in Rome, Milan, Genoa, Turin, Naples, Palermo, Catania, Messina, Bergamo, Bologna, Brescia, Como, Cosenza, Ferrara, Florence, Pisa, Padua, Pavia, Rovigo and Verona.

The main basis of organization was still the municipal sections, to which special attention was therefore devoted. The following figures show the growth of the Party as based on the number of its sections and members. The Party was formed January 18, 1919. On June 14th of that same year, the first convention assembled at Bologna, 756 sections with 55,895 members being officially registered. The strength of the Party was really greater, for 150 other sections had already been formed, but the figures given here are based on official statistics. One year later, at the Naples convention, which opened April 8, 1920, the progress of organization was immediately obvious. The municipal sections numbered 3,173 and the number of adherents 255,000. On June 30, 1921, the number of sections had reached the splendid total of 4,176 and the number of Party members certainly exceeds 300,000. Provincial committees have now been established in every province of Italy, also in Fiume, Malta, Paris, Tripoli and in several countries in America.

The examination of these figures affords an accurate idea of the development achieved: 4,176 sections and more than 300,000 members in less than three years! Foreign readers will appreciate these results still more when they recall that in the Italian Liberal Party, even among its deputies, there are many who profess practical Catholicism, and hold that it is perfectly compatible with their moderate-liberal theories. Despite this fact, which has its natural echo in the majority of the liberal papers, the new political movement was formed rapidly and vigorously.

The will of the immense majority was very clear. The Party wants to be Christian in spirit, and, at the same time, preserve its non-religious character. It does not wish to make religion a distinctive feature to differentiate it from other political parties. In electoral tactics, it was decided to adopt the basis of intransigency; to have its own men and its own ballots. However, the policy of intransigency was not to be absolute, but would admit of exceptions of a local nature. It

was also urged that efforts be made to win proportional representation in Parliament, which would enable each party to be equally represented. There were long discussions on the social programme of the Party, and the relations it should establish with the white syndical and economic organizations inspired by Christian principles. There were many lively debates and assertions of various tendencies, but the Party emerged from the Convention of Bologna stronger and more vigorous than ever, ready to enter the arena in the elections of November, 1919.

The second Convention, held in Naples April 8th, 9th, 10th and 11th was larger and more agitated. It was attended by more than 2,000 delegates, representing 175,000 electors. The Party had at that time 255,000 electors in its 3,173 sections. The deep interest felt in the Convention by Italy and foreign countries was demonstrated by the presence of about three hundred journalists, who followed the fatiguing days of the Convention with special attention.

The Convention re-affirmed the organic unity of the Party, rejecting every attempt to form particular organized groups, and holding firm to the decision that the organization should include nothing but the Sections, the Provincial Committees, the Party Directors, the National Council, the Parliamentary Group and the Convention. The agrarian question, freedom of the schools, scholastic reform, customs policies, electoral, administrative and parliamentary tactics were discussed with great intensity.

The first political elections in which the Party took part were those of November 16, 1919, which were held, for the first time, under the proportional system. The electoral campaign was naturally bitter and difficult for a party presenting itself for the first time in the electoral arena. There was a lack of funds, and enemies were both expert and powerful. These deficiencies were compensated for by more intensive propaganda, and the results exceeded expectation. The Italian People's Party obtained 1,167,354 votes, and sent one hundred of its own candidates to the Chamber of Deputies. The deputies included university and professional men, organizers and even workmen and peasants.

It would be an easy task, by following the parliamentary proceedings, to demonstrate the effective influence of the

People's Party in Parliament. The veto of the Party prevented a Freemason from being elected President of the Italian Chamber. Several of the Party's representatives were given important charges, and in the third Nitti Cabinet the Party had two Ministers, the Hon. Micheli as Minister of Agriculture and Hon. Rodinò as Minister of War; and four Under-Secretaries, namely, Hon. Longinotti, first in the Ministry of Industry, then in the new Ministry of Labor; Hon. Pecoraro in the Ministry of Colonies; Hon. Bertini in the Ministry of Public Works, and Hon. Agnesi in the Ministry of Liberated Territories.

The same men were in the Giolitti Cabinet with the exception of Rodinò; the Minister of the Treasury was Meda, a very competent man, esteemed by all parties and destined, in the not far distant future, to become President of the Council. As Meda was obliged to resign on account of his health, his place was taken by Bonomi, and Rodinò went to the Ministry of War.

In the last months of 1920, the administrative elections were held, partially under the proportional system, certain concessions having been made in order to make its operation possible in municipalities where one or two lists include more than two, but less than three-fifths, of the candidates. In this case, the list obtaining the largest number of votes obtains three-fifths of the seats. The *Popolari* obtained the majority in 1,500 municipalities; they had a majority with a list combined with the Moderates in about two hundred municipalities, and they had an important minority in about 2,000 municipalities and seven hundred provincial seats. They received a total of 1,700,000 votes. These results were consoling, when it is remembered that the various liberal groups, which were usually opposing each other, had formed a *bloc* to prevent the advent of the *Popolari* and Socialists.

A still more important contest awaited the People's Party in the political elections of May 15, 1921. It was directed by Giolitti, President of the Council, the most expert statesman in Italy. The elections were held in the new provinces of Trent, Trieste, Gorizia and Zara, which have been annexed by Italy. At the direction of the Government, liberal *blocs* were formed everywhere for the purpose of preventing the reëlection of the Socialists, and, in part, with the intention

of diminishing the power of the People's Party in the Chamber. Many expected, even some of the *Popolari*, that the number of their deputies elected would be smaller.

Notwithstanding the great difficulty of the struggle, the *Popolari*, who were fighting absolutely alone, on the basis of intransigency, obtained 1,345,305 votes, and elected one hundred and seven of their candidates. If the circumstances under which the elections were held are carefully weighed, the magnificent victory of the *Popolari* will be fully appreciated.

Their Party is the most homogeneous in the Chamber, and has the best men. It is well disciplined and alert. The new Chamber immediately perceived the great importance assumed by the *Popolari*, and it is the universal opinion that without them no Government can endure. Giolitti having resigned from the Government on account of the lack of confidence demonstrated by the Chamber in the foreign policy of Count Sforza, his successor, Bonomi, gave three of the most important portfolios to the *Popolari*: Grace and Justice to Rodinò, Public Works to Micheli, and Agriculture to Mauri. With the Hon. Anile as Under-Secretary of Public Instruction, the People's Party has penetrated what was formerly the stronghold of Masonry. The present Minister of Public Instruction is a Moderate, and a man of practical religious faith. Other Under-Secretaries selected from the People's Party are in the Ministry of Labor, the Ministry of War, the Ministry of Liberated Territories and the Treasury.

If the present is bright, in spite of the inevitable defects of human things, the future is brighter still. The People's Party may look toward the future with full confidence, since it derives its strength from the Cross which shines on its shield and is an unfailing sign of victory. In its social and Christian programme lies the secret of its victory.

PREACHING THE GOSPEL BY WIRELESS.¹

BY THOMAS F. COAKLEY, D.D.



FOR the first time in history, converts to the Catholic Church are being made by wireless telephone. The occasion was the employment of this most modern of inventions night after night in Old St. Patrick's Church, in the down town section of the city of Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, during a mission by the Paulist Fathers, Rev. Bertrand L. Conway and Rev. David W. Kennedy, from November 27th to December 11th, 1921. Those who are accustomed to record important facts for the observation of future ages should not overlook these dates.

Through an arrangement with the Westinghouse Electric Company, Pittsburgh, their wireless broadcasting station, known internationally as K D K A, installed a wireless telephone in the pulpit of the Church. The installation itself is practically invisible. It is not apparent to those in church unless attention is especially directed to it, being no more than a very small transmitter, about the size of the mouthpiece of the modern telephone, suspended from the small lamp used to light the reading desk of the pulpit; hence, there is nothing spectacular or worldly about it. This is mentioned to forestall any objection upon the part of the devout, the ultra rubrical, or the meticulous that the pulpit is being used for something savoring of the theatrical. The few, and small, batteries and the wireless technicians were placed in a room back of the church, unseen and unknown to the congregation.

On the second day after the use of the wireless telephone, inquiries began to come in to the Rector of the Church from very distant points. For instance, some persons forty miles away, who had "listened in," journeyed to Pittsburgh and sought out the Missionary Fathers for further personal instruction preparatory to becoming converts; some careless

¹ It is significant of Apostolic times that one of the boldest ventures of faith in modern times has been pioneered by the oldest, smallest and poorest parish in the Diocese of Pittsburgh.—*EDITOR'S NOTE.*

Catholics in far away towns outside the city, having heard the instruction on "Confession," were led to receive the Sacraments. Non-Catholics in cities four hundred miles away wrote in for literature bearing upon the doctrines of the Church. Comments and appreciations were received from Michigan, Ohio, West Virginia, Indiana, Iowa, North Carolina, Florida, Texas and Canada. All told, twenty different States have indicated that they have heard the sermons every night and the answers to the questions deposited in the Question Box at the door of Old Saint Patrick's Church. The Missionary Fathers night after night address their unseen wireless audience, inviting them to send in questions by telegraph or mail, which they will answer the following evening by wireless telephone! One droll listener in Detroit heard everything except the passing of the collection plate, and he sent in his contribution by mail!

Within the area reached by the Westinghouse broadcasting station, operating on a wave length of 330 meters, there are approximately 150,000 receiving instruments, and this number is being constantly increased. This means that more than 1,000,000 persons every night "listen in" to these messages picked out of the air. Jules Verne, in his wildest dreams, never fancied an achievement such as this, and for the purpose of propagating the Gospel it well-nigh bewilders the imagination.

Nothing of a special nature is required of the preacher; he uses his ordinary tone of voice; he can move about in the usual way, and provided he speaks slowly and clearly, and stops at the end of each sentence, for a second or so, he is distinctly heard wherever a wireless receiving instrument is set up, sufficiently powerful to receive what is sent.

The thrilling importance of this new invention is that a receiving instrument can be installed almost anywhere, even by amateurs, and at a cost of but a few dollars. The receiving apparatus can be purchased from any electrical supply house, although the transmission is controlled by the Westinghouse Company. There is no telephone rent to pay, there is no upkeep worth mentioning, and the first cost is almost the last. The writer knows several hundreds of them in Pittsburgh in private houses which cost less than five dollars to erect. Others more elaborate, with an amplifier to increase

the sound so that large numbers may hear, cost all the way up to \$250.00. In this fashion, the whole world is brought to our very ears while we lounge at ease amid the comforts of our own drawing-rooms, libraries or bed-rooms. For hospitals its advantages are incalculable; the sick and those confined to the house need no longer feel lonely, or complain of tedium; it stretches far out to sea, and soon it will circle the earth, reaching to the farthest limits of the universe. Surely, it makes the communion of saints easier to grasp.

In a few years, wireless telephone receiving instruments will be as common as victrolas or Ford cars. "Behold, now is the acceptable time" for the Catholic Church to rise to this great and unique occasion, before the privilege is entirely pre-empted by those outside the Faith, and not allow the wireless telephone, like the classics of the English language, to be used as the medium of heresy. *The Catholic Church should erect a powerful central wireless telephone transmitting station, and give out to the listening world every night at regularly scheduled hours a sermon or an instruction on the truths of the Catholic Church.* One person, in this manner, could reach untold millions at the very poles of the world. It would be the super-International Catholic Truth Society. A swift reply could be made to every calumny against the Church; rural and outlying districts and distant missions could be put in touch with the intellectual claims and the moral grandeur of the Church in a way undreamed of hitherto, and independent of weather conditions and of transportation facilities, the seed of further conversions could be sown and scattered wherever human beings congregate. The missions in the Far East could be put in immediate contact with the pulsing heart of Christendom, and the Holy Father, from the Chair of Peter, could address all his faithful children spread over the world, using his own august voice, thus welding the Catholic body together in a more intimate unity than ever before in history. The burning sands of the Sahara, the frozen steppes of Alaska, the jungle fastnesses of India, the inaccessible gorges of the Himalayas, the serene calm of the mountain shepherd hut, as well as the far flung congregations aboard ocean liners, lashed by the angry seas, could all be put in touch with Christ's truth instantaneously and simultaneously since the wireless telephone leaps over all barriers of time and space.

By its use, fifty, five hundred or five thousand missions could be preached at one time by one preacher without additional cost. It raises the potentiality of the missionary activity of the Church to the n^{th} power. It appeals to the innate curiosity of the American mind, tempting millions of the unchurched and uninstructed to "listen in" on what is being broadcasted at a station a thousand miles away. It is an amazing adjunct to the Apostolate of the Press, vastly increasing its range and effectiveness. Indeed, the rise of the importance of the written word in recent years gave apparent foundation to the statement that the spoken word was dying, nay, even dead; that preaching was a lost art, and that the use of printer's ink had well-nigh stifled the command of Christ to "*preach* the Gospel to every creature."² And lo! at the very moment when the spoken word seemed to have reached its lowest ebb, God's loving Providence allows a new marvel to be invented by the genius of man, and a new instrument becomes His witness "even to the uttermost parts of the earth,"³ and His agent for the propagation of the Gospel "for a testimony to all nations,"⁴ so that the faith of the Holy, Catholic, Apostolic and Roman Church may be "spoken of in the whole world."⁵

² Mark xvi. 15.³ Acts i. 8.⁴ Matthew xxiv. 14.⁵ Romans i. 8.

THE UNKNOWN SOLDIER.

BY MARTIN FRANCIS.

UNKNOWN, yet known above,
Beg thou the God of Love,
Thy soul may find release
To visit earth, and bring
To the nations counselling,
The eternal light of Peace.

VIRGINIA, AGED TEN YEARS.

BY MABEL FARNUM.



ON the low step of the town Almshouse, Uncle Peter Smalley sat hugging his old smutty pipe and indulging in a few trite remarks about the weather.

"I reckon it will rain tomorrow!" he said aloud. "Although the clouds don't tell me nothing, one way or the other. But I reckon I can tell pretty near right by the feelin's in my joints!"

The clouds told nothing tonight. They lay lightly pink and fair over the low hills to the southward, almost seeming to rest upon the tips of the scrubby firs that stretched away as far as the eye could see. The clouds told nothing—but the stiff growing pains in the old limbs of Uncle Peter told a true tale—of nature's tears about to fall. For nothing was always bright and cheerful in this valley here below—not even nature. She, like men, had her perverse, her unhappy moods, in which she was wont at uncertain periods to indulge.

Uncle Peter did not mind the condition of the weather very much—except for the rheumatic pains. It was these which hemmed him in between these low-lying hills, in this pleasant bit of valley which was all too lovely to be meant for anything but joy and peace—here, in the City of the Forsaken, and just across the fields from the City of the Dead. The town cemetery lay just to the west of the Almshouse. Uncle Peter took a solemn pleasure in gazing across at the white tombstones in the first flush of morning when he went to milk old Sukey, the white cow—or in the hush of the noon hour, when the old ladies and men slept after dinner, and for a few moments there were no more chores to be done. Or at evening, when tired nature wrapped herself in a soft, gray blanket and prepared to lie down to sleep. When all fair things of the landscape were blotted, one by one, from the vision—then, like watchful sentinels, the white monuments of those who fought and laid down their arms, rose up like compass needles to point a way to the stars.

Uncle Peter, old lover of all beautiful things, looked all through the hot and restless day to this evening hour when, no rude voice to call him from his reveries, he might stretch his worn limbs on the doorstep, and, steeped in the calm of repose, hug his beloved and gritty old pipe with its favored morsels of tobacco to his lips. He loved his pipe as if it were a living thing, and sometimes addressed to it his meditations: he called it "Old Girl."

"It's just you and me, Old Girl," he would say when things had pressed a bit too hard, and when the day had been particularly trying, "just you and me, and nobody cares much about us or knows we are here . . . But we take a sight of pleasure in one another, I calculate!"

Sometimes, alas, there was not much fuel for the beloved companion. The tobacco supply would run short, or Mrs. Tooner would forget Uncle Peter because he happened to be away down at the end of the wood-lot when the allotment was given out. But if there was a shortage of anything, Uncle Peter would have wished to see everyone else supplied before himself. He would console himself on such occasions: "Never mind, Old Girl! There's another day . . . tomorrow, I calculate!"

There was much discontent among the old people. For the most part, they lived in the past—sometimes in a happy past. The loneliness of the present served to intensify their pains. There were those who had been budding belles and stalwart lovers in their day, which was, alas, long, long ago! Adversity, circumstance had intervened to cut short the prosperity and the peace, and death had sometimes snatched away those to whom they had looked for support and consolation in the old days. Some had crossed the mighty ocean in the dateless past, in search of happiness and success—to find, in the end, only disappointment, disillusionment and the dwelling-place of those who are a burden to the town.

How Uncle Peter had finally arrived at this melancholy stage of his mortal journey, he himself could hardly have told. Once he had owned a little grocery store—in the long ago. He had always been too generous with others, and too confiding in human nature. He had given candy to all the little children who chanced to stray by the door, looking in with grimy fingers in their mouths and big, hungry eyes fixed on

the glass showcase where the peppermints and chocolates gazed stolidly back in return. He had fed the widows who had nothing to give in return for the well-filled baskets. He had never required payment from those who professed their inability to pay. And, when his wife, who had been the backbone of the little business, and who alone was responsible for Uncle Peter's ability to keep the shirt on his back, died, everything soon was lost.

His married life had not been all sunshine, for Aunt Sarah's temper was not of the best. Uncle Peter was an idealist, who never should have married, perhaps. As a priest, he would have been an apostle, one of the type who would wear himself out in long night vigils and take the discipline and carry the whole wide world in his heart. As a physician, he would have found a mighty mission in the slums of some vast seething city, until he dropped in his steps tending the poor and the miserable of earth. As a writer, he would have made mighty things of little words, he would have done dauntless deeds with a simple pen telling of the beauty and the purity and the holiness of the thoughts that dwelled within the mystic citadel of his soul.

But, alas, Uncle Peter had never had the opportunity which so many others have cast aside. The big things had eluded him: while he ate his heart out in hunger for the beauty and the peace, he stood over the counter of the dingy, small grocery store and doled out charity to the worthy and the unworthy alike.

At an advanced age, he had attempted to be postoffice boy, and run with messages about the town—or rather, hobble about—but it was found that he was of little use. When things become of little use, they are cast aside, out of the routine of daily life, which is impetuous, which can brook no slowness. When Uncle Peter was found to be of not much use to anybody in the town, one day they brought him here for good. He had never forgotten the day when they set him down before the Almshouse gate, his old leather satchel in one hand, and a bundle done up in calico in the other. He had watched the cart which brought him disappear over the brow of the hill—like the last hope of his manhood, it went from sight—and left him behind.

Then a sharp voice called to him: "Come right along. . . .

This is the place. . . . I don't suppose you see any other place about, do you?"

There was no other place in sight save that over yonder, beyond the pasture bars, to the westward, where white shafts of marble glittered in the last rays of the sun.

Uncle Peter had shouldered his shabby baggage and gone in at the door, stooping slightly, for he was a powerfully built man. Through an open door, he had caught the first glimpse of a row of patient old figures, sitting stupidly in a row, monotonously alike, although unlike each other.

And a cold chill swept the very marrow of his bones, beneath the poor, patched shirt, which he himself had patched with painstaking labor. He knew in a flash that he was useless to the world. They had found out that he was no longer a man, merely a piece of old and broken-down and rusty machinery, fit to be set aside in a back shed. And the young heart of Uncle Peter, the heart which knew the ways of fairies that children love, the chivalrous heart of the knight Peter, the stout heart of the man whose sturdy faith could brook no pain of discouragement or discontent, in that hour grew old.

So he passed in, out of the flush of the dying sunset, into the town Almshouse, to go the way of all old and useless things.

Uncle Peter had soon found peace, however, for his was one of the souls who cannot stay crushed to earth. He soon discovered that there was some work to be done before he joined the little army of soldiers who had laid down their arms, and, in the pinnacled settlement of white stones yonder, slept, with their chevrons on their sleeves, the sleep of eternal youth.

There were hearts to be cheered by a kindly word, by a bit of song, sung in quavering tones, yet with something of sweetness which penetrated the grim old walls of the Almshouse, by an old, old tale that Uncle Peter had heard over the counter of the little grocery store. There were blessings for which to be thankful, even here. For the clean bed, the wholesome food, the snug roof above one's head, which kept out the rain and the snow. Then, at evening, there was the quiet hour, all his own, of which no man might deprive him. The hour when the simple faith and hope and love of eternal youth

rose in the heart, bidding all distrust and suspicion forever hold their peace. Uncle Peter had never heard of Cicero, but in this hour he experienced in his soul the tremendous force of the truths which that immortal mind had conceived. He was not sorry to be old: "If you should advance into old age, you need no more grieve than farmers do when the loveliness of springtime hath passed, that summer and autumn have come. For spring represents the time of youth, and gives promise of future fruits."

"I reckon it'll rain tomorrow!" reiterated Uncle Peter. He got up with difficulty from the low doorstep and limped slowly along over the brown fields to the edge of the wood-lot, to get a better view of the sky.

"Yes, Old Girl, it's rain!" he said, nodding his head to the pipe in his hand.

He lowered his dim eyes from the brightness of the sunset clouds, and rested them on the White City for a moment. They kept it very trim, so Uncle Peter thought, and he was pleased. "Not everybody forgets!" he said.

Then he noticed something. Strange to say, he had never ventured beyond the pasture bars—he had often meant to explore a bit, but the stiffness of his limbs had dissuaded him every time. However, the fence was low, and he saw something—that called to him.

In all this peace and beauty and order, the vivid green of the first spring grass, the first spring flowers, the perfect appointment of the spot, he saw that there was one mark of disorder, one flaw in the perfect outline of the City of the Dead. A little grave, all covered with weeds and choked with brambles, with no velvet grass above it, no velvet flower. Uncle Peter's soul waxed hotly indignant over this neglect on somebody's part. Forgetting all about the poor rheumatic legs, he scrambled over the fence with all the alacrity of a schoolboy disappearing from the scene of an apple raid.

With remarkable agility, Uncle Peter hastened up one of the smooth walks—"Willow Path"—and sought the neglected spot.

Forgetting that the earth is very damp in early spring, he dropped to his knees. He pushed aside the weeds and brambles, until he disclosed a little mound, perhaps not

made a year. And, underneath the disorder that clung over the tiny white stone at the head of it, he read:

VIRGINIA, AGED TEN YEARS.

A little maiden, with golden hair and soft blue eyes, and with a wild rose tint on her brow—that was what Uncle Peter saw. Soft, little hands, a dainty form clothed ever in white, virgin white, unfolding like a bud, and gathered by the angels before it was quite unclosed.

Little Virginia. It was strange that so sweet a child should have been forgotten so soon! Where were those who had loved this waxen flower—why had the thorns and weeds been ruthlessly suffered to grow in this sacred spot at will?

And Uncle Peter said aloud to his companion and friend: “Old Girl . . . this won’t do! It’s up to us! Little Virginia—and nobody thinks of her—and nobody thinks of us! So we sort of belong to one another, I calculate!”

It was nearly dark when Uncle Peter finally finished his labor of love on the tiny grave. But, when at last he saw that the weeds had been torn quite away, and some semblance of grass appeared on the brown earth, and the stone had been carefully wiped off with his best bandana, moistened in a bit of a brook just back of the wood-lot, Uncle Peter rose very unsteadily, and dried his brow and brushed his poor garments free of the damp earth, and smiled. The glad, happy smile of a child who has just discovered the fairy palace of *Alice In Wonderland*.

“Little Virginia! My little Virginia, I reckon!” he said.

And it was almost as if, from the small mound, a soft, childish voice answered, calling him sweetly by name: “Uncle Peter!” it said. And yet Uncle Peter knew too well that it was his own heart which supplied the little voice, his own hungry old soul which created the fancy: Little Virginia, in the world beyond the stars!

Uncle Peter walked slowly homeward. Strange to say, there were no pains in his worn limbs tonight, nor did he feel any ill effects of his labor. He closed the door softly as he went in, lest Mrs. Tooner should appear on the scene and rebuke him for his protracted absence. He felt that he could not tell anyone of what he had been doing the past hour.

As he passed through the upper hall, his shoes in his hand, he heard old Jennie Swanson's voice droning, as usual, the eternal theme which she sang morning, noon and night: "If I only had a cashmere shawl!"

Uncle Peter used to wonder whether in the whole wide world beyond the Almshouse gates there lived any soul more uselessly unhappy than poor Jennie. Or if in the whole earth there burned a more feverish desire in any human breast than this of hers for a cashmere shawl. Shawls had long since ceased to be worn in the outer world, but Jennie lived in the past, and if the fashions changed, she never realized it. They said that she was nearly a hundred years old.

Mrs. Tooner's little girl, Effie, was waiting on the landing for Uncle Peter to come and put her to bed, entertaining her the while with one of his own inimitable tales of goblins and ghosts and wood fairies. So now, having tucked the little one snugly between warm blankets and received her lingering kiss, the old man sat down on the foot of the tiny cot and continued his narrative from the place where they had left off the night before, reciting over and over again "The Walrus and the Carpenter" and "An Aged, Aged Man A-Sitting on a Gate." The child lived in a dream world, all unknown to her very practical mother, who did not approve of Uncle Peter's vagaries. And the old man, looking into the eager, wistful, little face among the pillows, wondered a bit, after the manner of old men, what life held in store for this sweet blossom; whether she would be carefully shielded from the cold, unkind blasts of the world, or whether, like poor Jennie Swanson, some day she, too, would be sitting rocking to and fro in the town Almshouse, bemoaning the fact of having no cashmere shawl!

And Uncle Peter sighed heavily, and shook his head. Nobody knew.

When the child had fallen asleep, her tiny brain revolving the pretty fancies of the Red and White Queens, Uncle Peter hobbled to his own room, scarcely more than a closet, and, lighting the gas, drew out from beneath his pillow one of the few treasures he possessed—a ragged book. He had been reading for the past weeks, painfully and laboriously, from *The Last Days of a Condemned Man*. He had thought that he himself was in a position not quite unlike this poor unfor-

tunate—condemned to run his days out here in this isolated and forsaken spot with the forsaken of the world.

But tonight he found that he had no relish for the book. Life looked strangely bright—he was no longer alone. For, into his narrow life had come a little face and figure, a little maid with winsome face and golden tresses, with bright, blue eyes and a smile of gold. She had come softly up the path to meet him and had placed a confiding little hand in his. Virginia had stolen her way into the strong, lonely heart—and he was no longer lonely. And he wished for the morrow to come, with its tasks, ill-repaid, and evening, when he might be free once again to steal away to her.

He sometimes talked to her, fancying her near, although he knew that she was with God: "Little Virginia, things didn't seem to go right today, somehow. I feel all sort of tuckered out. It didn't seem to pay to take things as they come. I sort of wanted to growl, just to ease up my feelings a bit. But then I thought of you, Little One, and there was sunshine again in my poor, old, worn-out heart. My Little Virginia that came into my old, useless life just in time before things got too dull!"

Too dull—that was what life was to most of the old, worn-out machines in the human network of flesh and weary bones that inhabited the place. Although a smile, a pleasant word, the gift of an apple or a handful of raisins or a second-hand magazine would have made the world seem very bright. But when visitors came to the Almshouse, they stared at the old people as if they were curiosities, spoke about the view from the pantry windows, asked a few inane questions, and went their way. Sometimes, you read the name of these people in the papers when there was an account of a Charity Bazaar.

People did not find time to be kind to one another, Uncle Peter thought. Because they lived just a little ahead of the present hour. They were always pushing ahead to the next hour, the next day, and the things of the present remained unseen, or, in passing, they stumbled over them and hurried on their way.

Uncle Peter was deeply pained at the knowledge. He spoke of it to his dream child: "Little Virginia, I wish I could be of use to some one unhappy soul!"

One day toward evening, Uncle Peter hobbled off over

the emerald fields and through his favorite spot in the hedge to the little burying ground. And he sat down beside the grave of his child, and began to prune with eager, sensitive fingers the tender blades of green, to wean from the dull sod, as it were, the summer flowers. And he saw that a tall, dark stranger stood just across from him on the Willow Path. The man was gazing fixedly at Uncle Peter. He had a restless, handsome face, which told a tale of suppressed bitterness and, perchance, hate.

Uncle Peter, chagrined that anyone should discover his secret, rose unsteadily to his feet.

The stranger spoke first:

"It is your child?" he asked, in smooth, musical tones.

"Y-Yes!" But Uncle Peter knew that he did not speak the exact truth. "Or . . . not my own child . . . but I . . . that is . . . she is very dear to me!"

"Is?" The stranger lifted the slight cynical eyebrows in rather amused fashion. "Is . . . or do you mean was?"

"Is!" asserted the old man stoutly, while a swift color swept into his old cheek bones. "Is . . . she is very near to me!"

"Oh! Then I presume you think that . . . the child lying under the sod there beside you still lives?"

"Still lives!" asseverated Uncle Peter bravely. "I know, of course, that she is not here—although I like to fancy that she speaks to me sometimes. And I converse with her! See . . . she was . . . is . . . but ten years old!"

The stranger shook his head, while his face expressed most eloquently his incredulity.

"My friend," he said evenly, "I regret to disillusion you, but you speak a dream. There is no life beyond that little mound. The child, whom you say was not yours, but whom you love—or rather loved—is as if she had never been. I am sorry for you if you cherish an empty delusion."

Uncle Peter was trembling with excitement. He said:

"Sir . . . tell me . . . have you never loved and lost in death one whom you loved?"

"Once, twice, I loved and lost."

"And you can say that never once has the thought come to you that your beloved still live—in a better and brighter world?"

"I cannot say that I have never been assailed by empty

hallucinations, because it is the way of our human nature to be weak and fail itself. But these passing fancies never proved themselves to me, and I prefer to deal with the cold, stern facts of actuality. My dead are no more!"

"I am sorry for you!" Uncle Peter could find no more arguments, for he was unlearned in the things of books.

Then the tall, dark stranger confided to him that he was about to compose a treatise on the futility of belief in an after life, which he meant to disseminate all over the world. Some day, perhaps, Uncle Peter might read for himself—and believe!

When the stranger had gone away down the Willow Path and had disappeared beyond the turn of the road, Uncle Peter bent very low over the tiny mound and spoke very close to the ear of his little child, caressing with his sensitive lover's lips the tiny, living things of green and blue and pink that grew above her breast:

"Little Virginia," he said, "little maiden, do not forget this poor soul drifting in the dark night of error! Intercede for him with the Sacred Heart of Christ Who loved little children so!"

And in that moment the poor old man could refute every argument of the philosopher: "I do not need any learned discourse or any book to convince me of the truth. My own heart tells me that we live beyond the grave!"

The summer days waned. Precious blossoms bloomed on a little mound in Willow Path. Flowers of every conceivable form and color, trained by the painstaking hand of the old man. The trees in full leaf whispered things out of nature's secret book to little Virginia, and the brook babbled its appreciation of the beauties of God.

Just once the tall, dark stranger came back—it was at the very end of summer. He stood very still for a long time on the path, and watched Uncle Peter trimming the grass and watering the blossoms from an old, cracked teapot, which Mrs. Tooner had cast aside. And he said just once:

"And you still think . . . that the child lives?"

Summer faded into autumn. Automobilists on pleasure tours about the beautiful country passed along the road beside the Almshouse, stopping sometimes for a glass of pure, rich milk, shuddering when they saw the drooping figures of the

inmates, and passing quickly on their way. Uncle Peter, watching them disappearing over the brow of the hill, no longer asked to go with them. He was content to remain where he could be near his child. A radiant hope burned in his breast, not unlike the fire which had glowed in the boy's heart long ago. The hope of the future near at hand, when, all the pains of soul and body over, he would have passed forever from the place of old and broken-down and useless things. Where, ever young and joyous, he would walk with the little child of his mystical adoption. And with One Who, from a bruised and pain-racked Body and a forsaken Soul, had entered into His glory, having first shown us the way!

In the Communion of Saints, Uncle Peter felt that Virginia was very near him, whom she had never known on earth. She prayed for him, watched over him and brought solace to his days, now declining fast.

And then one day—when the old temptation to desolation came strongly over Uncle Peter, and he sat trying to solace himself with his beloved pipe—the postman came down the country road waving a white missive in his hand. And it was addressed to Uncle Peter in a strange, aristocratic hand.

Uncle Peter hobbled quickly into the house to find Mrs. Tooner, for his sight was now too dim to read.

Within the envelope was a check sufficiently large to provide many comforts for him, should he live for some years to come. And the check was enclosed in a piece of white paper, which said: "From Virginia, Aged Ten Years."

Uncle Peter listened as in a dream while Mrs. Tooner read.

"Then my wife died, leaving me with a little babe but a few days old. I cursed God and asked Him to take the child, too. He punished me sorely. He did not take the child then. She lived to be ten years old, the light of my life, the joy of my soul. In the perfect bloom of childhood, Virginia died. I swore never to speak His Name again, or hear of Him. I told myself that death was the end of all, and I buried my child in a strange cemetery where the shadow of the cross might not fall. I told myself that she was forever gone. But I was not convinced, else why did I seek out her little grave after a year had gone by? Heartsore and weary, and with a flame of hate in my heart, I came up the path in search of the grave of my child. Just then a new fierce resentment against the Almighty

rose anew in my soul. I would have looked on her grave and gone away forever, to curse Him anew!

"You know the rest. . . . I found that, in the long year that I had wandered over the face of the earth an alien, neglecting to visit this sacred spot, another had taken my place. Had taken my little Virginia into his heart. Had you been a younger man, perhaps, I should have been jealous of you. But you were—pardon me—old and apparently worn out! To me she was dead, but to you she lived! I tried to convince you that you were in error, with no success.

"I went away to wrestle with my problem, and my heart told me the truth. She lives! She has never ceased to live, and my sole ambition is now to regain her some day. This can only be attained in one way. What that way is, you, as a fervent believer, must know. So to you I intrust my child's last resting place while afar off, in penance and prayer, I strive to atone for the past."

Uncle Peter sat dazed the while Mrs. Tooner disclosed the astonishing news. For some time, he could not speak.

He went out to the doorstep in the cool of the evening. He was thinking of all that he could do with the check and first on the list came an item: one cashmere shawl. There were sundry other items, but Uncle Peter's name did not appear on the list.

The sun sank gloriously in a bed of fire. The white stones of the little graveyard were steeped in a flood of rose pink.

Uncle Peter felt that he was strangely stiff tonight; it was almost as if his old heart was too tired to pump any longer. But he felt that he did not care just how long.

How wonderful it was . . . that he had come to the Alms-house—to save a human soul!

A chill wind sprang up just as the sun disappeared behind the fir trees.

He rose stiffly to go in, turning first for one lingering look toward a little white stone gleaming across the twilight fields.

"Good-night, Little Virginia!" he said.

A JESUIT HIGHER SCHOOL OF COMMERCE AND FINANCE.

BY J. THEYSKENS, S.J.



THE knowledge of what Catholics have done, and are still doing, in Belgium may be to their fellow-Catholics abroad a cause for lawful pride. To some, it may serve as a stimulus, and a suggestion as well. It may be of interest, therefore, to the readers of *THE CATHOLIC WORLD* to know something of that very efficient public service conducted by the Jesuit Fathers in Antwerp, known as the *Ecole Supérieure de Commerce et de Finance, St. Ignace*.

The Institute is thoroughly up-to-date. Situated in the busiest part of the commercial metropolis of Belgium, five minutes distant from the river Scheldt, it extends practically the whole length of the *courte rue neuve*, towering above all the surrounding buildings. The interior, bright and airy, meets the most exacting demands of modern hygiene and modern methods. Radiators and electricity abound. The library of commercial, financial and consular books ranks with the best. A reading-room offers the student the latest blue-books, consular reports of the whole world, reviews, annuals and periodicals in several languages. A commercial museum shows a most valuable and complete collection of raw materials and manufactured articles: ivory and rubber from the Congo; cotton from the United States; wool from Australia and the Argentine Republic; coffees from Brazil and the East Indies; cereals from Russia, the Danube, North and South America, Australia and India; tea from India, Ceylon, China and Japan; tobacco, home-grown and imported, from countries near and far, from Turkey, Egypt, the East and West Indies, Manila, Mexico, Virginia and Florida; mineral ores: iron, copper, tin, lead, cobalt; oils of every description: animal, vegetable and mineral; coal, wood, glass, patterns of fabrics, woolen and cotton stuffs. The maritime museum exhibits one hundred and twenty detailed maps of ports and harbors. A commercial bureau, physical and chemical laboratories are provided, and every modern mechanical device to facilitate

business, and a large and beautiful hall, where special lectures are delivered by explorers, consuls, economists, business men and financiers on subjects of interest related to the courses of the Institute.

Formerly, no very high type of education was required for commercial purposes. Under the old régime, business interests passed from father to son and from son to grandson. This policy may have sufficed to promote the interests of the individual trader; it could never have been adequate from the national standpoint, for the direction of a nation's policy in respect of trade, industry, commerce and finance has always required a wider outlook than is found in those who have learned their business by rule-of-thumb. Today, even the management of private concerns calls for faculties of a far higher order than obtained when competition had not yet become world-wide and gigantic combines had not overshadowed the small trader. A wonderful commercial expansion, fostered by freedom and invention, has revolutionized business traditions. The modern manager, to hold his place, must exercise general supervision over his department, analyze results, put new problems before his men for their consideration, advice and action; criticize subordinates when results are not forthcoming, showing the reasons why and maintaining his standard. Formerly, it may have sufficed to keep records of costs of production and of costs of doing business and to make occasional comparisons; today, thorough investigation has to be made of every detail: of men, methods, materials, machinery, markets and profits. Nothing should be left to chance, all must be carefully planned in advance. Errors are to be prevented, not corrected; calculation is to be substituted for guess, demonstration for opinions.

The Antwerp St. Ignatius' Institute, since its foundation in 1852, and more especially during the last twenty years, under the direction of Father de Cleyn, S.J., has aimed to fit men for control. Recording and crystallizing the experiences of thousands of successful business men and financiers, it imparts a training, direct, scientific and economic, the more valuable as it broadens the outlook, affords an opportunity of studying the way business is created, not from below, but from above, and trains the creative and directive mind.

Today it confers four different diplomas, duly recognized

by the Belgian Government: the diplomas of "Licentiate in Commercial Sciences," "Licentiate in Commercial and Financial Sciences," "Licentiate in Commercial Sciences of the Superior Degree" and "Licentiate in Commercial and Consular Sciences."

Students already in possession of a certificate of secondary studies: commercial, scientific, Latin or Greek, are admitted without any previous examination. Others have to pass an entrance examination in the English, French and German languages, physical geography, universal history, the principles of commerce, mathematics, physics and chemistry. Special facilities are given to the bearer of a diploma of doctor-in-law. Scholarships are awarded by the Belgian Ministries of Industry and Labor and of Foreign Affairs.

At the end of their first year, the students pass an oral and a written examination in philosophy (chiefly moral philosophy), commerce, mathematics, industrial and commercial geography, the history of industry and commerce, the trade routes of the world, political economy, civil law, commercial products and the English, French, German, Spanish and Italian languages. The second year leads directly to the degree of licentiate in commercial sciences: the examination at the end of this year is held before a board composed of the notables of Antwerp, the President of the Chamber of Commerce, the professors of the Institute and a delegate from the Government; it is both oral and written, and covers the subjects mentioned above, plus commercial law. The third and last year comprises three different sections: the financial and actuarial section, the commercial section of the superior degree and the consular section. The first of these deals with financial and actuarial mathematics, law and jurisprudence, financial economics, financial statistics, comparative colonization, public finance and modern languages; the second with commerce, maritime, industrial and constitutional law, financial mathematics, comparative colonization, parliamentary history and modern languages; the third with industrial and maritime law, comparative colonization, constitutional law, parliamentary history, consular legislation, the elements of private international law, customs legislation, commercial politics and modern languages. Each of these three sections leads up to its respective sciences, "Licentiate

in Commercial Sciences of the Superior Degree" and "Licentiate in Consular Sciences."

The efficiency of the training given at the Institute is attested by the standing of the Jesuit Fathers, comprising the teaching staff, several of whom are well known in financial, economic and geographical circles by the works they have published. The Institute numbers, also, among its professors some of the finest lawyers, financiers and business men of Antwerp, doctors in political and sociological sciences, doctors in commercial science and doctors in diplomatic and administrative science.

Another tribute to the efficient training of St. Ignace is the fact that students crowd to the Institute not only from all parts of Belgium, but also from Great Britain, Spain, Luxembourg, France, Germany, Holland and Iceland. Immediately after the armistice, in November, 1918, more than four hundred soldiers: officers, non-commissioned officers and privates, men of all ranks and regiments, entered the Institute, believing the education to be obtained there would prove a sure means to success. Today, hundreds of its graduates form the directive force in modern commerce, industry and finance all over the world: in the chief centres of Belgium, in New York, London, Paris, Amsterdam, Madrid, Coblenz, Bilbao, Metz, Rejkjavik, Le Havre, Buenos-Aires, Elisabethville, etc. The functioning consul-general of Belgium at Montreal, the Belgian *chargé d'affaires* at Varsory, the Belgian consul at New Orleans, the vice-consul at Regina in Canada, not to mention others, were students at the *Ecole Supérieure de Commerce et de Finance, St. Ignace*.

Reverend Father de Cleyn, S.J., the soul of the establishment, his fellow-priests and lay-collaborators, deserve and receive their country's gratitude for this body of highly trained and liberally educated business men, financiers and consuls. They merit, furthermore, the admiration and emulation of the Catholic world at large for having shown that, whatever people may say to the contrary, Catholic principles may hold good even in highly efficient business life.

New Books.

THE ECONOMIC HISTORY OF IRELAND FROM THE UNION TO THE FAMINE. By George O'Brien, Litt.D. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. \$7.50.

Here is history, exact, unimpassioned, buttressed by extracts from blue books and stabilized by statistics. Yet here, also, is drama, poignantly pervasive, of a people rendered more patriotic by persecution.

It is possible to evaluate fully the historical austerity which presents facts with seeming detachment, and at the same time be moved to the depths by these very facts made more damnable by their stark nakedness. Dr. O'Brien has written as an historian, and because he has, he has produced a document much more potent than any piece of propaganda, more final than the findings of the American Commission on Conditions in Ireland.

For here is disclosed the root cause of these conditions—the passionate love of an agricultural people for the land, the struggles and the sacrifices made to possess a portion, however tiny, of a soil regarded as sacred, and the steady determination of the oppressor to strangle every effort to realize this ambition.

The economic history of Ireland in the first half of the nineteenth century is a study in starvation, the high spot of which is reached when the Famine of '47 is recorded. Starvation of body, which but intensified sturdiness of the soul and love for native land. It was in these days of drought, that might well have been expected to develop despair—days described with appalling preciseness by Dr. O'Brien—that the seed was sown for Sinn Fein. As the bodies of Irish men and Irish women slowly starved, the Irish soul, that grew in steadfastness, sought to express itself. The soil might be filched, but the religion, the language, the grand heritage of saintliness and scholarship could not be stolen. The strivings of those days have since found expression; they have been made articulate to the world. In the days which Dr. O'Brien describes, martyrs were not lacking, but they spoke only the one to the other as they passed on the torch of patriotism. Then, in our own days, Padraic Pearse and Terence MacSwiney spoke in death, and the whole world listened, admiring the nobility of these heroes, but scarce comprehending its source.

That source would be better understood if all the world could read *The Economic History of Ireland from the Union to the Famine*.

YOU AND YOURS. *Practical Talks on Family Life.* By Rev. Martin J. Scott, S.J. New York: P. J. Kenedy & Sons. Cloth, \$1.50; paper, 35 cents.

Father Scott's several contributions to practical apologetics have proven how alive he is to the needs of the times, and how aptly he can meet them. Timeliness is again characteristic of his latest publication which, along other lines than his previous considerations of the credentials and applications of Christianity, is one with them in its shrewd insight into human nature. Father Scott understands thoroughly the value of the policy which, during the late reign of Mars, we learned to call "consolidating an objective." Only when he may reasonably feel that he has secured conviction and persuasion on one point, does he pass to the next, and each successive point is on a higher level than its predecessor, rising, for instance, from natural to supernatural motives. In these familiar talks, he gives good advice to all the members of the household, father and mother, son and daughter, the younger generation coming in for the lion's share of attention and the more direct hits. Such headings of chapters as these tell their own story: Women and Dress, Young Men and Courtship, Dangers to Young Men, Amusements. The concluding chapters are on the call to the religious life. Containing good sound ethics, familiar in style, open and frank in method, this book is one for which we can heartily subscribe to the conventional recommendation: it has a place in every home.

THE PSALMS. A Study of the Vulgate Psalter in the Light of the Hebrew Text. By Rev. Patrick Boylan, M.A. Vol. I.—Psalms I.-LXXI. St. Louis: B. Herder Book Co. \$5.50.

Those who use the Vulgate Psalter have long felt the need of some work which will make the Psalms intelligible to readers who do not care, or have not time nor opportunity, to learn Hebrew and read commentaries in three or four languages. They want a work which will treat the Psalms, not as material for scientific, theological or historical study, but as religious poems—as prayers. In order that one may read the psalms *digne, attente, ac devote*, certain obstacles have to be removed; a different mentality, a different civilization, a different religious outlook separate the Psalmist from the modern reader. These obstacles, it is the business of the commentator to remove. He must be a sort of liaison officer for the twentieth-century Westerner to enable him to enter into the thoughts of the oriental writer of pre-Christian times.

This work has been admirably done for English-speaking students by Father Boylan. His commentary does not presuppose

any other knowledge than that of the English language, and of Latin if one wishes to use the Latin Psalter: and it leaves no genuine difficulty unanswered. It does not purport to be written for specialists: but the specialist may profit by it, for Father Boylan has approached the Psalms with a complete knowledge of what criticism, ancient and modern, has done to make them intelligible, and his equally complete knowledge of Hebrew, Aramaic and Greek has enabled him to make the work in spite of its modest appearance, a real contribution to the literature of the Psalter.

The history of the Psalter—its authorship and growth—is briefly sketched. The purpose of the Psalms, classification and poetical form can be grasped from another section: and the ancient versions are dealt with in a section which is of very special value, for it contains the key to most of the obscurities of the Latin Psalter. Each Psalm is preceded by a short introduction, which indicates the principal ideas and the sequence of thought. Such data as point to a date for the Psalm are noted: but speculations are generally excluded. Then, in parallel columns with the Latin, comes an original translation “in the light of the Hebrew text.” Of this translation it is impossible to speak too highly. It is infinitely superior to the Douay version in its accuracy; and in the stately, dignified, rhythmical character of its English it scarcely yields to the Authorized Version.

The present volume deals with Psalms I.-LXXI. It is to be hoped that the second volume will soon appear, and that Father Boylan will add to the list of Catholic works on Sacred Scripture many volumes of the same high standard of learning, clearness and style as his commentary on the Psalms.

FAMOUS CHEMISTS. By Sir William Tilden, F.R.S. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. \$5.00 net.

In some sense, this book is a complement to its author's previous and most interesting work on *Chemical Discovery and Invention in the Twentieth Century*, which appeared a few years ago. In the present volume, the reader will find the history of modern chemistry detailed in the lives of those who have made it and need, in no wise, be deterred from setting out on its perusal by any fear that his ignorance of the science with which it deals will render his task difficult, for, as in the previous book, the author's style and his successful attempt to convey his information in language, comprehensible by all, make his book most easy, as well as pleasant, reading. We can only find space for two observations on it. How has the vast edifice of modern

chemistry been built up? Let Sir William tell us: "Science rests only on observation and experiment, and whatever hypothesis or theory is adopted in order to classify or explain the phenomena observed, it ought to be received only as a temporary expedient necessary for the assistance of the mind, and liable to be superseded when the state of knowledge has advanced far enough." And he supplements this by a statement from the works of the Father of Modern Chemistry, Lavoisier: "*Il n'est jamais permis, en physique et en chimie, de supposer ce qu'on peut déterminer par des expériences directes.*" How excellent it would be if writers, especially on biological topics, where far the greater sinners are to be found, would remember that an unproved theory may be highly seductive, but that it is not, and should not, be spoken of as a fact. The name of Lavoisier brings us to our second observation, which is as to the great names associated with chemistry, whose owners were fervent members of the Catholic Church. The writer just named, slain by the ruffians of the Terror on the plea that France did not want savants, was one and, to mention no others, Dumas, whose life is given in this book. In connection with his life, we note that Sir William, perhaps the most eminent living organic chemist, gives it as his opinion that "it is improbable that the origin of life and of the differences between living and dead matter will ever be determined."

F.

APOLOGETICA *quam in usum Auditorum suorum concinnavit.*

Auctore Joanne T. Langan, S.J., Apologeticæ in Collegio Maximo Woodstockiensi Professor. Chicago: Typographia Loyolæa. \$3.50.

Father Langan's *Apologetica* is a companion volume to *Institutiones Theologiæ Naturalis* of Father Brosnan, recently reviewed in THE CATHOLIC WORLD. Both volumes issue from the expert pens of professors of the Jesuit Scholasticate of Woodstock, Maryland, and are printed by the Loyola University Press of Chicago. A volume of similar excellence on the Church from the same source would furnish a trilogy capable of satisfying the most exacting demands of the student or professor of the theological department of Christian Apologetics.

The work under review covers the part of Apologetics comprised within the treatise usually designated *De Revelatione*. It contains three sections—the philosophic, which establishes the possibility and discernibility of Divine revelation; the critical, which proves how perfectly reliable and credible are the chief sources of the Christian religion, and the historical, which demonstrates by an accumulation of arguments, overwhelming in their

conviction for the sincere mind, that Jesus of Nazareth, the Son of Mary, is the Christ of Jewish expectation, the eternal Son of God made manifest in human flesh. In the progress of his presentation of this paramount proposition, Father Langan advances with the steady strength of an inexorable logic. Not a link in the chain of proof is weak, not a problem that has the least pertinency to the subject overlooked. How such extensive scholarship could be compressed within the scope of one volume of some four hundred pages, causes the reader to marvel. It is possible only because the author pursues the text-book method of indicating the line of argument and the evidence, while leaving it to the living voice of the professor to develop at length in accord with his individuality and purpose. While *Apologetica* retains all that is best in the traditional defence of the Christian revelation, it impresses into the service of the Faith the best results of modern scholarship. The extensive acquaintance with up-to-date literature on the subject, whether hostile or friendly, and the masterly manner in which the materials are handled, are delightfully satisfying. No serious problem presented by modern criticism within the scope of this all-important theme of supernatural revelation is ignored, or denied its due consideration. One of the many excellent features is the complete and discriminating bibliography, as well as the *Index Rerum* given at the close of the volume. The Latin, while pure and elevated, is not difficult; and the book is perfectly bound in half-leather. We enthusiastically recommend this work.

DANTE'S MYSTIC LOVE. By Marianne Kavanagh. St. Louis: B. Herder Book Co. \$1.50.

This book is well worth reading apart from its point of view. Yet the point of view also is profound, spiritually educating and impressive, even if one cannot relinquish the equally possible idea of a human and inspiring Beatrice. Scartazzini had already annihilated Beatrice Portinari, leaving her place unfilled and the whole idea hanging midair: Miss Kavanagh has constructed, from out the chaos left by Scartazzini, a lucid and scholarly interpretation supported by able reasoning and plentiful illustration from the text itself. The theory may be a little stressed, but it grows more and more possible, as one puts aside the distaste for allegory, so natural to the modern mind. The writer has come to her work fully equipped for spiritual insight by a sound knowledge of mystical theology. Certainly it is the most profound judgment ever pronounced upon Dante and one more witness to the depth, variety and immensity of the poet's genius.

The book invites an opposing interpretation, also supported by quotation and that may be forthcoming. The *troppo fiso*, for instance, in Canto XXXII. of the *Purgatorio*, could hardly apply to Contemplation; neither does it signify that Dante's love for Beatrice was other than spiritual, but it certainly refers to a person for whom even his supernatural affection must submit to some finally detaching, though delicate, rebuke. Yet there is no reason why any spiritual interpretation of Dante may not be true. We are very mixed beings, and the real truth may lie in a combination of theories. Dante's experiences may not have been altogether clear to himself in the time of the *Vita Nuova*, whatever he said about it later, and we are free to think what we like as long as our judgment is on supernatural lines. Miss Kavanagh's book is one more proof of the hitherto neglected importance of the *Vita Nuova*. It is far more subtle and difficult than the *Commedia*, of which, indeed, it is the mysterious Proem.

EXCURSIONS IN THOUGHT. By "Imaal." New York: P. J. Kenedy & Sons. \$1.50.

The author of this book, we make a guess, is an Irish layman. We have no need to guess at its merits which, if limited, are distinct. "Imaal's" chief strength—his fund of allusion and illustration—is, in some ways, a weakness, as it makes the reader experience a little difficulty in following the argument. The four essays the volume contains: "What Is Genius?" "The Century of Progress," "The Mother of the Arts," "Christianity and Its Critics," have each ransacked the ages and their immortals for texts. An incongruous juxtaposition of these is sometimes confusing, if at other times illuminating. An example of "Imaal's" method is a comparison he draws between Plato's modest incognito at the Olympic Games and Baudelaire's flaunted green-dyed hair. This was unexpected—and telling. In another place, he asks: "Was Homer fond of epigrams? Shakespeare of paradoxes? Was Isaiah 'clever?' or Plato smart?" And he is fond of asking such questions, because they provide their own annihilating answer. Against the self-conscious art and the soulless materialism of our time, he opposes Christianity, "the fairest thing men had ever seen—Truth with love in her eyes."

"Imaal" seems to have read all the books, seen all the pictures, and heard all the music of the world; and he refers them all back to lovely Truth from whom they derive the glory they contain. It is significant that out of disturbed Ireland has come this product of profound culture, which possesses its soul in peace. It is significant, too, that these beautiful essays are dedi-

cated to the author of that beautiful novel, *The Threshold of Quiet*. Both of these writers have passed through the same threshold and have gained the same reward.

ADVENTURES IN THE ARTS. By Marsden Hartley. New York: Boni & Liveright. \$3.00.

The sub-title of this book runs thus: Informal Chapters on Painters, Vaudeville and Poets. The first and third sections on painters and poets are of real interest. In the first section, Mr. Hartley discusses impressionism in general and the modern American School. He aims professedly merely to record his own personal reactions; he wishes these papers to be viewed in the light of entertaining conversations and not as professional treatises. Now conversations, at least if they are to be entertaining, will inevitably be haphazard and desultory in regard to the matters taken up; one thing will lead to another with little or no regard for logical construction. Surely, no one may reasonably object if an author does no more than he sets out to do. Yet, if these papers were arranged according to some definite plan, they could have served for instruction no less than for entertainment. There is certainly room for an introduction to modern American art addressed to the general reading public rather than to professionals; and, with some reordering of material, the first section of this book—more than half of its contents—could answer admirably to the present need.

Mr. Hartley's arrangement now presupposes some acquaintance with the men and matters under consideration. He begins, for instance, with some comment on Cézanne, who is entitled to first place as long as Claude Monet was not selected for detailed discussion. Albert Ryder follows, and here, too, Mr. Hartley is clearly within his rights, holding, as he does, that Ryder is our most original painter as Poe is our most original poet. But Rousseau, who would naturally be expected to stand with Cézanne, is the last in the section; Odelon Redon comes between a chapter on some modern women artists and one on the virtues of amateur painting; chapters on the dearth of art critics and on Dadaism, the latest phase of modernism in painting, are the very last in the book, after the sections on vaudeville and poets. Moreover, the fitness of things would seem to demand that essays on modern American painting, the Imaginatives, the Imagists, should precede the treatment of individuals. The essays are far from un-instructive as they stand, but, with a more logical order, would appeal to a larger public.

The literary section contains some very sympathetic, but very

sane and very shrewd criticism on Emily Dickinson, Francis Thompson, Adelaide Crapsey, Ernest Dowson and Rupert Brooke. On Thompson, the author has a tendency to be all but dithyrambic; for instance: "Thompson has scaled the white rainbow of the night and sits in radiant company among the first planetary strummers of song." Yet, his concluding judgment, deliberately and calmly expressed, is that, in the sense of lyrical fervor, the last great poet was Francis Thompson. Of Brooke, also, his appraisal is just and likely to be confirmed by time. Brooke, like Seegar and others who perished in the throes of heroism, was on the way to becoming a good poet, but he must rest his early distinction, perhaps, upon the "If I should die" sonnet alone. A little time, and we might have learned his real distinction; but, Mr. Hartley concludes, "we must accept him more for his finer indications and less for his sense of mastery." The third section has many such aphorisms in critique, but we cannot help feeling that the first section is the more valuable. There is no dearth of literary critics, whereas Mr. Hartley himself complains of the noticeable absence of critics in the field of painting, and he does a great deal to meet the need.

THE NEW STONE AGE IN NORTHERN EUROPE. By John M. Tyler, Professor Emeritus in Amherst College. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. \$3.00.

There is much that is very useful and interesting in this book, and it will well repay the reader who is studying the subject of Prehistoric Archaeology, more especially because it deals with a period which is generally looked upon as rather dull and lacking in the romance of the earlier Palaeolithic epoch. We have, however, to warn the unsophisticated reader that he will find the usual statements we have protested against a hundred times, in which theories, probable or improbable, but all the while theories, are set down just as if they were established fact. The Professor knows as well as the reviewer that all his talk about the "ape-man" is mere talk. He must know very well that Branco, one of the most noted Palaeontologists of the day, has told us that "science knows nothing of any ancestor of man." Why then does he not give some warning to his readers, who cannot be expected to know what he and well-instructed people *know* about these matters. It is the same thing in other cases "one hundred thousand years of human life in Europe produced nothing higher than Neanderthal man." He might be giving the date of the Declaration of Independence, so assured is his statement. Yet he must know perfectly well (though his readers cannot all be expected

to know) that all these dates in connection with prehistory are mere guesses, and some of them (like this one, for example) very wild guesses, in the opinion of many scholars. It is too bad that a useful book should be rendered misleading to the general reader by flaws like those we have pointed out. An occasional "I think" instead of "it is" would be a great improvement.

ROVING EAST AND ROVING WEST. By E. V. Lucas. New York: George H. Doran Co. \$2.00 net.

It is a pleasure to record that Mr. Lucas' shrewd, yet agreeable, observations are quite free from the dogmatism to which we have become accustomed in comments made upon us by travelers from overseas. The genial English man of letters has given us a series of chapters, scarcely long enough to be called chapters, that suggest the vignette rather than the clear-cut outlines of the cameo. The life of the Orient, as one sees it in the Indian bazaar or the clattering streets of old Japan, is portrayed in a way that is, in spirit at least, Stevensonian.

America, too, has fared well at Mr. Lucas' hands. He is neither fulsome in his praise nor ill-mannered in his blame; and such criticism as he offers, is of the sort long since made of us by ourselves. Through the pages there ripples a gentle humor, calculated to cheer one after a hard day's work, changing wrinkles of care into mirthful smiles and helping one to forget the problems of the past in the mental comfort of the present. We hope that the author will take more foreign flights, and that he will allow us to accompany him in the journey, if only between the covers of a book.

ESSAYS AND ADDRESSES ON THE PHILOSOPHY OF RELIGION. By Baron Friedrich von Hugel. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. \$6.00.

This book seeks to probe the very foundations of belief and justify the ways of God to man. The author has a decided leaning towards German and non-Catholic authorities, some of whom are already quite old. He rarely quotes any of the modern Catholic writers, who have handled these themes in a masterly manner. In the paper on the "Apocalyptic Element in the Teaching of Jesus," one is surprised to find Mr. Clutton Brock cited, but never a mention of Batiffol's *Enseignement de Jésus*. On page 137, it is stated that St. Augustine inclines to hold that the soul sleeps from death till the day of Judgment. If this really be the Saint's opinion, would it not be wise to state that such is not the Catholic doctrine, for, as far back as 1336, Benedict XII. laid it

down that the Blessed enjoy the Beatific Vision immediately after death, and the reprobate endure the pains of Hell?

From his heterodox authorities, the author has accepted statements that need serious qualification. We are told that St. Paul was deeply indebted to the Greek mysteries. The laborious investigations of modern scholars among inscriptions and papyri have reconstructed for us what Reitzenstein calls "Hellenistic Theology." It is the strangest jumble of astrology, superstition and magic. Who will believe that a mind, so intensely virile and individual as St. Paul's, would be imposed upon for a moment by such absurdities—and that abstracting completely from his supernatural and mystical supremacy? Again, the Book of Daniel is attributed in its entirety to 165-163 before Christ. A recent consultation by Brassac in *Apologétique*, September 1, 1915, p. 569, *et seq.*, states that this theory may not be taught in Catholic schools, and further, that the authenticity of the proto-canonical parts is the commonly received doctrine. The Baron, also, seems to have accepted too easily and freely German theories on the various strata of different authors and ages to be discerned in the Pentateuch. Baron von Hugel affirms himself more than once a convinced and stanch Catholic layman. Is it not *de rigueur* for a Catholic writing on theology and Scripture to submit his writings before publication to episcopal approval and imprimatur? These essays are fit reading only for those who have a keenly developed critical sense, and sufficient knowledge to discriminate between what is German theory or guess-work and established science.

HIGH SCHOOL CATECHISM, or *The Baltimore Catechism Explained*. By Monsignor P. J. Stockman. St. Louis: America Press.

Monsignor Stockman has given us an admirable manual of Christian Doctrine. To judge from the thoroughness of exposition and unction of treatment, the writing of this handbook must have been a labor of love. His work may best be described as an elaborate compendium in eight hundred pages of Dogmatic and Moral Theology. Written with fine discernment in a simple, lucid style, it is admirably adapted to meet the needs of high school and college students. There is no schoolbook at all comparable with it in exhaustiveness of presentation. Furthermore, its sphere of usefulness ought not to be confined to the classroom, but should extend to the education of the average layman in the fundamentals of Catholic belief and practice. So effectively has the work been done as to compel the suggestion that a companion volume of Bible History of similar excellence is greatly to be desired.

THE NEW TESTAMENT. Volume III.—*St. Paul's Epistles to the Churches.* New York: Longmans, Green & Co. \$2.50.

Archbishop Goodier of Bombay and other Jesuits: Fathers A. Keogh, C. Lattey and Joseph Rickaby, are the contributors to the third volume of the Westminster Version of the New Testament, which comprises ten epistles of St. Paul, viz., 1 and 2 Thessalonians, 1 and 2 Corinthians, Galatians, Romans, Ephesians, Colossians, Philemon and Philippians.

The editors, undoubtedly, deserve the praise of every Biblical scholar for their daring and most successful attempt to give us a new and accurate version of the most difficult of all the writers of Sacred Scriptures, St. Paul. We may not agree with every change they make or suggest, but they always give their reasons and make out a very fair case for their alterations. It is at the very least a most readable translation, and lays a most solid foundation for the final text that one day will be approved by all the Bishops of the English-speaking world.

The notes accompanying the text are most suggestive and helpful in telling us the mind of St. Paul, *e. g.*, 1 Thessalonians iv. 11, Romans v. 7, 12-14; vi. 23; 1 Corinthians x. 21; vii. 15, 32, 36; 2 Corinthians iii. 5, 6, 10, 17; Galatians iv. 17; iii. 25; Philippians ii. 6, 7; Colossians ii. 18; Ephesians iii. 12. A brief introduction gives us a historical sketch of the city the Apostle addresses and the founding of the Church there, the reasons that prompted St. Paul to write and the date of his writing, the unity and integrity of the Epistle, and a summary of its contents. Four appendices discuss the Vulgate reading in 1 Corinthians xv. 51, the ministry in the Apostolic Church, St. Paul's doctrine of justification and the Biblical Commission on St. Paul's eschatology.

A GENERAL INTRODUCTION TO THE BIBLE. By the Rt. Rev. Charles P. Grannan, D.D., Ph.D. In four volumes. St. Louis: B. Herder Book Co. \$2.00 each.

His former students and the clergy at large will greet enthusiastically these volumes from the pen of the well-known professor of the Catholic University of Washington. Monsignor Grannan needs no introduction to the Catholic reading public. The long expected four volumes just published, represent the mature and finished product of his learning and scholarship. The introduction is the summing up, the *crème*, of his work as Professor of Sacred Scripture at the Catholic University. His influence in Catholic Bible studies is thus continued, although he severed his connection with that institution some years ago.

There breathes forth in these volumes the true spirit of

respect and reverence, which the inspired writings deserve. Unyielding, uncompromising, but scholarly conservatism permeates the entire work. Clearness, precision, definiteness are its marked characteristics. Definitions, divisions and subdivisions of the various topics will make the work serviceable for seminaries and for Biblical study in general. Especially noteworthy is the treatise on Inspiration. The author has evidently specialized on this intricate subject.

The first volume deals with definitions, the original languages, texts and ancient versions of the Bible. Textual criticism, higher criticism, Biblical Archæology constitute the subject matter of the second volume. In the third volume, the reader will find an exhaustive study of Inspiration and the History of the Canon. The author treats of Biblical Hermeneutics and Exegesis in the last volume. The bibliography is well chosen, but it could, with profit, be amplified by the addition of more recent and deserving works. The neat, handy volumes are a credit to the publishers. Catholic scholarship owes a debt of gratitude to Monsignor Grannan for this splendid addition to our Biblical literature.

THE LABOR PROBLEM AND THE SOCIAL CATHOLIC MOVEMENT IN FRANCE. By Parker Thomas Moon. New York: The Macmillan Co. \$3.25.

To undertake a recondite review of the content, the value and the prognostic influence of this handy volume would require the writing of another book—and not that alone—it would demand that the work be undertaken by one whose analytical acumen and whose politico-sociological observations are proportionate to and co-extensive with the power and the opportunities of the author. This statement carries with it no implication that the volume will reach its proper destiny by finding a dusty resting-place among the technical tomes devoted to a science which is frequently dismissed as “dismal.” It is, on the contrary, a sincere compliment to both the matter and the form of a treatise that has been so skillfully written as to be equally at home in the hands of the general reader and the specialist.

The book is a study in the History of Social Politics. Generically, it undertakes an analysis of forces which give momentum to contemporary movements toward the solution of the insistent problem of labor unrest. Specifically, it starts the interesting unraveling of the Social Catholic Movement. Since such a study is still too broad to result in anything more than blurred pictures if forced within the confines of two covers, the focus has been

narrowed so as to produce the sharp and proportionate outlines of this same activity as excitingly manifested in one country, France.

The Industrial and Political Revolutions are the upheavals set down as the parent forces of the economic, political and social disturbances, which are historically delineated. Monarchism is seen suing Republicanism for damages, Socialism drags Individualism to court, and the Democratic Social Programme puts in its appearance as a peacemaker among conflicting forces. In tracing the introduction, the modification, the development and the popularization of this movement, the reader is given the position of judge and jury. One listens with attention to the precursors of Social Catholicism. Cardinal Croï, in his Lenten Pastoral of 1828, makes his tender plea in behalf of the children, "these young plants," from whom "parents and employers demanded fruit in the season of flowers." Frederic Ozanam and St. Vincent de Paul exert their devout influence as heralds of approaching reform. Melun, as far back as 1849, steps forward to advocate social legislation in his pamphlet on "The Intervention of Society to Prevent and Alleviate Poverty." The confusion arising from the Commune and resultant reactions are indicated rather than described. Count Albert de Mun argues his case with the introduction of Catholic Workingmen's Clubs, giving a practical answer to the angry interjections of the anti-clericals. Encouragement comes from abroad in the form of social successes enjoyed by neighboring nations, who were reverting to programmes built upon the bed-rock of Scholasticism. Papal approbation gives new vigor to the Social Catholic Movement, not only through an Encyclical condemnation of Socialism and other errors by Leo XIII., but also by a positive endorsement of the philosophy of St. Thomas. The Encyclical of preëminent social significance is Leo XIII.'s *Rerum Novarum*, issued in 1891. It contains both the rejection of Economic Liberalism and Socialism, and the encouragement of Social Catholicism through the promotion of stated definite principles for a programme of social reform. The remainder of the book is given over largely to an analysis of the Popular Liberal Party, "the most influential political organ of the Social Catholic Movement in France." Its organization, literature, political theories and legislative enactments are clearly presented. The accuracy of the account has elicited favorable comment in the Party's official publication.

Since no adequate general history of the Social Catholic Movement has yet been published in any language, the author deserves much credit for producing in English at least a portion of this

work. It is a pioneer volume of real scientific worth. To the prospective reader, who fears the almost inevitable doldrums of analytical research, it may be well to mention that this book is not only enlivened by a style that carries one along without fatigue, but even when there is a tendency for the mind to become slightly bewildered in attempting to retain all the threads of the development, the author has introduced convenient little resting places in the form of recapitulations. The seeming weakness of the book is a decided reticence on the part of the writer to draw conclusions. In view of the fact that the work is meant to be neither controversial nor apologetic, but rather a parallel placement of historical facts, this seeming weakness may be a sign of substantial strength. The fact that favorable comment has been aroused on both sides of the Atlantic from publications of opposing policies, is proof positive that the author has succeeded in giving his data an impartial presentation.

Professor Moon became a convert to the Faith in 1915, the study of history and intellectualism prompting him to investigate the claims of the Catholic Church. At present, he is the Editor of the *Political Science Quarterly*, Instructor in History at Columbia and Secretary of the Academy of Political Science. He was one of the experts chosen to attend the Peace Conference with ex-President Wilson. While in France, he interviewed a number of the leaders about whom he writes. As a consequence, his words are not merely the fruition of academic research, but are enriched with what personal contact and direct observation alone can give. The scope of the author's investigations is indicated by the appendix, which contains more than a thousand references to books, speeches and incidents, something more than a bibliography because of instructive amplifications. Professor Moon, having the weight of less than three decades on his shoulders, bids fair to step forward as an outstanding exponent of the movement which he so ably describes. The book was given in part-payment for a degree at Columbia University, and its general circulation will produce an influence both powerful and salutary. Substantially, it represents a sound reaction against all those social welfare dissertations, many of them presumably historical, wherein the authors thought they could lay no claim to scholarship unless they built their books upon the biological analogy, masking their inconsistencies under the disparagement of logic and the eschewing of the Scholastic System of Philosophy. This book is bound to be well thumbed. In the class-room, in college debates and in other public discussions of economic problems, and as a dependable work of reference in many other fields, it must eventually win

a proper place. Already, it has been used to form the foundation of talks before a Newman Club. Not long ago, it was seen in the hand of a priest who was returning from a monthly meeting of the Holy Name Society, where he had imparted the implied spiritual and social message of its illuminating pages. It seems almost as patriotic as pledging our allegiance to the Stars and Stripes to impress upon the mind of the public that this book should be made to serve the double mission of rebuking radicalism in all its forms, and of confirming the confidence of those who already have faith in the stabilizing and progressive influence of the Social Catholic Movement.

LE DARWINISME AU POINT DE VUE DE L'ORTHODOXIE CATHOLIQUE. Ier. vol. "L'Origine des espèces." Collectio Lovanium. By Henry de Dorlodot, Professor at Louvain. Bruxelles: Vromant et Cie.

The ordinary non-Catholic scientific reader would rub his eyes if he could be induced to read this, the most important book on scientific topics which has appeared from a Catholic writer of note, such as is the Professor of Palaeontology at the University of Louvain, for many a day. With every formality of Imprimatur, we have a book in which the transformist theory is warmly upheld and its prophet, Charles Darwin, placed beside Isaac Newton amongst the heralds sent forth by science to proclaim the greatness of the Creator of the world. Not the least admirable part of the book is the introductory treatise on the attitude of the Church as to the interpretation of Sacred Scripture and, of course, in particular that part which deals with the history of Creation. In fact, to our mind, this is the most important part of the book. Other matters, such as the attitude of St. Augustine and other Fathers of the Church to the transformist theory, have been treated by quite a number of Catholic writers from Mivart down to our own times. But the preliminary matter has never, to our knowledge, been so well put, and we most earnestly trust that, if for this alone, the book may be translated as soon as possible into English and made available for those who cannot or will not take the trouble to read it in French.

We must not omit to call attention to the philosophical proofs for Transformism, which we have not met with before in such comprehensible guise. With regard to the origin of life from brute matter, which was believed in by all the Catholic Fathers who concerned themselves with the question, *e. g.*, SS. Augustine, Gregory of Nyssa and Thomas Aquinas, the author regretfully admits, as Darwin did, that there is no evidence of anything of

the kind. He says that he wishes that someone would give him such evidence as would enable him here to abandon Darwin and follow Augustine and Gregory. So does the present reviewer, but the evidence is not to hand, nor is there any sign of it. Such is the Catholic view, yet hundreds of apparently educated persons fully believe that the discovery of Spontaneous Generation would knock the bottom out of not only the Catholic Church, but of all religion.

REYNARD THE FOX, or *The Ghost Heath Run*. By John Masefield. With sixteen plates by G. D. Armour and many illustrations by Carton Moorepark. New York: The Macmillan Co. \$5.00.

Little need be said at this late date of Mr. Masefield's narrative masterpiece, *Reynard the Fox*, save to announce that those who have already enjoyed it will enjoy it the more in this new *de luxe* edition, with characterful illustrations and an explanatory preface by the author. In this preface, the poet remarks that "hunting makes more people happy than anything I know"—a belief which is likely to find scant echo in contemporary American minds and hearts. No, it is not because the spectacle of the hard-pressed fox with pursuing hounds and men gives any happiness whatever that this book will be welcomed here in the States. It is simply because John Masefield has contrived to write a narrative poem of extraordinary vividness and suspense—and because the fox hunt presents opportunity for an admirable series of English portraits, since in it, as he himself points out, "you see the whole of the land's society brought together, focussed for the observer, as the Canterbury pilgrims were for Chaucer."

REVIEWS AND CRITICAL PAPERS. By Lionel Johnson. Edited with an Introduction by Robert Shafer. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. \$1.25.

A book such as this brings at once happiness and humiliation to its reviewer, since it exemplifies so perfectly how his own work should be done. However hurried and harried he must often have been, Lionel Johnson seems to have been proof against the slightest haste in judgment or diction; and in these fugitive papers, recaptured from various London reviews, one finds the same serene, matured and spiritual criticism which more ambitious work has forever associated with his name. Here he is seen passing in brief, contemporaneous review the earlier work of Kipling, whom he finds "before all else an observer, not a thinker"—of Mrs. Humphrey Ward, of George Meredith and of Stevenson, with his

"fine anxiety not to play life false by using inaccurate expressions." It is very human, as well as very scholarly, criticism, with its passion for the highest things and its scorn of the "abominable amateur of cleverness." And everywhere it is impressed with that exquisite spiritual insight, which shines alike in the discussion of Richard Le Gallienne and of holy old Nicholas Caussin.

Altogether, this is a little book which all Johnsonians will want to supplement the larger volume of *Post Liminium Essays*, published a few years back—while its modest size and price fit it admirably for use in English classes of our high schools and colleges. Not the least of its merits is the sympathetic introduction by Professor Shafer of Wells College, with its distinguished and generous tribute to the Catholic note in criticism.

LIFE OF ST. FRANCIS OF ASSISI. By Father Cuthbert, O.S.F.C.

New revised edition. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. \$4.00 net.

It is most fitting that the year, in which Franciscan tertiaries celebrate the seventh centenary of their foundation, sees a new edition of Father Cuthbert's admirable biography of St. Francis, most loving and best beloved of mediæval saints. The field of scientific hagiography in English is largely virgin soil. To work it properly demands a combination of broad literary vision and exact scholarship with a profound and sympathetic knowledge of the principles of asceticism, and, until quite recently, duly equipped and willing workers in it have been all too few. To meet one with the qualifications of Father Cuthbert, is to feel, with Keats, like some watcher of the skies when a new planet swims into his ken.

In its evidences of scholarly research and in its well-documented conclusions, Father Cuthbert's essay leaves nothing to be desired; and, if one may be inclined to differ with him once or twice in the later chapters, it will be solely because, on a few moot points of Franciscan history, the last word is yet to be said. In the preface to his first edition, in 1912, Father Cuthbert modestly remarked that he did not presume to think his was to be the final biography; and, as with the years modern Franciscan research develops so many ramifications, it becomes increasingly difficult to maintain a comprehensive viewpoint. One cannot, so to speak, see the woods for the trees; and certain knotty problems which have successfully defied solution through seven centuries of intensive study, are likely to remain unsolved until the end.

Father Cuthbert's views are as commonly acceptable and

satisfactory as the nature of these special difficulties permit, and his work measures up in every way to the very high standard which readers of *THE CATHOLIC WORLD*, from long experience, expect him consistently to maintain. The frontispiece deserves to have attention called to it. It is a portrait from a thirteenth century painting at Christ Church, Oxford, presumably by Margitone, and is quite different in conception from the better known paintings by Spagnoletto and Cimabue, or the della Robbia statue.

VADE MECUM THEOLOGIÆ MORALIS. By D. M. Prümmer, O.P. St. Louis: B. Herder Book Co. \$2.50 net.

Father Prümmer, Professor of Moral Theology at the University of Freiburg, Switzerland, has written an excellent compendium of his three volume moral theology. It is brief, clear and complete, and takes accurate account of all the changes brought about by the new code of canon law. Confessors will find it very helpful in reviewing the principles of morals, and the younger clergy will find it invaluable as a preparation for their annual examination.

AN EPITOME OF THE PRIESTLY LIFE. By Canon Arvisenet. Adapted from the Latin Original by the Rev. F. J. O'Sullivan. New York: Benziger Brothers. \$1.50.

Claude Arvisenet, the author of this book, was Canon of Troyes during the latter part of the eighteenth century; and after the Revolution, while a refugee in Switzerland, devoted his time to the writing of religious works. To his exile, therefore, we owe his *Memoriale Vitæ Sacerdotalis*. We are not acquainted with the original Latin text; but Father O'Sullivan's translation bears every indication of being an exact rendering of its tone and temper, as well as its matter.

The avowed model for the book is *The Imitation of Christ*. From it has been borrowed not only the literary style, but the design of the work. This gives it a friendly and familiar appearance, if it also challenges a comparison which, inevitably, is not to its advantage. An attempt to imitate, in 1794, the sweet artlessness of the Middle Ages was ill advised—especially when it is an attempt to deal with practicalities in precisely the same way as à Kempis dealt with spiritualities. By which we do not mean that the *Memoriale* is without devotion, but that its devotion is on a lower plane, and concerns itself largely with ecclesiastical domesticities. It may be unfair to quarrel with it on that account. What the author intended to do, he has done; he has provided a

convenient blend of pastoral and ascetic theology for the busy priest. As such, it deserves a welcome, which we have no doubt it will receive.

THE GLORIES OF MARY IN BOSTON, by Rev. John F. Byrne, C.S.S.R. (Boston: Mission Church Press.) This handsomely bound and profusely illustrated volume is published as a memorial for the golden jubilee of the famous Redemptorist parish of Our Lady of Perpetual Help, more familiarly and affectionately known as the Mission Church, of Roxbury, Mass. The author has most worthily fulfilled a most worthy task, for anyone with the least experience in gathering statistical data, can estimate the cost, in time and patience, of this labor of love. About half the book is devoted to a history of the parish, including a general sketch of Catholicism in New England as the incidental historical background. Then follow certain special topics of even wider interest, particularly to those who know not Boston nor New England. The first of these is an account of the miraculous shrine to Our Lady of Perpetual Help, which the New York *Herald* once called a Lourdes in the land of the Puritan. On the day after the sacred image, a copy of the famous original in the Church of St. Alphonsus at Rome, was exposed for public veneration, a series of miracles began which still continue.

Second only in interest to the story of the shrine, are the pages of amazing statistics on all phases of parish life, exterior and interior. A parish, which has a boys' band of one hundred members touring the country, or which can point with pride to 1,800 of its men marching in a Holy Name parade, or has a service flag with 1,057 stars, twenty-nine of them gold, is extraordinary. But even more extraordinary is one which can administer Holy Communion to 5,000 on a single day, and the Mission Church can count many such days. Most extraordinary of all, perhaps, is the long catalogue of consecrated sons and daughters given to the service of Christ. It is an inspiring record to the greater glory of God and greater honor of Mary.

WATER COLORS, by Susan Farley Nichols. (Boston: The Four Seas Co.) These sketches have been drawn from the experience of the author as nurse in a French military hospital at Cannes. Most of them portray French Colonials from Tahiti, one of those "mystic isles" about which Frederick O'Brien, following Stoddard, has woven a magic spell. Miss Nichols has done her best to strengthen the romantic tradition which more prosaic and matter-of-fact tourists than O'Brien have recently attacked; she has also drawn, in her opening paragraphs, a prose pastel in the manner of Stoddard. The sketches are of no great interest, except the very last, "The Poilu's Books," a record of the French common soldier's tastes in reading. Available translations of Roosevelt, it seems, ranked with Hugo and Dumas in popularity.

GOLD, by Eugene O'Neill (New York: Boni & Liveright. \$1.50). This four-act play on the face of it is the story in dramatic form of Captain Bartlett and his crew who, on being wrecked on a desert island, come upon a chest full of trinkets, which they believe to be gold. Bartlett permits the murder of two of his men whose insistence that the trinkets are only brass makes him believe that they intend to steal the treasure trove for themselves. He buries the chest, is later rescued from the island, and on reaching home fits out a ship to return and secure the treasure. The result of the murders, of which he has morally been guilty, and of his blind insistence that he has discovered gold and not brass, is the theme of the remaining three acts. He becomes a victim of his lust for gold and his remorse of conscience, dying at the end, but only after he has destroyed his wife's happiness, his daughter's peace of mind and driven his son almost to madness. The play may be taken as an allegory, satirizing in powerful fashion the stupidity of those who seek worthless treasure at the ends of the world and ignore the real beauty and value of life as they exist all about them. The play has more dramatic than literary value. The characterizations are good, the dialect forceful and the situations well handled. Mr. O'Neill's thoughts are always centred on the tragedy of life. He has no time for its comedies. There is not a single alleviating gleam of humor in the four acts of *Gold*.

A FLOWER OF MONTEREY, by Katherine B. Hamill (Boston: The Page Co.). Pajarita, the "Flower of Monterey," is an American waif, abandoned by the sailors of her father's ship on the shores of Monterey, in the days when Spain ruled California. The author attempts to give us a picture of old California, but only succeeds in describing the dress parades of the soldiers and the lace mantillas of the women. As an outsider, she cannot understand the soul or religion of the Spaniard. How utterly unfair to write in this manner of the conversion of the Indians: "Many were brought to the fold through mesmeric influence, some through fear or superstition, but none through faith or understanding, for the Californian Indian totally lacked mental or spiritual insight or intuition."

We would request Mrs. Hamill to read Father Englehardt's *The Missions and Missionaries of California* before writing another novel on this theme.

CARMEN CAVANAGH, by Annie M. P. Smithson (Dublin: The Talbot Press. 6 s. net). Carmen Cavanagh—half Spanish, half Irish—is a district nurse working among the poor peasants of Donegal. Although a Catholic by birth and training, she is not a "bigoted" Catholic, as her Protestant friends, in unconscious sarcasm, put it. The crisis of her life comes when she has to choose between her Catholic faith and her love for a divorced man. She succumbs for a time to her great temptation, but is won back again by the influence of the Blessed Sacrament kept in the house of a parish priest who had been most kind to her.

The story is well told, but the writer, as an outsider, fails to grasp the true spirit of the Irish priest and the Irish people.

IRELAND UNFREED: POEMS OF 1921, by Sir William Watson (New York: John Lane Co. \$1.00). Greater poems on Ireland than those contained within the covers of this thin volume have been written in the last twelve months, but none more charged with scorn for opportunists and informed with indignation for ineptitude masquerading as the majestic.

There is a felicity of characterization which equals the contempt for the person portrayed in the poem addressed to Sir Hamar Greenwood:

No thin, pale fame, no brief and poor renown,
Were thy just due. Of thee shall wise Time say:
"Chartered for havoc, 'neath his rule were they
Whose chastisement of guilt was to burn down
The house of innocence, in fear-crazed town
And trembling hamlet. While he had his way,
Converts untold did this man make each day
To savage hate of Law and King and Crown."
Great propagandist of the rebel creed!
Proselytizer without living peer!
If thou stand fast—if thou but persevere—
'Twill be thy glory to complete indeed
Valera's work, that doth e'en now so need
Thy mellow art's last touches, large and clear!

A favorite theme of poets—generally young poets—of all times, the wooing of death as a mistress, is utilized to advantage in the verses written on receiving news of the execution of a young boy, who had delighted in the opportunity to give his life for his country.

AUTUMN, by Robert Nathan (New York: Robert M. McBride & Co.), is not a story. It may be said to be a series of slight opportunities for Schoolmaster Jeminy to deliver himself of paradoxes and other words of wisdom. We say "slight" opportunities advisedly, for the lifting of a finger is enough to stimulate Mr. Jeminy to monologue. Early in the book, the schoolmaster won our heart by quoting appreciatively from a certain Canticle of the Sun, composed by one Francis the Happy. Many of Mr. Jeminy's utterances are beautiful, consoling and profound, so many that it was with regret we gradually found him lapse into negations, and we finally read with a sense of shock and disgust the apostrophe to his Maker which forced ineffective protest from Mrs. Brumble's dying lips. Happily, the book is entirely unconvincing, unreal as a dream, and its conclusion is unsatisfactory and inartistic.

HANDBOOK OF SOCIAL RESOURCES OF THE UNITED STATES, by Genevieve Poyneer Hendricks (Washington, D. C.: The American Red Cross. \$1.00). An excellent reference book for social workers, put out in a most convenient form, the loose leaf, which permits of additions being made as desired.

READING FOR THE WORKERS, An Undelivered Lecture, by B. F. Page, S.J. (New York: Benziger Brothers. Paper; 35 cents net.) Father Page's purpose is to encourage working people to read, to warn them against certain dangers in reading, and to provide substantial, though necessarily incomplete, lists to serve as guides in their choice of books. He makes the distinction between why we should read, theoretically, and why we do read, practically; and he uses Bacon's "Studies serve for delight, for ornament and for ability," as his plan. That is to say, we may read merely for recreation or to improve our style, or to acquire knowledge, either of the material order, as a powerful weapon in the battle of life, or of the spiritual, to prepare us for eternity. An appendix contains lists of indications as to where cheap books on various subjects may be procured. As only English and Irish publishers are mentioned, these lists are practically useless, for Americans of the class addressed know nothing of the processes of ordering books from abroad. A similar list, from American sources, is needed to make this booklet worth while.

A WEEK-END RETREAT, by Charles Plater, S.J. (St. Louis: B. Herder Book Co. 75 cents net.) The week-end retreat has become a firmly established practice among devout lay people, greatly to their spiritual enjoyment and benefit. In this small volume of sixty pages, Father Plater, S.J., has gathered together a series of considerations for the benefit of those who wish to make a week-end retreat. The book will be found especially helpful to beginners in this laudable practice, and also to those who cannot attend the exercises of a regularly conducted retreat. Even these latter humans will find in this volume much to stimulate and assist them.

PAMPHLET PUBLICATIONS.

Pamphlets and small devotional books received are: *The Rosary, Its History and Use*, by Rev. E. J. McGuinness (Chicago: The Extension Press. \$75.00 a thousand, \$9.00 a hundred and 15 cents each); from the Catholic Instruction League, Chicago: *Leading Features of the Practical Plan of the Catholic Instruction League*, by Rev. John M. Lyons, S.J. (5 cents each), and a *Catechism for First Communion*, by Rev. Francis Cassilly, S.J. (\$3.00 a hundred, 45 cents a dozen); from the International Catholic Truth Society, Brooklyn, *How Catholics Get Married*, by Thomas F. Coakley, D.D. (5 cents), which sets forth the important marriage regulations, the Law of the Church regarding marriage and the ritual for the celebration of the Sacrament, and *What the Protestant Bible Says About the Catholic Church*, by Josephine MacLeod Patterson; the Catholic Truth Society, London, offers *Family Life*, by Joseph Rickaby, S.J., *St. John Berchmans*, by C. C. Martindale, S.J., and *The Institute of the Good Shepherd, Its Origin and Object*, at twopence each. A small, paper-bound book of prayers, most of them being in verse, entitled *The Loving Adorer of Jesus*, comes from the Catholic Truth Society of Ireland, Dublin, and from the Extension Print, Toronto, we have *Columbus and the Sons of Our Lady of Mercy*, by Rev. Raymond B. Carter.

Recent Events.

France. France, in common with the rest of the world, has during the month directed her chief attention to the Conference on the Limitation of Armament at Washington, to which she sent as her principal delegate her Premier, Aristide Briand. To date, the outstanding features of the Conference have been as follows:

At the opening session on November 12th, Secretary of State Hughes proposed a ten-year naval holiday, with the three largest naval powers, the United States, Great Britain and Japan, scrapping at once sixty-six capital ships, aggregating 1,878,043 tons. The plan specifically named the ships to be destroyed in the respective navies, and during the term of the agreement, it was proposed that no capital ship should be laid down except under a detailed replacement scheme, which would provide for ultimate equality of the British and American fleets and for a Japanese force at sixty per cent. of the strength of either of the others. Around this proposal, which was at once agreed to "in principle" by the countries concerned, most of the discussion of the month revolved. The chief objector was Japan, who wished her ratio to be raised to seventy per cent., while Great Britain desired the cut to extend also to submarines. The American delegation firmly opposed the Japanese demand, and France, contending that the submarine was the legitimate weapon of a navally weak country, opposed the British. No agreement has yet been reached on this proposal, but the indications are that the plan will eventually be accepted before the end of the Conference, perhaps on Christmas.

Greater success attended the other chief topics of the Conference, the islands of the Pacific and questions regarding China and the Far East. On December 10th, a compact was agreed to by the United States, Great Britain, France and Japan "with a view to the preservation of the general peace and the maintenance of their rights in relation to their insular possessions and insular dominions in the regions of the Pacific Ocean." One of the important consequences of this four-power agreement is the termination of the Anglo-Japanese Treaty, which was a source of disquiet to the United States and of embarrassment to Great Britain, anxious, on the one hand, to allay American suspicion and, on the other, not to offend her ally.

With regard to China and the Far East, a nine-power agreement has been drawn up and will, in all probability, soon be

signed by the United States, France, Great Britain, Italy, Japan, Holland, Belgium, Portugal and China. By this agreement, among other things, the sovereignty, the independence and the territorial and administrative integrity of China are assured protection, and the signatories agree to establish and maintain the principal of equal opportunity for the commerce and industry of all nations throughout Chinese territory. As a result of these two treaties, many vexing questions are expected to be laid, and the success of their negotiation has cleared away several obstacles to the signing of the naval limitation proposal.

In a speech at the Conference dealing with the question of land disarmament, Premier Briand declared that France intended to follow out her plan of reducing her present army fifty per cent. with a term of enlistment of eighteen months instead of three years, and that this was the utmost to which she could go in the absence of specific treaties guaranteeing her integrity against German attack. This, for the time being, blocked the Italian proposal for the consideration of a plan of land disarmament. Immediately after his speech before the Conference, the French Premier sailed for home, and since then he has been given a vote of confidence by the Senate. The Chamber of Deputies agreed to postpone the foreign policy debate until after the close of the Washington Conference.

Differences between the French and English viewpoints were accentuated during the month, especially by two speeches of Lord Curzon, the British Foreign Minister, who took France to task for her refusal to coöperate with other nations in land disarmament and for her Treaty with Mustapha Kemal, the Turkish Nationalist leader. This and the moratorium proposal of Germany, treated elsewhere in this section, aroused much bad feeling throughout France. The latest development in the situation is Premier Briand's acceptance of Lloyd George's invitation to a London conference on the matters in dispute. With regard to the Angora Treaty, the British position is that the French, aside from dealing a severe blow to Allied solidarity by negotiating a treaty with Mustapha Kemal, have caused the Turks to assume a highly uncompromising attitude, which is likely to render extremely difficult any mediation with the Greeks on moderate terms.

It has been estimated that a billion francs annually would be saved through the reduction of military service in France to eighteen months. Five hundred million francs was considered as the cost of maintaining the soldiers for the period after eighteen months' service, while an equal amount was lost on account of the presence of young workers in the army. The law now under

consideration would reduce the army to half that of 1913, or about 170,000 men. It stipulates that the Government may maintain troops in service beyond the regular period when exceptional circumstances require it, but as soon as these circumstances disappear, the number must be reduced to that which two-year service would yield. Reductions in the army already have begun with the disbanding of certain regiments and the liberation of certain categories of soldiers.

The great strike of French textile workers, which has been in progress in the Lille district for eleven weeks, was brought to a close early in November. Many of the strikers had returned to work a week or more earlier, in spite of intimidation and the desperate efforts of their leaders to induce them to continue the struggle. The dispute arose in consequence of the employers having decided, following the general fall in commodity prices, to cease the payment of part of the extra money allowed in respect of the high cost of living. Most of the strikers, in spite of their leaders' appeals, accepted, as a compromise, a reduction of this allowance by fifteen centimes an hour.

The first referendum among the inhabitants of the Somme district, in which it is proposed to rebuild eleven villages with German labor, has resulted in a favorable vote for the experiment. There appears, however, to be some doubt as to whether all the people involved fully understood what was proposed, and a new vote is to be taken before M. Loncheur, Minister of Reconstruction, makes a final decision to put the plan in operation.

After a number of sessions, the Council of the League of Nations at Paris, on November 18th, finally settled the dispute which has been going on for four months between Jugo-Slavia and Albania. Both countries agreed to desist from military aggression and to accept the decision of the Allied Council of Ambassadors delimiting the boundary line between them.

The Polish-Lithuanian dispute over Vilna was apparently settled on November 16th, when the Polish Assembly, by a small majority, voted to adopt President Pilsudski's plan, providing for the incorporation of Vilna into a Middle-Lithuanian State. The Government won only after a hard fight on the threatened crisis which would be brought upon the country by the resignation of President Pilsudski, in the event his plan was not adopted. President Pilsudski actually did hand in his resignation last month because of opposition to his plan, but it was not accepted. He thereupon decided not to press the bill for the time being, allowing it to go on the Diet's calendar, subject to ordinary procedure.

The League of Nations Secretariat at Geneva has issued a call

for the members of the International Court of Justice to meet at The Hague on January 30th. Formal opening of the Court is expected in February.

Germany.

The chief German news of the month concerns the bad financial situation and the untiring, but fruitless, efforts of the Government to obtain from the Allies easier terms of payment on the reparation account. The Guarantees Commission, the sub-committee of the Reparations Commission, which went to Berlin the middle of last month, remained till the end of November and gathered a vast mass of data on German raw materials, productivity, labor, wages and the country's financial status. One of the most important phases of the investigation had to do with currency inflation and the decline of the mark. It is interesting to note that since the reparations payments began last May, the outstanding paper money circulation in Germany jumped from 69,724,403,000 marks to 91,347,101,000 marks for the week ending October 31st. A comparison with pre-war issues shows even more pronouncedly the extent of inflation. For instance, in the week ending July 25, 1912, the paper money issue aggregated only 1,004,260,000 marks. The same week of 1913 it was 1,826,920,000 marks and in 1914 it was 1,890,893,000. The week of November 6, 1916, it had jumped to 7,246,260,000. The same week, a year later, it was 10,403,740,000 marks, and two years later it had gone to 16,959,260,000. The week of May 24, 1919, it was 27,280,480,000, and the same week in 1920 it reached 49,127,540,000 marks.

On the return of the sub-committee to Paris, the Reparations Commission telegraphed the German Government its unanimous decision on the January and February installments of the indemnity, aggregating 775,000,000 gold marks, failure to pay which will entail grave results to Germany. The Commission urged that the Government either obtain necessary funds from its own nationals who possess foreign moneys, or negotiate with foreign lenders. The opinion was expressed that the fall of the mark was due to the Government's failure to take steps to balance the budget, increasing internal expenditures and the issuance of unnecessary paper.

The Commission also decided to appoint an international committee of bankers to advise the Commission on the best means of preventing future reparation payments from disastrously affecting international exchange. This Committee will consist of exchange experts from the banks of France, England and Belgium, as well as bankers from other European countries.

The need for the new Committee was demonstrated when the first billion of the indemnity was paid, on which occasion the ex-

change markets of the world simply "went to pieces." It was foreseen that succeeding payments might cause even more harm unless some scheme was devised which would prevent the normal markets from being disturbed. The experts will determine this scheme, and it is said that every effort will be directed to keep the payments from being made in the currency of any one country.

In her attempt to secure a modification of the indemnity terms, Germany, during the month, sent to London two of her chief men, Herr Stinnes, the industrial magnate, and Dr. Walter Rathenau, the former German Minister of Reconstruction. To Germany's plea for a moratorium, France has offered strong opposition, while England seems more favorably disposed to lighten the burden. Negotiations are now going on between the reparations officials of France and Great Britain, and the responsible authorities of both countries virtually agree that Germany must be given some sort of breathing spell. While Germany will be required to meet the January and February payments, a plan is now being worked out which will grant an extension of time on subsequent payments, probably for a period of at least three years. During that time, it is proposed that Germany pay for the raw materials she buys from the proceeds of the foreign loans in contemplation. The proceeds of these foreign German loans, which are expected to find a ready market because they will carry the indorsement of the Allied Governments, will be split up between the Allies and Germany. Three-fourths of the money raised, will be paid to the Allies on the war bill. One-fourth, which goes to Germany, is expected to be enough to help Germany put her financial house in order.

Discussion has begun in the Reichstag of the new Wirth tax programme, which is calculated to yield 95,000,000,000 marks annually, about the same amount as Germany's total war debt. The new programme, if it is adopted, and if its yield reaches expectations, will impose an additional annual tax burden of nearly 1,600 marks on each German, which today is somewhat more than the average month's wages of a skilled mechanic. Particularly interesting is the attempt at a compromise between capital and the consuming masses. It is calculated that approximately 52,000,000,000 marks is to be extracted from property in the form of direct taxation, and the other 43,000,000,000 marks is to be taken from consumers in the form of indirect taxes. The programme apparently overlooks no opportunity in the way of old and new schemes for raising money, short of confiscation.

The preliminary negotiations between the Government and the League of Exporters and Importers has resulted in an agree-

ment under which the League will place at the disposal of the Reichsbank sixty per cent. of foreign drafts received in payment for exports. The present arrangement is considered the first indication that the Government has succeeded in arriving at an understanding with the industrial and commercial interests. While the latter are fundamentally opposed to a sixty per cent. assessment, they have given their promise to this effect. The rating is interpreted as being sufficiently liberal to prevent proving unprofitable or inimical to their interests.

The German foreign trade report for September, which has just reached this country, shows exports of 7,519,000,000 valued in paper marks, against 6,683,000,000 in August, whereas imports were 10,668,000,000 in September as against 9,418,000,000 in August. Although 40,000 tons more chemicals and dyes were exported in September than in August, the import surpluses are increasing. The May import surplus was 928,000,000 in paper marks; in June it was 976,000,000, in July 1,372,000,000, in August 2,734,000,000, in September 3,149,000,000. The fall in the mark between June and November caused no increase of German competition, because the home market was able to absorb more than was produced. Even the iron industry union strictly rationed the export of pig iron, steel plates and wire. For the same reasons, export of textiles was prohibited last week. It is the opinion of economists that the result of a lasting recovery in the mark would be an increase in German competition, because recovery would stop the panicky home buying and release exportable goods. On December 4th, prices for iron rose to a point between seventy and eighty times higher than the pre-war level.

On November 21st, the shields of the American Consular offices in Germany were set up outside the buildings for the first time since relations were broken off between Germany and the United States. The consuls are now ready to carry on official business. The German Government has been requested to recognize thirteen Consuls provisionally, all of whom have taken up their duties, despite the fact that the Spanish consuls, who have been looking after American interests, have received no instructions to turn over the equipment to the Americans. The following are the Consulates that have re-opened: Berlin, Munich, Hamburg, Frankfort-on-the-Main, Dresden, Leipsic, Stuttgart, Bremen, Coblenz, Cologne, Stetten, Breslau and Königsberg. The change of the former American mission at Berlin into a full-fledged embassy has also been accomplished, Ellis Loring Dresel, the former Commissioner, now being *Chargé d'Affaires*. The American Ambassador has not yet been appointed.

Russia.

The attention of the political world in Russia is being concentrated on the all-Soviet Congress, which will convene December 20th. At this writing, delegates are already arriving and the Commissars are preparing their reports. Party machinery also is working to determine whether the Government shall continue to swing toward the Right. There are many rumors of violent differences among the political leaders. Premier Lenine is said to be determined to brave the opposition of the Left to the Government's new economic policy, and during a closed sitting of the Secretaries of the Communist Committees, he declared that there must be a strict fulfillment of the new scheme. He is expected to make, before the all-Soviet Congress, an announcement of new foreign commercial concessions. Semi-official advices from Moscow indicate that the convocation of a constituent assembly is a possible, though not probable, outgrowth of the Soviet Congress. If Lenine finds it absolutely necessary to improve Russia's foreign and economic relations, it is said that he is ready to call the assembly, in which he feels certain he can maintain control.

Full payment of the food tax was declared to be a question of life or death for the Republic, in an order issued by Lenine early in December. The Executive Committees of all the provincial Soviets are instructed to begin a vigorous campaign for collection of arrears of the tax. The arrears are estimated to amount to about 100,000,000 poods of grain—140,000,000 having already been paid on a total amount of 240,000,000. If the balance is not forthcoming willingly, the order commands that force is to be employed and the recalcitrants are to be punished. The announcement of this strong programme is the Government's reply to the critics who said the authorities would never dare to put pressure on the peasants for collection of the tax, and coming as it does on the eve of the assembly of the Soviet Congress, is proof of the confidence of the Government, as well as of the country's urgent need.

A new State bank, paying interest on deposits and operated on a capitalistic plan, was opened in Moscow on November 18th. This marks a decided step in the Government's changed economic policy, as the bank advertises that it will make loans to corporations and individuals, deal in exchange and handle accounts, guaranteeing them free from confiscation by the Government. Branch banks will be opened in Siberian and other commercial centres.

Typhus fever is sweeping Russia with increasing violence, especially in the Odessa, Baku, Turkestan and Volga regions, where the famine is especially severe. On December 2d more than

2,000 typhus cases were reported in the hospitals of Moscow, and a more recent dispatch states that 3,000 additional beds have been provided to accommodate new typhus patients. Deaths are reported increasing in the famine districts, due to the food shortage. Advices from Astrakhan state that typhus, small-pox, cholera and the "black death" have appeared there, and in Galicia entire villages are suffering from trachoma and other terrible diseases.

From a recent report made to Secretary Hoover by James P. Goodrich, former Governor of Indiana, who has just completed a six weeks' survey in the famine area in the lower Volga Valley, it appears that "on account of the drought and the almost total failure of the wheat and rye crops in the lower Volga Valley, 25,000,000 Russian farmers are faced with famine, and many hundreds of thousands of them will starve to death unless help is extended to them at a very early date." The only bright ray in the situation is the announcement that the American Relief Administration is now feeding 500,000 children. By Christmas, it is estimated that a total of 800,000 will be reached, and 1,000,000 early in the new year, with a further prospect of feeding 1,200,000 from January to August. Fridtjof Nansen, High Commissioner of the International Committee for Russian Relief, in a wireless dispatch sent from Saratov, Russia, on December 7th, says the situation there is growing worse owing to the exhaustion of provisions, but that the American Relief Administration and the "save the children" fund have obtained marvelous results in their work. Previously, says the dispatch, from thirty to forty children died daily in Saratov, while now the average is three or four weekly.

The Ukrainian movement against the Russian Soviet Government, under General Petlura, which began last spring has come to an end, General Petlura, with his forces, having abandoned the campaign. On the other hand, the situation in Karelia is characterized as a calm before a storm, and both Russian and Finnish troops are concentrating at strategic points. In Finland, a "Karelian week" is being planned in aid of the Karelians. On December 5th, M. Tchitcherin, the Russian Soviet Foreign Minister, sent a sharp note to the Finnish Government demanding the liquidation of all Karelian insurgent organizations on Finnish territory, the cessation of Finnish financial, military and moral support of the "mutineers," and the expulsion from Finland of all Russian counter-revolutionists actively working against the Soviet régime.

Recent dispatches report that the Bolsheviki have suppressed the independence of the three Caucasus republics of Georgia, Azerbaijan and Transcaucasia. This follows closely on an announcement that a conference was held early in November at Baku, and

that it was decided that there should be a political and economic union of the Caucasus with Russia.

The submission to the Soviet Government of General Slasheff, former commander of the Wrangel forces in the Crimea, and of other officers of the Wrangel Army is looked upon with great satisfaction by the Bolsheviki. This is held by them to substantiate the claim of the Soviet Government to be considered a genuine Government of Russia rather than the tyranny of a band of usurpers, as most of the outer world maintains. Moreover, there is considerable need at present of trained soldiers of higher grades to assist in the reorganization of the Red Army on a peace basis, which is now being carried out. In a statement, published three months ago, the ex-Tsarist, General Brussiloff, declared that he was actively coöperating in the army reorganization, and mentioned the need of technical assistance, which Slasheff and his companions are in a position to give.

Italy. Anti-French demonstrations, which broke out at Turin on November 25th, quickly spread to Naples and other cities, following publication of dispatches from Washington reporting a clash of words between Premier Briand of France and Senator Schanzer, head of the Italian delegation in America, in which the former was supposed to have referred to the Italian Army as "a moral wreck." Large crowds of demonstrators, consisting mostly of students and Fascisti, paraded the streets of Naples, and then proceeded to attack the French consulate. The most serious incident in connection with the demonstration at Naples occurred when the mob found a French flag and burned it publicly amidst hostile exclamations against France. At Turin, the French Vice-Consul was beaten by the mob, from whom he was rescued by consulate clerks armed with pistols. Rome and Genoa were also the scenes of disorder, with protests directed against the French.

At this juncture, a printers' strike was declared, which lasted for three days, during which the public was deprived of daily news. The period of quiet served to calm those minds agitated by the Briand-Schanzer incident, and at the end of the strike the newspapers finally accepted the explicit denial of Premier Briand, Senator Schanzer and Secretary Hughes that any discourteous words had been uttered against Italy or the Italian army. As a result of the incident, the Senate Foreign Affairs Committee is considering measures to control incoming and outgoing news in Italy "to prevent disastrous turbulence in public opinion, and also to prevent detriment to national prestige."

Earlier in November, severe fighting occurred first at Rome between the Fascisti and striking railway workers, and later at Milan, Bologna, Trieste and other places between the Fascisti and the Communists, the result of the original outbreak at Rome having led the Fascisti to a declaration of war against all radicals. Deputy Mussolini, the leader of the Fascisti, announced that the armistice concluded by the Fascisti last August with the Socialists was considered dead. Thereupon, Premier Bonomi gave extraordinary powers to the prefect of Bologna, where the situation was most threatening, to obtain maintenance of order, authorizing the use of troops. At Trieste, late in November, bombs were exploded in various parts of the city, and revolver duels occurred between the Fascisti and Communists. Business men formed a Committee to quell disorders and operate public services.

On December 6th, Foreign Minister della Torretta announced in the Chamber of Deputies that Italy had refused to sign a commercial agreement with Soviet Russia, because of the insistence of the Soviet representative that political questions be included. Outlining the negotiations, Marchese della Torretta said that when Italy insisted on certain clauses identical with those in the British-Soviet trade agreement, the Soviet representative at Rome demanded in return that Italy guarantee not to recognize the Embassy and consulates of the former Russian Government. To this Italy replied by expressing willingness to sign a commercial, but not a political agreement.

On November 25th, Herr von Beerenberg Gossler handed in his resignation as German Minister to Rome, because of his failure to protect Germany's important pre-war interests in Italy. His last disappointment came when the Italian Government put into effect its long suspended decision to seize the former Kaiser's splendid villa, Falconieri at Frascati, near Rome. This, following the Government's decree that all remaining German property interests must be auctioned, persuaded the Minister that Italy had abandoned any idea of leniency toward Germany. The failure of the Italian Government to exercise more pressure favorable to Germany in the Silesian settlement, also contributed to his decision to leave.

December 13, 1921.

With Our Readers

AS we are about to go to press, the prospects are that both the British Parliament and the Dail Eireann will vote to accept the Treaty which recognizes the Irish Free State.

With the acceptance of this Treaty, Ireland will be a nation reborn. For such a consummation, our congratulations should go to those who labored so strenuously and zealously to bring about the freedom of Ireland. Nor should we forget that the present success is due in large measure to those who worked for the liberty of Ireland in days long passed. Again and again, as the recent negotiations proceeded, doubts were entertained as to a satisfactory outcome; but suddenly the sun shone through the clouds, and our hopes were revived. The settlement reached is indeed a compromise, but it is a noble compromise and one that surely amounts to a victory for the leaders and people of Ireland. Did Ireland obtain all that she sought and all that she fought for? To this question we would have to answer: No. Did England yield only what she was at first willing to concede? Again our answer would have to be: No. Consequently, in reaching the settlement that has been reached, a compromise has been made, and this, no doubt, was the only way out of the difficulty, considering all the elements in that difficulty and all the interests at stake.

What is the nature of the compromise? On the one hand, Ireland remains as a State within the British Empire, upon the same level and to the same extent as, for example, Canada or Australia. On the other hand, Ireland is free to govern herself, making her own laws, conducting her own business, having her own parliament, running her own schools, developing her own nationality, thus realizing the aspirations that have been fruitless for ages past. We, of America, should be able to realize practically what this new condition of Ireland means, from our knowledge of our neighbor to the north, Canada. Anyone who has lived in that country or who has acquainted himself fully with the conditions prevailing there, knows that the Canadians consider themselves a distinct national body, possessing true freedom, claiming and exercising the full prerogatives of a State. There is among them a consciousness of a dignity, of a spirit, of a destiny, all their own. And this has resulted in the development of their country along successful lines so that the nation is prosperous and the people contented.

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BECAUSE the solution is a compromise, it is not strange to find that some people, both in Ireland and England, are not satisfied. These, however, are apparently the few rather than the many. In the minds of some Englishmen, it is a disgrace to their country that she should have yielded at all to the claims of Ireland, or negotiated at all with the Irish representatives. Some have gone so far as to say that the day of the signing of the Treaty was "the day of England's greatest humiliation." Among Irishmen, there are some who are dissatisfied because the Treaty falls short in its concessions and of their hopes for an Irish Republic. This sentiment we can understand, and we can understand that it is not to be attributed to mere obstinacy, but the fact that both in Ireland and England some are not satisfied would indicate that either side yielded something and that the negotiations, which finally resulted in the formulation of this Treaty, could have been conducted and put through successfully only by men who were possessed of honest purpose, broad vision, enduring patience and a love of peace.

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FROM the shores of America, there go to Ireland the sympathetic good wishes of millions who have been with her in her moral struggle, and who felt that they were the better Americans because they did sympathize with a people fighting for liberty. The good wishes from America to Ireland are for her success as a nation, for her prosperity in the field of business, for her integrity as a true democracy, for peace within her own shores, for her continued fidelity to the God of nations, for her loyalty to the high principles that have inspired her throughout her struggles, so that, now the struggle is over, she may put forth equal effort in behalf of her own development in her own way. If we ever should wander in a little churchyard some eighteen miles from Dublin, our hearts would guide our feet until we should stand by the grave of one of Ireland's heroes, Wolfe Tone. There we would read upon the slab that marks his grave the sentiment that was ever the inspiration of his life: "God bless Ireland." That word expresses the passion of the Irish soul, the strong prayer of the Irish heart. May we not today invoke the blessing of God?

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IRELAND, for thy past, God bless thee. Thy history declares the living kinship of Patriotism and Faith: thy endurance teaches the vitality of liberty: thy struggles impress upon mankind the value of the spiritual: thy victories and thy defeats bid

all men lift their eyes and hearts to the God of freedom, Who has decreed that the soul of a nation shall not die.

Ireland, for thy future, God bless thee. God bless thee with a return of the prosperity of thine ancient days: God give thee all the glory of resurrection into the life of liberty: God give thee again the intellectual power of thy former institutions of learning: God give thee unity and peace at home: God heal thy wounded heart and comfort thy troubled soul with the triumphant fruits of faith, of honor, of justice and of freedom. Ireland, now and forever, God bless thee.

ALTHOUGH the Daily Press and the Catholic Press have already given prominence to the splendid statement against birth control put out by His Grace, Archbishop Hayes of New York, we feel that our readers will be glad to have this expression of the Catholic position upon the question in a more permanent form. In these days of much distorted thinking and oblique views on morality, this clear-cut and definite declaration upon a matter that is being widely discussed is of the greatest value. We feel that it will be productive of great good. The statement follows:

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AS a citizen and a churchman, deeply concerned with the moral well-being of our city, I feel it a public duty to protest against the use of the open forum for the propaganda of birth control. This I do in no sectarian spirit, but in the broader one of the common weal.

"My protest is made in the name of ten national organizations of women with a combined membership of nearly a million, as well as in the interest of thousands of other indignant women and distressed mothers who are alarmed at the daring of the advocates of birth control in bringing out into an open, unrestricted, free meeting a discussion of a subject that simple prudence and decency, if not the spirit of the law, should keep within the walls of a clinic, or only for the ears of the mature and the experienced.

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THE Federal law excluding birth control literature from the mails, and the New York Penal Law making it unlawful to disseminate information on the subject, reflect the will of the people most emphatically. The latter law was enacted 'under the police power of the Legislature for the benefit of the morals and health of the community.' I submit that illegal information

was given and the law made a mockery of by clever evasion at the meeting held in the Town Hall, October 27th, under the auspices of the Voluntary Parenthood League. The holding of this meeting evidently has been lost sight of by the public. The stenographic report of that meeting disclosed to me illegal information on the subject that I never had before. Representative women of this city, all citizens and working for the social welfare of the community, have requested me to endorse their protest against such future public expressions. I do so now publicly.

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THE law of God and man, science, public policy, human experience are all condemnatory of birth control as preached by a few irresponsible individuals, without endorsement or approval, as far as I know, of a reputable body of physicians or medical society whose province it is to advise the public on such matters.

"The tenets of birth control are in direct opposition to the opinion of most distinguished scientists of the world, who have been aroused to make a serious study of the causes of the impending deterioration of the race as foreseen by well-known biologists.

"At the recent international Congress of Eugenics held in New York last September, prominent scientists in attendance emphasized the necessity, if the race was to be better born, of the protection of monogamous marriage with limitation of divorce; more children in the families of the well-to-do as a moral duty, earlier marriages, a more sheltered life for mothers, better safeguards against the marriage of imbeciles and insane, and unselfish devotion to the family as a patriotic duty. Major Leonard Darwin stated advisedly that 'there ought to be a great moral campaign against the exaggerated regard for personal comfort and social advancement, which now dictates the limitation of families.'

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HUMAN experience confirms all this: physicians have found that, on the average, successive children in a family are stronger and healthier up to the fifth or sixth in succession; and that those marked with special genius are very often born after the fifth in the family. The seventh child has been regarded traditionally with some peoples as the most favored by nature. Benjamin Franklin was the fifteenth child; John Wesley, the eighteenth; Ignatius Loyola, the eighth; Catherine of Siena, one of the greatest intellectual women that ever lived, was the twenty-fourth. It has been suggested that one of the reasons for the lack of genius in our day is that we are not getting the ends of the families. Moreover, vital statistics of New South Wales show that mothers of five to seven children live longest, while Alexander

Graham Bell asserts that the greatest longevity occurred in families of ten or more children. The voice of Theodore Roosevelt still echoes throughout the world in his strong denunciation of race suicide and the sins against the cradle. His love of family life remains one of the most wholesome memories of his noble character.

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“OUR public policy, in the spirit of ‘safety first,’ must set its face against the methods of birth control propaganda, just because this movement as conducted is one of the serious dangers of our disordered times. This month’s issue of a current review carries an indictment which states: ‘There is something almost terrifying in some of the criticisms now being passed on American life by American thinkers.’ James M. Beck, Solicitor General of the United States; Owen Johnson, the novelist, and Mary Roberts Rinehart, the writer, warn against the lawlessness and the irresponsibility of our day with the new ‘freedom and changing standards.’ (*Current Opinion*, p. 617.)

“Confronted with such social problems as the gangster, the drug addict, girl traffic and the like, our welfare agencies, public and private, are sadly depressed to see tolerated for a moment the danger of spreading, among our unmarried youth of both sexes, the immoral lure of passion and irresponsibility lurking in the present birth control advocacy that aims at making the marriage relation more lustful and less fruitful. Social evils hardly imaginable will follow in quick order and with terrible consequences.

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“THE Catholic Church’s condemnation of birth control (except it be self-control) is based on the natural law, which is the eternal law of God applied to man, and commanding the preservation of moral order and forbidding its disturbance. Therefore, the Church has but one possible thing to do, namely, to accept and obey the will of the Supreme Lawgiver.

“May Divine Providence inspire America to fix its canon against self-slaughter at the very source of human life, lest the sacred and highest end of the family—mother and child—vanish from our homes, and the stranger, alien to the American ideal, who, however, obeyed God’s command to increase and multiply, will enter to possess the land.”



LATELY, and principally through the activity of the National Educational Association and the National Americanism Commission of the American Legion, a week was set aside for the con-

sideration, throughout the country, of educational questions. A statement from the heads of these two organizations declared: "The attention of the public should be centred upon educational problems. It should be concentrated upon the need of better buildings, libraries and equipment, playgrounds, better school attendance, better paid teachers, longer school terms, better vocational education; better understanding of the form and fundamental principles of our Government, and better and universal use of the English language. Special emphasis should be placed on the singing of patriotic songs, salutes to the flag, the flying of the flag from every schoolhouse, every school day the weather permits, and upon short interesting accounts of essential facts in American history."

This is quite an extensive programme of reform that is at once an encouragement and a rebuke; an encouragement in that thought is being given to these things and a rebuke in that, in our enlightened country, emphasis should need to be placed upon these necessities. Yet comprehensive as the programme is, it fails to give place to the most important topic for consideration in the education of our children, namely, their religious and moral development.

* * * *

NOR is there reason why this question should have been omitted if the choice of subjects was made according to the amount of interest displayed in them at the present time. For, among many of different religious denominations, the educational question, which is at present to the fore, is just this one of the religious training of children. The mind of the country has been somewhat rudely awakened to the necessity of more training along religious lines than is given in the average home or than can be given in the Sunday School. For example, in the *Reformed Church Review* for October, 1921, there is an article on Week-Day Religious Education, which advocates the establishment of church schools for the purpose of supplying, after ordinary school hours, or during them, where such arrangements can be made, the necessary training in religion. We mention the article as one evidence of the interest that is being taken in this matter. The writer, in this long article, dismisses in a paragraph the parochial school as a possible solution to the difficulty. He writes:

"The parochial school system does not answer the purpose. If all denominations should follow this course, we would destroy the public school and we would be without an agency that teaches the ideals necessary for the social solidarity of our democracy. The parochial school system is unpatriotic and undemocratic in

principle, but nevertheless these schools stand out as an eloquent testimony to the sincerity of religious purpose with which the members of these communions regard their children."

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IT seems to us that it is hardly fair to dismiss in such a summary manner a system of schools—and, naturally, the reference is principally to Catholic schools—which does secure just what the writer of the article is so strongly demanding, namely, religious education. May it not be in place to suggest that the remedy he himself advocates is lacking in that very quality which the programme, above cited, would seem to require for the inculcation of patriotism, namely continuousness, daily reference to love of country and daily acts that express such love. The philosophy of this is that devotion to our country should be recognized as a part of our daily existence, an essential feature of our life. Are we going to put God and religion below love of country? If so, then we have not realized the place of religion in education.

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CONSIDERING the fact that we pay for the parochial schools without any assistance from the State and do our share in paying for the public schools as well, they are indeed an "eloquent testimony to the sincerity of religious purpose" with which we regard our children. We do recognize the need of religion in the training of the young, and we feel further that any sacrifice made to secure that training is also made for the production of better manhood and womanhood and better citizenship, too.

Is it fair to say that the parochial schools are "unpatriotic" and "undemocratic?" If they teach things opposed to democracy and patriotism, they are. But, on the contrary, if they are quite as active as any other schools in imparting principles of American patriotism, love of country, respect for the flag, regard for law, knowledge of the fundamentals of our Constitution and our Government, then no man has the right to say they are unpatriotic and undemocratic. A few visits to our schools would convince the author that these things are not neglected. We would ask the author to read such a book as *American Catholics in the War*, and then we would ask him whether or not those educated under the parochial school system have proved themselves less patriotic than their fellow-citizens in the recent critical time of war. No, these old charges against the parochial school are without foundation and would not deserve notice here, only that they are made in an article that recognizes the evil which does exist in regard to many children of America, namely, lack of religious education, yet refuses to recognize the merits of a system in which this

need is adequately supplied and in which, at the same time, American patriotism is fully conserved.

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A PROPOS of this subject, it would seem in place to call attention to a recent publication by the Education Department of the National Catholic Welfare Council. This is the *Directory of Catholic Colleges and Schools*. In a most orderly way, this volume of a thousand pages gives information in regard to all the Catholic educational institutions in the country. The first thought, at finding all these statistics gathered together in one volume is naturally one of wonder at the magnitude of Catholic educational effort throughout the land. Something like this was needed to impress the fact upon us. The second thought is also one of wonder at the magnitude of the task of compilation. Dr. James H. Ryan, who achieved this work, is deserving of the highest praise for the form, the order, the accuracy and completeness of the book; and he is deserving of the gratitude of all who are interested in educational matters for the results he has obtained and the untold labor expended in obtaining them. Here is a handy book of reference for anyone who wishes to secure data in regard to any Catholic school, college, university or seminary in all the country. Here, too, is an eloquent story of that "sincerity of religious purpose," which has always animated the Church and Catholic people to put forth their best efforts towards securing education that is complete in character. Much is yet to be done, but what has been done redounds greatly to the credit of a generous Catholic people. Here, too, is one more evidence of the superior and useful work being accomplished by the National Catholic Welfare Council.

TO provide safely and economically for the residence of young women coming as strangers to our great cities for purposes of study or business, is a work of importance. While, in many places, there are special homes carried on exclusively for this purpose, accommodations in these are not sufficient for all who apply. As a consequence, it is necessary for many to locate in rooming houses that are privately conducted. To meet this situation in New York City, the League of Catholic Women established a Catholic Room Registry at their Headquarters, 371 Lexington Avenue, two years ago, and have found that it has been of great advantage in arranging for the proper housing of the newcomers.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

THE MACMILLAN Co., New York:

The Glands Regulating Personality. By Louis Berman, M.D. *The Word of God.* By Msgr. F. Borgongini Duca. Translated by Rev. F. J. Spellman. \$2.00. *Louise Imogen Guiney.* By Alice Brown. \$1.50. *The Hound of Heaven.* An Interpretation by Rev. F. P. Le Buffe, S.J. \$1.25. *Gray Wolf Stories.* By Bernard Sexton. \$1.75. *Our Hellenic Heritage.* By H. R. James, M.A. 6 s. net. *Great Penitents.* By Rev. Hugh Blunt. *The Catholic Citizen.* By John A. Lapp. *The Golden Fleece.* By Padraic Colum. \$2.00. *The Secret Way.* By Zona Gale. \$1.50.

P. J. KENEDY & SONS, New York:

American Catholic Hymnal. By the Marist Brothers. \$1.50. *The Story of St. John Baptist de La Salle.* By Brother Leo. \$1.50. *The Sisters of the I. H. M.* By a member of the Scranton Community. \$5.00.

LONGMANS, GREEN & Co., New York:

Lotze's Theory of Reality. By Rev. E. E. Thomas. \$5.00 net. *Ortus Christi, Meditations for Advent.* By Mother St. Paul. \$1.75 net. *The Comfort of the Catholic Faith.* By Rev. F. M. Clendenien. \$1.50 net.

E. P. DUTTON & Co., New York:

A Traveler in Little Things. By W. H. Hudson. \$3.00. *Brass, A Novel of Marriage.* By Charles G. Norris. \$2.00. *Andivtus Hedullio.* By E. L. White. \$2.00.

IRISH PUBLISHING Co., New York:

The Story of the Irish Race. By Seumas MacManus. \$6.00.

YALE UNIVERSITY PRESS, New Haven:

Songs for Parents. By John Farrar. *The Medical Attitude Toward Astrology.* By T. Wedel. *The Captive Lion and Other Poems.* By W. H. Davies. *The Journey, Odes and Sonnets.* By G. Gould. \$1.50. *The Chronicles of America: Washington and His Comrades in Arms,* by G. M. Wrong; *The Fathers of the Constitution,* by M. Farrand; *Jefferson and His Colleagues,* by A. Johnson; *The Spanish Border Lands,* by H. E. Bolton; *Texas and the Mexican War,* by N. W. Stephenson; *Captains of the Civil War,* by W. Wood; *The American Spirit in Education,* by E. Slosson; *The Age of Invention,* by H. Thompson; *Theodore Roosevelt and His Times,* by H. Howland; *Woodrow Wilson and the World War,* by C. Seymour. 50 volumes. \$3.50 per volume.

THE CORNHILL PUBLISHING Co., Boston:

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THE Catholic World

VOL. CXIV.

FEBRUARY, 1922.

No. 683.

FATHER ZAHM.

BY JOHN CAVANAUGH, C.S.C.



WHEN Father John Augustine Zahm, C.S.C., passed away in Munich, Bavaria, early in the morning of November 10th, his friends felt that his death was premature despite his Scriptural three score years and ten. Wise men say that stature and longevity are among the qualities most surely inherited, and Father Zahm came of a long-lived family. He once told me of a grandfather of his who died at the age of one hundred and five under interesting conditions. He had walked fasting to church one Sunday morning, according to his custom, received Holy Communion, and then walked home. While waiting for breakfast, he lay down as usual on a sofa to rest, and when they came to call him shortly afterwards, they found he had passed away without sound or sign. It is probable that Father Zahm, under ordinary circumstances, would have lived into venerable years for, though his life was the most laborious I have ever known, it was also extremely abstemious and regular. But years ago his heart had been strained by physical over-exertion, and when pneumonia attacked him, he had not the machinery with which to fight back.

Piety was another inheritance of his. The Zahms came from Alsace and were of the German rather than the French flavor among that mixed people. Rugged faith, hardy char-

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acter, dogged persistence, honest thrift, were their characteristics. His mother, Mary Ellen Braddock, came of the same stock as General Braddock, famous in early history in America. She was of strong Irish quality—pious, intelligent, beautiful, idealistic. I have often noted that the children of mixed German and Irish parentage have more than their fair share of mental and moral power. An aunt of Father Zahm's was a distinguished Superior among the Sisters of the Holy Cross, and three of his sisters became members of the same community. One died a few years ago in heroic sanctity. A brother, Dr. Albert F. Zahm, is chief advisor to the United States Government in aviation, and had a large part—if not the very largest part after the Wright brothers—in the invention of the aëroplane.

Father Zahm was born in the village of New Lexington, Perry Co., Ohio, June 14, 1851. Among his boyhood friends was Januarius Aloysius McGahan, the most distinguished newspaper correspondent of his time, whose revelations of the Bulgarian atrocities stirred the wrath and eloquence of Gladstone and awoke the conscience of the world. McGahan and Zahm sat on the same bench in the little log school, where began the preparation for their distinguished careers. When Father Zahm came to Notre Dame to begin his college work in 1867, the venerable founder, Father Sorin, was Provincial Superior (next year to be elected Superior General), and the famous war chaplain, Father Corby, was President. The records show that John Zahm was exceptionally studious and successful, and he graduated with honors in 1871. Shortly after he entered the Novitiate of the Congregation of the Holy Cross, and at the end of the usual theological studies was ordained in 1875, Father D. E. Hudson, C.S.C., for nearly half a century editor of the *Ave Maria*, being the only other member of the class. It was an auspicious day that gave to the young community and to the Church in America two such brilliant and zealous priests.

Father Zahm's earliest tastes were distinctly for literature, and he had pursued the course in arts and letters; but there was need of a science teacher in the University of Notre Dame, and following the general and seemingly necessary way of that time, his superiors appointed the young priest Professor of Chemistry and Physics. The work was distasteful and his

preparation for it had been only ordinary, but without demurring Father Zahm stepped into the breach. Undoubtedly neither he nor his superiors realized that upon that moment of necessity hung a decision that was to mean much to the Catholic Church, especially in our country. As time went on, he had to master and, occasionally, to teach geology and other sciences. Thus was providentially prepared the background for his future work. One great technical work came out of his laboratory experiments during his teaching days, the exhaustive text on *Sound and Music*, since used as a book of reference in many State universities.

Even in his seminarian days, he had given public lectures, and as a young professor he frequently published substantial and readable papers on interesting aspects of science or travel. These papers, while scholarly and valuable, were not distinguished in expression. He had not yet developed a personal style.

About the time his powers were maturing, the world was almost mad with tumultuous and angry discussion. Darwin had started the strife by his revolutionary doctrines concerning evolution. Many men of science outside of the Church had little or no Christian faith to give up, and all of them welcomed what seemed an exploding bomb in the camp of those whom they called obscurantists and reactionaries. Brilliant expositors of the new doctrine arose on all sides, the most distinguished being Huxley and Tyndall. Herbert Spencer, by an effort of genius, almost equal to Kant's, built up a philosophic system in defence of it, only to find that when his gigantic work was concluded after many years, the world had very largely abandoned his fundamental principles.

Needless to say, both the sacrilegious delight of the scientists and the alarm felt by timid Christians were equally without foundation. As the truism universally adopted at the time expressed it, God is equally the author of scientific and revealed truth, and there can be no contradiction between science and religion, both rightly understood. It is a fact that some religious writers had pushed the outposts of Faith very much farther than Catholic doctrine demanded or justified—a very natural outcome of the state of general knowledge then and theretofore. On the other hand, the scientists, bewildered by what seemed a fresh vision of universal principles, and in-

toxicated by the rich liquor of partisanship and controversy, had undoubtedly advanced the outposts of science to absurd lengths. Between these extremists lay the field of battle, No Man's Land. There were sturdy champions on the side of Christianity, men of prodigious learning and giant intellect, but their path was not easy; it took time to clear the atmosphere and evaluate data and strip principles bare; and meantime the merry war went on.

Into this situation Father Zahm stepped at a curiously felicitous moment. The best men on the side of the iconoclasts had begun to lose the zest of attack and slaughter. Moreover, they themselves were beginning to see that in their mad fury against dogma and traditionalism, they had set up an intolerable dogmatism of their own. At the same time the theologians were acquiring poise, had emerged from their first confusion and were beginning to reply vigorously with their big guns.

Father Zahm's general background of scientific preparation, together with his theological training and his taste for literary expression made him an ideal protagonist of faith. His earliest essays as a Catholic apologist were contributions to the *Ave Maria* and the *American Catholic Quarterly* and to *THE CATHOLIC WORLD*, and had for their general thesis the harmony between what he called "the sciences of faith and the sciences of reason." Only a quarter of a century has passed since that time, and anyone who should now write on the subject would be tolerantly regarded as an old-fashioned gentleman employed in executing a corpse. But it was a lively corpse in the days when Andrew D. White, a man of reputation and nimble mind, a distinguished diplomat and President of Cornell, was writing interminably on *The Warfare Between Religion and Science*, and when J. W. Draper was producing his popular *History of the Conflict Between Science and Religion*. Besides establishing his thesis, these early brochures¹ of Father Zahm's bristled with valuable and interesting facts about Catholic men of science of the past, and constituted a magazine of ammunition for busy controversialists. Of the same tenor and quality was an impressive volume (1893) entitled, *Catholic Science and Catholic Scientists*, ex-

¹ *What the Church Has Done for Science*, and *The Catholic Church and Modern Science*. Notre Dame, Ind.: Ave Maria Co.

cept that problems were beginning to assume more importance in his work and persons less. This volume, though much surpassed by the quality of his later work, is still of value and importance.

Up to this point, Father Zahm had a united Catholic backing to support him. As long as he stayed within the old fortresses and ventured not into fresh battlefields nor used strange weapons, he enjoyed not only a growing fame among the faithful, but the marked approval of all Catholic scholars as well. But at this time there sprung up in our country the interesting movement which produced the still vigorous Catholic Summer School at Plattsburg, the Western Catholic Summer School (now defunct) at Madison, Wisconsin, and the Catholic Winter School (never vigorous) at New Orleans. At all of these Father Zahm was invited to lecture, and he somewhat audaciously chose for his subject the most difficult, delicate and dangerous topics a Catholic apologist could elect. There can be no doubt about his honesty, his zeal or his lofty motives in selecting these themes. His ruling passion in all his priestly work was an intense zeal for the glory of God and the triumph of the Church. He felt that too many Catholic scholars in defending the Church had displayed a timidity which seemed almost to argue feebleness of faith. He found, as he went into the work of the old theologians and apologists, and especially the broad and profound writings of the great Fathers of the Church, a sweep, a power and a liberty which seemed equally necessary to establish in their full strength the truths of Christianity in our day. The problems he attacked had, through newspapers and magazines as well as books, sifted into the general consciousness, so that he felt sure an audience like that of a summer school would be both interested and intelligent enough to receive his message. The newspapers played up his lectures somewhat sensationally, with the good result that everybody read them, and talked about them; and without doubt many who considered the Church as obsolete as pagan mythology, were constrained to revise their views, while Catholics generally felt that a new and lusty champion had entered the lists for them.

A result not so good was that certain Catholic scholars took alarm, and felt that the Church might need a defender against some of her defenders. Father Zahm immediately

became a storm-centre of controversy within the Church; one influential and brilliant party attacking him with spirit, while another, not so large, but probably more brilliant, as ardently defended him. The volume which contains the earliest of these lectures is entitled, *Bible, Science and Faith*, and deals with such problems as the days of Genesis, the universality of the deluge and the age of the human race. That volume still remains the best statement on these subjects in English from a Catholic scholar. Of the same period is *Scientific Theory and Catholic Doctrine*, which focused itself more particularly on the subject of evolution, the head and front of the phalanx of scientific difficulties. Father Zahm was evidently crystalizing into the mental attitude which was soon to produce the greatest of his apologetic works, the climax of this period of his life, *Evolution and Dogma*.

It required the courage of a superman for a priest to attack this question with the plainness and freedom of the ancient Fathers. Theology has become a highly organized science since their time, and there is a natural tendency in any ancient human thing to mistake ruts for roots and prejudices for principles. One considerable group of learned and well-meaning men was sure to be affronted by the boldness of this modern knight. More than that. Those who think theologians are a pacific, esoteric, compact and always harmonious group of thinkers know little of the tribe. That would be true if the Church were what some of her critics proclaim her to be, a purely human institution, dealing in quackery and deception, and with an astute and avaricious priesthood profiting by the credulity of the faithful. But the passion of the Catholic theologian is for truth. And he is seemingly just as delighted to catch a fellow-theologian napping, in order that he may—especially if he belongs to a different religious Order—acquire heavenly merit and perform an act of fraternal charity by giving a brotherly correction in clear and vigorous terms, as a football player is to recover the ball when his adversary fumbles it. If people only understood the vigilance theologians have exercised against each other through all the centuries from the earliest days of the Church, there would be less talk about innovations of doctrine and accretions and corruption of primitive Christianity. Father Zahm's position regarding evolution was clearly within

the limits of regular Christian hermeneutics. He was as far from the materialistic theories associated with the modern anti-Christian movement as the drowsiest or most inquisitorial of his critics. But the controversy soon passed beyond the limits of America. His works were translated into French, Italian and Spanish, and he was as widely read in Europe and South America as he was in the United States. Non-Catholic scholars wrote of them in magazines and heterodox divines discussed them in university lectures. Controversy waxed furious and sometimes frenzied. One great Catholic publicist of international repute and of terrible—that is just the right word—influence in Rome, wrote a series of articles, proving to his own satisfaction that Father Zahm was an “atheist, a Materialist and a Modernist.” Meantime, the gentle priest, whose heroic militancy for Christ was the cause of all this clamor, remained placid and pacific among his books. He knew how high was his purpose, how pure his intentions, and he was content to leave the result to the infallible arbiter of Faith. Beyond doubt, there was a large and clamorous party demanding that *Evolution and Dogma* should be placed on the Index. It was a close call, but it was never placed there;³ and Father Zahm had the serene satisfaction before his life closed of finding the views he so courageously and clearly defended, accepted as the commonplaces of Catholic controversy by many of the same school of apologists who hurled theological brickbats at his devoted head a quarter century ago.

Most of us who knew Father Zahm intimately, believed that he had prophetic instincts. He was a real seer, and people who see, always look ahead. Among other enthusiasms of his from his youth was a burning zeal for the higher education of women. He did more than his share locally at Notre Dame to promote it, and with voice and pen labored incessantly to arouse a similar enthusiasm in others. *Women and Science* was a passionate defiance of the general belief

³ Americans learned how reasonable and necessary is the function of the Index during the recent War, when anything likely to weaken morale or provoke dissension was vigorously suppressed. The distinguished Dominican, Father Esser, an official of the Index, once told me, in speaking of Father Zahm, that among the functions of the Congregation is the suppression of books calculated to arouse undue controversy among Catholics. The Italian translation of *Evolution and Dogma* seemed likely to do that, so Father Zahm, to use his own words, “voluntarily withdrew” it in 1900.

that women are, by divine arrangement, incapable of original or creative mental work. Similarly, *Great Inspirers* was the story of the inspirational power of Beatrice as revealed in Dante, and of the holy women who labored with St. Jerome in Rome and Bethlehem. Both volumes are written with eloquence and fervor. Few men that ever lived had a more exalted conception of Christian womanhood. It was partly the result of a beautiful idealism that ran through all his life and work and thought and speech. It was partly a spiritual refinement which came to him from his intense love of Our Lady, and it was partly a flowering of his sensitive and delicate purity of mind. He shrank from any suggestion of coarseness of thought, word or behavior as from a blow. This strong man, who recoiled not from battle nor from labor, was as delicate-minded as a girl. But he went beyond that and believed in the power as well as the beauty of woman's mind. He has undoubtedly written greater books, but none more pleasing and inspiring than these two which deal with the soul of woman.

Another phase of his work yielded a cycle of books so different and so brilliant as to make one marvel they could come from the same mind. In 1906 Father Zahm, long familiar with Mexico, made his first trip to South America. Four years later, the Appletons published the first of a series of delightful and universally admired works from the pen of "Dr. H. J. Mozans." The general title of the trilogy was *Following the Conquistadores*, and the special titles were *Up the Orinoco and Down the Magdalena* (1910), *Along the Andes and Down the Amazon* (1912), and *In South America's Southland* (1916). American book reviewers were startled out of their usual perfunctory praise to exclamations of enthusiasm and rapture. The most frigid and parsimonious critics in England, with startling unanimity, used the words *delightful, amazing, eloquent, erudite*. The jaded palates of fastidious readers found a curiously piquant flavor in these books. Catholic editors and scholars wrote in superlative praise of this fresh discoverer of the continent of South America. But who was H. J. Mozans? One day Monsignor Joseph H. McMahon of New York, a scholar of taste and culture, wrote to the Appletons, asking for information about him for the purpose of preparing a literary appreciation of the books. The

Appletons replied that the identity of the author must remain a secret by his own desire, but they courteously offered to send a photograph, and the Monsignor at once recognized the familiar features of his old friend. Father Zahm told me that in his youth he always signed his name Jno. S.^a Zahm, and H. J. Mozans is merely a transliteration of that form.

What induced an author who had already attained world-wide fame for writings published under his own name, to relinquish that great advantage and challenge destiny afresh under a pseudonym? I happen to know that Father Zahm had sound personal reasons for wishing to keep his first journey to South America a secret for a time. But the explanation he himself gave was that these books, if presented frankly as the work of a priest, would not appeal so convincingly to the non-Catholic public, since they were so completely a glorification of the Church in South America, a vindication of the clergy through their works, and a sympathetic portrait of Catholic Latin-Americans. No one will question the wisdom of his course, as none can doubt the thoroughness of his success.

Here again, Father Zahm's scientific background did him excellent service. Not alone cathedrals, churches, convents, monasteries and schools, but the fauna and flora of the continent, the museums and scientific establishments, the intellectual movements among the clergy especially, the natural richness of mines and agriculture, and particularly the romance and heroism of missionaries and explorers, received full justice in his sparkling and flashing pages. Colonel Roosevelt, who wrote an enthusiastic introduction to the second volume of the trilogy, expresses astonishment at his scientific and historical knowledge, but especially at his amazing richness of literary allusion and poetic quotation from writers in many languages. In these three books, Father Zahm reached the perfect flowering of his literary style. His admirers had watched it grow from his earliest works, wherein it showed the unflavored dryness and correctness of a commercial document, into the habit of picturesque thinking and colorful phrasing, unto a richness and a pageantry of glorious words, a rhetorical costuming which clothed remote, abstract and scholarly things with beauty and splendor. From a

* Stanislaus, an abandoned middle name.

purely literary point of view, these books marked the peak of his large and variegated life work. Seemingly as a pastime and between whiles, he published *The Quest of El Dorado*, in which he made complete and final disposition of one of the most fascinating and elusive themes connected with the earliest exploration days.

He was an enthusiastic student of Dante, and for more than thirty years it was one of his daily pieties to read a canto of the *Divine Comedy* in the original. He assembled at Notre Dame one of the three largest (probably the most rare and valuable) of the Dante libraries in America. He rummaged through every second-hand bookstore in Italy to make this collection, and one of his unfulfilled plans was to write the definitive Life of the great Florentine in English.

During the past six years, Father Zahm was occupied with a volume which he frequently assured me was to be his best performance. Though living intimately with him in community life, walking and talking with him every day, I never could learn from him just what was the subject of this great final effort. Nearly every day a large parcel of books would be delivered at his room from the Congressional Library, and I knew in a general way that he was writing on some such subject as the present-day status of Christians in Bible lands. The manuscript was ready for the publishers two months ago, but he wanted to visit the Levant again to freshen his eyes with local color and to verify intimate and important data and bring them up-to-date. He enjoyed a delightful and rejuvenating journey from Washington to Munich, visiting old friends and familiar haunts on the way. At Dresden, in a cold hotel, he contracted laryngitis, and shortly after he reached Munich, pneumonia set in. Father Zahm's health had been failing for three or four years. A famous specialist in New York had said his heart must have undergone a severe strain, and attributed it to the superhuman effort he made thirty-five years earlier in climbing the Mexican volcano, Popocatepetl. It had seldom, or perhaps never, been done by any traveler before, but that was only another reason why Father Zahm wanted to do it. And now, thirty five years later, Popocatepetl, with the relentlessness of material nature, was having his revenge. On November 10th, after only a few days of serious illness, Father Zahm passed away with all the rich consolations of

that Faith which, throughout life, he had tenderly loved and to the defence of which he had dedicated his brilliant mind.

His personal characteristics were interesting. A spare hardy frame of middle stature had been disciplined to an iron toughness by a love of adventure, by travel in hard places and among primitive peoples. Few men ever squandered less energy on even the innocent "dissipations" of life. Though he spent many years in wine-drinking countries, he was almost ascetic in that matter, and he could never endure the smell of a pipe or cigar. He was the closest approach to pure intellect I have known in a reasonably long experience of great men. Despite his very quiet manner, he was a daring and courageous spirit, physically as well as mentally, and had in his life experienced some desperate situations in the course of travel. Few men of his period had so much energy, and none had more initiative. There was about him an innocent secretiveness regarding his works and his movements, and he liked to surprise his friends by unexpected achievements. His large, blue, innocent eyes bespoke the idealist. With strangers or others in whom his interest had not been aroused, he showed a sphinx-like reticence and a severely cold and polite manner; but as often happens, his frigid exterior was a sort of asbestos cloak to cover an unusually warm and affectionate nature. He easily forgave offences against himself, great or little, and in all ways he was remarkably charitable in speech and act. He loved to look at a baby, especially in his later years, and he had a beautiful sympathy with all young people. He never missed an opportunity of pouring his own burning love of scholarship and achievement into the hearts of seminarians and young priests. He himself was a great inspirer.

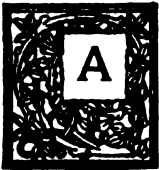
I have lived at Notre Dame University during nearly half the eighty years of its existence. I knew nearly all the great figures who—in countless numbers, it seems to me—have moved in and out of the campus during that long space. I regard Father Zahm as the greatest mind produced by the University in its long career, and perhaps the greatest man in all respects developed within the Congregation of the Holy Cross since its foundation. Maybe Father Zahm could not have laid the foundation of Notre Dame, but undoubtedly

Father Sorin never could have built upon it as Father Zahm did.

To the rank and file of his brethren in the community, he was always a prophet as well as a leader. He was Vice-President of Notre Dame at twenty-five, and held the office nine years. He was Father Sorin's intimate friend, his trusted counselor; I saw him hold the venerable founder in his arms as he lay a-dying. In 1896 he was sent to Rome as Procurator-General of the community, and in coöperation with the mightiest leaders of the Church in America, he helped (sometimes not without peril to himself) to solve great problems and to direct large movements. While there he was asked to accept an appointment to a western bishopric, but he pleaded distaste and preoccupation with other work, and his plea was respected. Leo XIII., with whom he often talked freely, bestowed on him in 1895 the degree of Doctor of Philosophy. In 1898 he returned as Provincial of the community in the United States, and for eight years labored with such energy and success for its upbuilding and for the pursuit of higher studies as to inaugurate a new and brilliant era. At the end of his term as Provincial he retired to Holy Cross College in Washington, chiefly because he enjoyed there unparalleled library facilities. He never wasted an hour of time, and remained to the very end a miracle of industry, enthusiasm and zeal. His faith was of an apostolic simplicity and strength. He was scrupulous, especially in his later years, about religious exercises, and there was a beautiful note of tenderness in his personal piety. He knew and mingled with many of the greatest men of his period—Popes, prelates, the lights of literature, the savants of science. But those to whom he most generously gave his heart and from whom he received the most beautiful affection and the strongest loyalty, were the religious brethren whom he inspired and guided by word and work for half a century.

THE COUNCIL OF TRENT UNDER PIUS IV.¹

BY BERTRAND L. CONWAY, C.S.P.



ABOUT twenty-five years ago the Görres Society of Germany began the monumental work of publishing, in twelve quarto volumes of about one thousand pages each, the complete series of documents relating to the Council of Trent. These volumes are to contain the Diaries of Severolo, Massarelli and Seripando (three volumes), the *Acta* of the Council (six volumes), the letters of the Popes, legates, bishops and theologians interested in the Council (two volumes), and the various treatises of the theologians written on occasion of the Council (one volume). Six of these volumes have already appeared, and now that the Great War is over the other six will follow shortly.

A new edition of the *Acta* was absolutely necessary, for Father Theiner's arbitrary editing rendered his edition practically useless from the standpoint of scholarship. Besides he knew nothing of the *Acta* of Massarelli, the Secretary-General of the Council, which recorded the *vota* of the various congregations and the speeches made at every session.

The present volume—Volume VIII.—deals with the first period of the concluding sessions of the Council held during the Pontificate of Pope Pius IV. It comprises Sessions XVII.-XXII., from January 18 to September 17, 1562. Luckily, the editor, Monsignor Ehes, had most of the present volume compiled before the late war compelled him to leave Rome (1915). His enforced exile in Germany, instead of hindering his work, gave him an opportunity of consulting many manuscripts of importance in the libraries of Berlin and Munich.

The first part of this volume (pages 1-286), styled *Acta ante Concilium*, records the efforts of Pius IV. to bring about a reassembling of the Council of Trent, which, for political reasons, had not met since January 25, 1552—ten years before.

¹ *Concilii Tridentini Actorum Pars Quinta*. Complectens acta ad præparandum concilium, et sessiones Anni 1562 a prima (XVII.) ad sextam (XXII.). Collegit, edidit, illustravit Stephanus Ehes. Freiburg: Herder. \$26.00.

The Pope wrote letter after letter to the Catholic princes—Ferdinand I. of Austria, Philip II. of Spain, Sebastian of Portugal, Francis II. and his successor, Charles IX. of France and Mary, Queen of Scots—urging their hearty coöperation in making the Council a success. He sent two special nuncios—Commendone and Delphino—to Germany, inviting the Lutheran princes to attend the Council, and promising them an ample safe-conduct. England, Sweden and Denmark were not forgotten, although, as events soon proved, there was never the slightest chance of any Protestant prince accepting the Pope's sincere and well-meant invitation.

The German princes, in their reply to the Papal nuncios at Naumberg, February 6, 1561, declared that they would attend if the Pope consented to certain impossible conditions, viz., that the Council be held in Germany entirely independent of the Pope; that the Holy See would absolve all archbishops, bishops and prelates from their oath of allegiance; that the Bible and ancient, approved customs, "most of which were opposed to the Roman Church," were made the norm of all conciliar decisions; that the Lutheran theologians were to be given a decisive vote in all the deliberations; that all previous decrees of the Council were to be declared null and void.

The greatest diplomacy was exercised by the Pope in dealing with the Catholic princes, who wrote him letter after letter arguing about the place of meeting, discussing the wording of the Bull of Convocation, and demanding certain concessions for their subjects before they would promise their coöperation.

The Emperor, for example, earnestly wished the Protestants to attend the Council, and for that reason objected to the Pope's calling it "a continuation" of the Council of Trent, held under Pope Julius III. Philip II., on the contrary, wanted this expressly mentioned at the outset, for, as he rightly contended, the Protestants might otherwise argue that the decrees and canons enacted in previous sessions could be reconsidered—a view plainly contrary to the teaching of the Church. Again, the Emperor strongly advised the abolition of the celibacy of the clergy and the granting of Communion under both kinds for Germany, Bohemia and Hungary—concessions utterly alien to the mind of France and Spain.

There were many long, drawn-out discussions about the meeting place of the Council, France objecting to the city of

Trent on the plea that its accommodations for the bishops were very poor and the food most miserable. Many cities were proposed in turn, Constance, Innsbrück, Trier, Spire, Vercelli, but after nine months of continual letter writing and the passing to and fro of scores of nuncios and ambassadors, the Pope finally succeeded in having all the Catholic princes agree upon the city of Trent.

The Emperor wished the Pope to attend in person, but the Pope felt that the bishops would be freer in their deliberations if he remained away. The reports of his legates, he felt confident, would keep him well informed of the daily happenings of the Council.

France, on the pretence that the Pope's call for a General Council was not sincere, was continually threatening to summon a National Council of reform. This made the Pope very indignant, and he wrote repeatedly to refute this calumny. He even said that to call a National Council at such a time would be a crime. He had Spain and Austria write France to the same effect.

At last, on November 15, 1560, the Pope, in secret consistory, announced to the assembled Cardinals that he had obtained the consent of the Catholic princes with regard to the Council assembling at Trent, and in thanksgiving ordered a jubilee to be published throughout the world. The Bull of Convocation was issued on November 29th at another consistory, the date assigned being Easter, 1561. As a matter of fact the Council did not come together until January 18, 1562, the bishops for various reasons finding it very difficult to answer the Pope's summons.

Pius IV. appointed six Cardinals as Legates to preside over the Council; Ercole Gonzaga of Mantua, Puteo (February 14, 1561), Seripando, Simonetta, Hosius (March 10th), and his nephew, Marco Altemps, the Archbishop of Constance (November 10th). By April 16th three of the legates reached Trent, but they could do nothing, as only nine prelates had arrived and not one ambassador. The other three legates arrived: in August (Hosius), December (Simonetta) and January, 1562 (Altemps).

These legates must have possessed superhuman patience, for they had to listen for hours at a time to speeches of the ambassadors of the various Catholic princes, who often em-

barrassed the assembled bishops by their petty quarrels over precedence, and annoyed them by their persistent demand for impossible concessions. We often have to marvel at their kindly, diplomatic replies to impertinent nobles, who insulted the assembled bishops by their bitter denunciation of current abuses. This was particularly the case with the French ambassador.

The method of procedure also caused a considerable waste of time, for besides the plenary sessions there were general and particular congregations and congregations of the theologians for weeks at a time. The bishops indeed became so wearied of these protracted meetings—the discourses sometimes lasted two or three hours—that they passed a law limiting all addresses to a half hour; but their ruling was honored more in the breach than in the observance.

The legates spent nine months at Trent, arranging all the details of the Council's proceedings. They wrote scores of letters to the Pope, asking his advice about questions of precedence, the attitude to assume toward the admission of Protestants, and their right to propose the subjects to be defined and the reforms to be passed; to the bishops of the world urging their attendance; to the various European courts urging their coöperation. They had to appoint officials—secretaries, notaries, committees—to arrange for the accommodations of the visiting prelates and ambassadors, and to map out the subject matter for the various sessions.

Before the first preparatory General Congregation (January 15th), Guerrero, the Archbishop of Granada, demanded in the name of Spain that the first decree should plainly declare the Council to be a continuation of the Council of Trent, although this had been purposely omitted by the Pope in his Bull of Convocation. The legates answered that there was no doubt of the Pope's mind on the subject, but that the words had been omitted designedly, so as not to offend the Protestants. "Let us omit these words," they argued, "until it is perfectly evident that they have no notion of attending the Council."

In like manner, the question of beginning with the Index of prohibited books was shelved for the time being, because a condemnation of these writers as heretical would of itself prevent their coming.

The Seventeenth Session was held on January 18, 1562, There were present five Cardinals, three Patriarchs, eleven Archbishops, ninety Bishops, four mitred Abbots, four Generals of Religious Orders and thirty-three Theologians. The first legate, Cardinal Gonzaga, said the Mass, and Del Fosso, the Archbishop of Reggio, preached. The Secretary of the Council, Massarelli, read the Bulls, convoking the Council and appointing the legates. The Archbishop of Reggio then read the decree for celebrating the Council, "which was to settle controversies concerning religion, to restrain deceitful tongues, to correct moral abuses and to procure for the Church a true and Christian peace."

All the Fathers present answered *placet* save four Spanish Bishops, who protested against the words, "the legates and presidents presiding" (Granada and Orense), and insisted upon the legates proposing only such matters as the Council itself determined (Leon and Almeira).

In a General Congregation held on January 27th, the presiding legate, the Cardinal of Mantua, proposed the subject matter of the next session. He requested the Fathers to compile an Index of prohibited books, to invite the writers thereof to present their case in person before the Council, and to prepare an ample and adequate safe-conduct for the Protestants.

The Fathers discussed these matters at great length in the seven Congregations held from January 30th to February 24th. All agreed upon the necessity of compiling an Index of prohibited books, but many thought it unwise to spend the Council's valuable time in this protracted work. Some of the bishops suggested that it be compiled by one or more of the Catholic universities, while others wished the whole matter put in the hands of the Pope. This view finally prevailed, the bishops suggesting that the old Index of Paul IV. be made the basis of the new.

The second and third proposals were agreed to without much debate. The Protestants were formally invited to attend the Council, and a most ample safe-conduct, modeled on the form employed by Julius III. in 1552, was promulgated in the General Congregation of March 4th.

The Imperial ambassadors were received in public audience on February 13th. They asked that no mention be made of the Council being a continuation of the previous ses-

sions of Trent; that matters of minor importance be discussed in the preliminary session (XVIII.), so that the Protestants might have time to reach Trent; that an ample safe-conduct be drawn up and sent to all Protestants; that the bishops refrain from condemning the Confession of Augsburg and omit it from the Index. All these requests were granted by the legates three days later.

The next week was spent in preparing the decree on the Index—it was revised three times—in deciding questions of precedence with regard to the Spanish Bishops, and in listening to the orations of the Imperial and Portuguese ambassadors.

The Eighteenth Session was held in the Cathedral on February 26, 1562. There were present one hundred and five Bishops, four mitred Abbots, six Generals of Religious Orders and fifty Theologians. The Patriarchs of Jerusalem said the Mass, and read the decree “inviting and exhorting all who do not hold communion with us to attend this Holy Synod in a spirit of peace and reconciliation. It called special attention to the need of an Index of prohibited books: “It (the Council of Trent) has thought good that bishops specially chosen for this purpose, should carefully consider what decrees should be passed in the matter of censures and of books, and to report in due time to this Holy Synod, so that it might more easily separate the various and strange doctrines as cockle from the wheat of Christian truth, and might more conveniently deliberate and determine what appeared best adapted to remove scruples from the minds of many.”

The sermon was delivered by the Archbishop of Corfu, who eloquently denounced the widespread evil of Protestantism, and insisted upon combating it by a clear setting forth of Catholic doctrine and an earnest attempt at reform.

The second decree, appointing May 14th for the next session, was approved by all, although fourteen bishops insisted that the Council should not remain inactive, but employ the three months' interval in preparing *schemata* of reform.

During the next six weeks (March 16th to April 25th), the Council spent a great deal of time receiving the ambassadors of the various European courts—Francis Davalos of Spain (March 16th), Giovanni Strozzi of Florence (March 18th), Melchior Lassi of the Catholic cantons of Switzerland (March

20th), John Colosarius, Bishop of Chonad, and Dudiz, Bishop of Tiniana in Hungary (April 6th), Niccolo da Ponte and Matteo Dandolo of Venice (April 25th). Every ambassador delivered an oration in excellent Latin, pledging the support of his prince to the Council, denouncing the evils of the Protestant denials of the faith, calling attention to the universal need of a counter reformation, and insisting upon his country's loyalty to the Holy See.

On March 11th, the legates, in a General Congregation, presented in writing to the assembled bishops twelve questions of reform out of a possible ninety-three. They dealt in turn with the obligation of residence, the frauds committed under the plea of the title of patrimony, the receiving of payment for the conferring of orders, the dividing of large and the uniting of smaller parishes with insufficient incomes, the disciplining of wicked and ignorant pastors, the visitation and reform of benefices *in commendam*, clandestine marriages, the grave abuse of quæstors, and like matters.

The two articles on clandestine marriages were referred to the theologians on March 13th, and the other nine were tabled for the time being to discuss in full the important question of episcopal residence. The article ran as follows: "Let the bishops consider what steps must be taken to have patriarchs, archbishops, bishops and others having the care of souls reside in their own churches, and not to be absent therefrom unless for reasons just, reasonable, necessary and of benefit to the Catholic Church."

The question was debated at great length, and with great vehemence, by the bishops in nine special congregations from April 7th to April 21st. From the very beginning the Council was divided into two nearly equal camps, the one affirming and the other denying the divine right of residence. The discussion ranged around five headings: the necessity of residence, the reasons causing non-residence, the penalties to be inflicted, the rewards to be promised and the means required to enforce the decrees if passed.

The bishops who declared residence to be of divine right, maintained that the absence of pastors from their flocks was the chief cause of the present day evils in the Church. Quoting one of the false decretals of Pope Damasus (Epis. 4), the Patriarch of Jerusalem compared the non-resident bishops

to "immoral women who handed over their children as soon as they were born to the care of strange nurses, in order that they might be freer to indulge their lusts." It is perfectly true, they said, that previous Councils and Popes had passed laws to insure the residence of pastors. But experience has proved that these laws have always been a dead letter, especially when the rich and powerful were concerned. Canonical penalties such as excommunication, suspension, deprivation of revenues, and even imprisonment in a monastery had failed for years to correct the abuse of absenteeism, and the rewards promised for residence, such as promotion, exemption from taxation and increase of revenues had been equally ineffective. There was but one way to insure residence—to declare its origin divine. We feel certain, they said, that residence is a Divine law. Why not then declare and define it so before the whole world? The very pastors, who might without much compunction disregard residence if they deemed it a mere Church law, would, on the other hand, hesitate about violating it if they were certain it was a Divine law. Moreover, there were too many bishops clamoring for a decision to allow of the question being tabled. What would the Protestant world say if the bishops, by their inaction, showed they were afraid of coming to a decision on this all-important matter? It was absurd to argue that an affirmative decision would imply an attack on the Pope's power and jurisdiction. On the contrary, it would, as the Bishop of Verona well said, enhance and strengthen the authority of the Holy See, which, for good reasons, could easily permit exceptions.

Those who maintained the negative view were most persistent in their efforts to prevent any decree being passed upon this question. They declared that previous Councils had deliberately refused to settle this controversy—that even the Council of Trent had tabled it in one of its earliest sessions. If non-residence was the chief cause of current abuses, why was it that heresy was more rampant in Germany, England, Scotland and France, where residence had been better observed than in Italy?

Some even argued that an affirmative decision would favor the opinion of the Reformers, who maintained that nothing was to be enforced as obligatory that was not clearly taught by the Divine law. How could the Council, by its

decision, favor a doctrine that had been explicitly condemned by the Church in a previous session. Again, once residence was declared a Divine law, would not heretics maintain that all hindrances to that law were against God's will, such as the privileges of the Popes, the Papal concessions to princes, the rights and immunities of the regulars. Such a decree would destroy or at least change the *de facto* government of the Church—a thing not helpful, but harmful to the Church as a whole.

The unfaithful prelates, against whom they were trying to legislate, would not be reformed by this so-called appeal to conscience, for experience did not prove that men felt more remorse or more shame in breaking the Divine as contrasted with the ecclesiastical law. Set aside, therefore, they argued, the speculative question regarding the Divine or the ecclesiastical origin of residence, and put the axe to the root of the evil by rewarding residence and punishing absenteeism. Then, above all, see to it that the decrees enacted are carefully and conscientiously carried out. As a matter of fact, what good would residence accomplish, "if the bishop were present in body and absent in soul and care and affection for his flock?" An absentee bishop who provided good pastors in his absence would indeed be more efficient than a resident bishop, who utterly neglected his flock and even scandalized them by his immoral life.

As the debate promised to be interminable—it lasted two weeks—(April 7th to 21st) the legates finally proposed that the bishops declare their views by the words *placet* or *non placet*. With a few exceptions, they agreed, and the final vote was read on April 21st by Massarelli, the Secretary-General. It resulted in sixty-seven for the affirmative and seventy-nine for the negative.

The legates sent the result of the voting to the Pope, who found himself in a rather painful position. No matter which side he took in the controversy, he was certain to antagonize a most powerful faction. As usual, the Pope compromised. He wrote the legates that it would be better to postpone the question until the minds of the Bishops became calmer; they might then debate the question with more deliberateness. The matter was consequently shelved for the time being, the legates promising to reconsider it when the Fathers came to discuss

the Sacrament of Orders. Four days (April 21st to 24th) were spent in discussing the other chapters of reform, but no decision was reached. For the French ambassador, de Lansac, wrote the bishops, requesting them to decide nothing until he and his companions arrived from France. A few bishops, following the lead of the Archbishop of Granada, objected, declaring that the bishops had no right to prorogue the day of the session; but the majority decided otherwise. The Council finally compromised by holding the session on the day named, but refrained from issuing any decree.

On May 14th the Nineteenth Session of the Council was held. The Patriarch of Venice said the Mass, Beroaldo, the Bishop of St. Agatha, preached. The ambassadors of Spain, Florence and Hungary read their credentials, which were at once approved, and the date of the next session was fixed for June 4th. There were present at this session, besides the legates, three Patriarchs, nineteen Archbishops, one hundred and twenty-eight Bishops, two Abbots, four Generals of Religious Orders, five Ambassadors, ten Nobles and sixty-one Theologians.

Little was done during the two weeks that intervened between the Nineteenth and the Twentieth Sessions. On May 25th the committee of eight bishops, appointed on April 21st, submitted to the Council the nine chapters of reform, but they were not discussed until the Twenty-first Session. The Council on May 26th read and received the credentials of the proxies of the Archbishop of Salzburg, and the French ambassadors, de Lansac, Ferrier and de Pibrac. De Pibrac made a long discourse, in which he asked the Council to declare these sessions entirely distinct from the sessions held under Julius III. This angered the Spaniards, who just as bitterly urged that they be declared a continuation thereof. The Imperial ambassadors were ordered to withdraw from the Council, if the wishes of the Spaniards were carried into effect. The Pope had at first written the legates to introduce the continuation clause, as he had promised Philip II., but on the day preceding the session he changed his mind, and left the legates free to omit the obnoxious clause if the good of the Council required it. This was a most wise decision, for the introduction of this clause would, without question, have meant the dissolution of the Council.

On June 3d, owing to the sickness of Cardinal Gonzaga, Cardinal Seripando presided over a General Congregation, which called for a session on the following day. It was agreed to after some debate, thirty-six bishops objecting to the omitting of the two clauses on residence and the continuation of the Council.

The Twentieth Session was held on June 4th. There were present besides the legates, two Patriarchs, seventeen Archbishops, one hundred and thirty-seven Bishops, two Abbots, four Generals of Religious Orders, four Ambassadors and eighty-two Theologians. The Mass was said by Gonzales de Mendoza, the Bishop of Salamanca, and the sermon preached by Geronimo Raggazzone, the Bishop of Nazianzum, and Bishop-elect of Famogosta. The credentials of the ambassadors of the Swiss Catholic cantons, of the Archbishop of Salzburg, and of France were read and approved, and the discourse of the French ambassador read and answered. The degree of prorogation was read by the Bishop of Salamanca, and approved by all but the thirty-six prelates above mentioned.

In a General Congregation held on June 6th, the legates proposed five articles on the Eucharist for the consideration of the Fathers. They were as follows:

1. Is every Christian obliged by Divine law under necessity of salvation to receive the Sacrament of the Eucharist under both species?
2. Are the reasons which have led the Catholic Church to give Communion under the appearance of bread only to laymen, and to priests when not saying Mass, to be adhered to so strictly, that the use of the chalice is not to be permitted for any reason whatever?
3. If for good cause and for reasons consonant with Christian charity, it be deemed fitting to concede the use of the chalice to any nation or kingdom, what are the conditions under which it ought to be granted?
4. Does he who partakes of this Sacrament under one species receive less than if he received it under both?
5. Is it required by Divine law that this august Sacrament be administered to children before they have attained the use of reason?

The irrepressible Archbishop of Granada was at once on

his feet objecting to any discussion of these five articles. The Council of Constance, he argued, had already decided the first article, and, therefore, it ought not to be discussed again. The other articles followed so logically from the first, that he could see no reason whatever for submitting these questions to the theologians. He urged the bishops, therefore, to proceed at once to the consideration of the Sacrament of Orders, so that they might decide the important question of the Divine origin of residence.

At once the Council was in an uproar. The Archbishop of Rossano bitterly denounced Granada for bringing up the question again, which so angered the Spaniards that the first legate had to interfere to make peace between the disputants. He calmed them with the promise that the question would indeed be discussed fully when they came to consider the Sacrament of Orders—a promise which was displeasing both to the Pope and to many of the bishops at the Council. For he made this promise without the consent of his colleagues, and at the same time committed the Pope to the policy of keeping the question open. It settled the controversy, however, for the time being, and enabled the Council to discuss at once the five articles on the Eucharist.

From June 10th to 23d, the theologians held twenty-two meetings to discuss these five articles. Finally, on June 30th, they drew up four canons, on which they all agreed, and submitted them to the consideration of the bishops. These canons condemned those who asserted: 1st. That Communion under both kinds is a Divine commandment for all Christians; 2d. That the Church had erred in forbidding the laity to communicate under both kinds; 3d. That as much is not received under one species as under both, inasmuch as all that Christ instituted is not received; 4th. That infants are required by Divine law to receive the most august Sacrament of the Eucharist. They could come to no agreement about the advisability of conceding the use of the chalice to certain nations, and after a long debate they refused to report on the question whether greater grace was received by communicating under both species than under one. The bishops debated these four canons word for word for two weeks, June 30th to July 14th. Their debates were certainly most interesting, for they proved how carefully every word of the decrees and canons was

chosen. Of special interest were the debates on the meaning of John vi. and 1 Corinthians iv. 1, the practice of child Communion in the primitive Church, the opposite heresies of the Manicheans of the fifth century and of the Hussites of the fifteenth, the custom of communicating under both kinds by the faithful of Cyprus and Candia, by the French kings at their coronation and by the Cistercians in their monasteries.

Some bishops objected to any discussion on what had already been defined by Florence and Constance (Canon 3), but they withdrew their objection when the presiding legate informed them that the Council had in view solely the new errors of Luther on the use and administration of the Eucharist.

The wording of the explanation of doctrine was drawn up by the two legates, Hosius and Seripando, together with the Bishops of Paris, Chioggia, Ostuni and the General of the Augustinians. In their final form, they read as follows:

1. "Wherefore, this Holy Synod, instructed by the Holy Spirit, Who is the Spirit of wisdom and understanding, the Spirit of counsel and godliness, and following the judgment and consensus of the Church itself, declares and teaches that laymen and clerics when not consecrating, are not obliged by any Biblical precept to receive the Sacrament of the Eucharist under both species; that neither can it, by any means, be doubted without injury to faith, that Communion, under either species, is sufficient for their salvation. For although Christ the Lord, in the Last Supper, instituted and delivered to the Apostles this venerable Sacrament in the species of bread and wine; not, therefore, do that institution and delivery tend thereunto, that all the faithful be bound, by the institution of the Lord, to receive both species. But neither is it rightly gathered from that discourse of Our Lord in the sixth chapter of John—however, according to the various interpretations of holy Fathers and Doctors it be understood—that the communion of both species was ordered by the Lord; for He Who said: 'Except you eat the flesh of the Son of Man and drink His blood, you shall not have life in you' (verse 54), also said: 'He that eateth this bread shall live forever' (verse 59); and He Who said: 'He that eateth My flesh and drinketh My blood hath everlasting life' (verse 55), also said: 'The bread that I will give is My flesh for the life

of the world' (verse 52), and, in fine, He Who said: 'He that eateth My flesh and drinketh My blood, abideth in Me and I in Him' (verse 57), said, nevertheless: 'He that eateth this bread shall live forever' (verse 59).

2. "It furthermore declares that this power has always been in the Church, that in the dispensation of the sacraments, their substance being untouched, it may determine or change whatever it may judge most expedient, for the profit of those who receive, or for the veneration of the said sacraments, according to the difference of circumstances, times and places. And this the Apostle seems not obscurely to have intimated, when he says: 'Let a man so account of us, as of the ministers of Christ, and the dispensers of the mysteries of God' (1 Corinthians iv. 1); and indeed it is sufficiently evident that he himself exercised this power, as in many other things, so in regard of this very Sacrament when, after having ordained certain things, touching the use thereof, he says: 'The rest I will set in order when I come' (1 Corinthians xi. 34).

"Wherefore, holy Mother Church, fully aware of her authority in the administration of the sacraments, although from the beginning of the Christian religion the use of both species has not been infrequent, yet, in progress of time, that custom having been already very widely changed, induced by weighty and just reasons, has approved of this custom of communicating under one species, and decreed that it was to be held as a law; which it is not lawful to reprobate, or to change at pleasure, without the authority of the Church itself.

3. "It, moreover, declares that although, as hath been already said, our Redeemer, in that Last Supper, instituted and delivered to the Apostles this Sacrament in two species, nevertheless, it is to be acknowledged that Christ, whole and entire, and a true sacrament are received under either species alone; and that, therefore, as regards the fruit thereof, they, who receive one species alone are not defrauded of any grace necessary to salvation.

4. "Finally, this Holy Synod teaches that little children, who have not attained the use of reason, are not by any necessity obliged to the sacramental communion of the Eucharist; forasmuch as, having been regenerated by the laver of baptism, and being incorporated with Christ, they cannot, at that age, lose the grace which they have already acquired of being

the sons of God. Not, therefore, however, is antiquity to be condemned if, in some places, it, at one time, observed that custom; for as those most holy Fathers had a probable cause for what they did in respect of their times, so, assuredly, it is to be believed without controversy that they did this without any necessity of salvation."

The Council then passed nine decrees of reformation, which forbade the receiving of money for the giving of orders and prohibited the ordination of clerics who had no visible means of support. It prescribed a method of increasing the daily distributions, insisted upon rectors of parishes obtaining assistants to help them in their pastoral work, ordered the creation of new parishes and the combining of smaller parishes with insufficient income, demanded the punishment and suspension of delinquent priests, commanded the visitation of commendatory monasteries and abolished the use and office of quæstors.

On July 16th the Twenty-first Session was held. Marco Cornaro, the Archbishop of Spalatro, said the Mass and Andrew Dudiz, the Bishop of Tiniana, preached. There were present six Cardinals, three Patriarchs, nineteen Archbishops, one hundred and forty-eight Bishops, two Abbots, six Generals of Religious Orders, sixty-five Theologians and ten Ambassadors.

In the General Congregation of July 19th, the legates proposed thirteen articles on the Mass for the consideration of the theologians, viz.:

1. Is the Mass a mere commemoration of the sacrifice of the Last Supper and not a real sacrifice?
2. Does the Sacrifice of the Mass derogate from the sacrifice of the Last Supper?
3. Did Christ by the words, "Do this in commemoration of Me," ordain that the Apostles should offer up His Body and Blood in the Mass?
4. Does the Sacrifice of the Mass benefit the receiver only, and can it not be offered up for the living and dead, for their sins, satisfactions and other necessities?
5. Are private Masses, in which the priest and no one else communicates, unlawful, and are they to be abrogated?
6. Is it contrary to the institution of Christ to mix water with wine at Mass?

7. Does the canon of the Mass contain errors, and is it to be abrogated?
8. Is the Roman rite of uttering secretly and in a low voice the words of consecration to be condemned?
9. Ought not the Mass to be celebrated in the vulgar tongue which everyone can understand?
10. Is it an abuse to attribute certain Masses to certain saints?
11. Are the ceremonies, vestments and other external signs used by the Church in the celebration of the Mass to be done away with?
12. Is it the same thing for Christ to immolate Himself for us, and to give us Himself to eat?
13. Is the Mass merely a sacrifice of praise and thanksgiving, or is it also a propitiatory sacrifice for the living and the dead.

These thirteen articles were debated by the theologians in fourteen meetings (July 21st to August 4th), and by the bishops later on in seventeen congregations (August 11th-27th). There was a general agreement about the Catholic doctrine of the Mass, which was finally set forth in the nine decrees and canons of the Twenty-second Session, condemning the errors of the Reformers. The Council taught that the Mass was a true and proper sacrifice; that Christ, at the Lord's Supper, made His Apostles priests (Luke xxii. 19); that the Mass was not a bare commemoration of the sacrifice consummated upon the cross, but a propitiatory sacrifice; that the Mass is not a blasphemy, nor is it derogatory to the sacrifice of the cross; that it is not an imposture to say Mass in honor of the Saints; that the ceremonies, vestments and external rites of the Mass are not incentives to impiety; that private Masses are lawful, and so forth.

The only point of disagreement was on the question: Did Christ offer Himself for us to the Father as a sacrifice at the Last Supper (Salmeron, Carpeggio, Archbishop Castagna of Otranto, Bishop da Casale of Leira), or solely on the cross (De Soto, Torres, the Archbishop of Granada, etc.)?

By a happy compromise, it was finally decided that the decree should assert that Christ offered Himself to the Father at the Last Supper under the species of bread and wine, but that no mention be made of the nature of that offering.

On August 27th, the Bishop of the Five Churches as Imperial Ambassador asked the Council to grant the use of the chalice to Bohemia, Hungary and the Estates of the Emperor. He told the Council that the Emperor's sole motive for the request was the good of souls who might be led back to the Church, if this concession were granted. There was nothing contrary to the faith in the demand, he argued, for, as they all knew, such a favor had been granted by other Councils and by other Popes. The question was warmly debated by the bishops in sixteen congregations from August 28th to September 6th. The opponents of the concession had the best of the argument, although it was evident that many of the bishops did not wish to take too decided a stand against the Emperor's wishes.

The opposing bishops called attention to the fact that the conditions imposed by the Council of Basle and by Paul III. had not been observed; that great danger often accompanied any marked change in discipline; that the same causes that prompted the legislation of the Council of Constance still held good, viz., the danger of spilling the consecrated wine, the difficulty of reserving it and of carrying it to the sick, the cost and scarcity of the wine in certain places; that the request came originally from men who held heretical views about the Eucharist; that other nations in turn would soon demand the same privilege; that the granting of this concession might embolden the same nations to ask for other concessions, viz., a married clergy.

A final vote, taken on September 6th, showed the bishops hopelessly divided. Some wished the matter deferred; some voted a flat affirmative or negative; some voted that the concession be limited to Bohemia and Hungary; others wished it referred to the Pope. This last view prevailed, and on the following day the whole question was tabled to the satisfaction of all.

On July 20th a committee of seven bishops was appointed to make a summary of the things to be observed and avoided in the celebration of Mass. They made their report on August 8th, under six headings—the Mass itself, the celebrant and his ministers, the vestments, the place and time of saying Mass, and the congregation. They called attention to seventy-eight different matters that needed correction, and after many detailed discussions finally passed a decree which summed up

the abuses under the three chapters of covetousness, irreverence and superstition.

On September 17th eleven decrees of reformation—they were originally fourteen—were enacted. They dealt with the conduct, dress and learning of clerics, the question of daily distributions, the requirements for promotion to Cathedral and Collegiate churches, the right of the bishops to accord all dispensations sent from Rome, the duties of notaries, the punishment of those who alienated church property.

On September 15th the Twenty-second Session of the Council was held. Pietro Antonio of Capua, the Archbishop of Otranto, said the Mass and Carlo Visconti, the Bishop of Ventimiglia, preached. There were present six Cardinals, three Patriarchs, twenty-two Archbishops, one hundred and forty-four Bishops, one Abbot, seven Generals of Religious Orders and thirty-three Theologians.

This scholarly volume, like its companion volumes, eloquently refutes the statement of modern controversialists who, following Paolo Sarpi, still repeat the calumny that the Council of Trent was a failure from start to finish. On the contrary, it was to our mind the greatest Council in the history of the Church. It put an end forever to the spread of the Protestant revolt; it made reunion with Rome less difficult by its clear-cut statement of Catholic doctrines; it inaugurated a most solid reform in discipline, curing effectively the many evils which, like cancers, were eating into the heart of Christendom; it did more than any previous Council to increase the honor and power of the bishops, who by its decrees recovered many of the privileges of which they had been deprived; it was the freest of free assemblies, for many a time the Pope had to rebuke his legates because they kept asking his advice even after he had ordered them to decide everything according to the wishes and votes of the assembled bishops.

A TRAPPIST TRYST.

BY HUGH ANTHONY ALLEN, M.A.



MAIS, *qu'est-ce que c'est que ça?*" cried Frère Paul, the kindly porter of the monastery of Meilleraye, as the huge gate swung wide, staring in amazement at the strange guest with a huge *boutonnière* of poppies. Meilleraye is the mother or the grandmother of all the Trappist houses in the United States, so for sentimental reasons I went there first, the only American soldier up to then who had ever set foot in the place and, indeed, the first to peruse that isolated corner of the Department of Loire-Inférieure. Those were hectic and busy days, and not many of the nineteen thousand of us then in France, apparently, had the resiliency to go adventuring when Sunday, with its slight slackening of routine, came around. From Abbaretz to Meilleraye my journey had been a triumphal progress. The crazy old eighteenth century *diligence* might have been the barouche of Louis Quinze or the litter of an Oriental potentate. Men, women and children, on catching sight of the unfamiliar khaki under the campaign hat, enthroned in solemn state beside the *cocher*, ran along the lumbering vehicle to cry shrill, delighted greetings, to throw flowers, to blow kisses, to hand up bottles of old wine to the embarrassed buck private passing by.

Brother Paul had seen service in Madagascar in his day, and nothing could have been more touching than the fine fellowship with which he bade me welcome. There is invariably something peculiarly refreshing about one's reception at a Trappist house; however else it may vary from its sisters, one thing is always assured, the blessed charity and simple friendliness of those splendid men who first peopled the vale of Soligny is sedulously fostered there.

My letter from an American Trappist Father was eagerly scanned, and I was pressed again and again to tell of the struggles of *les pauvres là-bas*. Meilleraye has changed but little since the day when, at the behest of the saintly Bishop Flaget, the heroic little band of white-cowled Trappists set

forth from this secure, beloved haven to establish, after endless vicissitudes, the first Cistercian monastery in our land at Gethsemane, Kentucky. The house has many fine old paintings, and at the bottom of each is the significant inscription: *Donné par le Roi*. The prayer books in the visitors' stall, beautifully bound old volumes, all bear an eighteenth century imprint. It was as though the world had suddenly stood still, as though only a few hours instead of many decades had gone by since that gallant company bade their monastic home a sad adieu. There was absolutely nothing about the premises to remind one of the lapse of time—nothing, until I paused with the Guest-Master beside a row of newly-made graves in the little cemetery, at the head of each of which was a small wooden cross painted white and bearing the eloquent epitaph: *Mort pour la Patrie*, the graves of monks who had fallen afar on the field of honor and had been given this vicarious interment by their brethren, too old to serve, but who could not forget, and later, in the chapel, when my aged host pointed out various stalls in the choir on which there were no Missals, and whispered, with tears streaming down his proud, wrinkled face, the sinister words, "*Au front*." Here, indeed, were evidences of an incredible teeming present that could not be gainsaid. As a matter of fact, despite its seemingly calm externals, the place was in a turmoil over the War and rumors of war. The monks were wearing themselves to death and withering like weeds before the blasts of winter with incessant prayers and penances offered, as this Father blandly phrased it, "for the triumph of justice." We were sitting in a little study, given over to the account books of their cheese factory, a thriving institution producing a famous delicacy.

"*Quelle guerre!*" he murmured, an infinite weariness in his voice, and after an interval, demanded: "Tell me of Wilson! Is he sincere, do your people believe him capable? To me, he seems only another Grant!"

I looked at this shrewd anchorite with new interest. This man was no Breton. His verve and accent suggested Paris. It is easy enough to understand why *La Trappe* finds so many vocations among the Bretons. For them it is a kind of drug, it furnishes them with a complete change, it fills their lives with illusion, it provides a secure haven from the pitiless pursuit of that hungry, monstrous Atlantic which has dotted this

land of fisherfolk with *Calvaires* and caused thousands to walk perpetually in the Valley of the Shadow. I confess I was consumed with curiosity over this monk's past as he rambled on, reaching at last the ethical basis of the peace to come. Was he some politician, tired of that most thankless of all professions, who had immured himself in this solitude on the way of ambition?

"There are too many theories," he commented. "Only one will serve. I am reminded of that little poem by an American, which likens the world to a ball lost by the boy Jesus."

"You have read Father Tabb?" I asked in some surprise.

"But, yes," he answered, "and there will be no peace until the nations heed the good Father's invitation. They must give Him back His ball."

A monk came to the door and wigwagged in the Cistercian sign language.

"I must get back to that eternal *fromage*," explained my host. "Come with me, if you wish."

Meilleraye is a typical Trappist house of the more flourishing sort. All Cistercian monasteries are built on the same plan. While their buildings are never elegant or ornate, they possess a certain chaste and simple beauty. The most characteristic feature of their churches is the great central tower at the junction of the nave, choir and transepts. It is supported on four arches opening on each of those parts of the church respectively. The transepts have each two small chapels, generally used as mortuary chapels on their eastern side. The nave is open to the public, the choir and chancel beyond it are reserved for the monks. The cloister adjoins the church on the south. Around the cloister, conveniently placed, are the chapter room, the refectory, the community room and the store rooms. Immediately above these rooms are the dormitories of the monks. A great Cistercian monastery is in every respect a perfectly self-sufficing institution with a complete staff of tradesmen and artisans.

Until the War, Meilleraye had been a hive of varied industry. The community produced everything that was needed for itself. They had food from their own fields, gardens and orchards, wool for their own habits from their own sheep, spun, woven and wrought into monastic garb by their own tailors, shoe leather from their own cows made into brogans

by their own cobblers. While divine contemplation surpasses in excellence all other forms of human occupation, since it is the exercise of the highest faculties of the soul on the highest object, it is impossible to indulge in it always and uninterruptedly, man's nature remaining what it is, and so the Trappists have the opportunity to earn their own bread by the labor of their hands. As we passed through the corridors, few sounds came from the little workshops on either side. It was as though there had been a walkout, and so, indeed, there had—a walkout to No Man's Land.

From the venerable Abbaye de Meilleraye, in the lovely valley of the Loire, I went to the Abbaye de Hautecombe, which reels and totters in a beautiful old age over Lake Boulet in Savoy. I could no more have avoided the thralldom of its lure, than a flower can avoid the yawning arms of the sun. For a week I withstood the haunting invitation of the monastery bell, echoed with unmistakable clearness across Lake Boulet to my windows in the *Chalet de Notre Dame des Eaux* on a slope of Mont Revard, where, as befitted an enlisted man on leave, I was installed in a bed-chamber which had been the quondam abode of a gay German baroness.

I would sit for hours on my little balcony overlooking the blue lake, a novel forgotten in my lap, staring out across the water at the impressive bulk of Hautecombe that rose beyond. Dared I risk it? Could I bear to have my illusions about *La Trappe* and my own countrymen shattered? To be the first Yank to visit such a place, is one thing; to go on pilgrimage to a monastery which for months had been one of the sights of soldier tourists in Aix-les-Bains, might be quite another. The Abbaye de Hautecombe is the burial place of the House of Savoy; this family contributes toward the support of the monks in return for the guardianship the latter exercise over the tombs of their ancestors, and spacious apartments are kept in readiness for royal visitors at all times. Shortly before my arrival, a souvenir fiend among the doughboys had made off with the immense key to these rooms, and I knew not what other depredations had been committed.

How had the quiet Trappists, suddenly become an object of interest to vast, boisterous throngs, reacted to this extraordinary interlude in their lives? I lounged around the Casino, then transformed into a mammoth "Y" hut, full of such in-

nocuous delights as ginger pop and chocolate bars, disconsolately watching boat load after boat load leave for the tour around the lake, the focal point of which was Hautecombe. The Casino seemed a dreary place. Corners of that palace of pleasure, where kings had once made love and the fate of chancellories had been discussed, were now given over to the barber-shop persiflage of Main Street, and lurking, smirking ministerial figures in ill-fitting uniforms who eased up to you and asked apropos of nothing: "Do you believe on Jesus?"

In the end I had to go. The group in which I found myself was a perfect cross-section of America. My immediate companions were a Jewish haberdasher from Ohio and a free-thinking cow-puncher from Montana. With the latter I had achieved a close friendship. He was one of those splendid types of natural nobility one met so often in the army, who found themselves confronted with the great adventure without previous instruction in any theistic system of thought, however unsatisfactory, as pagan as a naked savage. And like them, through a groping, passionate longing for higher things, his mind was as a ploughed field awaiting the coming of the sower. When finally the "Y" Secretary who acted as boat-swain stuck his megaphone almost into my face and yelled: "Last call! If you want to see the Abbey, here's your chance!" I could not refuse when my friend gave me a prodigious jab in the ribs and said: "Let's go!"

His was no ordinary curiosity. One sensed behind those alert, honest eyes a titanic inner fermentation of some kind. I had taken him with me to Benediction in the beautiful parish church on the previous evening, and his questions had later been numerous and intelligent. Realizing that God's ways are devious, and that sometimes fools may serve His ends better than the wise, I rose at once.

"Now, fellers," admonished the boatswain in a dismal camaraderie, as we departed, "if you knew as much about these Romish places as I do, you'd know that they're all out for the coin. Don't any of you put more than half a franc on the plates at the Abbey!"

As the boat got under way, a lady secretary mounted a capstan and officiated as *spieler*, pointing out objects of interest along the shore. This good soul was, all unconsciously, a kind of female Artemas Ward. Her discourse, as it flitted

through the avenues of history, was a fearful and wonderful thing. It is truly amazing how these people can make anti-Catholic points and specious propaganda out of the most unpromising material. I ventured to dispute one of her statements as we chugged by the pass patronized by Hannibal and his elephants some centuries since, and she glared at me as if she wished one of the pachyderms would topple down the cliffs, then and there, to squelch me. On coming abreast of the quay, we saw that a tall monk, who startlingly resembled Pius X., had come down to greet us, smiling broadly.

"Howdy, Père Berchmans!" called out the boatswain cheerily.

"Berchmans!" sniffed the lady secretary. "Imagine a man with such romantic eyes being a German! I thought these people called each other by their first names and took a new one when they became monks."

"That is precisely what this one has done," I said. "He has called himself after the great St. John Berchmans—a *Jesuit*!" I added cruelly, watching her squirm.

"I don't think I have had the pleasure of meeting you before," the Trappist said to her suavely, holding out his hand and speaking in excellent English. "I am Father Berchmans, the Superior here."

Then he gave me a sly, humorous wink and squeezed my arm, as who should say: "Well, I'm glad there's at least one on my side today!"

Like a fat, wriggling olive drab snake, the sightseers followed the monk and the secretaries up the hill to the Abbey. It was extremely interesting to watch these men as we rambled through the ancient corridors; after the horrors of the trenches they feasted their eyes hungrily, gluttonously on the beauty about them, yet they seemed, many of them, ill at ease and half afraid. When a cowed figure with downcast eyes shuffled by us intent on some monastic errand, I saw men with decorations for bravery on their breasts tremble and look furtively about them as if they expected to see the trap-door of some weird dungeon suddenly agape. The glow and warmth of the Ages of Faith, still lingering in this hallowed spot, undeniably touched them with its poignant appeal, but they held aloof, afraid of their fears. So it is to have a Protestant education.

"Boys, we've got to hand it to the frogs for art, at least," the lady secretary was saying, as her disciples paused to admire an intricately carved bit of marble.

Hautecombe is more Italian than French, and the treasures it houses are almost exclusively the work of Italian artists and sculptors. I fled discreetly to the garden. Presently my erstwhile companions joined me.

"What do you think of it?" I asked.

"It's got me locoed," the cow-puncher admitted.

"I think these men are throwing their lives away," responded the Jew.

After all, he was not the only one to whom the service of a Bernard de Clairvaux had been less intelligible than that of a Francis Xavier, not the only one who looked at the gift of the lover rather than at the love of the giver, not the only one who judged by the dim sight of mortal man rather than with the clear gaze of the Searcher of Hearts.

"But peace must have its heroes as well as war," I protested. "The same manly qualities and generosity of soul which led so many Americans to enlist, prompts these men to embrace the life of the cloister. Not all are called to it, just as not all are called forth from the ranks to receive medals."

We were sitting on a rustic bench overlooking the water. Beyond, Aix like a fairy city, reared its milk-white walls.

"An interesting phase of this War to me has been that men *have* been called from the ranks to receive medals," observed the Jew, puffing ruminatively at a cigarette.

"Did you ever notice that in the old stories of valor, the hero is always 'an officer and a gentleman?' Homer spent his talent on birds like Odysseus, Menelaus and Agamemnon, or superior smart Alecks like Hector and Achilles. Certain tales of Froissart seem tame to me now when I think of the extraordinary stunts I have seen simple bucks perform, and only a few got recognition for them. The fact is, bravery that would make a Byron throw a back-flip, is now so common as to excite no comment. People now appreciate as never before the heroism potent in average individuals. Wait and see," he added with racial shrewdness, "what a drug on the market American war books will be!"

"Are you a college man?" I asked.

"You bet!" he answered proudly. "Valpariso University. I took a regular arts course there—began working and scrimping for it when I was ten years old. My father was a teacher in a Talmud Torah school, and mighty ambitious for me, the only boy of a big family. They all helped. Our little rooms were turned into a sweatshop. I can see my poor, bent old mother yet, toiling away there under a kerosene lamp and looking across the table at my father, over a mountain of little pants, to say: 'Nu, maybe a woe is by all this saving! Maybe, when our little Jake is a great man from his books, he will forget us.'"

He stared meditatively across the lake for a moment.

"But I didn't forget 'em," he went on. "Not that I'm a great man, by any means. But I *have* been successful. I own my own store, which my sisters are now running for me, and before I left I put up the whole bunch in one of the nicest, most modern houses you'd want to see!"

I made a quick readjustment of my mental perspective.

"Do you think your father wasted his time at the Talmud Torah?" I ventured at length.

His mouth shut like a steel trap.

"My father could have gotten himself a job that paid him some real money. Now that we are in a position to give our mother a little fun, she is too old and tired to enjoy it."

"But what would have become of Judaism through the centuries if those old, unselfish Rabbinical scholars had not held the torch of sacred learning aloft to lead the others on the way? Can't you see that men such as he are, after all, the real hope of Israel? The few may suffer in the process, but it is for the welfare of the multitude."

"I suppose that's so," he assented rebelliously. "Still—"

"What men like your father do for the Jew, contemplative monks like the Trappists do for the Catholic. They are the seers who lead us along the difficult path to holiness."

"It's a gruesome ideal of life, nevertheless, that of these monks. Like everybody else, I have put up with tough conditions in the army, knowing that the confounded war has to end soon, but to think of these men voluntarily enduring their routine for years and years—"

"I have called them the heroes of peace, but peace, on earth, is only a relative term," I retorted. "There is always

the eternal warfare against the world, the flesh and the devil, and so these monks must fight their good fight to the end."

The man from Montana had wandered away from us and now stood in a nearby cabbage field discussing crops with a weather-beaten Lay Brother. He beckoned to us to join him.

"He can talk," he said, pointing to the brown-garbed monk with the naïve air of a child who had discovered a similar ability in a mechanical doll.

It was evident that the two had become good friends.

"*Mais, il est un Goth!*" cried the Brother, pinching the big cow-puncher's biceps. "*Nous avons besoin des garçons comme celui-là!*"

"I'm afraid the monks would go broke keeping you in habits," remarked the Jew dryly, surveying our strapping companion. "Think of the material it would take!"

The subject of this badinage seemed unaccountably embarrassed. A warning whistle came from our little steamer, toward which the crowd was once more slowly drifting. The Brother walked with us down the hill. He hoped, in a whispered aside, that the young man was not angry with him, he had not meant to offend. The cow-puncher had grasped the monk's outstretched hand in one of his huge paws, muttered a few words in soldier French, and lost himself in the throng on deck.

"*C'est l'appel!*" I answered, hurriedly shaking the astonished Trappist's hand.

That evening I heard my friend asking the long-suffering girl at the Information Desk where a horse might be hired and, wonderingly, I left him to his own devices. The next morning, while I was enjoying my matutinal eggs in the baronial bed, he strode moodily into the room and gave me the story. In the West, he explained, when people wanted to settle anything in their minds, they jumped on horseback and by the time animal and rider were exhausted, some decision was sure to be arrived at. In Aix he had been obliged to rely on shank's mare. He had actually climbed most of Mont Revard during the night. Passing one of the little villages that dot the mountain side, he had paused to rest. It was late, the tiny cottages were wrapped in slumber, but through the window of a house near the church a light gleamed dimly. He drew near it and looked in. Before him, on a shabby prie-

dieu, knelt a big man in his shirt sleeves and trousers of horizon-blue, staring intently at a crucifix before him on the wall. His coat, which he had thrown over a chair, bore the ribbon of the *Médaille Militaire*. He was a *poilu*, and yet more than a *poilu*, for on the door hung a black soutane. He stood there for hours it seemed, watching this man in fascination. Here was a "Holy Joe" who was really *working at it*. At last the figure stirred, the priest looked up, drawn by his gaze and without a trace of surprise, came to the door and bade him enter. He did so. His host knew a little English; he knew a little French. They had a little white wine, many cigarettes and a long conversation.

"What then?" I urged, as he paused in his recital.

"He cleared up everything," he responded. "It's all true—the whole thing!"

"Well?"

"I've *got* to be a Catholic. And if I live to get a discharge, I'm coming back to Hautecombe."

"What!"

"You heard me. Remember what that Brother said—"

"But there are Trappist houses back home," I reminded him.

"This is where I got the idea, and this is where I'm going to try it out," he answered firmly.

There it was, a life-long murmur in the hearts of most, perhaps, but to him as a voice in the night. I shall seek out many faces on my return to France; in the choir at Hautecombe only one will hold interest for me. Somehow, I *know* it will be there.

It was a White Father, on retreat at the Abbaye de Bellefontaine, in order to get, as he expressed it, the army out of his system, before returning to his Kabyles and his *cous-cous*, who pointed out a clue to this seeming miracle of grace.

"Before the War," he said, "sacrifice was almost the Lost Impression. In these past few years, I have seen the light kindled on Calvary burning brightly in the most unexpected places. Men have learned many things during this troubled time, not the least of which is the worth of suffering. For myself, I know I shall be more resigned than ever to the life of the missions."

"Do you think vocations will increase appreciably?"

"Without doubt. Religion is not the attenuated system of ethics it was for too many people before the War; it is now a living force, elemental, basic. And men who have made incredible sacrifices simply for their country, are bound to ask themselves why they should not in increasing numbers make them for their God."

"Do you think *La Trappe* will be affected?"

"Inevitably. The great need of our time is deliberateness. So many of us have forgotten how to reflect, to meditate. Had we been less fond of surface values, this interlude of anarchy would never have occurred. It is at times like these that the world needs contemplative monks most. The world of physical action has failed; the world of spiritual contemplation must take its place, and the spiritual energy necessary to leaven the masses is best generated in the hushed cloisters and sonant chapels of penitential religious and the unfailing power of their intercessions. Only thus will men keep before them the difference between true and false, temporal and eternal, right and wrong."

"But the War involved a great moral principle," I hazarded. "When you left the desert—"

He shifted his red fez to the back of his head.

"What will you?" he demanded in a business-like tone. "*La Patrie!*"

He was a true Frenchman.

A SILVER JUBILEE.

BY E. H. F.

A MOTHER whispers:

"Thy priestly years are silver-hued on earth,
But I am keeping all thy days from birth
With One Who understands my joy divine
That thou—His Priest—eternally art mine!"

THE CATHOLIC SOCIAL WORKER IN AN ITALIAN DISTRICT.

BY DAISY H. MOSELEY.



THE Catholic social worker who finds her opportunity for service in family case work among the Italian poor in the United States is fortunate. As a Catholic she has a distinct right to this particular service, because, whether we Catholics of America will or not, the problems of the Italian immigrant and his family are our problems, and their solution is in some measure our responsibility. The sense of possessing the right to this heritage is an asset to the social service worker, and the heritage is a wonderful one. Most of our Italian poor are industrious, lovable and generous, with great potentialities for good, but they are confronted with difficulties which are made more serious by the strangeness of our language and customs, and their mode of living causes them to be exposed to numerous dangers, physical and moral. Hence they are often in need of the aid of trained social workers.

Sympathy is the keynote of fortunate approach in Italian social work. It takes much knowledge of resources, great common sense and firmness, and a certain gift for lucid speech and direction to treat a case successfully. Possibly a true understanding of her clients' attitude is much to demand of the family case worker, but she can at least study enough of their national psychology and customs, and of their ordinary manner of living, to enable her to comprehend why certain conditions exist, and what is the Italians' attitude towards them.

The student of social service looks in vain for an adequate literature descriptive of conditions in our congested Italian districts. The social literature in which the "Little Italys" of America are depicted, usually contains atmosphere and little else; it is redolent of macaroni and tomato sauce; it echoes the music of hurdy gurdies and the laughter of dancing children; it makes, in fact, delightful reading, but contains little definite information. This atmosphere has an Old World charm which tempts the lover of the quaint, but the love of

the quaint tends to grow less as the long black tenement stairs grow longer. If she would not lose her zeal, the worker must have a foundation more solid than atmosphere on which to build.

This solid foundation is knowledge of facts, and there is much available printed matter, not literary or artistic, but brim full of facts. Studied in the light of one's particular interest in conditions among Italians in America, the reports of the Department of Labor, Bureau of Immigration, and the United States Census reports become fascinating reading. In the card index of a library of sociology or religion can be found the titles of various valuable studies of phases of Italian life in our cities; and the reports of societies which have been devoted to work among them throw many side lights. Other information which aids in contact with one's clients is information about Italy itself. The Italian speaks lovingly of his "*paese*," the part of Italy in which he lived, and if the visitor is sufficiently well read or well traveled to enable her to discuss that native heath, its beauties or industries or some interesting fact about it, she and her client have a common interest for conversation. Time spent in general conversation may not prove time wasted. For with no other group is it so essential to have a friendly, leisurely approach as with the Italians. They are naturally social and disinclined to haste, and hasty dictatorial treatment is distasteful to them. One may find it irksome to spend an hour or longer in a first visit, and more irksome to have to see innumerable wedding and confirmation photographs, but such a visit has tremendous psychological value.

Probably most of the Italians in America live in sections peopled almost entirely by their compatriots; thus the social service worker among them finds herself grappling with only one national psychology because her group of clients is homogeneous. This tendency to congregate presents, however, some difficulties for the American worker: it lessens the necessity of the immigrant for the language of the country and, in consequence, he often fails to learn English. It also tends to preserve traditions and customs little in accord with American life.

When she enters upon life in a crowded section, the intelligent worker realizes that she is to meet with every ques-

tion known to modern philanthropy and, during her first day in an Italian district, she learns that most of these problems will be quadrupled in complexity by one cause: language. Relatively few social workers who have Italian clients speak pure Italian or one dialect, not to mention the difficult dialects of Piacenza and Calabria and parts of Sicily. Their clients are, as a rule, ignorant, and frequently can read no language. They have heard almost as little English as they would have heard in Italy, and most of the women, save the very young ones, have lived so entirely among their compatriots that they speak no English; others speak and understand so imperfectly that one cannot judge how incorrectly they may report a conversation. How small a chance the American visitor and the client have to comprehend each other! Children, even were it right to employ them as interpreters, and it is not, are inexact, and they know neither language in its entirety. If an interpreter must be the medium, the Italian woman prefers to choose her own, usually a friend whom she trusts. The visitor may find this person less gifted than someone she would choose herself, but if she is wise she will not substitute a stranger.

Each individual must solve the dilemma for herself, but the visitor who knows a few phrases of Italian, expedites and facilitates her work. If she can ask the baby's name and age in the mother's native tongue and understand the answer given, she progresses far more quickly in her acquaintance with mother and baby, for friendly inquiries are chilled by translation.

A serious problem which evolves from the language difficulty is a child problem; it contains the germ of many present and many future sufferings, and therefore it is a point to attack if social workers are not to be entirely baffled in their efforts to prevent delinquency among their young clients. The immigrant family comes to America and settles in an Italian district. The father finds work as a rule among his fellow-countrymen; the mother keeps the home in a tenement inhabited by other Italians. Neither is so situated as to learn to speak English. The children, however, are quickly discovered by the school authorities, and are required to attend school; they are often placed in ungraded classes which are devoted exclusively to the study of English. After about three

months spent in such a class the little Italian has mastered a good speaking knowledge of English; he has imbibed a vast amount of American patriotism, and knows about George Washington's unwillingness to prevaricate and Abraham Lincoln's splitting the rails. With childish enthusiasm he has become American, and with childish weakness he has perhaps grown ashamed of his Italian parentage.

It is indeed well that he should become American, but his parents are Italian, and if they are to retain necessary parental control, he must not be allowed to lose respect for Italy, to forget his father's language, or to feel that he is his father's superior because he can serve as family interpreter and perhaps swear a little in English.

No one who knows these fascinating children will fail to see dangerous elements in their behavior at home—elements which bode ill for society in the future. The social worker who evolves means of keeping her clients and their children in touch with each other and who inspires in them mutual respect, is helping to overcome these dangers.

Granted that difference in language constitutes perhaps the greatest national difference, and presents the most tangible difficulty, the varying customs and traditions merit equal consideration. Many of these Old World peasant prejudices seem worse than nonsense to a modern young American, but there is no means to estimate the unhappiness a zealous young woman may cause when she attempts to direct the destiny of a member of a family and defies the customs and prejudices of others of the family and their neighbors. To avoid this she must be acquainted with the customs. There are books descriptive of Italian peasant customs, and the social worker in America can derive much useful knowledge from case records of Italian clients of charitable organizations and courts.

Perhaps the most evident difficulties which evolve from the customs have to do with the privileges of women. Not to consider at all the married woman, take the question of recreation for adolescent girls and young women. The young social worker thinks herself, as a rule, privileged to lead her own life; she goes almost wherever she pleases and with whomsoever she chooses within certain bounds of convention. She would advocate such independence for the bright, attractive Italian woman of her own age. But should she encourage the

Italian girl in such a course until the latter defies the custom of her family and goes perhaps to the moving pictures with a man unchaperoned, that girl may meet with all the horrors of being disowned by her family, scorned by the neighbors, not desired as a wife by any compatriot, and eventually cast out entirely from the society of her own group, because it is a tradition that an unmarried woman should not go unchaperoned.

It is not necessary that the social worker should be converted to the wisdom of this tradition, but she must recognize its existence, and respect its dictates. Truly, the problem of the fun-loving Italian girl who wishes to spend her hours of freedom as the American girls among whom she works spend theirs, is a serious one. Here is an opportunity for constructive and preventive work, because the desire to be a normal American doubtless leads many a pretty girl of Italian parentage into shocking her family and her friends by some action in itself perfectly harmless, and their attitude towards her may cause her to drift into actual delinquency.

The physical problems which prevail wherever there are crowded and poor living conditions, are prevalent among the Italians in the great cities, because they live usually in thickly congested sections. Certain aspects of these problems may be peculiar to one group, but on the whole they can be treated as in other groups. Here again, however, the social service visitor will realize that the homemakers, not the young ones as a rule, but the middle aged, are so handicapped by their ignorance of English that they cannot always avail themselves of employment bureaus, clinics, milk stations, hospitals, dispensaries, or other agencies established to aid the poor. If the visitor makes the contact between her client and one of these agencies, she can be sure that the client will avail herself of its services and teach her neighbors to do so. This is especially true in regard to hospitals and dispensaries.

Other assets in treatment of Italian cases can be relied on in the solving of financial problems. Financial problems are, of course, numerous. They are largely the result of seasonal occupation, day's work, piecework and other means of subsistence which yield irregularly. There is often no fixed income, and sickness or lockouts carry distress in their wake. Among other groups the social worker frequently finds her-

self facing a financial crisis with a friendless family. It may strike the uninitiated as odd, but one seldom finds an isolated family in an Italian district in America; careful inquiry will almost invariably reveal that the client has relatives or friends within the district or within reach, who can help and advise. The Italian usually belongs to an Italian Benefit Society, and he usually carries a small insurance policy for each member of his family. Another matter worthy of comment is, that in cases of financial distress it is seldom necessary to give the frequently demoralizing direct relief of food and money. The case worker can take reasonable time to procure medical aid or employment or a regular weekly allowance or whatever kind of assistance the family requires, because she knows generous Italian neighbors in the tenement will slip in with food and clothing; will perhaps lend a month's rent in advance; will exercise the privileges of neighborly charity.

Many isolated questions present themselves, such as the establishment of rights to mothers' pensions, and the deportation of families or individuals, but they are the various problems of aliens and not peculiar to Italians. The trained social worker knows her resources in such instances. There are peculiar problems, however, which no social worker can ignore: these relate to religion.

It has been said advisedly that no social worker can ignore the religious problems among the Italians. The successful non-Catholic case worker knows fully as well as the Catholic that the average Italian is essentially Catholic; if she sees that her clients are neglecting the sacraments, especially if she finds that they fail to have their children baptized, she is aware of signs of danger; she fears to hear of other serious lapses not only from formal religion, but from morality.

The wise social service worker knows that she is not as a rule qualified to give spiritual advice; she is equally certain that her clients need such advice; Italian clients may be especially in need of it if, through failure to understand the customs and language of the new country, they have drifted away from their religion. In ordinary cases the Catholic social worker can refer the difficulty to the pastor; it is her privilege to be the link between the new country and customs and the old long-treasured religion, and to help entire families to safeguard their Faith.

One hears much of the dangers of proselytism among our Italian poor, and they are grave—but one hears little of a more prevalent danger: civil marriage with no religious ceremony. Why this habit of being married only by a magistrate should have gained such ground among our younger Italians is a puzzle, but the fact remains that unnumbered young, energetic Italian couples who have their children baptized, whose homes are adorned with holy pictures, who are Catholics at heart, are living under the ban of excommunication. The causes and results of this difficulty are manifold: that it should exist so largely among the young Italians who have grown up in America seems to point to previous inadequate religious instruction among Italian children, or to a lapse of religious care during the drifting and acquisitive age of adolescence. The harm has already been done, in most cases, before the social worker meets them. However, when she meets with couples who have not been married in the Church, she must attempt to prevent further evils by getting the couple properly married. This is not so easy a task as having the baby baptized—and many are the weary hours she will work before she accomplishes her purpose. If she is wise, she realizes that these are hours spent in preventive work—and in that highest of labors: the prevention of evil and the furthering of good.

All Catholics are aware of the danger attendant upon neglecting the religious instruction of children, and, of course, where numbers of Catholic children go to the public schools as our Italians do, the danger is great. Here again, however, the Italian custom is a great asset. As the Italian mother insists on baptism, so does she insist on the child's making his First Communion and being confirmed—and should she not the child would in all likelihood do so himself, for Confirmation and First Communion days are great days in the Italian child's life.

The Catholic social worker can, of course, aid in preparation for the Sacraments, but the great need for the trained case worker's care comes at a later period in the child's career: in the age of adolescence. The trying years which intervene between the time of First Communion and the time of settling to a regular vocation, are years in which the adolescent craves excitement. In gratifying this craving the young people often get into difficulties, and the problems peculiar to this age

which present themselves to the social worker are numerous; the religious problems are not the least among them. The social worker comes into contact with her young client perhaps through the Juvenile Court or Probation Officer or through the school authorities, persons who, though trained in their particular duties, may understand neither Catholicism nor the Italian temperament, and therefore seek the aid of the social worker who specializes in work among Italians. The Catholic social worker is especially fitted to give this aid. She it is who can most readily renew the child's contact with his church and pastor, and help him to get a new start.

The possibility that an Italian girl may drift into delinquency through her parents' lack of comprehension of American customs has been mentioned. Another possibility is that young Italians may drift into deceit through a desire to work. A lie to obtain working papers may be the foundation on which a dishonest career is builded—and this temptation to lie exists in a great degree for Italian youth among the poor. Italian families are usually large, and the financial returns of the average family are irregular. By the time a girl is twelve or thirteen years old there are often several other children at home, and she is requisitioned to help care for them, to cook and wash and sweep. For this she receives, of course, no remuneration. She probably has been deft with her needle since her eighth or ninth year, and knows that needlework in shops and factories brings money and gives respite from household cares. The temptation to lie about her age and get her working papers is sometimes too great. This deceit becomes a religious problem to the Catholic social worker; she realizes its significance in the child's future life. It is an exceedingly difficult problem to handle when the social worker meets with it where great poverty exists, where the child's earnings are really needed. In such instances, if the social worker is resourceful and tactful, she can help form a splendid character; if she blunders, and perhaps she may blunder by too severe treatment of the moral aspect of the case, forgetting the insidious temptation, she may cause the child to drift away from a religion which dictates absolute honesty, may even precipitate her into a career of religious doubt.

The wise social worker will insist on making the case known to the proper authorities, even though she may happen

upon it quite accidentally, but she will convince the child that it is best to do so, and she will find means to tide the ambitious girl or boy over the year or two which must pass before he or she can work under the law.

It is to the adolescent, perhaps, that Protestant proselytism is most dangerous, and the average Catholic who thinks of Italian districts thinks simultaneously of proselytism. The Catholic social worker meets with a few serious difficulties when she encounters the zeal of the Protestant workers for converts among the Italians. She must be careful not to overrate the difficulties nor to underrate the Protestant proselytizers.

Visits to Catholic and avowedly Protestant institutions in a given Italian district will impress one fact indelibly upon the mind: the average Italian is essentially Catholic or he would avail himself more of the creature comforts of the Protestant institutions; he must realize something of the dangers of proselytism, or he must feel that the Protestant atmosphere is too chill, else one would certainly find greater numbers of Italians in Protestant settlements. In New York, where a few Catholic Italian Settlements exist, one finds them thronged with children; the happy noise is so great that one wonders how the hard-worked teachers can instruct in sewing and perhaps in catechism; it is a strange contrast to the orderly precision and perhaps lonely emptiness of the Protestant settlement.

However, among her clients the Catholic worker will almost invariably discover some who, apparently for no reasons save material ones, frequent Protestant churches and settlements. The task of convincing these clients that they are weakening their faith by their own deceitful action is a delicate one: these settlements offer pleasures which Catholic settlements do not offer, and one has no substitute to suggest to the client. Of course, the only solution here is Catholic education, and to this end endowed Catholic settlement houses will be a great aid.

In the course of her work the Catholic will meet with capable, self-sacrificing Italian Protestant ministers and social workers, who are equipped with knowledge of both English and Italian, and who have large sums of money at their command. These Italians are not always renegades from the true

faith; in some cases their ancestors were Protestants. With such ministers and social workers the Catholic must, of course, treat as frankly of her problems with her clients as she would with Americans. She will find that they also recognize certain problems as peculiar to their poor compatriots, and that they recognize her right as a Catholic to work among Italian Catholics.

If the worker finds among her clients Italians who have forsaken Catholicism for Protestantism and investigates the history of the case thoroughly, she will probably find marriage or divorce associated with that history; or desire for worldly success in a "Protestant country" may have been responsible. Of course such families, which she believes should be Catholic, are problem families for the case worker. She may be the means of restoring to such a family its precious Catholic heritage.

One group for which proselytism has few dangers is that of the aged Italians, but the aged may give the case worker grave concern. In many Italian homes one finds the grandmother or grandfather, not so old in years perhaps, as in days of unceasing hard work and poverty. This old person is a pitiful member of the household: childish, and afraid or unable to go out alone, he or she sits in the home year after year. The discovery of such a person and the alleviation of his wants, spiritual and physical, is often possible to the social worker. By a simple word to the pastor, she may enable the client to receive the sacraments regularly.

In dealing with religious problems among the Italian poor, the Catholic social worker is certainly assisted by mutual belief in Catholic doctrine, and it is not too much to say that this kinship of Catholicism, aids her in approaching every problem, whether spiritual or physical. Yet this very kinship offers another and dangerous aspect, in that an American well instructed in her faith may think she finds cause for scandal among Italian Catholics. She would be astounded to be told that it was Pharisaical scandal—but, before she condemns her clients as bad Catholics, she must consider what are and are not the essentials of religion—and she must not forget the circumstances of her clients' lives. For example, it is a commandment of the Church that Catholics hear Mass on Sundays, but an Italian woman who has a number of very small chil-

dren near the same age—and no one with whom she may leave them if her husband's work as barber or waiter or laborer takes him away in the early morning—has a great temptation not to leave the home, would perhaps do wrong did she leave. Instead of being scandalized by this very prevalent phase of life, the social worker will recognize that the mother must be aided in this difficulty. Day nurseries are established for the care of children whose mothers work, and perhaps some such temporary Sunday morning care may be given to children whose mothers are at Mass.

The deprivation suffered by a Catholic who cannot hear Mass on Sunday can scarcely be comprehended by a Protestant, and this is only one of the problems which a Catholic can most readily understand. Even in this limited discussion of the problems of the Italian poor, it will be seen that they are difficulties which should appeal primarily to the Catholic woman—and especially to the Catholic social service worker.

Through the ages of Christianity, the Church has invariably responded to the needs of the times by the establishment of orders or societies to meet those needs. In our age she recognizes the necessity for trained social workers among the sick and poor, and it is to be hoped that many lay women who respond to her call, will recognize the necessity for specialized training for work among the Italian poor, work which cannot fail to reward the laborer.

UNSEEN!

BY CHARLES J. QUIRK, S.J.

"Heard melodies are sweet, but those unheard are sweeter."—*Keats*.

AH, true, my Poet, but far truer still
Of those things never glimpsed by mortal eyes,
That with their beauty or their terror thrill:
Abysmal Pits of red and yawning Hell,
Vast league on league of palaced Paradise;
And closer yet that hidden Miracle,
At sacring of the Mass—the Host's chaste Veil
That doth assume the Splendor of the Grail!

BAZIN AND HARDY.

A STUDY IN COMPARISONS WITH A CONTRAST.

BY JOSEPH J. REILLY, PH.D.



RENCH fiction of today numbers many brilliant names. There is Anatole France, master of style, of urbanity, and of a delicate irony, always keen and sometimes poisonous. There is Marcel Prévost, brilliant, colorful, rich in vitality, who has sounded the depths of feminine emotion. There is Paul Bourget, adept in psychological analysis, who lays human hearts upon the clinical table and dissects them with dexterous scalpel. There is René Bazin, who, despite his ample powers, lacks France's limpid style and his subtle irony, Prévost's passion, and Bourget's power of analysis. Perhaps, however, on these counts we should have no regrets. Had he their peculiar gifts, he might suffer from their peculiar weaknesses. He might depart as far from those things that are lovely and of good report as did Anatole France in his descent from *Sylvestre Bonnard* to *L'Anneau D'Améthyste*. With Prévost's passion, he might have failed to give us those supreme scenes in which, unlike Prévost, he sanctified self-restraint. Finally, did he possess Bourget's gift of analysis, he might, like him, have made the mistake of sinking the novelist in the surgeon.

As a matter of fact, Bazin occupies a place apart among contemporary French novelists. His finest novels, *Les Noëlle*, *De Toute Son Ame*, *L'Isolée*, *Donatienne*, suggest no ready comparison with theirs. There is nothing in *La Reine Pédaque* or *M. Jérôme Coignard*, in *Les Vièrges Fortes* or *Le Jardin Secret*, in *Cosmopolis* or *Le Disciple* that naturally brings Bazin to mind. Quite the contrary. His attitude towards life, the qualities of his art, his interest in the children of the soil, his emotional restraint, his robustness, his human sympathy (no creature of social theorizing, but child of the heart)—all these conspire to stamp his work as unique among so much that is overwrought and self-conscious. He does not stifle you with perfume or the odor of orchids; he has no in-

terest in the supersubtleties of sophisticated souls; to him as to the Celt, love is a sentiment, not a passion, and thus instead of such hectic beings as Prévost's Lea Surier and George Orsten, we have Henriette Madiot and Etienne Loutrel, in the tenderness of whose renunciation is typified the restraint with which René Bazin can treat the noblest and the most abused emotion in the world.

As a unique figure among contemporary French novelists, Bazin is not without a counterpart across the channel. In the company of living English writers of fiction, one man stands out in impressive isolation, whose genius, despite his years of silence, there is none to challenge, and whose contribution in the field of fiction has left its abiding impress, whether for good or ill. *Tess of the D'Urbervilles*, *The Return of the Native*, and *Far From the Madding Crowd* are surcharged with qualities which are typical of Thomas Hardy. They are the work of no hands but his. The "Hardian trick" is a secret of genius which no adventurous analyst has yet managed to penetrate. But the critic need not feel too deadly a discouragement; the typical qualities of Hardy are not far to seek, and to the lover of Bazin they open the way to many striking points of similarity between the two novelists, despite one of fundamental but mutually illuminating contrast.

To say that Bazin is inferior to Hardy as a constructionist, implies no necessary disparagement. For since the author of *Tom Jones* (that novel whose plot, with that of *Œdipus Tyrannos*, Coleridge pronounced the most perfect in existence), no English novelist can be classed with Hardy for perfection of plot construction. In this his mastery of the novel is as indisputable as is that of Poe in the case of the short story. He carried into fiction that sense of proportion and interdependence of parts which he had learned from his early study of architecture, and profited from it as signally as did Poe from his talent in mathematics, Hoffman from his skill in painting, and Newman, the stylist, from his love of the violin.

It is in their general method of developing character that Hardy and Bazin are comparable. Neither is a relentless psychologist who wearies the reader with analyses of motives like George Eliot in the comparative, and Paul Bourget in the superlative, degree. Nor is the reader plagued with those

tenuousities and ultra-refinements with which Henry James ruined much of his later work, enmeshing his men and women in the threads of his fine-spun introspections until they seemed as incapable of spontaneous action as a fly in a spider's web. The novels of both Bazin and Hardy are crowded with incidents, each of which, however slight, provides a test of his characters. Bazin's incidents are less closely interwoven than Hardy's, and their consequences are less subtly pursued. Hardy pauses more often than Bazin to lift the veil that conceals men's inner souls, but his keen glance conveys no more striking sense of moral reality than Bazin secures by his favorite method of describing actions whose emotional implications are left in ready reach of the reader. Bazin's method, it is true, more nearly approaches the dramatic, but fundamentally the same end is attained, and men and things are endowed with a convincingness which gains from the impersonality of treatment (a heritage with Bazin, an acquirement with Hardy) that is laid aside only at rare moments, and then with powerful effect. The genial obtrusiveness of self which is so dear to the lover of Thackeray, is anathema to the English Hardy as to the French Bazin who, none the less, bid for the reader's sympathy toward a given character as determinedly as the great W. M. T., though with a skillful concealment of purpose.

The men and women of Hardy's and Bazin's creation, whether attractive or repulsive, are instinct with life. They are people of three dimensions, and are almost patent to the physical eye. We should recognize them anywhere, on the street, in the harvest fields, on the moor, at the vicarage, among boatmen or villagers or artisans, and for good or ill should know their passing. In the gallery of scoundrels, Alec D'Urberville, Sergeant Troy, Antoine Madiot and Jules Prayou all deserve a place. Among men who breathe on a higher level are Gabriel Oak in *Far From the Madding Crowd* and Giles Winterbourne in *The Woodlanders*; Etienne Loutrel in *De Toute Son Ame* and Michel de Meximieu in *Le Blé qui Lève*. Winterbourne and Loutrel are brothers in soul if not in blood, and their generous abnegation of the women they love (and in Loutrel's case, of what a woman!), proves that the sons of Bayard, without fear and without reproach, can live among the woodmen of Wessex and the boatmen of the Loire.

Hardy's George Melbury, straining a vein to educate his pretty daughter, Grace, is cousin to Bazin's Père Noellet, scrimping to put his brilliant son through college, and the pride of each father in his child runs before a fall.

Both Bazin and Hardy are emphatically masculine. Method, style, attitude towards life—all proclaim it. The worship of power for power's sake which betrays the effeminacy of such a man as Kipling is nowhere to be found in their work. It is for this reason that we notice with surprise the delicacy of the art which they lavish upon their women. They know how tremendous is feminine power whether for good or for evil, and they have made women the pivotal characters of their greatest novels, endowing them with a fragrance and a grace eternally feminine, eternally appealing. Hardy's women, says Professor Phelps, are all tender and capricious. Bazin's, too, are tender, but with a touch of maternal tenderness such as those women possess whom men rise up to call blessed. One thinks of Hardy's best women as charming wives; of Bazin's, as perfect mothers. Where Hardy's women are capricious, Bazin's are playful, for after all, Bazin is very human—and very French. There is a potent attraction in Tess Durbeyfield and Bathsheba Everdene and Eustacia Yeobright, just as there is in Odille Bastian and Marie Limerel and Henriette Madiot, but Hardy's women are untouched by spirituality and kindle no beacon fires upon the heights. Henriette in Hardy's hands would have been another Bathsheba, to be courted and won and lost and won again, finding the wine of life sweet despite its bitter, and adoration grateful as incense. But Bazin's Henriette can make her great renunciation smiling through her tears, put love behind her, and out of a divine pity devote her life to the poor and helpless. The love of a woman such as this is beyond rubies; her very tears convey a benediction.

There is another and rarer side on which our two novelists are surprisingly alike. Nature to them is clothed with a personality of its own. Egdon Heath is almost one of the *dramatis personæ* of *The Return of the Native*, as the sea is in Conrad's *Youth*. In *The Woodlanders* the great trees play their part and the advance of the plot falls into the cycles of the seasons, spring greeted by the budding leaves as by a pæan, autumn's passing mourned as by a dirge. In *Le Blé qui*

Lève the huge trees which are doomed to be felled stir Gilbert Cloquet's pity, and he gives voice to his regret in words eloquent in their simplicity. None of our novelists' men and women are indifferent to nature's magic nor unresponsive to her influence. Not that the reactions she effects are always the same; rather they vary infinitely, like her moods. Both Bathsheba Everdene and Tess Durbeyfield seek refuge from anguish of spirit in the solemn darkness of the woods. But the glory of the dawn hailed by the choring of birds and the opening of blossoms awaken dissimilar emotions; Tess is overwhelmed by the thought of her own sin amid such accusive innocence; Bathsheba is comforted by the thought that life is sweet despite its agonies. When spring comes, the smell of the rich earth is in one's nostrils, April thrills in every living thing, and pulses quicken with the stir of a new life. Then it is that Angel Claire at Talbothay's Dairy and Gilbert Cloquet at Pain-Fendu forget the ill days gone, and kindle with the hope of fairer fortune and the will to seek it.

In the darker moods of nature the tragic interplay is no less striking. When Tess makes her *Via Dolorosa* to Emminster Vicarage, the world she treads is as frozen and desolate as her heart—the roads choked with snow, the sky leaden, the winds sharp as whipcords. When Jude and Sue meet at Christminster for their last and heart-broken farewell, the conflict of passion and duty in their hearts is imaged by the storm which rages about them. Similarly in Bazin one recalls how, as Jean Louarn, his wife faithless, his children abandoned, he himself dispossessed of his little farm, journeys to La Vendée stupefied with misery, the heavy rains which sweep the countryside drive him and his little ones to shelter under the trees in kindred desolation to the world about them. When Père Noellet learns from the lips of his son Pierre that he has abandoned his intention of becoming a priest, it is when the world lies beneath a shroud of snow, as if the father's high hopes thus rudely dashed lay dead beneath it. But nature even in gloom and storm can bestow a benediction. Thus Madame Corentine, beside her sister's sick bed, looks out from the shrouded hush of the room into the wind-swept darkness, and beholding in it a symbol of her heart, desolate for want of love, resolves to seek a reconciliation with the husband of her youth.

Men who know and love nature as do Hardy and Bazin are rare in any age. To them she speaks with a thousand tongues; they understand her mood, however swift and changing; her infinite variety is an abiding delight. She holds, as well they know,

A fortified residence 'gainst the tooth of time
And rasure of oblivion,

but that residence is not within city walls nor does it echo to the feet of the passing multitude. To love nature indeed, means to love the country. To love the country, means to understand it and to see in it the great world in little, less swift of pace, less brave in human pomp and circumstance, but offering a stage, far from the madding crowd, where tragedies and comedies are played out in laughter or in tears no less than within the din of the market-place. For the most part the lives of Hardy's men and women, like those of Bazin, are cast in narrow places, mostly some remote corner of "Wessex," to which urban turmoil never penetrates. Bazin's stage is less circumscribed. Paris, Nîmes, Lyons occasionally provide his setting, but it is some tiny village of Brittany or a farm in the Angevin Vendée that he loves best and in whose atmosphere we breathe as if on our native heath. How meagre seem the figures in such novels as *Donatienne* and *The Return of the Native* when compared with those which throng *The Newcomes* or *David Copperfield* or *Anna Karénina*! Beyond a doubt it took masters to perform such multitudinous miracles and make the great world thrill with life in the printed page. But just as surely it took masters to wave the great world aside and, giving a tongue to reticence and a rein to fettered imaginations, make desert places vocal with human passion, the sighs, the tears, the laughter, that are the heritage of the sons of Eve. Few men have done this to equal Bazin, none, to surpass Hardy.

Restraint, whether in literature or in life, is an unfailing sign of power. Masters as they are, Bazin and Hardy never fling aside the final restraints even in their tragic scenes. When Père Noellet drives his son from home in a frenzy of rage, when Jacques droops and dies, when Pascale tastes the bitterness of worse than death, we feel the power of emotions which smoulder in the depths of human hearts. So with

Hardy, in such scenes as those in which Clem Yeobright condemns his wife, Knight clings to the cliff from which he must fall at any moment to destruction, or Michael Henchard, ruined and despairing, scrawls his last testament. To display power is a great gift; to create the illusion of unplumeted reserves of power, belongs to genius.

It is in their conception of the forces which underlie the obvious facts of life, facts which rarely square with poetic justice, but are frequently charged with tragic contradictions, that Hardy and Bazin show themselves to be poles apart. One stands conspicuous among novelists as the most absolute pessimist of our day; the other sees life with the eyes of such an optimism as that of St. Francis de Sales or Thomas More.

Hardy finds no joy in life. He has long ago abandoned such tragi-comedy as that of the *Woodlanders* and *Far From the Madding Crowd* for the utter tragedy of *Tess* and *Jude*. Life has darkened with the years and *lachrymas rerum* is his litany. As Hardy beholds men and women it is to see them caught in the toils of an unavoidable destiny against which, Laocoon-like, they struggle in vain. The scene stirs him to pity and revolt. The Lord of Life, he cries, is no God of Love, else He would countenance no such injustice. He is no "Power not ourselves which makes for righteousness" (the nebulous something of Matthew Arnold's imagining), nor even a blind and casual Destiny. Rather He is some Setebos to whom men pay the tribute of fear, and whose toying with their destiny is made doubly cruel because attended by an irony calculated with exquisite nicety to transform comic possibilities into tragic realities.

To Bazin such a pessimism as this is impossible. He accepts life neither as the be-all nor the end-all here. To him happiness is no *ultima thule* to be found in marriage or fortune or success, and whose denial brings heartbreak in its train. Human desire is as real to him as to Hardy, but it may be bravely renounced for nobler ends and its loss acquiesced in as the decree of an inscrutable, but loving, Wisdom. To him the sorrow of the world is a discipline to be sanctified by a *fiat voluntas Tua*; to Hardy it is a phase of life's irony, needlessly scourging the righteous and defeating their noblest endeavors. Hardy's is the view of one who sees no hills brought low nor crooked ways made straight, and who conceives of

nothing in heaven or earth beyond the dreams of his philosophy.

Such vital antagonisms betray themselves at every turn. Neither Bazin nor Hardy is content to touch merely the surface of things, and the one finds a divinely wise ordering of affairs where the other beholds only a cruel enigma. It is worth our while to examine our two novelists in their typical work. Their similarities will become more obvious, their irreconcilable difference in their views of life more striking.

In everything but its ending Bazin's *Donatienne* might have come from Hardy's pen. The setting in Brittany on a farm with which Louarn is compelled to struggle in order to win a livelihood, is worthy of Hardy at his best. There is about it that air of isolation which the Englishman achieves unfailingly, as if his little *dramatis personæ* were moving toward some hidden catastrophe far off from the strife of cities. Donatienne, strikingly handsome, attractive to men, wishing the good but infirm of purpose, might have been a sister of the hapless Tess. There is more than a fanciful likeness between Jude Fawley and Jean Louarn, big and rawboned, with his lean face and his dark yearning eyes—such eyes as belong to one whose heritage dooms him to battle for his daily bread. A typical Hardy character, too, is Annette Domerc, the servant girl who attends his motherless children and who, repulsed in her advances by Louarn, screams out the story of his wife's degradation.

Hardy might well have conceived the meeting with the strange woman who suddenly steps out of the fog into the light of Louarn's camp fire, and indeed the Frenchman's touches might have been done by the English master. How skillfully we are made to realize it all—Louarn's feeble attempt to drive the intruder off; her silent but efficient help; his gradual dependence upon her; her ascendancy over his weakened will; the anomalous place she assumes in his household, when finally, his journey over, he gets work in a quarry and settles down! Hardy would have drawn her as did Bazin with coarse features, bold eyes, sharp tongue, and the ingrained hardness which belonged to a dark past and a precarious future. Bazin's portrayal of the pretty but unstable Donatienne in Paris, all too facile prey for the destroyer, is worthy of the Englishman at his best, and the incident in the theatre

when her hungry heart cries out at the sight of a little child asleep on its mother's knees, challenges Hardian pathos when it strikes the deepest. Our two novelists beyond a doubt would have gone far together, but they must needs have parted company at the end; for, where Bazin brings Donatienne back after years of absence to put the kettle on the hob and once more tend her long-abandoned children and her invalid husband, Hardy would have shaken his head in disapproval and proclaimed this a piece of purely literary optimism, a concession to popular taste, a sentimental fiction which violate the facts of life as they are.

Another novel of Bazin's affords similar grounds for comparisons and contrasts. It is more elaborately worked out, more closely woven, and more subtly handled. In *Les Noellet* we have a theme which in treatment and characterization might have come from Hardy's hands. From him we might have had the farm pictured as was possible only to one who knows the country and loves it; the girl Mélie who adores the unwitting young Noellet; the pathos of her dreary life with her drunken father; the irony of poor Jacques' death after his sacrifice for his brother. So, too, the theme. The brilliant lad Pierre pretending to a vocation for the priesthood as the only means by which he can secure an education; the subsequent periods of depression and remorse; his final confession of deceit; the heartbroken acquiescence of the family; the sullen wrath of the father; the contempt of the villagers; the lad's departure for Paris to carve out a career in journalism and to win the hand of the wealthy girl whom he has worshipped from childhood; his desperate struggles; his pitiful failure—here are the successive steps in a moral tragedy touched with the inevitability of Hardy's own *Return of the Native*.

Our novelists, however, do not make the journey without a break. It is at the end, just as in the case of *Donatienne*, that they are compelled to part company. Pierre Noellet, brought back to the farm from Paris, broken in health and spirit, is a tragic figure. Life on his father's farm, it is true, is open to him; so, too, the rare devotion of Mélie. Both, however, are equally impossible. To this *impasse*, Bazin implies, Pierre has been brought by his own false pride, his deceitfulness, and his over-weening ambition. Hardy would have ex-

plained it otherwise: the lad is the victim of forces potent enough to have granted him success, but so malignant as to toy with him, lure him on into difficult ways, and then brutally crush him. Pierre in Mr. Hardy's hands would doubtless have sought refuge in suicide. Bazin, the optimist, lets Pierre die by accident, his father and Mélie kneeling by his side, the little black cross of his rosary pressed to his lips. Old Père Noellet is dealt cruel blows; for his hopes of seeing a son succeed him on the farm are dashed. Hardy would have left him crippled and despairing. Not so Bazin, who pictures him as finding in his daughter's husband a manly, industrious son who will be the staff of his declining years. We are not left plunged in darkness; the shadows have fallen, it is true, but in the East is the promise of a new dawn in whose light we know the innocent folk will remain, acquiescing in a *dénouement* not wrought by a malicious Setebos, but granted by a merciful Providence.

There remain for particular consideration two more novels, whose points of comparison and contrast are even more emphatically clear. On each have been lavished the deftest portraiture, the subtlest touches, the most skillful special pleading. Each is its author's masterpiece, despite admitted and grave defects. In both Bazin's *L'Isolée* and Hardy's *Tess of the D'Urbervilles* the heroine is a young and beautiful woman possessed of the wish, rather than the will, to avoid moral danger. Hardy, true to his philosophy, insists that Tess is a "pure woman" despite her transgressions. She is merely a human pawn upon life's chessboard. Malignant destiny throws her into the path of her destroyer; malignant destiny robs her of her husband when she has scourged her timidity into confessing her past; malignant destiny brings her seducer once more across her path to play upon her love of her wretched family and to lure her again to his arms. Over against all this let us now consider Bazin's *L'Isolée*.

Pascale seeks refuge in the convent from those worldly temptations which she fears may overmaster her, and is happy there until thrust back again into the world from which she sought escape. She then seeks refuge at Nîmes with her aunt, a figure weak and vile enough to mate with Tess' mother. Against her better inclinations she, too, becomes the prey of a villain, not because malignant fate has thrown her across

his path, but because the haters of religion have forced her from conventual shelter and her own weakness of will has left her vulnerable.

The results of each woman's misstep are tragic. Tess murders her seducer and pays the penalty with her own life. Pascale is murdered by the brute who has wronged her. With neither novelist is there any flinching, and the realism of Bazin is no less harrowing than that of Hardy. Each sympathizes with his heroine, and with all his art lends her a pathos whose cumulative effect reaches an overwhelming climax at the end. As you stand upon the hill near Wintoncester with Angel Claire and 'Liza Lu and see the black flag move slowly up the staff upon the jail tower, you know that within its gloomy walls the hapless Tess has paid the price which inexorable law demands. And what says Mr. Hardy? Does he permit us to think of poor Tess as having paid the penalty of her own weakness, or does he proclaim her a victim of malignant destiny which pursued her to the end and made her an innocent sacrifice to the laws of retribution? "‘Justice’ was done," he announces with bitter agony, "and the President of the Immortals (in *Æschylean* phrase) had ended his sport with Tess." Here in a sentence is implied the Hardian philosophy. Could ruinous pessimism go further?

Hardy pictured Tess's life at Talbothay's Dairy in chapters of supreme and idyllic beauty. Bazin in the first half of his book shows us Pascale dwelling in conventual peace amid joys unguessed by the daughters of the world. But just as the sunlight withered from out Tess' days, so Pascale's life beyond the convent walls fell in dark places, and we behold her caught in the maelstrom of temptation and suffering from a fall more hideous than that of Tess, because she had dwelt upon spiritual heights of which Tess had never dreamed. Bazin's realism never wavers. He presents Pascale, the beautiful, the tender, the good, and alas, the weak, as a woman of the streets, and he lets us see her struggling in the grasp of a half-drunken drover. Again we behold her with dull eyes and hollow cheeks crouching on her heels at the public washing tank, and still again when Prayou, taking her in attempted flight, carries her back in his arms to his house and in a rage hurls her against the wall with all his strength, where she lies, pitiable and inert, a crimson thread of blood staining her lips.

Hardy mercifully draws the veil over the final scene in which Tess pays the penalty. Not so Bazin. He shows us Prayou pursuing his victim with upraised knife and striking her down just as she has sobbed out the broken prayer, "*Miserere mei, Deus!*" He does not even pause then, but pictures Pascale, lying dead and ghastly, her sightless eyes turned up to the stars, and in the chill dawn bids us follow the body to the public morgue where it lies without taper or flowers, or any other sign to show that living creature has ever loved Pascale.

The infinite pathos of this scene is the most masterly thing Bazin has ever done; nothing in Hardy or George Eliot can equal it; nothing in Thackeray or Balzac surpass it. In the cold hush of that room life seems so paltry a thing, so sad, so impotent in the invisible presence of the Destroyer. But the despair of Hardy on Wintonchester Hill is absent; no "President of the Immortals" leers at the innocent victim of his brutal sport. At the head of the room, chill and bare though it is, hangs a cross from which the Crucified looks down upon the dead Pascale with eyes of infinite pity, as if to bear witness that He had heard the prayer of her dying agony and granted it.

No one can lay aside either *Tess* or *L'Isolée* with emotions unstirred to the depths. And small wonder. The pathos of human suffering has rarely been told with a more tender sympathy or a more perfect realism, nor do we often find a more consummate artistry employed in defence of a philosophy of life. But the emotions aroused strike different roots. Hardy epitomizes his philosophy in a pessimism which chills the heart because it annihilates hope and gives love no sanctuary save in the dust. Bazin's eyes, even amid scenes of harrowing realism, never miss the light ahead and, though his journey be through the valley of the shadow, it leads him to the heights from which he sees, beyond heartbreak and wretchedness and sin, a Divine Love that orders all things well, and in Whose giving are pity and forgiveness and eternal peace.

THE VULGATE TRANSLATION OF HOLY SCRIPTURE.

BY CUTHBERT LATTEY, S.J.



IN order to appreciate aright the great work of St. Jerome, it is needful to understand something of the "Old Latin" versions, by which are meant those existing before he wrote the Vulgate. We know less of them in what concerns the Old Testament than in regard to the New; and the textual problem is largely different in the two cases, since St. Jerome merely revised existing versions of the New Testament, whereas he composed the Vulgate Old Testament (or most of it) directly from the Hebrew. There seem to be three main types of Old Latin New Testament text. The most primitive is doubtless the African, for the Roman Church was Greek-speaking at the first; it has been edited from St. Cyprian and the most important manuscripts by the late Freiherr von Soden.¹ The "European" family is more largely represented, and with more variety; it was current in Western Europe, especially in North Italy, and may represent a revision of the African text, with a view to smoother Latinity. This second text would again, upon revision, give rise to the Italian family, though, as a matter of fact, the very existence of this last family has been denied, the readings peculiar to it being attributed to the Vulgate itself, with Old Latin admixture. In the large Wordsworth-White edition of St. Jerome's Vulgate, a manuscript of this family, the *Codex Brixianus*, is reproduced as being, so far as can be judged, the best representative of the text upon which St. Jerome worked.

The Old Latin versions of the Old Testament were made from the Greek Septuagint, and therefore the differences between them and the Vulgate are greater in the Old Testament than in the New. The chief question to be asked is, whether the same families of text are to be found in both cases; and the right answer appears to be the affirmative. This was to be expected, since substantially the same influences would be at work; and such evidence as there is seems to point that

¹ *Texte und Untersuchungen*, vol. xxxiii.

way. For example, as Mr. McIntosh shows in *A Study of Augustine's Versions of Genesis*, St. Augustine appears to have used in his earlier writings a freer translation than in his later works, and it may well be that we have here the African and the Italian types of text.

We pass to the author and the origin of the Vulgate. Eusebius Hieronymus, now best known as St. Jerome, was born not far from the modern Trieste in 340 A. D., or a little later, of Christian parents. He was educated at Rome, retired later to the desert of Chalcis, where he devoted five years to study and asceticism, learning Hebrew from a converted Jew, and then he spent some years at Antioch before returning to Rome about 382 A. D. Thus master of Latin, Greek and Hebrew, he was equipped for Biblical work as none before him, and none for centuries afterwards. At the instance of Pope Damasus, who greatly trusted him, he revised the existing Old Latin New Testament from the Greek, thus producing the Vulgate New Testament. He seems to have revised the Gospels with more care than the rest. He also made a simple revision of the Old Latin Psalter from the Septuagint, now known as the "Roman" Psalter, and still in liturgical use in St. Peter's and at Milan.

In 385 A. D., a year after Pope Damasus' death, St. Jerome left Rome and soon settled at Bethlehem. There he revised the Roman Psalter, largely on the basis of Origen's *Hexapla*; the result is the "Gallican" Psalter, still printed in our Vulgates. It is called "Gallican" because of the popularity to which it attained in Gaul; and the faithful clung to it too tenaciously to suffer it to be ousted by his later Psalter, translated direct from the Hebrew. After that, he revised, as he tells us, the Old Latin translation (made from the Septuagint) of the rest of the Old Testament, and finally he made a new Latin translation direct from the Hebrew, the Old Testament Vulgate. How he treated the books not extant in Hebrew, as far as this translation is concerned, is not always clear; but there is reason to hope that the Benedictine Commission will restore to it the Psalter properly belonging thereto. St. Jerome died in 420 A. D.

St. Jerome's Vulgate had every advantage over the Old Latin versions, at all events in the Old Testament; it was simple, popular, vigorous, and represented the originals far

more accurately. Within a couple of centuries it had gained an absolute and practically universal supremacy; but its predecessors were so far from being driven from the field, that they were a persistent source of corruption to the Vulgate itself. To explain matters by our previous article, it may be remarked that in the New Testament the original Vulgate shows a good, though somewhat mixed, text; the general tendency of later changes has been to remove it further from the Egyptian type and assimilate it to the *textus receptus*. Charlemagne commissioned Alcuin to prepare an amended edition, which was ready by the end of 801 A. D. It was based upon the Northumbrian text, which itself was built upon the best Italian manuscripts, brought to England by St. Benedict Biscop and others in the seventh century. It was, therefore, an excellent edition; but the very demand for it occasioned hasty and careless copying, and the process of corruption was only temporarily stayed.

In the thirteenth century Bibles were copied in great numbers, and the *correctoria* appear, more or less fruitless attempts to improve the text, of which the best was the *Correctorium Vaticanum*, and one of the worst the *Parisiense*, the object of Roger Bacon's attacks. Unfortunately, it was the latter that was used by Stephanus in the Bible he published at Paris in 1528 A. D., and in that of 1538-1540. "All the Vatican editions of Bibles are based in some measure upon the first edition published by Hentenius at Louvain in 1547 A. D.; and this latter on that of Stephanus in 1540." So we are told by that great pioneer of Vulgate textual criticism, Father Vercellone, the Barnabite, in the Prolegomena to his *Variæ Lectiones*, a work which he dedicated to Pope Pius IX. The Bible of 1540 has been called the first genuine attempt at a critical edition. Stephanus' smaller edition in 1555 is notable from the fact that the modern verse divisions first appear in it; the chapters, it may be remarked, go back to that second Bede of Catholic England, Cardinal Langton.

The Council of Trent in its fourth session (1546 A. D.) finally determined the canon of Sacred Scripture. The teaching of the Church is the only possible means of judging what is canonical Scripture and what is not; all attempts of the Protestants to find another criterion have been a ludicrous failure. As in the case of some other dogmas, so here we

have a legitimate development of doctrine: there is a period of some obscurity, followed eventually by clear definition. The Catholic position, indeed, may be said to have been clear long before it was defined; but it would have been far clearer but for St. Jerome. Even now his words remain in the Thirty-nine Articles, a welcome support to Protestants in their contention that the books of Machabees, Tobias, Judith, Wisdom, Ecclesiasticus and Baruch, with parts of Esther and of Daniel, are to be read "for example of life and instruction of manners," but not "to establish any doctrine."

There can be no doubt that it was not any Catholic tradition, but an ill-judged deference to his Jewish teachers that misled him. He proclaims as much himself, in prologues still retained (curiously enough) at the head of our Vulgates; yet elsewhere, as in his comments upon the first six chapters of Isaiah, cited by Cornely,² the force of Catholic tradition is too strong for him, and he refers to deuterocanonical books without in any way distinguishing them from the protocanonical. Nor are they, of course, to be distinguished. Since the time of Trent, at all events, these prefixes have for us a purely historic interest, as marking off those books about which there has been little or no dispute from those whose claim to canonicity has upon occasion, and most of all by St. Jerome, been called in doubt.

The Council of Trent also commanded that "hereafter Sacred Scripture, but especially this ancient and vulgate edition, be printed as accurately as possible." Notice that "vulgate" here practically means "current," and, strictly speaking, should be so translated; it did not become the specific title for St. Jerome's version, and so deserve a capital letter, till later. Practically nothing appears to have been done to carry out this decree of Trent, issued in 1546 A. D., until the pontificate of Sixtus V. (1585-1590 A. D.), who took the matter in hand in his usual masterful way. Even he did not venture upon an official edition of the original texts, such as the Council appears to have contemplated;³ that is a glory which we may perhaps venture to hope is reserved for our own century, to put the crown upon the efforts of private individuals.

² *Introductio Generalis*, vol. 1., p. 107.

³ This is implied in the words of the decree just quoted, and is confirmed by the record of the preparations for it. (*Cf. Thelner, Acta Concilii Tridentini*, vol. 1., p. 65.)

But some years before his elevation to the pontificate he had already persuaded Gregory XIII. to undertake an edition of the Septuagint, which was intrusted to the competent scholarship of Cardinal Caraffa. Pope Sixtus himself published it towards the end of 1586, and at once intrusted Cardinal Caraffa with the further task of editing the Vulgate.

The Sixtine Septuagint is a fine work, well got up and sound in text, based closely, as it is, on the Vatican Codex (*B*). Cardinal Caraffa was for following the same plan of action in regard to the Vulgate; here, too, he had good manuscripts to work from, and a small but capable commission to help him. It is hardly too much to say that if he had been given a free hand, there might have been little need of the Benedictine revision today. But Pope Sixtus himself, as he tells us in the Bull *Æternus Ille*, took an active and even decisive part in the work. "He in part approved the corrections made by the commission, and in part, in spite of Cardinal Caraffa's protests, he rejected them. For the new text differed not a little from the Louvain edition, which the Pope held in great esteem, and the commission had chiefly followed the guidance of the *Codex Amiatinus*, which Sixtus did not value so highly." *

This Louvain Bible has already been mentioned. It is tolerably clear that Pope Sixtus did not realize the extent to which the current Vulgate text of his own time differed from the text such as it had left St. Jerome's own hand: in the *Æternus Ille* he writes that he has chosen the readings "so as absolutely to retain the old reading, received in the Church for many centuries," and nevertheless a little lower down he declares that it has been his object to restore the Vulgate "to its original purity, such as it first proceeded from the translator's own hand and pen." These two objects, to keep the traditional text and to restore St. Jerome's original text, could not in reality be completely reconciled with each other, a fact that will be obvious when we have the Benedictine edition of St. Jerome's text—at no very remote date, it may be hoped—as a standard of comparison. The original text had deteriorated a good deal, though for the most part in quite unimportant details; the chief cause of this has already been mentioned, the slipping of pre-Vulgate readings back into the

* Cornely, *Introductio Generalis*, vol. 1., p. 464.

text. The Bull *Æternus Ille*, it may be remarked, is printed in full in Father Cornely's *Introductio Generalis*, vol. i., pp. 465-474; we shall return to it presently.

The story of the Sixtine Vulgate is a difficult and somewhat obscure subject; the best account of it is to be found in Dr. Amann's *Die Vulgata Sixtina von, 1590*, published in 1912, a work based directly upon the original documents, some of which indeed are published therein for the first time. It is the chief, though by no means the only, authority here laid under contribution, and the reader may be referred to it for further investigations.⁵ The outline of the story is this: the Sixtine Vulgate was viewed with displeasure and even alarm: on Sixtus' death, even before the election of a new Pope, the sale was suspended: soon all copies were withdrawn: it was hastily revised and issued with the preface that we now read, composed by Cardinal Bellarmine: and eventually the name of Clement VIII. was also prefixed to it. The crucial question arises: what was wrong with this Sixtine Vulgate? To this, and to some secondary problems, a brief solution is here attempted, with a sufficient indication of the grounds upon which it is based.

Cardinal Bellarmine tells us in his autobiography⁶ that in 1591 there were not wanting persons of weight who advised Gregory XIV. publicly to prohibit the Sixtine Vulgate, "in which many wrong changes had been made." But Bellarmine, to save Sixtus' honor, proposed that the edition should be quickly withdrawn, revised and reissued, still under Sixtus' name "with a preface in which it should be explained that in Sixtus' first edition, by reason of the haste, some errors had crept in, either of the printers or of others." We also have another suggestion for this preface, probably from the hand of Father Rocca the Augustinian: according to this, Pope Sixtus had the Bible printed "as it were, privately, that he might examine what learned men all over the Christian world thought about the matter. Meanwhile as he began to take account of the mistakes arisen from the press, and all the changes, and the various opinions of men, in order that after-

⁵ Père Paul Dudon, S.J., has lately discussed the whole question once more, in view of the process of the Cardinal's beatification (*Romana: Beatificationis et Card. Bellarmini*, Rome).

⁶ Amann, p. 96.

wards he might deliberate more at leisure upon the whole matter, and publish the Vulgate edition aright (*prout debebat*); forestalled by death, he could not accomplish what he had begun.”⁷ Bellarmine proposed to write, as above, “or of others.” As Father Pope, O.P., remarks in his *Catholic Student's Aids*,⁸ it is hard not to see in these words an allusion to Sixtus himself; and Father Rocca's suggestion also implies that Sixtus saw he had made a mistake. But in Bellarmine's preface, as it actually appeared, and as we have it today, the relevant passage runs: “Remarking that not a few things had crept into the sacred Bibles by fault of the press (*præli vitio*), which seemed to need renewed attention, he determined and decided that the whole work was to be put upon the anvil once more.”

Now it is an agreed point among experts, and beyond reasonable question, that on its material side the Sixtine Vulgate is well printed, and it has been insinuated that bad printing was an untrue pretext, put forward to cover the rejection of it on other grounds. Nevertheless “fault of the press” (*præli vitio*) is a wide term, not necessarily to be restricted to “misprints” in the strictest and narrowest sense. Bellarmine complained that there were places “which without any support or reason, and against the testimony of all the manuscripts, Latin, Greek and Hebrew, had been removed, added to, or changed.”⁹ Perhaps he may have had Numbers xi. 11-14 in his mind's eye, where nearly three verses are entirely omitted in the Sixtine text, or Judges xviii. 3, where eight words are omitted, in both cases without the slightest warrant. Such blunders could only be due to haste, the reason assigned in Bellarmine's suggested preface and implied in the one published; and when we consider Sixtus' restless energy, in this as in other matters, and the important share he had in the actual printing of the work; we shall probably come to the conclusion that this “fault of the press” does not exclude Sixtus' own work, but implicitly includes it, without pointing to him too directly.

“We ourselves,” Sixtus writes in the *Æternus Ille*,¹⁰ “have

⁷ Amann, p. 122.

⁸ “Old Testament,” p. 104.

⁹ Amann, p. 105. Cardinal Bellarmine was a good Hebrew scholar, and in fact published a Hebrew grammar, a copy of which has lately been presented to the St. Beuno's College library.

¹⁰ Cornely, *Introductio Generalis*, vol. 1., p. 468.

corrected with our own hand any mistakes that had crept in through the press; and passages that seemed confused, or very likely to be confused, we have distinguished by an interval in the writing, and by larger letters, and by punctuation." It is clear, therefore, that Sixtus was taking a leading part in the press-work itself, and must be held largely responsible for any mistakes therein. It was not for any following of ancient manuscripts, as against the Louvain text, that Bellarmine finds fault with the Sixtine Vulgate; nevertheless, the commission which he proposed was to "revise the Sixtine Bible quickly, and bring it back to the ordinary Bible, especially that of Louvain."¹¹ There was no question now of doing the work of the commission once more; the text was merely to be made reasonably safe. And as a matter of fact the Clementine Vulgate is acknowledged to be a better text than the Sixtine, rapid though the revision was.

It has also been questioned whether, as asserted in the Clementine preface, quoted above, Sixtus really meant to withdraw his Bible at all; and the matter is complicated by the doubt as to whether the Bull enforcing it, the famous *Æternus Ille*, was ever fully promulgated, so as to have legal force. These two points may now be briefly discussed, and the latter first. There are three main arguments in favor of the promulgation having taken place, and three against it.¹² In favor of it is the fact that the original Bull has the official endorsement on the back, to the effect that it has been duly published in Rome, with the customary formalities: secondly, copies of the Bull were actually printed: thirdly, in the briefs issued to the Catholic princes, Sixtus speaks of having already issued a "perpetual constitution" on the subject,¹³ binding already, one would naturally suppose, as it is to bind for all future time. On the other hand, the Bull was never entered in the official register. Further, Father A. Tanner, S.J., in the second volume of his *Theologia Scholastica*, gives weighty evidence against the promulgation. In 1609-1610, when he was professor of theology at Ingolstadt, difficulties arising from the Sixtine Bible were much under discussion, and he was assured by the General of the Society's Assistant for Ger-

¹¹ Amann, p. 96.

¹² Amann, pp. 115-118.

¹³ Cum . . . constitutione perpetua super hoc tam edita decreverimus, Amann, p. 117.

many that the Bull had never been promulgated, and two proofs were offered, the one, that the promulgation was not entered in the register, the other, Cardinal Bellarmine's declaration that he had heard as much on his return from France from several cardinals, who asserted that they knew absolutely for certain that no promulgation had taken place. Later on the Father Assistant wrote again, putting forward yet a third proof: a certain Father Azor in a public disputation at Rome, when some were basing an objection to Papal Infallibility upon the Sixtine Bible, made the reply that the Bull concerning it, the *Æternus Ille*, had never been promulgated, and that it had been endorsed as promulgated only by anticipation, at Sixtus' behest, in order to save time.

It is interesting to find the Society of Jesus definitely and officially defending Papal Infallibility at that early date; we may also observe in passing that no very serious difficulty can be made against it from the *Æternus Ille*. Pope Sixtus, it is true, uses some rather strong language as to his selecting the readings in virtue of his Petrine privilege; yet in at least two places he shows himself aware that the selection may not be the best.

But an even stronger argument against the promulgation of the Bull is to be drawn from Sixtus' own attitude. He steadily refused to recognize the Bull as possessing—as yet—binding force. The Venetian Government was protesting energetically against the regulation in the *Æternus Ille* which restricted the printing of the Sixtine Vulgate for ten years to the Vatican press; it complained that the Venetian printers would suffer, alleging moreover (apparently without ground) that the inquisitor at Venice had already begun to enforce the Bull. Sixtus replied that the inquisitor had been too forward, and had acted without proper authorization; nothing ought to have been done, and nothing should be done, without further instructions. Dr. Amann therefore thinks that the Bull was formally published, but was never intended by Sixtus to come into actual force as binding, and in that sense was never promulgated, since Sixtus' mind on the point was well known. Nevertheless the non-entry into the register points to the omission of some, at least, of the usual formalities of publication.

Even though Sixtus had thus delivered himself, the Venetian ambassador still pressed for the withdrawal of the Bull,

and was fairly hopeful of the result, when the news came of Sixtus' death, on August 27, 1590. As far as his evidence goes, it shows that Sixtus was shaken in his determination to carry Bull and Bible through; but we must remember that it was with the Bull, not with the Bible, that the ambassador was primarily concerned. He was working in the interest of the Venetian printers, and had no interest in the correctness of the Sixtine text. On the other hand, doubts as to the soundness of the text would help to make Sixtus more pliant; if he felt the need of revising his Vulgate, he would not be prepared, at all events as yet, to enforce the Bull. That he did feel this need, we know both from Cardinal Bellarmine and Father Rocca, the two best possible authorities on the point, since both were largely concerned in the matter. The fact that the Clementine preface was actually printed also shows that the statements of fact contained therein were regarded by the Pope and the cardinals concerned as correct.

And indeed, Sixtus was not likely to remain unaware of the objections to his Vulgate. Both the Congregation of the Index and his own revising commission took strong and open exception to it, the latter naturally enough, since he had set their results at naught; matters came to such a pitch that he even threatened Cardinal Caraffa with the Inquisition. And the Spanish ambassador in the background was working steadily both against Bible and Bull on political grounds. Thus a careful consideration of the evidence and of the circumstances will lead to the acceptance of the statements of the Clementine preface, disputed as they often have been; nor would it be fair to treat as anything but an ascertained historical fact the high character of Cardinal Bellarmine himself, a great pillar of the Church in those days of storm, whom we may yet see upon our altars.

For the last chapter in the history of the Vulgate, the reader will best be referred to His Eminence Cardinal Gasquet's own account in the *Catholic Encyclopedia*.¹⁴ There is a certain fittingness in St. Jerome's great work being intrusted to the venerable order of St. Benedict for revision and restoration, even as his other great work, the part he played in introducing asceticism into Europe, found direction and order in the rule of St. Benedict himself. And in the words of

¹⁴ Article: *Vulgate*, *Revelston* of.

Pope Pius X.'s letter intrusting Cardinal (then Abbot) Gasquet with the work of revision (December, 1907), we may find words, plain, yet without exaggeration, wherein to couch our verdict on the previous revision: "You have a work proposed to you which is laborious and difficult, whereat there have worked with skill men renowned for their learning, and some from the number of the Popes themselves, with a not altogether happy endeavor."

In conclusion, we may turn to a question of a rather more dogmatic character, that of the authority of the Latin Vulgate. The present writer has already had occasion to treat what Cardinal Franzelin regarded as, from this point of view, the most difficult passage (1 Corinthians xv. 51: Franzelin, *De Traditione et Scriptura*, ed. 3, p. 531) in the first appendix to his edition of 1 Corinthians in the *Westminster Version of the Sacred Scriptures*, to which accordingly the reader may be referred for a handling of the problem as it presents itself in the concrete; here we must concern ourselves rather with the general principle which must govern such a handling.

The Council of Trent in its fourth session, after enumerating the books in the canon of Scripture, laid an anathema upon any who "should not receive as sacred and canonical the (above) books entire, with all their parts, as they have been wont to be read in the Catholic Church, and are contained in the ancient Latin vulgate edition." It has already been remarked that "vulgate" at this date probably means little more as yet than "current." In this Tridentine canon, then, we have the Vulgate put forward as the concrete embodiment of what is to be regarded as canonical Scripture, as an easy test of what had been "wont to be read in the Catholic Church." The Vatican Council, indeed, dealing with the same matter in its third session, contented itself with a reference to the Tridentine enumeration and to the Vulgate, without speaking of constant usage in the Church.

The Council of Trent next declares that this same Vulgate edition, "which has been sanctioned by the long usage of so many centuries in the Church herself, is to be treated as authentic in public lectures, disputations, sermons and expositions, and that no one is to dare or presume to reject it under any pretext whatever." That the Vulgate is thus constituted

the "authentic" text in the sense that it is made the *official* text is clear from the decree itself, and may be considered an agreed point, but some ulterior issues need to be discussed. What precise edition or text of the Vulgate was thus made authentic? To this question Père Durand, S.J., appears to supply the right answer in the *Etudes* for April, 1898, in words here translated: "The edition of the Vulgate absolutely authentic in the sense of the Council would be one in which only the variant readings and all the variant readings were retained, which have in their favor the irrefragable witness of tradition. This ideal edition the Popes immediately after the Council undertook to realize."¹⁵ In passages, therefore, where the traditional text is divided between two variant readings and therefore doubtful, the full authority of Trent cannot be claimed for either of these readings; on the other hand, the Clementine text is, of course, official today, and it appears best and safest to apply to it what is hereafter to be said of the Tridentine sanction itself.

The Fathers of the Council of Trent did not make the Vulgate authentic because they thought it a perfect translation, but because they thought it safe. On this subject we have reliable documents, chief among them the letter of the presiding legates to Cardinal Farnese. The decree declaring the Vulgate authentic met with considerable opposition at Rome; it was objected that there were many mistakes in the Vulgate which could not be ascribed to copyists or printers, and there was even talk of delaying the printing of the decree until it had been revised. The presidents, however, wrote to Cardinal Farnese that the difficulties raised had already been maturely considered by the Council, but that all had agreed that the Vulgate was the safest version, because during so long a time it had never been charged with heresy, even though in some places it seemed to differ from the Hebrew text.¹⁶

That the Vulgate was safe in matters of faith and morals, was beyond question the view taken by the Council, and indeed might be argued theologically from the very position and authority assigned it, for otherwise this general council would be leading the Church into dogmatic or moral error.

¹⁵ Page 220.

¹⁶ Cardinal Pallavicino, S.J., *Istoria del Concilio di Trento*, Book VI., chap. 17.

It might also be shown from an examination of the version itself; finally, it is an agreed point among theologians. That it is substantially faithful as a translation might also be proved in much the same way, but there is some little question as to the precise limits of that faithfulness. The eminent theologian, Cardinal Franzelin, put forward a hypothesis which seems to go beyond the mind of the Council on the point, and occasions some difficulty. In his otherwise admirable treatise, *De Divinis Scripturis* (These 19), he propounds the view that where a dogma is expressed in a passage of the Vulgate, it must be found expressed in the same passage in the originals, though it need not be expressed in the same way, and though the converse need not be true. He argues that the Council declares the books of Holy Scripture with all their parts canonical and therefore inspired *as* they are in the Vulgate; since they are inspired only as originally written, it would follow that they must be in the Vulgate as originally written.

This argument, however, proves too much; it would prove absolute and complete correspondence in the translation, which nobody would admit, contrary as it is to evident facts. And further, the Vulgate can be used to show what is canonical Scripture without reproducing it all with perfect accuracy. Franzelin's other argument is that in enforcing the acceptance of "all the parts," the Council has in view the proof of dogma from Scripture; this proof must be valid, and therefore all dogmatic parts must faithfully represent the originals. He relies upon the fact that the Council goes on to say that all are now to understand "what testimonies and support it will chiefly use in confirming dogmas and renewing morals in the Church." Nevertheless it should be noted that these last words refer to the traditions of the Church no less than to the canonical books, and it is enough that a proof from the Vulgate should always be in accord with tradition, without the words of Trent demonstrating that in all cases the original text of Scripture must bear out the dogmatic sense of the Latin translation. As a matter of fact, it seems clear from the acts of the Council that it was not thinking of the dogmatic parts of Scripture at all as such, but of parts which Protestants and others denied to be canonical Scripture, partly books and partly passages.

The whole matter may be examined by the student in

Theiner's *Acta Concilii Tridentini*, in the debates preparatory to the fourth session.¹⁷ The more general view appears to be hostile to Cardinal Franzelin's conclusions, and it is based, not merely upon the insufficiency of his arguments, but on an appeal to actual facts, to particular passages of Scripture. Some of the more relevant are adduced by the late Dr. Gigot in his *General Introduction*, ed. 2, pp. 321-325, and others are discussed by Père Durand, S.J., in the *Etudes* for April, 1898.

Thus the correspondence of the Vulgate to the originals must not be exaggerated; nevertheless, when we consider the conditions under which St. Jerome worked, far as he was from possessing all our modern paraphernalia of dictionaries and grammars and concordances and textual apparatus and the rest—then we cannot fail to applaud his achievement as truly magnificent, magnificent in faithfulness no less than in force and clearness. These fine qualities we can recognize even in the current text; much more shall we recognize them in the revised edition to be issued by the sons of St. Benedict.

"E. g., vol. 1., pp. 50, 71.

WASTE.

BY FRANCES MADDOCK.

IN my mystic cup of thought,
My little folded brain,
I hold the great winds and the moon,
The moonlight and the rain.

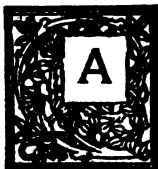
Twin shells of vastness, sea and sky,
Beauty and joy and gold,
Space, and the infinite flight of stars—
My thought has stretched to hold.

And who will say that Death, a Fool,
Babbling and drunk, one day
Will spill my thought's vast treasure out,
And fill the cup with clay?

THE COMING OF THE DANES.

A TALE OF IRELAND A THOUSAND YEARS AGO.

BY BRIAN P. O'SHASNAIN.



A DARK-HAIRED, slender boy lay in the heather looking out over the sea. Below him vast breakers burst against slippery, smoothed rocks. Gulls swooped and screamed overhead. A few yards behind him a rabbit popped out of the ground and "froze" as it sensed the presence of a human being.

The boy was at the age when tales of adventure stir in the mind, filling days and nights with dreams of far places and of high deeds to be wrought. He was dressed in a kilt with a linen smock hanging over his shoulders, bound in at the waist by a leather belt. His feet were bare. On the ground near him were laid a bow and a sheaf of arrows.

He was watching a ship that was making in towards the harbor entrance below. It was a long, slender craft with gorgeous red sails which made a rich spectacle as it moved through the narrows. Presently the great sail flapped down, and the boy, Dermot, son of Murtagh, thrilled as he saw a long line of oars begin to move in rhythm.

"Cormac," he called softly to someone whose scrambling could be heard on the cliff a little below him.

"Ayel" answered a voice. "Dermot, I've found the nest. There are only four eggs in it, but I'll bring them up."

"I was not thinking of that," answered Dermot. "I was thinking to tell you that a Long Serpent of the Danes is entering the harbor."

"Oho!" cried an astonished voice from below. "That's news! I didn't see trace of such a thing when I scrambled down here. Has it just come?"

"It has just come around the point," answered Dermot. "You had better climb up and see it before it disappears."

In answer to this there was a violent scrambling, and a fair-haired youth somewhat older than Dermot thrust his head above the rock's edge. Climbing carefully, for with one

hand he held the eggs, he scrambled out on the heather beside Dermot. He was tall, with blue eyes, fair hair and a very white skin. He wore a kilted garment similar to the one that Dermot had on, but a little finer in appearance. He stood up, shading his eyes with his hand, and stared long at the formidable ship-of-war below.

"That means trouble," he muttered, half to himself.

"Do you know them?" asked Dermot.

"No," answered the other, "but from the equipment and speed of the ship I think they will be hard to deal with. We'd better be off, Dermot, and see what's going to happen."

"Aye," said the younger boy. "I am glad I brought my weapons with me."

Cormac looked at his comrade and laughed. "So, little Dermot, you think of encountering the fierce Northman with your weapon!"

Dermot flushed as he sprang to his feet.

"I'll have you know, Cormac, that my courage is equal to yours, even if you are bigger!" As he said these words he stared fiercely at his comrade. The blood came to his cheeks and his eyes flashed. The idle wind lifted his smock as he stood there and revealed a body as lithe and beautiful as a cat ready to spring.

Cormac's laugh died out. Taking a step nearer, he passed an arm around the shoulder of Dermot and looked down at his face.

"I'm sorry, little firebrand," he said. "I meant no offence. No one more than I knows how brave and skillful and faithful you are. I was but jesting. Forgive me."

Instantly the fierce look passed from the face of Dermot. He took the hand of his companion and violently shook it.

"It's I that need to be forgiven! My temper is always getting the better of me. You put me to shame, dear friend, with your coolness."

As he said this the two boys began to walk away from the cliff.

"We need all the coolness we can command at this time," answered Cormac. "The Northmen are coming in great numbers to the coast of Ireland. There is fighting everywhere. Monasteries and holy places by the hundred have been burned. As long as we Irish quarrel among ourselves the foreigners

will be able to command the country. That is the beginning and the end of things everywhere in Ireland."

"The foreigners will never get me to bow the knee to them," cried Dermot fiercely. "As long as I have a hand that can strike, I will make war against them—aye, even though Long Serpents come by the thousands."

"Those are the words that the young chief, Brian, used last month when he spoke to our council," answered the other. "But he said that we would never be free of the foreigner as long as we war among ourselves. When he went off, I wished that I could join his band, but *that* father would not allow."

By this time the two youths had reached a path that ran down towards the harbor of Youghal into which they had seen the Long Serpent moving. Here they halted for a moment.

"Let us go down and spy on the Northmen as they land," said Dermot, his imagination stirred to adventurous exploit.

After a moment's hesitation, the other answered: "I will go, Dermot, if you give me your solemn promise to come away when I say so."

"Why should I come away when you or any man says," flashed the other fiercely.

"Now, my dear comrade," began the other. "Don't you remember what your father told us. He said that you were not to go near the coast if the Northmen came—and we begged him off, and then he said we could go to the sea if we kept together. And he said that because he knew that you were braver than I, but hotter-headed."

"Braver than you, Cormac," said the young boy. He laughed. His sudden temper subsided, and he walked along at the side of Cormac without further protest. The path which they trod led in a general way along the coastline, but the land through which it passed, was uninhabited save by wild deer and the rabbits, or now and then a browsing cow. Occasionally the path brought them in sight of the sea, which shone blue and splendid between black cliffs. A soft wind blew, but it only served to make the warmth of the summer day more delightful.

They had not covered more than a mile of ground when they saw coming towards them a small, lean, dark man who trotted along the path at a swinging pace. He saw the boys

and shouted as he came closer: "The Northmen are in the harbor."

"Yes, we saw their ship," answered Cormac. "We are going down to look at them."

"Ye be venturesome lads," answered the other with a look of admiration. "Most boys do not want to be near the men from a Long Serpent. But if ye can keep under cover perhaps ye will gather information of value. I must go on now, for I run with the news to Brian's camp, and it ten miles off."

As he spoke, he leaped along the path once more, this time running faster to make up for the time he had wasted. Dermot looked after him for a minute.

"Isn't he a wonder?" he said, "the way he can run!"

"He is so. My father says he is the best runner in Munster, and that is saying a lot."

"Is it true, do you think," asked Dermot as they went on, "that he can outrun a horse?"

"It is true, and it is a thing that I saw him do myself," answered Cormac. "Also he can run a hundred miles between dawn and dark of a summer's day, and not be any more tired than you and I after walking twenty-five."

Dermot was silent for a moment.

"It is a wonder to me," he went on, "that with men such as Rory the Runner and with fighters such as your father and mine, we ever let the Northmen come to eat up our coasts."

"There are many reasons for that sad state of affairs. One is that the men of Ireland are best as single fighters. They are uneasy in the ranks, even though they be great lone champions, while the Northmen have been disciplined by their many wars and, above all, by the sea. A ship is a narrow world, says my father, and it teaches every man to know his place.

"Another reason," he went on, "is that the Northmen wear good armor of steel, while the Irishman likes best to fight in his shirt. But the biggest reason of all is that the men of our country are busy fighting their own little wars, so that when the big war comes on them from the sea they are divided. These are the things my father tells me, but my own reason teaches me likewise."

Dermot listened with interest. From the time six years before when Cormac's father, who was a sea-trader, had set-

tled in the town that stood near where Youghal now stands, these two boys had been chums. Cormac's father had taken him on many voyages, and did so still on occasions, so that the youth was widely traveled. His mother had died when he was three years old, and he had been raised by an old nurse and by his father, Cormac the Trader, a man who had voyaged to the Hebrides, to Scotland, to the tin-ports of Cornwall, to Marseilles, to Spain and Scandinavia. It was while there that Cormac had learned to respect the seamanship of the Northmen, their abilities as traders and their immense energy. Also he had learned the language, and like so many seacoast dwellers of his time, he could trade in Irish, in the tongue of the Northmen and, at a pinch, talk good Saxon.

Cormac at sixteen had received the very best education that a boy could get in those days—wide travel with an intelligent father, the mastering of several useful crafts and the knowledge of reading in Latin and reckoning which the monks at Cashel had given him during two years spent in their school. He was good-natured to a fault, but to offset that he had a practical intelligence that made him the equal of worldly men in many ports. He might be generous, but he was not a fool. In his travels his father had not neglected to teach him skill in arms, for in those wild days every trading ship had to be ready for flight or fight at a half hour's notice. He had learned the use of the long spear which the Irish wielded with such effect, and the battle-ax; with the bow and arrow he was a fair shot. He could run and leap surpassingly well like most of the Irish. Above all, he was observant. Experience and necessity had taught him to use his senses well.

Dermot was at once the master and the disciple of Cormac. There had come into being between them one of those deep, permanent friendships which sometimes exist between boys, and which have furnished the world with many a fair story of bravery from the days of Damon and Pythias on. Dermot was of a slighter build than his comrade. He was more passionate and more intelligent when dealing with abstract ideas. He was more the poet and the artist than the other—but it was an age when poetry and art were widely diffused despite the general risks of life. Dermot's impetuous nature, however, was like to keep him in continual hot water, but for the aid and interposition of his ready friend, and more

than once the younger boy burst out on the other with almost feminine fury. Always during such outbreaks Cormac had known how to keep his head and to bring his young comrade to his senses. Dermot's father was a poet, one of the many cultivated men of his time. The boy was his only child, and his mother, realizing what a capacity he had for getting into trouble, had practically given him in charge to Cormac during the summer vacation when the monks kept no school and when young lads roved the countryside or climbed the high cliffs, searching for birds' eggs or strange colored stones.

The two boys emerged on a plateau overlooking the beach towards which the Long Serpent was heading. They were effectually hidden in the heather which grew at the top, but as they peered out they could see the flashing oars come to rest an arrow-shot from the shore. From there the ship gently drifted in until she struck the sand. A sailor leaped ashore with a rope, which he ran around the nearest tree. Now the Vikings in glittering array appeared on the deck. The sailor stretched forth a plank and the armored men walked ashore on it. They were magnificent-looking fellows, tall, robust, with springy step, each armed in mail. Some of them wore steel helmets, which were decorated by the flaming wings of birds. From beneath these helmets the hair fell down behind, and was clipped at the neck. Most of them wore dark blue linen breeches, held by leather belts. Each carried a large sword and a massive shield. Most of the shields were beautifully decorated, and some which were burnished glowed with golden light when the sun slanted against them. One who seemed a leader, wore a red scarlet kirtle and over it a gray cloak. A boar-skin cap made his head more fierce-looking than the others.

The boys held their breath as they watched this splendid spectacle. Cormac with keen eyes noted the military precision of their movements, and admired the seamanship which secured the vessel and left it under an armed guard off shore till the return of the raiders.

Now the officers could be heard speaking, and Cormac listened intently, for the day was still and from where they hid he could understand.

"Thou hast chosen a fair place to land, Olaf," said one who seemed to be second in command.

Olaf shouted orders before answering. At his word the Northmen dispersed about the beach at ease. Two of them instantly stripped and ran into the water, where they swam about like seals. Then Olaf spoke to the other:

"It is a rich country. I think we shall do well here if luck is with us," he said as the two walked up and down the beach together. The men who were in the water came out and ran along the sand to dry themselves. One of them chased the other, who leaped and dodged with extraordinary agility. At last, however, he was cornered and, finding nowhere to turn, suddenly ran up the steep slope towards the boys, agile as a goat and laughing aloud.

Before the boys could move, he was on them. He tripped on Cormac, but in falling, twisted and seized the boy by the wrist. Dermot leaped away like a rabbit and disappeared in the heather. The Northman and Cormac rolling and twisting fell over the edge of the slope and rolled to the bottom, turning over and over, their mouths and ears filled with sand. All the time the Viking never let go of Cormac.

The other player came up and plucked off the boy, while the men stood laughing and shouting at the unexpected entertainment. Cormac, shaken, scratched, his clothes torn, was dragged before Olaf, who stood on the sand watching.

"Hol!" he cried. "What have we here—a youth set to spy on us?"

Cormac answered in Danish:

"Nay—only a boy who saw thy Long Serpent enter the harbor and who stayed to see how well Olaf handles his ship."

"Well spoken, youth," answered Olaf laughing. "Thou hast a sweet tongue. How wouldst thou like to taste the edge of this sword?"

"The sword of Olaf would be shamed by the blood of a weaponless boy," answered Cormac boldly, knowing that above all things the Northmen prized a high spirit.

"How can we tell that thou art not a spy sent to report our movements?" questioned the Captain, still suspicious. Cormac knew that his life hung by a thread, for these wild men from the North were like great cats who had captured a mouse.

"Sir," he answered, "whatever coasts ye fall upon, there will be children or shepherds or women who may chance to

see ye. Would ye then do them harm merely because they have chanced to observe your forces coming in from the sea?"

"There is sooth in what you say," answered Olaf. "My Sharptooth"—here he tapped his great sword affectionately—"will not satisfy its thirst in boy's blood. All the same I will not let you go, lest you carry news of our coming to the Irish."

"How doth it hap," he went on, "that you speak in the tongue of my people?"

"My father is a trader," answered Cormac. "I have been with him to the countries of the North."

Olaf beckoned to one of the men. "Bind him," he said. Then: "No harm will come to thee unless thou try to escape." The soldier bound Cormac's hands behind him.

Olaf turned to the men and called out orders. They fell into double files and, with the prisoner in the centre, began their march towards the town. For the most part they walked in silence, with two scouts thrown out ahead and a rear guard fifty paces behind. Cormac guessed that they were about five score all told.

At the end of a few miles they came in sight of habitations, but the news had spread and every house was deserted. The sea-rovers, however, were after larger booty than the contents of cottages or wattled huts. When they approached a small monastery they began to look interested. The Abbot met them at the gate and held out a richly carved cross, hoping against hope that somehow the holy symbol would work a miracle in the hard hearts of the raiders. A buffet from the hand of Olaf sent him spinning against the wall. Cormac, horrified, was left at the gate under guard while the Danes swiftly ransacked the place. The looting was carried on to the accompaniment of broken rough shouts, commands from Olaf to be quick, directions called from one group to another, the noise of battered-in doors and the crash of heavy furniture.

Presently a shout announced the discovery of treasure. The monks had been herded in the cellar, but they could see the proceedings in the yard through small barred windows. When they saw the Northmen carrying their precious books into the yard and throwing them down to be burned for the value of the gold clasps and hinges on the covers, there arose a common cry from them. It was of no avail. The match was applied to the precious tomes and the reverent artistic

labors of years went up in smoke. Out of the ashes the vandals raked the molten gold as soon as it had cooled.

Cormac watched the proceedings with unfeigned horror. He had come to accept as traditional a certain measure of peace and safety always accorded to the learned and to clergy. In Ireland all factions, no matter how bitter the quarrel, were accustomed to exempt monasteries and schools from the devastation of war, but here were people to whom learning, piety, art, meant nothing in comparison to the lust for gold.

After burning the books the Northmen tried to set fire to the buildings themselves. But fortunately for the monks they had builded of heavy timbers and stone, and the fire had not progressed very far after the Vikings had left before they broke out of their cellar and quenched it. But they fell heir to a sadly devastated establishment, as did all on whom the wrath of the sea-rovers fell.

Meanwhile the Vikings had approached nearer the town. The houses and gardens now became more numerous, and the boy, recognizing familiar scenes, trembled lest the dreadful orgy of destruction be repeated. Under Olaf's orders, however, the Northmen marched on towards the town itself.

The approach to the town led into a glen through which the road wound, at one point flanked by wooded hills on both sides. They were half way through this passage when suddenly the Irish war-cry sounded. Fierce men burst from the bushes on both sides, and charged them.

"An ambush!" cried Olaf. "Keep steady. Face out!"

The Irish were armed with their formidable eighteen-foot spears, and their first onset was sufficient to throw the line of the Danes into some disorder. There was a wild scene for a moment and the wood was filled with the battle cries of two races. Then the Vikings recovered their line. A hard battle began. The sea-rovers found it difficult to reach the attackers because of the length of their spears. The Irish, however, found it almost impossible to penetrate the excellent armor of their foes. The advantage on the whole was on the side of the Northmen. With long, powerful sweeps of the heavy sword they cut down the spears and rushing forward engaged the Irish at close quarters. Then the spearmen were driven back, but their place was immediately taken by stalwart fellows, wielders of the ponderous battle-ax.

The fight now became general, and when in the *mêlée* the man who guarded Cormac was suddenly struck down by a spear thrown from the wood, he leaped for the shelter of the trees and ran into the arms of Dermot!

"I ran to the town and roused the men," cried the younger lad breathlessly.

"I'll never forget it," cried Cormac, clasping his hand.

Cormac's father was there, his eyes sparkling with the joy of battle.

"Oh, it was you who threw that spear!" cried Cormac delightedly as the old man cut his bonds.

"It was," answered Cormac the Trader. "And now I want ye to keep well back from the fight. This is no place for boys. Promise me that! Ye can shoot arrows from the woods."

"I promise, father," answered Cormac. His father, satisfied, rushed again out of the woods and went into the fight. The boys, well hid in the woods now, followed the varying fortunes of the battle, which had become an affair of single combats. The Northmen, despite the orders of Olaf, were pursuing the Irish into the deep shade of the woods. In vain their chief exhorted them. They were getting the best of the fight! The unarmored Irish were giving way! That was enough. Cormac and Dermot shot a dozen shafts from the shelter of the wood.

Suddenly there was a rumbling like the burst of a thunder-cloud. Dermot leaped up and screamed and pointed. Entirely oblivious of danger, they leaped out into the open to see. Down the path came charging a body of the Irish horsemen, then, as now, a formidable cavalry. They struck the Northmen with a great crash. The Irish among the trees renewed their onset. The woods were filled with confused shouting, with the metallic blows of steel on steel and the cries of the wounded.

The horsemen more than equaled the superiority of the Vikings in armor. They rode to and fro among the knots of men, striking and parrying with extraordinary agility.

Olaf at last gave the order to retreat. The sea-rovers knew how to hold a line and they fell back only to the accompaniment of hard and bitter fighting. Dearly they made the Irish pay for their victory. The rejoicing shout of many a man among the conquerors was turned to a cry of pain.

All the way to the ships the Irish harried them, and the Danes returned blow for blow. A last fight took place on the beach. The sands were reddened with the blood of many a good man before the sea-rovers at last put forth in their Long Serpent.

The two boys had run along in the rear of the fight, and they had been able to help many an injured man, of whom more than one dropped out of line dripping-red and faint from wounds. Then came the monks with bandages and stretchers, for medicine and surgery were among their kindly services—and they gave healing both to the Irish and to the Danes. Cormac and Dermot hastened down to the beach to witness the last desperate battle when the Irish tried to cut the foreigners off from their ship and failed. Then, amid shouts, the Long Serpent put forth from the harbor to seek some easier prey.

Cormac's father came up. He wore a bloody bandage on his head. "There's someone I want ye to meet, boys," he said.

He led them to a young man who sat a tall rangy horse—the Irish Chief Brian, a man magnificently dressed according to the manner of the mounted Fianna. He sat his horse looking keenly out to sea after the Long Serpent.

"Chief, you have met my son, Cormac, but I want you to meet my son's friend, Dermot. They were both captured by the Danes when they landed."

The man on horseback gave kindly greeting to the boys. He asked them to describe the landing of the Danes, and they did so, one chiming in after the other till the Chief smiled.

"These are good boys," said Brian the Chief. "Some day I hope they will serve Ireland."

"Surely we will, sir," burst out Dermot fervently. "And I will follow thee into battle against the foreigners!"

"Go back now," Cormac's father said, "and aid the hurt men, both Danes and Irish. Some day, God willing, ye will serve under Brian—and then"—he lowered his voice to a whisper—"who knows perhaps he will be no longer Brian the Chief, but Brian the High King of Ireland."

The boys turned back once as they climbed the sandy path. Outlined against the blue sea they saw their chief sitting his tall horse. He was talking to two other horsemen. The monks moved actively among the wounded. Lithe,

scarlet-shirted cavalry scoured along the coast, following the movements of the Long Serpent. The smoke of a campfire rose into the air.

The two boys trotted in silence back towards the monastery. And in the mind of each rang the words: "Brian, High King of Ireland. Brian—High King of Ireland!"

CONFESSIOAL PRAYER.

BY FRANCIS CARLIN.

THAT the love of John
Who died in peace,
And the faith of Peter
Who was crucified,
And the hope of James
May never decrease
In this soul, thrice guilty,
For whom One died.

That Joseph's Care
Who dreamed and wrought—
That the Son of Mary,
Who wrought and dreamed
As the Son of God,
May cleanse each thought
Of this soul, thrice guilty,
Whom One redeemed.

That God the First,
Beneath, Above;
And that God the Second
Who died and lives;
And that God the Third
May forever love
This soul, thrice guilty,
Whom One forgives.

JUGO-SLAVIA: A MODERN KINGDOM.

BY HERBERT F. WRIGHT, PH.D.



HE King is dead! Long live the King!" It is thus the peoples of the Old World lament the death of their sovereigns and herald the accession of new sovereigns. It is thus the Serbian people lamented the death of their King and hailed his successor, when, on August 16, 1921, Peter I. passed away in the capital of his Kingdom after a number of years spent in voluntary exile. Born in 1844, the son of Alexander Kara-Georgevitch, he was the third in the line of Black George Petrovitch, the founder of the dynasty, to occupy the throne, to which he succeeded upon the murder of King Alexander of the Obrenovitch dynasty in 1903.

And now another Alexander is King of the Serbian State. Although a second son, he has for some time been the heir-apparent, his older brother, George, having renounced his right of succession in 1909. For a number of years, too, he has been prince-regent, for his father abandoned the supreme command and regency to him at the close of the first Balkan War and retired to Athens, to return finally that he might die in his own land.

"Kings pass, but governments endure." So it is, we trust, with Greater Serbia. It was but a few months ago that a new Constitution was voted for that country which had finally become the concrete realization of the dreams of Serbians for years past—a union of all Serbian peoples into a single State. It would indeed be a pity were that dream to be shattered in the first few months of its realization.

It will not require the memory of a Nestor to recall that, after the revolution in Austria-Hungary, the countries of Slovenia, Croatia, Bosnia and Dalmatia declared their independence. The movement for the formation of a State of Serbian peoples was crystallized by the union of the Austro-Serbian, Croatian and Slovenian parts of the decadent Austro-Hungarian monarchy with Serbia into a single State. There was some doubt for a while as to the position of Montenegro upon

such a union. This little mountain principality had, from its very origin, withstood attempts of other nations to absorb it, but the death of Prince Nicholas on March 1, 1921, left the way open for its definite absorption into Greater Serbia.

Greater Serbia became a reality on December 29, 1918, when the first Ministry of the Kingdom of the Serbs, Croats and Slovenes was formed, representing all the Jugo-Slav provinces. The Allied Governments were informed of the creation of the new State, and were not slow to grant recognition. The boundaries of the new State were definitely fixed by the Treaty of Rapallo. How these compare with the boundaries of the former Serbian State may be judged from the following comparison of the area and population of the constituent parts of the new State:

<i>District</i>	<i>Area in Square Miles</i>	<i>Population</i>
Serbia	42,098	4,955,631
Montenegro	3,536	238,423
Croatia	17,405	2,715,237
Bosnia and Herzegovina....	20,709	1,931,802
Dalmatia	5,090	621,503
Slovenia	6,790	875,090
Total	95,628	11,337,686

Until the new Constitution was adopted, the administration of Serbia was based on the Serbian Constitution of June 5, 1903, and the administration of the other provinces which form part of the Kingdom, on the local laws and the agreement arrived at on December 1, 1918, between the representatives of the Kingdom of Serbia and those of the provinces joined with Serbia. The elections for the Constituent Assembly, held on November 28, 1920, resulted as follows:

Radicals	102
Democrats	94
Croatian Agrarians (Raditch Party).....	51
Communists	42
Serb Agrarians	33
Mohammedans	25
Catholic People's Party.....	21
Total	368

The ministry appointed February 19, 1921, including Protitch,

head of the Old Radical Party, as Premier, and Trumbitch as Minister of Foreign Affairs, was composed as follows:

Old Radicals	8
National Croatian Club	3
Slovene Clericals	3
National	1
National State Club.....	1
Unassigned	2
Vacant	1
<hr/>	
Total	19

The Constituent Assembly met on December 12, 1920, the Croatian Peasant Party and the Croatian Republicans refusing to take part therein. Including them, however, the various districts were represented as follows:

Old Serbia	158
Montenegro	8
Bosnia-Herzegovina	63
Batchka	25
Banat	20
Dalmatia	11
Croatia and Slavonia	93
Slovenia	38
<hr/>	
Total	416

It was on May 12, 1921, that the assiduous labors of the Constituent Assembly resulted in the adoption of a Constitution, inspired in its grander lines by the Serbian Constitution of 1903, which in turn owes much to the Belgian Constitution of 1831. From the day when M. Protitch directed the elaboration of a draft, its successive handlings have not been without fruit. Retouched by the Vesnitch Cabinet, then by the Pashitch Cabinet and, finally, by the Committee on the Constitution, it bears the impress of careful agreements reached by the Government parties (Radicals, Democrats, Bosnian Mohammedans and Agrarians) only after much discord and laborious consideration. In the long months of discussion, however, the general principles of the new charter have remained intact. The initial draft of M. Protitch was much more extensive than that which was finally ratified by

the vote of May 12th; nevertheless, its essential provisions are found therein, although expressed in a less rigid form.

The first question—and not the least discussed—was that of a definitive name for the new State. The name “Jugo-Slavia” was advocated by the national groups (Croats and Slovenes), because, they said, it was short and in general use, lent itself to adjectival forms and in usage had assumed a federalist meaning. The Serbs energetically opposed this, because, they claimed, for the benefit of the union they had already abjured their name, their flag and their State. They were loath to adopt a title from which the word “Serb” entirely disappeared and which would imply to outsiders a sort of composite State. Moreover, the longer name which was favored by them had already acquired currency in all the treaties, agreements and other official documents. To their point of view rallied all the unitarist or fusionist parties, that is, the vast majority of the country. The new State shall be called, therefore, the “Kingdom of the Serbs, Croats and Slovenes.”

The essential provisions of the Constitution are those which treat of the King, the legislative power, the administrative organization and religious liberty.

The Jugo-Slav State is a parliamentary and hereditary constitutional monarchy. The sovereign is, or was, Peter I. Kara-Georgevitch, the crown shall pass in the male line by the order of primogeniture. The person of the King is inviolable; no proceedings can be instituted against him except in matters which concern his private property. The King names officials and promulgates the laws. All acts issued by him must be countersigned by the responsible minister. The Minister of War is responsible for the acts of the monarch as commander-in-chief of the armies on land and sea.

The King has the right to pardon and grant amnesty, with some exceptions. He declares war, with the previous consent of the Chamber if the country is not the object of an aggression. He concludes peace and treaties; in certain instances the previous authorization of the Chamber is necessary. This authority is also required for the King to become the head of a foreign State. The King swears, in the presence of the Chamber, to observe faithfully the Constitution and laws, as well as to maintain the national integrity and unity.

The legislative power is intrusted to a single Chamber. In the Constituent Assembly there were quite divergent views on this point. Politicians of the old generation urged the institution of a Senate, and the Protitch project implied in fact a bicameral system. But afterwards, this provision was reconsidered and the project submitted to the Constituent Assembly provided for but one house. After all, the Senate has not left a pleasant impression upon the memory of the Serbian people, who well remember that Alexander Obrenovitch, annoyed by a few life senators, suspended the Constitution of 1901 for an hour—but a single hour—and ousted the trouble makers. And although a constitutional eclipse of this kind is no longer to be feared, it has seemed more in keeping with the spirit of a peasant democracy to keep the unicameral system which figures in the Serbian Constitution of 1869, 1888 and 1903.

The Chamber is elected by universal ballot, direct and secret, in the ratio of one deputy for each 50,000 inhabitants, about two hundred and eighty deputies in all, with representation of the minorities. The King can dissolve the Chamber, provided that the decree of dissolution bears the signature of all the ministers and prescribes new elections within a maximum period of three months and the convocation of the New Assembly within a period of four months.

Perhaps the most serious question before the Constituent Assembly was that of the administrative and judicial reorganization of the Kingdom on a unitary and equitable basis. This question is necessarily bound up with the problem of autonomies. It is well known that Jugo-Slav autonomy includes, besides quite legitimate tendencies toward administrative and economic decentralization, particularist thrusts whose logical result would be a veritable political separatism. For example, the movement to restore George to his rights as first-born renounced by him some years ago, would probably have spelled the dismemberment of Greater Serbia. On the other hand, the present régime is a heterogeneous collection, such as might in fact be termed federalism.

The legislative enactments of the old Austro-Hungarian provinces are still in force in their essential prescriptions. Serbia, properly so-called, is divided, as heretofore, into departments, arrondissements and communes, in the French manner. Croatia is divided into counties and circles; they

still possess "royal free cities." Slovenia and Dalmatia preserve the provinces (*Länder*) of the Austrian administration.

From the point of view of the judiciary, the confusion is still more perceptible. Croatia-Slavonia preserves its famous "Table of Seven" (Supreme Court or Court of Cassation) and its "Table of the Ban" (Court of Appeal). The name, competence and statute of the jurisdictions varies from one province to another.

The military organization alone has received in the new State a complete unification. To extend this unification to the other branches of the administration, the Constituent Assembly took into account the local traditions and susceptibilities, and therefore provided for a period of transition. A special legislative committee, to be elected by the Chamber from its membership, shall examine all projects of unification or leveling which are brought forward during a period of five years. It shall submit them, with its advice, to the Assembly, which shall decide upon their adoption or rejection by a single vote on a nominal ballot.

The question of religions remains. Passionate discussions were evoked when the Committee on the Constitution examined the provisions tending to put in the charter the "*kanzel-paragraf*" of the electoral law. It is under this term that the article is known which prohibits officials and members of the clergy from placing their spiritual authority at the disposal of party interests. Catholics, naturally, believed themselves intended by this prohibition, and their anxiety is explained if one remembers the ardor with which the clergy participated in the election campaigns. The "*kanzelparagraf*," while its name by an abusive turn suggests the time of the *Kulturkampf*, nevertheless, appears to be a measure of practical wisdom and foresight. The hierarchy itself seems to be the first to be alarmed at the activity of not a few priests in political life, to the detriment of their moral authority. However, the Constitution assures a complete freedom of worship to all recognized religious denominations. The budget, which is assigned to them, will be repartitioned among the confessions *pro rata* to the number of communicants. It is difficult to see how the matter could be arranged otherwise in a country where plurality of religions make tolerance and equality a matter of vital necessity.

The fundamental rights and duties of citizens, or what might be termed the "bill of rights," are contained in the second part of the Constitution, from Article 4 to Article 21. Certain social and economic provisions, among which might be noted the interdiction of usury in all forms, the provision for sick, accident and life insurance of workmen, and the provision for aid to veterans, war widows and orphans, are contained in Part III., Articles 22-24. The powers of the State are outlined in Part IV., Articles 45-48, and subsequent parts treat of these powers in detail.

An interesting sidelight on one of the difficulties encountered by the Constituent Assembly is given by M. Ivo Ribar in *La Revue de Genève* for July. In this article, the president of the Jugo-Slav Constituent Assembly tells why the Croat and Slovene peasants remained hostile to the centralized power for such a long time. They had been raised in Austria-Hungary in the distrust of the State, always the oppressor. They had come to believe every evil came from it and its army of officials, and that the only remedy therefore must be the destruction of the State. Such a reasoning, he says, is today used abusively by conscienceless agitators in their attempts to undermine Jugo-Slav unity. In fact, the Croat peasants of the Raditch Party and the deputies of the Narodni Club (National Club), whose head is M. Matal-Drinkovitch, refused, as mentioned above, to participate in the labors of the Constituent Assembly, and therefore did not vote for the new Constitution.

The new Constitution, it is hoped, will mark the beginning of an era of peaceful and fruitful labor. In effect, it ratifies the decision of the international council, which had placed in the hands of a young South-Slav people its own organization and its own destiny. If the noble words of this document are not treated as mere "scraps of paper," as has happened with some of the other new States of Europe, there is every reason to believe that it is the ruin of the hopes of those who, within and without the Kingdom, had counted upon the disruption of the State.

"A DIVINE FAILURE."

BY M. G. CHADWICK.



THERE is old Rome, and there is, alas! new Rome, the modern substitute for the desert, where the contemplative soul is assailed by the demons of weariness and disgust. It is a soulless desolation, glaring with direct sunlight, dazzling with white dust, ill-built and insufferable. The pines of the Prati, the great cypresses of Villa Ludovisi and their long shadows, have given place to cheap villas, noisy hotels, shops and barracks. But there is still a district of ancient palaces, small *piazze*, narrow immemorial streets—the "Street of the Dark Shops" for instance, the streets "of Paradise," "of the Rope-makers," "of the Cat"—where Rome is still Rome, and the people still—in the main—Romans. It is a region of famous names—Palazzo Mattei, Braschi, Altieri, Spinola, and so many others; and here, at the foot of the Capitol, is the very old and famous house of Torre de' Specchi, extending well-nigh the whole length of the narrow street that repeats its name. Outwardly, it might be a prison. The heavy walls, smooth and brown, are pierced in their great thickness with small infrequent windows, set irregularly and for the most part barred. An ancient column, half imbedded in plaster, stands huddled into the wall near to an arched doorway; a row of little shops have wedged themselves underneath the great house for half its length; and the winding old street takes its way from Piazza Ara Coeli, under the Tarpeian Rock, down to Santa Maria in Portico, tumultuous Piazza Montanara, and the grim Theatre of Marcellus. A great and famous house—this Torre de' Specchi, but silent and impenetrable, even beyond the wont of Roman houses.

For five centuries it has been a garden enclosed, a fountain sealed, a treasure house of Rome. Within, is the still living work of Francesca de' Ponziani, known to the Church as Santa Francesca Romana, whose life has been spoken of as "a Divine Failure." Born in the days, so terrible to the Church, of the great Schism, she lived to see the Council of Constance,

the deposition of two anti-Popes, the election of the powerful Colonna, Martin V. She saw Eugenius IV. fly as a fugitive to Bologna, before the onslaught of Nicolo Bracciaforte, and mourned the years of his exile from the city; to her ears came rumors of the doings at Bâsle, the sullen struggles of Pope and Council. Her days were days of strife and affliction, of schism, war, pestilence, famine, distress. Francesco de' Pontiziani, dying at fifty-six, had seen whole cycles of history, the sins of men, the anger of God, as well as His persistent inscrutable Providences. One divines that she was glad to die, fatigued in heart by evils that seemed to have no end and no respite.

The daughter of Paolo Bussa and Jacobella dei Roffredeschi, her home was in the "*rione*" of Parione and in the parish of Sant' Agnese in Piazza Navona. Her great kinsmen, the Orsini, dominated Parione, as they did also the *rioni* of Ponte and Regola; they had their fortress in Pompeii's Theatre, hard by Campo de' Fiori. Orsini and Colonna, Savelli and Frangipani, had for centuries waged war with one another, with the Pope, with their neighbors. She was born into a wild world. But the little girl grew up untouched by Rome's tumult, molded by far different influences. She was a sensitive, charming child, and her mother seems to have treasured greatly the small daughter, who had so clear an individuality, so firm an intelligence, and who was also, as her heart divined, so near and so dear to heaven. When she was old enough, she was taken each week to confession at Santa Maria Nuova in the Forum, where a Father of the famous Olivetan Congregation became her regular confessor, and directed her spiritual life until she was a woman of forty. Who could have guessed that Santa Maria Nuova would hereafter bear the name of this child-penitent?

Francesca now began to live her own individual life of the spirit; she had the courage of a hardy boy when it came to penance; she obeyed already with the inbred patience of a Roman woman; she prayed as God—very tenderly—taught her to do; she was gay and happy as only a child can be. A few years passed. Into her heart, as she grew, came—how naturally—the vision of romance that has always allured the hearts of the Saints—the archetypal romance. *Audi filia et vide*, said the angel. She went to her confessor full of her

project, her eyes shining. What could he say? A life given jealously to God—what else was fitting for this child of grace and charm? She went to her parents eagerly, but their faces darkened and became impassive. Shortly afterwards, her father told her that he had promised her in marriage to the second son of the Ponziani, Lorenzo—a match perfectly fitting and desirable. She protested with a storm of tears, her father very sternly ordered her to obey. She was but twelve years old.

When she appealed to her confessor as to her right to chose the perfect life, he took part with her parents, and enforced their will upon her, seeing, no doubt, in obedience her manifest duty. The Roman tradition on this point was incredibly strong, coming down from the days when a Roman father might scourge, imprison, or even put to death his sons; he being truly, in the grim phrase, "master in his own house." It is terrible to read of this child's heartbroken submission to what she supposed to be the will of God; to hear of her bitter sobbing on her wedding day, her white looks, her sacrificial obedience. She began her forty years of married life, not as a young girl should, but with broken hopes.

The Ponziani seem to have been won by her charm, so that—as far as could be—she found with them a happy home. Her young husband was indulgent, her sister-in-law, Vanozza, wife of the elder son, came to love her with enduring affection. It was this sweet Vanozza, motherly beyond her years, who drew from the unhappy child an avowal of her real mind as to the life on which she was entering. Profoundly moved, she promised her little sister-in-law to help her in every way, and, indeed, the two girls devised for themselves a life of ardent devotion, as well as of all practical duty. Francesca, with great sweetness, did all her husband desired—dressed to content his pride in her, was gracious to his friends, serviceable to his family. He seems to have loved his little Saint, and to have defended her fiercely against those who condemned her "seriousness." But now, grief and strain had their revenge—a wasting illness attacked Francesca, so that she was very like to die, and Vanozza's tender nursing seemed in vain. She was cured, suddenly and miraculously, by the young Roman Saint, Alexis, who fled from the bride his parents forced upon him, and lived as a hermit and pilgrim, dying at last, un-

known, in his own father's house on the Aventine. What wonder that into the girl's soul the Vision came again, with tenfold strength—the longing to go straight to God, unhindered, to escape to the rich loneliness of the solitary life? She suffered as she had, perhaps, not yet suffered. But it was not to be.

Francesca came back to her duties; only Vanozza and she enlarged their hours of prayer, and Francesca, at least, gave herself to unrelenting penance. The floor of her oratory at the top of Casa Ponziani was, often enough, splashed with blood. When she was seventeen, came the birth of a little son, Battista; and shortly afterwards, at the death of her mother-in-law, Francesca was put at the head of Casa Ponziani, though that office fell naturally to Vanozza. But Francesca they would have, and so, at eighteen, she shouldered this heavy task. At least two other children were born to her—a boy, Evangelista, and a girl, Agnese. Of her exquisite care of these children and of her devotion to them we are expressly told.

And now her life was caught up into the political happenings of those terrible days, when arrogant anti-Popes, fierce soldiers and venal Cardinals made the Church a battlefield and Rome a pawn in the gigantic disgraceful game. Ladislaus and his Neapolitans, strongly aided by the Colonna, occupied the city with terror and violence. The Ponziani were "*Papalini*," adherents of Pope Alexander V., and suffered accordingly. Lorenzo was attacked and carried home in what seemed a dying condition; his elder brother was made prisoner; his son, Battista, demanded as a hostage. Francesca's prayers obtained the boy's release, and within a short time, Ladislaus was hunted from Rome by the Duke of Anjou. But, in the year following, the terror returned. Alexander V., the legitimate Pope, died at Bologna, another anti-Pope was elected—that Baldassare Cossa, who now lies in the Florence Baptistery—and the Neapolitans streamed back into Rome, violent and bloodthirsty. Lorenzo de' Ponziani fled for his life, leaving his wife and children. The invaders sacked his palace, wasted his lands, carried off the luckless Battista, now ten years old, as prisoner; and Francesca, her house left unto her desolate, lived as she could with Vanozza and her younger children.

Rome, once again, lay sacked, burned, dishonored; her

ancient stones, every one of which had tasted blood, renewed their terrible feast. Afterwards came the horrors that wait on war, pain and death in every broken street, famine and pestilence slaying their hundreds of victims. Francesca's heart woke to a passionate pity, an assiduous service. She, who loved the poor, gathered them together, sick and dying, into a hospital hastily arranged in the lower story of half-ruined Casa Ponziani. With their own hands, she and Vanozza tended them. From her *vigna* outside Porta San Paolo, she fetched them wood to burn, herbs and fruit. The miserable hovels of Rome knew her, the beggars on the bridges also, the forlorn fugitives who slept in the streets. The pestilence ate its way through the city, like a sullen fire. Francesca's hands healed, almost, what she touched—pain, disease, wounds; so, to conceal God's gift she made her famous ointment to which cures might be attributed. The large, heavy bowl she used for it is still preserved. Yet, in spite of this stratagem, we find in her process of canonization sixty miracles of healing, worked at this time, and set down for us.

In all the gloomy town there was no one who could console like this lady with the tender hands. But her house was to be left unto her more desolate than ever. Evangelista, her little son, died of the pestilence, and she who saved others, could not save him—or herself. She wept unceasingly for his loss. But although she was assuredly to go to him, he was also to return to her. He came one morning, as day dawned, radiant and loving, and Francesca held him in her arms. He whispered to her the pain and joy to come. Agnese, the little daughter, was to die before many days were over, and he, too, must go quickly whence he came—to a delight that has no words. But he would leave her as guardian—an Archangel. Francesca raised her face from the child's and saw the radiant being already before her. By the tenderness of God, she saw always her Archangel, and saw him in the likeness of Evangelista—he seemed a child of nine with golden curls. By her side in the rough streets he walked in grave beauty; by the light of his hair, it is said, she could see to read on a dark night. Her spiritual life, so full of suffering, was permeated by her Angel's personality; he guided her, at once interiorly and visibly, so that her life became a marvel.

Sanctity is no child's game, as we can dimly see, but it is

not every saint who lives as she lived, with an intensity almost cruel. Austerity so terrible that the very reading of it brings tears; assaults of evil angels full of foul violence; an active slavery to the poor; a continual passion of prayer, the mind taught with visions and filled with prophecy—life burnt like a furnace. Agnese died, and she was childless—save for Battista in exile. What wonder that she sickened, and lay on a bed of unceasing pain, nursed by Vanozza, with love and with tears. During this illness her famous vision of hell came to her; its black anguish is depicted in the terrible imagery we see on the walls of her chapel in Torre de' Specchi today.

And now, in 1414, Ladislaus being dead, her husband and son could return to Rome, and to Francesca, who, for four years, had lived among shadows. The old life was resumed; but Lorenzo, chastened and wiser, looked with more wistful eyes at his exquisite Francesca, at her sweet holiness. He began to think deeply of eternal things, to talk with his wife of what so filled her heart, to pray. A more spiritual tie grew up between them. Years passed. The schism ended when the Council of Constance, all obstacles being removed, elected the virile Colonna, Martin V.; for awhile there was peace in the Church. Years passed, unmarked for Francesca, save by the deep experiences of the spiritual life. By day and by night she saw the noble looks of her Archangel; there was always Casa Ponziani and its inmates, dear to her heart; the day came when she was gladdened by the little children born to her son, Battista. There were always the sick to heal, the sorrowful to soothe, the insatiable, piteous poor; always the terrible demons at war with her; always prayer, the burning life of the spirit, the strange will of God. The years came in and went out.

And then, no new thing happened, or hardly anything, yet it was the beginning for which God had waited. A little handful of women, her friends, were wont to frequent with her the churches of Rome. Coming, one day, out of Santa Maria Nuova, the little group began to speak of their admiration for the Olivetan monks, and for the noble Benedictine tradition. Francesca suggested that there might be a Third Order of St. Benedict, after the model of the Franciscan Tertiaries. The idea was eagerly discussed, developed, considered, submitted to the superiors of the Order, approved by them. Finally, on

the fifteenth of August, 1425, Francesca and her companions made their oblation to Our Lady at Santa Maria Nuova. They were to be Oblates of Mary, affiliated to the Olivetan Benedictines, united among themselves by a few simple rules of life. Francesca was beset by the old pain—the longing to leave the world, to devote herself to this new work. But although Lorenzo had given her the most complete freedom, he had made her promise that she would stay with him until his death—he could not part with his Saint—and she obediently had given her word. But the pain was—pain.

The little sketch of an undertaking—the new Oblates—was as the sown grain of a harvest to be, and God seemed to spend Himself in care and providence for the fragile project. No great Order was ever launched upon the world with more of supernatural intervention and solicitude. The Court of Heaven was involved in offices of protection for the Oblates. The great Pope, St. Gregory, exhorted her; rules and counsels in ample and touching detail were given her; she was treated with as, indeed, a foundress. The years came in, and went out, softly, inexorably. At last, a house was bought; the Pope's approval—Eugenius IV. had succeeded Martin V.—sought and obtained; then, after many anxieties, into the blessed and famous walls of Torre de' Specchi, Francesca and her Oblates entered on March 25, 1433. She entered with them, and, obediently, returned to Casa Ponziani. Lorenzo would give her no permission to remain. Two years later, Lorenzo died, nursed through a long illness by his wife, and went—we may well believe—to await her in heaven. She now had no other thought but to end her days at Torre de' Specchi; but she had first to encounter the passionate grief of her son, Battista, his wife and children, who could not endure to see her go. Sobbing herself, she held them in her arms, and then turned and went from them to her City of Refuge, the vision of Peace that had haunted her life.

For four years, as Mother of her Oblates, Francesca's heart had its rest. She worked tender marvels for her daughters, taught them the ways of God, as ever, was at the command of the poor; and for the rest, lived in long ecstasies, during which she, not seldom, held the Divine Child in her arms. Her tomb is in Santa Maria Nuova, now more generally known as Santa Francesca Romana.

Torre de' Specchi is her work—a house of Oblates, that, with few rules, and no vows, has flourished for almost five centuries—a place of recollection, gentle silence, profound prayer. In the simple, black robes, white caps and short pleated veils that recall some of the Flemish pictures, the Oblates of Santa Francesca—known in Rome as “the noble Oblates”—live the life she devised for them. It is a house of singular freedom. There are no vows, no enclosure, no jurisdiction save that of the Holy Father, there are very few obligations. The “Mother President” is elected with ceremony—the ceremony almost of a Papal election—and her daughters kiss her hand in sign of submission, for she has the spiritual and temporal government of the house, and, with her two counselors, the regulation of everything. Each Oblate gives a certain dowry to the house, and beyond that has the ownership and disposal of her own property. The Congregation is affiliated to the Olivetan Benedictines, who receive the “oblation” of each member. The Breviary used is the monastic one, and its noble words are chanted daily in choir.

The *Venerabile Casa* is a unique institution; nothing could be more simple or more likely, one would say, to have failed, than the life of this ancient house—and yet it has never failed; though attempts to found similar houses have always done so. There are a few rules concerning dress and food, there is the Divine Office, there are the customs of the house; but there is an individual liberty that is very complete. The Oblate “lives her own life”—a thing rarely to be accomplished anywhere. They have, in fact, a singular, emphatic individuality, these gravely gracious women, in their austere dress. The annals of Torre de' Specchi are full of the records of saintly Oblates distinguished for the monastic virtues of silence and prayer, obedience and detachment. The contemplative life is led here, as truly as in a Carmelite Convent.

The great house, set in two quadrangles, holds within its ancient walls the essential fragrance of Rome, and is beautiful as only an Italian house can be. The immense refectory, that would seat one hundred persons, recalls some of the fifteenth century paintings in Florence. The seventeenth century Chapel has fine marbles, and is hung with heavy damask behind the pilastered stalls. Endless corridors, brick-paved and as wide as roads, run round the quadrangles, behind rows

of cells; stairs lead upwards to dim heights; the place is dusky and cool, a maze of lobbies, chapels, ante-rooms; it is starred with lamps alight before many shrines. There is a paved *cortile* with an ancient well, a garden of lemon trees and oleanders, where a fountain rustles all day. Everywhere is order, peace, silence, tempered light, the perfume of an ancient house. Behind the refectory is the original house of the Oblates, where Francesca dwelt with them for the last four years of her life—there are to be seen her cell, the stair she used, the Chapel, its brown dusk lit faintly by the colors of the frescoes that cover its walls. We may study here the story of her miracles, the imagery, too, of her famous vision of hell.

Francesca's life was a "failure." She had the capacity, the thirst, the vocation for the perfect life. At every stage in her history that longing breaks forth in fruitless pain; there is nothing more touching in the story of sanctity—one thinks sometimes of an angel set to work in a factory. Teresa, Gertrude, Clare—what whole and harmonious lives were theirs, moving in predestined orbits to music assigned. Beside them, the no less exquisite Francesca seems a thing thwarted and broken. But we are to ask—what *is* failure? We reflect that God is not an optimist, in our sense of the word; that He is not concerned to set each soul in the "best" surroundings; and yet, when we muse upon Francesca, we can but marvel at the way in which He spent Himself on her and on her undertaking. Great Orders grow, endure with a Divine strength, but so does Francesca's House—it is as manifestly blessed as they. The daughters of the great Roman families have always come in their numbers to serve God in the contemplative life at Torre de' Specchi, and thus it has been for five centuries and for all Rome a saintly influence and a high example.

New Books.

THE STORY OF THE IRISH RACE. *A Popular History of Ireland.* By Seumas MacManus. Assisted by Several Irish Scholars. New York: The Irish Publishing Co. \$6.00.

This popular history has many excellent features to recommend it. It has been written and prepared by a man whose literary and political associations guarantee a popular narrative which will satisfy the critical sense and appeal to a high grade of intelligence. Many of the chapters have been contributed by specialists without affecting seriously the organic unity of the work; and valuable lists of references are appended to important chapters for the convenience of those who may desire to pursue the matter further. The history is brought down to October, 1921, when President De Valera accepted the invitation of Premier Lloyd George for a peace conference in London. There is a blank page with the superscription: "On this page write or paste in the result of the Peace Conference."

It will be seen that the story thus supplies all the material needed for a proper background to the present critical situation in Irish political affairs. It is a badly needed book in this country. Seldom have the editors of American newspapers shown so much painful ignorance of their subject as in their solemn pronouncements on the Irish question during these last few momentous years. Solely in the interests of high intelligent standards, we recommend American journalists to look over the last thirty chapters or so of this history. They are not long chapters, nor are they hard to read. There is perhaps no parallel in literature, for dramatic intensity of interest and feeling, to the modern political history of Ireland. And the subject matter has not lost any of its inherent advantages in the hands of Mr. MacManus.

The least satisfactory chapter is that on the modern literature of Ireland, where we expected to see the author at his best. In his account of the Gaelic revival during the last century, the omission of the name of Archbishop McHale is strange and inexplicable. And in the sketch of Anglo-Irish letters of more recent date, the brevity imposed upon the author by considerations of space and proportion can hardly serve as a sufficient excuse for not including the name of Canon Sheehan among those who made notable contributions to the renewal of the national spirit.

One other important omission to be noted is the absence of

any reference to the Educational Bill put through by Mr. Birrell in 1908. It made it possible for the youth of Ireland to obtain a university education without doing violence to their religious beliefs. The result has been the enlightened leadership which has brought the struggle for Irish liberties to a point of success never dreamed of by the last generation. The "campaign of education and enlightenment," which has served English-speaking countries so long as a convenient means of attack upon Catholics, has been a powerful boomerang in recent Irish history. It is hard to see how Mr. MacManus overlooked this critical and decisive step in Irish political life.

On the whole, the work is admirable and most opportune. The format is attractive; the cover artistically designed; and the price, in comparison with the prices of the regular book publishers, astonishingly cheap.

THE LIFE OF JEAN HENRI FABRE. By the Abbé Augustin Fabre. Translated by Bernard Miall. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. \$2.50.

This work, painstakingly executed, is a fitting complement to the *Souvenirs Entomologiques*, from which, indeed, most of its material is drawn. It was called forth by the jubilee of the great entomologist, celebrated at his Provençal home in 1910. The final chapter, dealing with the period immediately preceding Fabre's death in 1915, at the ripe age of ninety-two, was written especially for the English edition.

By means of copious extracts from the *Souvenirs*, the biographer has allowed the scientist to tell his own story, a literary method particularly stimulating in the case of a man like Jean Henri Fabre, who combined in an unusual degree the scientific and the poetic faculties. If he was distinguished by an ardent love of truth, he was likewise distinguished by a burning desire, and a not inconsiderable ability, to impart that truth in terms both illuminating and agreeable. Victor Hugo did more than employ a well-turned phrase when he alluded to him as "the insects' Homer." He has told of their lives and their loves in sentences that deserve to live as literature quite as much as natural history. They were his companions, his friends, whose goings-out and comings-in, whose pains and toils and deaths were to him parts of a great epic.

One catches glimpses, too, of other people besides the master, some of them men of world renown: Victor Duruy, who coaxed him forth from his obscurity at Avignon to pin upon his coat the ribbon of the Legion of Honor; Pasteur, who called upon him to

learn something of the silk-worm; Darwin, who, although in some respects at an opposite scientific pole, took pleasure in rendering him the homage that only one great man can pay another.

Jean Henri Fabre's span of over ninety years was marked by vicissitude. He ran the gamut of dire poverty, keen disappointment and much misunderstanding. To see the hermit of Sérignan surrounded by his insects and his collaborators, the children who, in exchange for pennies, bring him the trophies of the field and the shepherd who unwittingly lets him into the scarab's secret, is to witness another sublime example of the glorification of the commonplace.

The Catholic reader will regret that the biographer has dealt more than could be desired in spiritual generalities. We are told of Fabre's early life, quite obviously that of any French lad of pious parentage; we learn of the entomologist's somewhat naïve references to God; and at the close of the narrative we find him receiving the Sacraments, after an exhortation from the Archbishop of Avignon "to die as a Christian." There is, then, an area untouched by the story, as we have it. In view of the fact that Fabre has been hailed as one of our Catholic men of science, is it asking too much that we know more definitely of his attitude towards the Church during his middle and later years? We suspect that that page might be one of the most interesting in the volume.

THE GREAT SCHOOLMEN OF THE MIDDLE AGES. By W. J. Townsend. New York: G. E. Stechert & Co. \$4.00.

This book is a popular compendium without any pretensions to learning. The works on which it is based are mainly non-Catholic, old and, in many cases, have been superseded by modern studies. The author has sympathy and respect for Scholasticism and the Scholastic doctors. He thinks their opinions and systems worth considering; he believes that their achievements in the history of human thought and progress were noteworthy; he embodies many useful quotations from non-Catholic writers in praise of these old and decried philosophers. A person seeking texts with an apologetic or polemic bearing could glean a great deal in these pages. But at the same time a Protestant tone pervades the book. Many of its assertions require to be very carefully sifted and severely controlled; some of them are absolutely false, for instance, that the Papacy previous to the election of St. Gregory X., was vacant for fifteen years. There was indeed a vacancy between the death of Clement IV. and the election of St. Gregory X., but it lasted less than three years. Again, the author

speaks of several Popes in a manner offensive to Catholic sentiment; while his strictures on two Popes of Avignon, namely, Clement V. and John XXII., are not borne out by the researches of modern historians. If one professes to discourse, even incidentally, on the Popes of Avignon, one must push one's inquiries considerably beyond Milman's *History of Latin Christianity*. A cursory glance over the immense bibliography referred to in Mol-lat's *Les Papes d'Avignon* will show immediately how enormously this field of inquiry has grown.

HERMAN MELVILLE—MARINER AND MYSTIC. By Raymond M. Weaver. New York: George H. Doran Co. \$3.50.

Those who through admiration for that American classic, *Moby Dick*, have admired its author will be woefully disappointed in this life of Herman Melville.

Melville was born in New York City in 1819. At the age of thirty his literary powers were recognized on two continents; at thirty-two he wrote *Moby Dick*, the high watermark of his creative powers. He looked for a reward and triumph that were certainly his due. The waves of poverty, of neglect, of bitterness came in even to his soul and drowned him. He died in obstinate obscurity in 1891. Mr. Weaver tells the pitiable story with power and literary grace. He has labored to present all the obtainable documents and has read, what are not always easy reading, all the works of Melville.

Melville first believing in the world and men; later, through disappointment, began to question, then to deny, and then to hate. Of fine moral caliber, of an unspotted superior selfishness, his body withstood that which conquered his soul. Disillusioned repeatedly, he despised men, despised himself, despised all human kind. That this picture of Melville is true is evident both from Melville's writings and the further data given by his biographer. And he has found a biographer in perfect sympathy with his worst moods. Indeed, in this very sympathy lies the failure of the present biography.

Not a smile, nor a kindness, nor a healthy gesture of encouragement illumines the book. Not one word is said of Melville's religious training or belief in his youth or in his later life. How far his despair was a reaction from that training is never discussed. Melville was a religious man. The biography is padded with needlessly long digressions, replete with sophomoric finalisms that prove the author's inability to measure the character of his subject. To the biographer humanity is the herd. "Openly to harbor convictions repugnant to the herd is still the unfor-

givable sin against the most holy of ghosts." "Knight Errantry was a shabby form of the butchering business." "The truest historians are the poets." "The fall from innocence was begun in Eden, it was sealed in Bethlehem." "In the Middle Ages the Blessed Mother was celebrated in a duality of perplexing incompatibility, she was at once the Virgin Mother of the Son of God and the patron of thieves, harlots and cutthroats."

Nor does the biographer understand fully the allegory of *Moby Dick*. True it may be, as Melville himself wrote of the work: "I have written a wicked book." But iniquity may lie unto itself and wickedness bear testimony to the truth of God. The white whale is the heart of humanity. Captain Ahab is mad, and be it carefully noted, mad with hate. In hatred he pursues, seeking revenge. With all his hate he rushes upon the whale—and the whale turns and destroys him and his ship and his ship's crew.

He who loves not humankind and the heart of humankind, wicked, faithless, ungrateful, treacherous as it is—he who turns upon it in disdainful hate—will be destroyed by it. To change the figure, Melville hanged upon his own gibbet—a terrible lesson in literature and in spiritual life. But his biographer has missed it entirely. Spiritual vision is necessary in literary criticism, as it is if we would be saved from the world and attain the kingdom of heaven.

JOHN PATRICK, THIRD MARQUESS OF BUTE, K. T. By the Right Rev. Sir David Hunter Blair, Bt., O.S.B. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. \$5.00.

Dom Hunter Blair has written in this volume the official biography of the great and saintly Catholic nobleman who is best remembered today for his monumental translation of the Roman Breviary into English, but who fifty years ago was, perhaps, better known to the English public as the supposed prototype of Disraeli's novel, *Lothair*. Bute was a descendant of Robert I., King of Scotland, and his name is famous in the annals of Scottish and English history. He went to Harrow and to Christ Church, but does not seem to have been at all influenced by the aftermath of the Oxford Movement. This despite the fact that his main interests were, from the beginning, ecclesiastical. At nineteen he had made up his mind to join the Catholic Church, a decision arrived at purely by the grace of God and the application of an enlightened common sense to the facts of history. In deference to the feelings of his friends and advisors, however, he abstained from fulfilling his purpose until he reached his majority. Thence-

forward, he devoted himself unfalteringly to the advancement of the interests of the Church of his adoption. He traveled much and wrote much—mainly upon archæological and ecclesiological topics; he built and restored churches; he adorned the office of Rector of St. Andrews' University by his tenure of it.

His worldly wealth and prestige, his gifts of intellect and taste, his far-flung social and ecclesiastical influence—all these he used consistently and persistently in the service of Christ and Christ's Church. It is a wonderful record that is here set forth with such grace and charm of style. It is most touching to read at the close of this fine biography that shortly after Bute's funeral, his widow, with her daughter and three sons, left England for the Holy Land, in order to carry out his long-cherished desire that his heart should be interred in the sacred soil of Olivet. This book is an important addition to what someone once called "the literature of the Second Spring."

ON THE TRAIL OF THE PIGMIES. By Dr. Leonard John Vanden Bergh. New York: James A. McCann Co. \$3.00.

Nine years of previous travel in East Africa and a practical knowledge of one of the Bantu languages had fitted Father Vanden Bergh for the anthropological exploration, of which this book gives a very interesting account. The expedition was made with the coöperation of the American Museum of Natural History, and the photographs were taken under the guidance of Dr. George Shattuck, formerly Professor of Geology at Johns Hopkins and Vassar. The purpose of the author was to give a true version of the habits of various East African tribes, such as the Wanyika, Masai, Wakamba, Kavirondo and the curious pigmy people, known as the Mambuti. Many of the investigations are extremely valuable in the case of tribes such as the Pigmies and Kavirondo, which have never before been the subject of monographic treatment. The Pigmies are the oldest race in the eastern part of the Congo, probably of the Bushman genus, and originally had a free hand in the country moving about from place to place. Pushed back by neighboring tribes, they were at length confined to the forest and never come out of its sheltering depths. They eat its produce, they make huts of the leaves and branches, and never see the sunlight. This curious people disprove the theory that negroes are black from centuries of merciless heat, for there are more black pigmies than there are yellow. The constant lack of sunshine and their manner of prowling in a stooping position accounts for their size, and they live like the creeping things of the great forest, roots and all kinds of rodents being their favorite food. Notwith-

standing this, their morality is higher than that of most African tribes; they are strictly monogamous, and lying and stealing are almost unknown to them. The Reverend Father Buyck of the Belgian Congo acted as interpreter for the author through the medium of a Pigmy woman who had left the clan and become acquainted with the Wanyari language, of which Father Buyck is the best authority in the Congo.

Fourteen years of absence from the Dark Continent have caused the author to wonder at its modernization. In the years from 1896 to 1905 he was forced to travel continuously on foot, but in 1919 one might tour the most out-of-the-way places in trains, or steamboats, horses, automobiles, motorcycles or rickshaws. In reading of the startling customs of the East African tribes and in looking at the still more startling photographs, it must be said that the name of Darkest Africa is almost as applicable as ever.

A SHORT HISTORY OF THE PAPACY. By Mary I. M. Bell.
New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. \$6.50.

As a literary production this work is passing fair, but as a history it is utterly unreliable. We fully appreciate the difficulties of compressing within the narrow compass of three hundred and ninety pages what Grisar, Gregorovius, Pastor, Mann and McCaffrey together require no less than twenty-seven volumes to tell; but this cannot excuse the displacing of more authentic information by such an amount of mere gossip and "all-but-proved" ugly allegations laid at the already encumbered doors of many Popes. Nor can we pass over without censure the failure of the author to present to her readers credentials of authority. To this they have a full right in a matter around which the enemies of the Papacy have woven such a tissue of falsehood. Apart from a few chance references to Ranke, Macaulay and Bishop Creighton, none of them acceptable witnesses against the Popes, the author gives no clue whatever of her sources.

In view of the ample evidence at hand, documentary and otherwise, one must realize very keenly against what tremendous odds the truth has to battle, when, in the year of enlightenment 1921, he reads fresh from the press that "the history of the Papacy has no definite beginning," or that "of St. Peter's own Bishopric of Rome nothing is known, and even tradition is comparatively silent." Yet no less advanced a Rationalist than Harnack avows that "it is a well-authenticated fact that Peter resided in Rome and died there."

In proof that Pius IX. declared war "on the whole modern

and liberal system of ideas," the author quotes quite baldly and in an unfavorable context, some of the propositions condemned in the *Syllabus* of 1864. Among them is the famous Eightieth Thesis, the condemnation of which implies the Pope's enmity to "modern progress." Now, connected with each of the theses of the *Syllabus* there is a document determining the particular sense in which each proposition has been condemned; hence, before quoting the Eightieth Thesis, the least Mrs. Bell, as a historian, could have done was to consult the Allocution "*Jamdudum cer-nimus*" of March 18, 1861, wherein Pius IX., distinguishing very clearly between true and false civilization, affirms that if a system designed to de-Christianize the world be called a system of progress and civilization, he can have none of it. Obviously, this changes the meaning of the Eightieth Thesis as quoted by the author. The omission of this explanatory document was a grave misdemeanor in one presuming to write even a "short" history of the Papacy; and the book teems with similar omissions.

THE PHILIPPINES, PAST AND PRESENT. By Dean C. Worcester. Two volumes in one with seventy-five illustrations, two maps and index. New York: The Macmillan Co. \$5.00.

No one is more qualified to write on the Philippines than Dean Worcester. He was Secretary of the Interior of the Philippine Islands from 1901 to 1913, also member of the Philippine Commission from 1900 to 1913. He proves that American consuls and naval officers never promised the Insurgent leaders that the independence of the Philippines would be recognized by the United States. Another statement disproved is that the Insurgents were the allies of the Americans against Spain. He shows that no such coöperation existed. Consequently, in subduing Aguinaldo, the United States did not destroy a republic. The Insurgent rule was not government, but tyranny, which is evident from the horrible accounts of excesses, cruelties, rapine and murder, which followed in the wake of the Insurgents.

The author points out the splendid work of the Civil Government of the Philippines in building highways, constructing bridges and in maintaining public order, particularly by means of the Philippine constabulary. Especially noteworthy are the eminently successful efforts of the Government to improve health conditions in the islands by combating disease by modern sanitation and a rigid quarantine system. The author admirably describes what has been done for the education of the Filipinos. The work of the Americans contrasts very favorably with what had been done for the education of the masses under the Spanish

régime. In a chapter, entitled "Corrigenda," the author disclaims all connection with missionary activities as such. He admits that his activity was confined to establishing law and order and utilizing both Catholic and Protestant missionaries in administering simple remedies to the sick. The chapter on the results of American rule are replete with information, and we cannot but observe that American colonial government compares very favorably with that of other colonial empires.

Mr. Worcester's book is carefully documented, and will certainly commend itself to careful and discriminating readers.

LOST SHIPS AND LONELY SEAS. By Ralph D. Paine. New York: The Century Co. \$4.00.

What a gorgeous title for a book! And how Stevenson would have loved to brood upon it, and—perhaps—to write up to it! Here, in a beautifully illustrated volume of more than four hundred pages, are seventeen thrilling chapters, each containing an account of some "hair-breadth 'scape" or fatal happening in the history of the men who go down to the sea in ships. Here you may read of the frigates that vanished in the South Seas, or shudder at the "Grim Tale of the Nottingham Galley," or muse wonderingly upon the "Singular Fate of the Brig, Polly." If you loved *Treasure Island* (published 1883 by one R. L. Stevenson) and have read it every year since then—why, this is the book for you.

ABANDONMENT TO DIVINE PROVIDENCE. By Rev. J. P. De Caussade, S.J. Edited by Rev. J. Ramière, S.J. From the Tenth Complete French Edition by E. J. Strickland. St. Louis: B. Herder Book Co. \$3.50.

Father Caussade's *Abandonment to Divine Providence* is one of the best known of modern spiritual writings. It is divided into two parts, the first containing a treatise on total abandonment to Divine Providence, and the second containing letters of direction for persons aspiring after perfection. The treatise comprises two different aspects of Abandonment to Divine Providence: one is a virtue common and necessary to all Christians, while the other is a state proper to souls who have made a special practice of abandonment to the holy will of God.

The letters of direction, now appearing in English for the first time, were addressed to the nuns of the Visitation at Nancy. Directors of souls will find in them a perfect answer to the constantly recurring difficulties and trials of the interior life, from the initial difficulties of beginners to the more subtle difficulties of more perfect souls.

URNS ABOUT TOWN. By Robert Cortes Holliday. New York : George H. Doran Co. \$2.00.

This is "more of much the same kind" from the genial and lovable author of *Walking-Stick Papers* and two other very pleasant volumes of essays. Mr. Holliday discourses, as usual, *de omnibus rebus et quibusdam aliis*. He writes of Humorous Misfits at a Murder Trial, of the queerness of undertakers, of Traffic Cops, Hotel Guests; and every little paper of the collection has its special and inevitable chuckles. Quite the most amusing pages in this book are those in which the author chronicles the vicissitudes he underwent in his ultimately successful endeavor to interview "G. K. C." In "Bidding Mr. Chesterton Good-bye" there is an excellent account of Mr. Holliday's farewell evening with the great English philosopher and humorist—an account which is delightfully intimate and revealing. The best piece of literary chronicle—so to call it—in Mr. Holliday's book is his essay upon the late James Gibbons Huneker, whom he calls a "Steeplejack of the Seven Arts." The Story of American Life, which the author has ironically entitled "Fame," was well worth reprinting from the *Bookman*, in which it originally appeared. Not the least diverting pages of *Turns About Town* is the very first, that whereon is displayed the brief, but breezy, correspondence between the author and that true poet, Mr. John Bunker, concerning the dedication of the book to the latter.

HIS REVERENCE—HIS DAY'S WORK. By Rev. Cornelius J. Holland, S.T.L. New York: Blase Benziger & Co. \$1.50 net.

This exceptionally interesting book is unique in character. It appeals directly to the laity, and its purpose is, in the main, to answer certain questions that are often asked among themselves, but are naturally seldom addressed to the only quarter whence an authoritative reply could come, the clergy. The habits and the unwritten rules by which the parish priest orders his life are explained by the delightfully informal method of letters, from "Father Sperinde" to "Prudenzia," a supposed parishioner. When the reader has finished the volume, he understands many things that have puzzled and, perhaps, a little piqued him. He will have gained a closer knowledge of the difficulties and problems that confront his pastor, and, with it, a deeper respect and appreciation. Father Holland is always kindly, and often humorous; sometimes, with great benefit, he turns briefly to weightier matters of spiritual import. The book is graced by a tiny essay in the form of an introduction, from the pen of Miss Agnes Repplier.

SPIRITUAL TEACHING OF FATHER SEBASTIAN BOWDEN OF THE LONDON ORATORY. Edited by the Fathers of the Oratory. New York: P. J. Kenedy & Sons. \$2.00.

The *Counsels and Dissertations* which form the bulk of this volume are taken from notes kept for many years by people who enjoyed the privilege of Father Bowden's spiritual guidance. They consist of personal counsels given, answers to questions and opinions on various subjects drawn forth in conversation. They are published to show forth Father Bowden's own inner life, to remind his old friends, penitents and converts of his spiritual teaching, and to give real spiritual help to others, who may have been strangers to him personally.

The spirit of St. Philip is manifest on every page. Someone, for example, asked him whether it was wrong to take pleasure in religion? He answered: "It is certainly wrong, and even rank heresy to mistrust any joy given one by religion. The Jansenists taught this in terms: they held that *everything* in our nature was corrupt; and that, therefore, to gratify our senses in any way, or even to take pleasure in rational judgment was wrong, and to be resisted. The Catholic doctrine—and you are bound to hold it—is the opposite: that we are to accept with thankfulness every sort of pleasure that religion, and the practising of virtue, give us. The teaching of Our Lord Himself begins with the Beatitudes: nothing can be stronger than the Gospels. Joy, rest and peace are the *rightful* consequences of faith and virtue to the soul."

WHAT IS SCIENCE? By Norman Campbell. London: Methuen & Co.

This interesting and well-written little book was planned to attract students of the Workers' Educational Association to the study of science. It is not a little surprising, by the way, to find that they should need to be lured into the study of science, but it appears that such is the case and that literary subjects are more eagerly pursued. In order to show the interest of science, its general method rather than any special science, is dealt with, though the writer, as a physicist, very naturally draws most of his examples from that field of learning. No person, however ignorant of science, need hesitate to embark on this book, for it is perfectly intelligible. As an example, it may be said that the chapters on Measurement and the functions of Numbers proved very interesting even to one who has no mathematical tastes whatever, and therefore invariably turns aside from pages covered with figures. Necessarily, the writer finds himself obliged to discuss many philosophical questions, especially those relating to

epistemology. Though many of his readers will completely disagree with his views, they are always interesting and stimulating, and he fully admits that they are his views and not those of all the world. If all writers on science would do likewise, how much less confusion there would be! Thus he discusses the relation of science to logic and admits, as we believe most do, that many of the most cherished tenets of science cannot be proved according to the rules of formal logic. Nevertheless, they may, and do, command universal assent, and there we agree with him. But when he tells us that "to deduce a conclusion from premises is simply to state the premises in different words," we "dissent vehemently," as he himself says many will do, from his opinion. There are many excellent remarks in the book, *e. g.*, that scientific men "sometimes forget that they cease to be experts when they leave their laboratories," and outside their own subject have no special claim to speak upon any question. An interesting book which may be commended to our readers.

THE DEFENCE OF PHILOSOPHIC DOUBT. Being an essay on the Foundations of Belief. By Arthur James Balfour, F.R.S. A New Edition. New York: Hodder & Stoughton, Ltd. \$5.00.

This volume is a reprint of an essay bearing the same title, published in 1879. The present edition has not been revised or amplified to bring it up to date. The original intention of the author was to give the work the title "A Defence of Philosophic Skepticism." This would more definitely indicate the purpose and the aim of the essay. To understand the point of view of the author, it is necessary to consider the intellectual tendencies of the period in which the book was written. In the second half of the nineteenth century the empirical scientific spirit reigned supreme. Scientists, in the name of science, made most extraordinary and unwarranted claims concerning the value of scientific research. Science was hailed as the infallible weapon with which to destroy traditional beliefs in religion, philosophy, ethics, etc. Salvation was to be obtained exclusively through the new positivistic methods of investigation. Mr. Balfour then, in a true Cartesian spirit, sets out to investigate the foundations upon which the superstructure of science claimed to be erected. He comes to the conclusion that science and all its pretensions are built on sand and must crumble to dust. The inductive logic of John Stuart Mill, the Realism of Herbert Spencer, Transcendentalism, laws on which the scientific conclusions are based are without sufficient foundation. Skepticism or denial certitude in any sphere of human thought is the outcome of his scathing criticism.

The essay is destructive in the extreme; as such it was calculated to react against the extravagant pretensions of science. Extended, however, as it is to all branches of human learning, the work is an exaggerated portrayal of the incapacity of the human mind to arrive at any certitude of whatever description. Its perusal makes a depressing, gloomy impression upon the reader. The constructive part, however, of his writings is found in Balfour's subsequent publications. The essay is splendidly written and deserves, even today, a careful and thoughtful perusal.

THE FIERY SOLILOQUY WITH GOD. Of the Reverend Master Gerlac Petersen, Canon Regular. New York: Benziger Brothers. \$1.25 net.

The editor of the present edition of *The Fiery Soliloquy With God* says: "That it is the great work of an old master; great that is, not in size, but in merit and exceeding beauty." No doubt this is a true estimate of this work of Master Petersen. It is a book for the more advanced rather than for beginners in the spiritual life. It offers the strong meat of spirituality rather than the milk suitable for the novice. It is said that Master Petersen was a friend of Thomas à Kempis, the reputed author of the *Imitation*, and very akin to him in spirit. One can readily see why the *Soliloquy* has, nevertheless, remained little known, while the *Imitation* has been the *vade mecum* of the multitudes; the *Imitation* has the breadth of the Gospels and is for all, the *Soliloquy* will appeal only to the few. Yet to these it will afford much delight.

MANUAL OF CHRISTIAN PERFECTION. By Monsignor P. J. Stockman. Published by the Author, Hollywood, Los Angeles, Cal. \$1.62 postpaid.

This introduction to asceticism is adapted from the large *Directorium Asceticum* of Scaramelli—in four volumes in the translation by the Welsh Jesuits—and, though especially designed for the instruction of novices in religious communities of women, may be used with profit by directors of souls and all who aspire to Christian perfection. Scaramelli's plan is followed exactly: a division into four sections or treatises, upon the notion of perfection and ten means of acquiring it, the chief obstacles to be met with in its pursuit, the moral virtues and the theological virtues. There is also a short appendix of fifteen pages upon the discernment of spirits. Brevity—comparative, that is, to the full *Directorium*—is achieved by suppressing the quotations from the Fathers, though the references are usually given, and by the omission of the innumerable anecdotes which Scaramelli related with

all the diffuseness characteristic of his age. By way of introduction, there is a reduction of the parts of the new Codex affecting religious. The book contains six hundred closely printed pages, and, lacking the anecdotes which, however uncritical, lent life and spirit to Scaramelli's pages, is not easy reading. Rather is it a book to be studied, to be pondered over, nay, to be prayed over.

ARCHEOLOGY SERIES. By Professor Orazio Marucchi and E. Sylvester Berry. Edited by Roderick MacEachen, D.D. Five volumes. Wheeling, W. Va.: Catholic Book Co.

The latest volumes of Father MacEachen's Catholic Library tell us some of the important facts of early Church history. Volume I. describes the origin and history of the Roman catacombs, viz., the cemeteries of St. Pancratius, SS. Processus and Martinian, St. Cyriaca, St. Callistus, St. Sebastian, St. Agnes, St. Valentine, etc. Volume II. describes the many inscriptions and frescoes of the catacombs which prove the antiquity of our Faith in the divinity of Christ, the veneration of the Blessed Virgin and the saints, Baptism, the Holy Eucharist, Marriage, Holy Orders, the primacy of St. Peter. Volume III. gives a brief outline of the lives of the early Popes from St. Peter to St. Damasus, most of whom were martyrs. Volume IV. outlines the early persecutions from the time of St. Stephen, the first martyr, to the persecution of Julian, the Apostate. Volume V., after a brief mention of the early domestic churches, and the titled churches of Rome, describes the ancient Christian basilicas of St. John Lateran, St. Peter, St. Paul, the Holy Cross in Jerusalem, St. Lawrence, St. Agnes, St. Pudentiana, St. Praxedes and St. Clement.

The volumes are beautifully illustrated.

THE CHURCH AND HER MEMBERS, by Rev. George H. Bishop (New York: Benziger Brothers. 45 cents net). In sixteen brief chapters Father Bishop describes in the simplest manner, for children, the four marks of the Church, its authority, infallibility and perpetuity, the primacy and infallibility of the Pope. We recommend the book to catechists in our parochial schools.

FIELD AFAR STORIES, Volume III., prepared and edited by the Catholic Foreign Mission Society of America (Maryknoll, Ossining, New York. \$1.00). The seventeen stories of this fascinating volume will undoubtedly foster vocations for the foreign missions, and constrain the most selfish Catholic to loosen up his purse strings in behalf of the pagans of the Far East. The volume contains stories of missionary hardships, missionary consolations, martyrdoms for the faith and extraordinary conversions—all told in a simple, devout way.

THE PASSING OF THE THIRD FLOOR BACK, by Jerome K. Jerome (New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. \$1.50). Mr. Jerome's allegorical story, which created a decided stir when first published and which was presented beautifully on the stage by Forbes Robertson, is here, for the first time, brought out in a play edition for the general public. The story itself is too well-known to need review.

A PLEA FOR OLD CAP COLLIER, by Irvin S. Cobb (New York: George H. Doran Co. 75 cents). In this little volume, Mr. Cobb has well sustained his reputation as a humorist. He tells us, that being laid up over Sunday, he passed the time away with the only book on which he could lay his hands, an ancient Fifth Reader. This Reader provides his point of departure, and he recalls with contagious humor, the typical selections which used to grace (or perhaps disgrace) the readers of his boyhood. In contrast to them, he conjures up the penny thrillers, which were taboo in all respectable families, but which were, on that very account, perhaps, all the more eagerly read even though stolen glimpses occurred behind the barn or in some other equally safe coign of vantage.

A MEDIEVAL HUN, by John L. Carleton (Boston: The Cornhill Co. \$1.50). The author is a prize winner in the Canadian prize play competition of 1918. His present play deals with a phase of the relations between Pope Gregory VII. and Henry IV. of Germany. The play has little organic unity, being for the most part a dramatic portrayal of more or less notable events in the duel between Pope and Emperor. These events themselves are largely fiction, as the writer points out in his preface, but the chief characters are historical. The play has few genuinely dramatic moments.

GRAY WOLF STORIES, INDIAN MYSTERY TALES, by Bernard Sexton; illustrated by Gwenyth Waugh (New York: The Macmillan Co. \$1.75). Of special interest to boys, but with enough of the fairy-tale element to be also enjoyed by girls, these Indian folk-lore stories tell of the adventures of "Acorn," an Indian lad, who attracts the attention of Owl Man, who takes the form of the boy's sister, and leads him into his mystery valley. Here he continues to live with Owl Man, Grizzly and Gray Wolf, and hears from them many legends of the various Indian Tribes, among them those of Coyote, Thunder and Scarface. The illustrations are many and unusual.

HAPPY HOUR STORIES, by M. Genevieve Silvester and Edith Marshall Peter (New York: American Book Co. 60 cents). The joint authors of the *Happy Hour Stories*, which in verse tell about animals, birds, trees, flowers and children, have given them an educational value for children of the kindergarten age, as well as much charm. They have mingled with their own stories verses by such well known authors as Robert Louis Stevenson and Joyce Kilmer, and, with profuse illustrations, it makes a very attractive little volume.

THEIR FRIENDLY ENEMY, by Gardner Hunting (New York: The Macmillan Co. \$1.75). A story of two girl-editors of a small-town newspaper which lets us in behind the scenes not only to exhibit "grapevine," "boiler-plate," fake news, printers' pi and other mysteries and misadventures of office and composing room, but to take us deep into the secret weaknesses of the editor's heart whence often spring the editorial policies. This is a thoroughly wholesome and interesting story for girls of any age from sixteen to sixty.

QUIET INTERIOR, by E. B. C. Jones (New York: Boni & Liveright. \$2.00). Perhaps, it is in wholesome reaction to the superficialities of the movie show that a small group of novelists attempt to depict for us the real selves of the personages of their stories, their hidden virtues and defects, their mixed motives, their struggles within which result sometimes in defeat, sometimes in victory—always, with the fine soul, in clearer knowledge of self and consequent humility. In such stories plot is so subordinated to personality that we are hardly conscious of reading fiction, we seem to be on-lookers into human lives.

Such a book is *Quiet Interior*. Its heroine, a girl of fastidious refinement, refuses the love she craves which comes to her in the guise of a temptation, and this without conscious motive other than the desire to be true to herself which has in her the compelling force of an instinct. Here we find the weakness of the book, its greatly to be deplored lack. There is a concomitant touch of agnosticism, which is perhaps only in keeping with the immaturity of the characters, and is surely overborne by the writer's insistence on profounder truths. A remarkable book for a first novel.

BOBBY IN MOVIELAND, by Francis J. Finn, S.J. (New York: Benziger Brothers. \$1.50 net.) Father Finn's friends will welcome his new book, which is up to date, in that it deals with Movieland, and its people—a Movieland quite different from that usually depicted. The hero, a precocious boy of eight, has thrilling adventures, "breaks into" the Movies with ease, and is on the high road to fortune—and incidentally to school—when we leave him.

MATTERS OF MOMENT, by Rev. John McCabe (New York: Benziger Brothers. \$2.00 net). This volume is a collection of short souvenirs of sermons preached from Sunday to Sunday in a small mission in the north of England. They are, as the author himself declares, suggestive, rather than exhaustive. They treat in a simple fashion the Divinity of Christ, Redemption, Reason and Faith, the Resurrection, the Holy Spirit, the Church, the Papacy, etc. The Bishop of Northampton writes a most interesting preface, in which he discusses the root cause of the indifferent preaching in England today, ascribing it to the almost total neglect of technical training in the subject in the seminaries.

PLAYTIME STORIES, by Agnes Dunlop and Robinson G. Jones (New York: American Book Co. 60 cents). This little volume is intended for very small children. It will delight them, and will also teach them much without their realizing that they are being taught. It is modern in its tendency, yet harks back to the days of Mother Goose and "The House that Jack Built," continual repetition of the words being a notable feature. The children are intended to act, as well as read these stories. The illustrations are many, and selected verses by other than the authors are introduced from time to time.

THE CUSTARD CUP, by Florence Bingham Livingston (New York: George H. Doran Co. \$1.90 net), abounds in rare and unforced humor which delights and holds you to the very end. Happily, the last chapter shows Penzie, Crink, Thad, Lettie, and the new boarder beginning a new life, which we trust will be continued through several more books. We predict that Mrs. Penfield will be known and loved by many generations of fiction readers, for she brings gifts of fun and joy and wisdom to all whom she invites to "Come right in."

FROM THE UNCONSCIOUS TO THE CONSCIOUS, by Dr. Gustave Geley. Translated by S. de Brath. (London: William Collins & Son. 17 s. 6 d.) From the "jacket" of this work, we learn that it will place its author "not only among the great thinkers, but among the great pioneers;" that it is a counterblast against Darwin's *Descent of Man* and other interesting facts. No doubt, its author is right in summing up the difficulties with regard to "classical transformism" as its failure to explain (1) the origin of species, (2) the origin of instincts, (3) the abrupt and creative transformation of new species, (4) their rapid "crystallization" and their immutability when formed, and (5) the failure to resolve the philosophical difficulty, "which makes the greater and more complex proceed from the simple and the greater from the less." Others have done this before the writer. But the really novel point in the book is to attempt to explain the development of life in terms of the "materializations" of spiritualistic mediums. Whatever we may think of this, there is much to interest in the book.

DE PRÆCEPTIS DEI ET ECCLESIAE, by H. Noldin, S.J. (New York: Frederick Pustet Co. \$4.25). This volume on the Precepts of God and of the Church is one which we recommend for priests and every Divinity student. It is particularly adapted for use in seminaries, and is the thirteenth edition of a work that has long since won wide approval.

TREASURY OF INDULGENCES, by M. P. Donelan (St. Louis: B. Herder Book Co. 50 cents net), treats of the nature and meaning of indulgences, conditions and definitions, and gives a number of indulgenced prayers and works.

THE DIVINE MOTHERHOOD, by Ansier Vonier, O.S.B. (St. Louis: B. Herder Book Co. \$1.00 net), is not a work of controversy. As the author says, there is not a controversial word in the book. It is simply a study of that wonderful truth of our Faith—the Divine Motherhood, which was the privilege of the Blessed Virgin Mary. Of this truth we cannot learn too much; on it we cannot meditate too often. This book by the learned Abbot of Buckfast will assist both to give more knowledge and deeper insight into this sublime mystery.

IN *Life's Lessons*, Father Garesché, S.J. (New York: Benziger Brothers. \$1.50 net), once more addresses himself to his ever enlarging circle of admiring readers, and gives them as usual many helpful thoughts and good suggestions. The volume is neatly bound in cloth and has as its frontispiece, Da Vinci's Madonna of the Rocks.

FOREIGN PUBLICATIONS.

Pierre Téquy, Paris, offers: *Capitalisme et Communisme*, by Jules Riché (5 fr.), a strong condemnation of modern Communism and Bolshevism, written in the form of a sprightly dialogue defending the present industrial system while acknowledging its defects and declaring that the remedy lies in Catholic social reform; *Marcellin Champagnat*, by Monsignor Laveille (10 fr.), an excellent biography of the founder of the Institute of the Little Brothers of Mary, who, on July 11, 1920, was proclaimed "Venerable" by decree of Benedict XV. This biography will appeal to those interested in Primary Education; *Tentations et Tâches de Femmes*, by Monseigneur J. Tissier (3 fr.), gives three conferences addressed to society women, on Intellectual Curiosity, Moral Softness and Æsthetic Mediocrity; and *Les Charismes du Saint-Esprit*, by D. B. Maréchaud (3 fr.).

La Spiritualité Chrétienne, Vol. II., "Le Moyen Age" (Paris: Librairie Lecoffre. 10 fr.), is a continuation of P. Pourrat's historical studies on Spirituality. This volume treats of the period of the Middle Ages, a period fruitful in mystic authors, and is divided according to the schools formed by the great religious Orders in so far as they cultivated affective or speculative spirituality. It is a work of piety, as well as a manual of the History of Spirituality. *L'Ame de Saint Augustine*, by Pierre Guilloux, S.J. (Paris: Ancienne Librairie Poussielgue), considers certain aspects of the life and thought of the great Bishop of Hippo. *Quinze Années de Séparation*, by Paul Bureau (Paris: Bloud et Gay. 5 fr.), a well-known French lawyer, is a detailed study of the French Law of Separation of December 9, 1905, and the modifications made in it to date. *Cours Supérieur de Religion*, by Louis Prunel (Paris: Gabriel Beauchesne), might be called a Manual of Dogmatic Theology in French. The work is as a whole very commendable, and will be found useful by priests and teachers. Vol. I. deals with the foundations of belief and the important subject of God. Vol. II. with the Church. Both are excellent. Vol. III., on the Mysteries, is rather unsatisfactory; the difficult subject of Grace is handled in a masterly fashion in Vol. IV., and Vol. V., on the Sacraments, is satisfactory except that it dismisses the important subject of Matrimony with one short chapter.

Recent Events.

France.

During the last thirty days France took a much more prominent stand in the Washington Conference on the Limitation of Armament than in the previous sessions. This arose chiefly from her veto of the plan of Secretary Hughes proposing to cut the maximum of submarines for the United States and Great Britain from 90,000 tons, as tentatively suggested, to 60,000 tons, and in the cases of France, Italy and Japan limiting them to their present submarine strength, which would allow about 31,500 tons each to France and Japan and about 21,250 tons to Italy. This the French delegation, on explicit instructions from the French Cabinet, absolutely negatived, insisting firmly on an allowance of 90,000 tons. This stand aroused much comment and even some bitterness, especially on the part of the British and, to a lesser degree, among the Americans. Despite much pressure, however, France refused to agree to the plan, contending that submarines afforded her security against interruption of her communication with the French colonies, upon which, in the event of war, she must necessarily depend for man power. Through her possession of French Indo-China and other colonies in Asia, France has suzerainty over millions of Asiatics.

The French attitude effectually blocked any agreement on the question of submarine limitation, though later France, with the four other principal Powers, adopted a resolution prohibiting the use of submarines as commerce destroyers and making the prohibition a part of the law of nations. Agreement was also reached on the tonnage, number and armament of airplane carriers—regarded by many experts as the real capital ships of the future—the ratio being 5-5-3 for the United States, Great Britain and Japan, and practically 2 for France and Italy.

To date, besides the two agreements on the submarine, the Conference has accepted the following proposed treaties: (1) The four-power Pacific Treaty, an agreement by the United States, Great Britain, Japan and France, to respect each other's rights in the Pacific Ocean; (2) A five-power agreement, fixing the total capital ship tonnage for the United States, Great Britain, Japan, France and Italy, on a ratio of 5-5-3 for the first three and 1.75 for France and Italy; (3) A six power treaty adjusting the German cable situation in the Pacific, to be signed by the five prin-

cial Allied and Associated Powers and Holland. It is anticipated that the Conference will adjourn towards the end of January.

The Allied Supreme Council, at its opening session on January 6th, at Cannes, France, decided to call an international conference of all the countries of Europe, Allied and ex-enemy, and including Russia, to meet the first two weeks in March in Genoa, Italy. The United States will also be invited to participate. The conference, which is to be purely economic and financial, will not in any way touch politics or reparations in their narrow sense. It will be an attempt to reconstitute Europe as a whole on the basis of common need, and will not deal with claims arising from the War or the Treaty terms.

The resolution adopted by the Supreme Council in laying down the conditions on which the Allied Powers would recognize the present Soviet Government, accepts the principle that no nation can dictate the form of government of another nation, but the payment of the old Russian debts, abstention from propaganda, and legal enforcement of the rights of private property and contract, are clearly stated as prerequisites for the investment of foreign capital in Russia and for the recognition of the Soviet. On January 9th the Soviet Government officially accepted the invitation to the conference and acceded to the conditions imposed.

The other chief subject of discussion at Cannes, not yet concluded, is the matter of an Anglo-French alliance. The proposed Treaty will be in the nature of a defensive alliance between the two countries, but will at the same time take account of the position of Belgium and Italy under the terms of the Peace Treaties, so that in case of aggression against any of the Allies the quarrel will be the quarrel of all. An attempt is also being made to adjust the conflicting views of the two countries on the question of how much Germany must pay and how the amount shall be distributed. But, as we go to press, the news is flashed that Briand and his Cabinet have resigned and affairs at Cannes, as others in France, are left in an uncertain state.

The Council of the League of Nations met at Geneva on January 10th, and is now in session. Among other items, its agenda calls for the discussion of the nationalities and populations of Africa, Oceania and the Pacific Islands, the appointment of a High Commissioner for the free city of Danzig and ratification of the agreement between the Germans and Poles and the protection of minorities in Lithuania, Esthonia and Latvia.

Before the meeting of the Council, on December 28th, Lithuania sent a communication to the President of the Council, declining to accept the Council's recommendations for a settlement

of the dispute between Poland and Lithuania over Vilna. These recommendations, which were made early in November, suggested the creation of two semi-autonomous Lithuanian cantons out of the disputed territory. The declination of Lithuania to accept this, now reopens the question. On the other hand, the agreement between Czecho-Slovakia and Poland has been notified to the League by both countries, which agree to bring all future disputes before the Permanent Court of International Justice at The Hague, recently set up by the League.

As a result of a meeting of the War Guild Commission of the League of Nations, held in Paris on January 6th, the Allies will probably abandon further proceedings against German military leaders on charges of instigating the World War. The meeting was called to compare reports prepared in accordance with instructions from the Allied Supreme Council at its meeting in Paris last August. The instructions were that the Commission should inquire whether the Germans correctly administered justice in the recent trials conducted at Leipsic. The English and Italian members of the Commission reported that they were reasonably satisfied with the results of the trials, but the French and Belgian members submitted adverse reports. In view of their division, it is believed that further proceedings will not be pressed.

The Allied Council of Ambassadors has decided to place in the hands of General Nollet, head of the Disarmament Commission, the task of converting the *Deutsche Werke*, a group of plants used during the War for manufacturing German armaments, into workshops for the manufacture of industrial machinery. The plants in question are at Munich, Cassel, Amberg, Dachau, Spandau, Hanau, Ingolstadt, Lippstadt and the former naval torpedo yards at Friedrichsort, in the harbor of Kiel. The plan of conversion will call for the employment of 20,000 workers who were employed in the manufacture of war material.

France's total army strength, both of white and colored troops, will be 673,000 men after May, 1922, according to a recent statement by General de Castelnau, President of the Army Commission of the Chamber of Deputies. General de Castelnau set at rest conflicting estimates of the French forces by explaining that the budget of 1922 carries appropriations for only 636,000 men, and as the army will be below that figure between the first release of men of the class of 1920, and the first incorporation into the army of the class of 1922, there will be enough of a saving in revenue to support the larger number of men later on.

Unofficial reports place the total of the 1922 French budget at 24,003,236,000 francs, which is 326,000,000 under the amount

demanding by the Government. Included in the budget is one item of 12,886,000,000 francs for meeting the interest on the public debt.

Russia. On December 28th the American Congress passed a bill to appropriate \$20,000,000 for relief of the Russian famine sufferers. In

return, the Soviet authorities agreed to turn over to the American Relief Administration \$10,000,000 worth of gold for the purchase of grain in the United States to be used in the Volga region. The agreement calls for the expenditure of the \$10,000,000 in America within ninety days. Meanwhile, the first steamer carrying grain paid for out of the \$20,000,000 appropriation, sailed for Russia on December 31st, carrying 240,000 bushels.

Russia begins the new year with dreadful anticipations for the next eight months, and the fear that next summer's crop may only slightly relieve the famine. At numerous points in the famine area bodies are stacked high, awaiting burial in the trenches, which workmen cannot prepare fast enough for the victims of famine, exposure and typhus. American relief workers, who originally predicted the number of probable deaths in the stricken territory this winter at 2,000,000, now say that 5,000,000 is a low estimate, and many say that 10,000,000, or even more, may be swallowed up by the famine. This is quite probable, particularly since the shortage of horses, oxen and camels makes it impossible to reach the more remote sections, and since it is predicted that the typhus epidemic will be the worst that Russia has ever suffered. This disease, being spread by refugees, has assumed serious proportions in Moscow, where upward of eight hundred new cases were reported to the hospitals during the week ending December 17th.

Meanwhile the American Relief Administration is feeding nearly 1,000,000 children, and the British and various other organizations are furnishing nourishment for at least 100,000 under the most dangerous conditions. Late in December, the President of the Italian Red Cross signed an agreement with a Soviet representative, for the establishment of eighteen food and medical depots in the Volga region. The Italian Government has contributed 6,000,000 lire for the work, and is also supplying the medicines and bearing the cost of the mission's transportation. The mission will start for Russia in February, and plans to supply food to 16,000 persons, including 4,000 children.

As a result of the unanimous action of the ninth All-Russian Soviet Congress, which was held in Moscow, December 23d, Nico-

Iai Lenine was reappointed executive head of the Russian Soviet Government. His retention in office was brought about by the unanimous reelection of the executive body of the Congress, with M. Kalinin as President, which in turn reappointed Lenine as President of the Council of People's Commissars. The Congress, which lasted till January 4th, produced nothing important beyond the adoption of a number of land reform plans, involving short-term leases and the hiring of labor under its regulations. Several points were thrown into clear relief at the various sessions: First, the hold of the Communist Party, and particularly of Lenine and Trotzky, on the country is as strong as ever. Second, the demobilization and reorganization of the Red Army, has been satisfactorily accomplished without impairing its efficiency and loyalty to the governing classes. Third, the commercial and industrial situation so far has not improved under the new economic policy, and according to some of the speakers is extremely serious.

In a fiery speech before the Congress on December 29th, Minister of War Trotzky declared not only must the Soviet army and navy, now totalling 1,595,000 men, not be reduced, but on the contrary must be enlarged and prepared for war next spring and summer, in the event of attack by outside foes. He made specific charges against the Japanese, accusing them, among other things, of aiding recent White Guard aggressions in the Far East. This accusation gains added interest from the fact that the special trade delegation from the Far Eastern Republic, now in attendance at the Washington Conference, has given out a number of incriminating documents concerning Japanese activities in Siberia and elsewhere. These tend to show an agreement between France and Japan, concluded in the spring of 1921, for the trans-shipment of the Wrangel army from Constantinople to Vladisvostok, the setting up of a conservative Government in Russia under the control of Japan and the signing over to Japan of all economic concessions in Siberia, with the understanding that French interests "will be taken into consideration." The heads of both the Japanese and French delegations at the Washington Conference have entered vigorous denial of the authenticity of the documents.

Meanwhile, Japan is replacing the troops in the maritime provinces of Siberia with fresh contingents. This action, it is said, has been taken in view of the failure of the Conference at Daireu between the Japanese and representatives of the Chita, or Far Eastern Republic, to reach an agreement. Late in December, Khabarovsk, an important Siberian railway junction, was captured by anti-Bolshevik troops, said by the Chita authorities to have

been reactionary bands armed and organized by the Japanese, but declared by the latter to have been troops of the Vladivostok independent Government, which is opposed to the Government at Chita.

Since the first of the year extensive military preparations have been under way along the Russian-Finnish frontier by both the Russians and the Finns. The Soviet Foreign Minister, M. Tchitcherin, has addressed another sharp note to the Finnish Government, demanding withdrawal of alleged Finnish aid to the insurgents in Karelia, and the expulsion from Finland of General Boris Savinkoff, who was recently expelled from Poland at the request of the Soviet Government. Finland has replied, reiterating her previous position that the Karelian question is one for the League of Nations to consider. Despite the high diplomatic tension and the military preparations on both sides, both the Bolshevik and Baltic missions at Riga have expressed the belief that there will be no war, particularly in view of the fact that the Finnish Government has recently made an official announcement that they have expelled from the country two members of the Karelian Government "in accordance with the provisions of international law."

A considerable increase in Russia's foreign trade—the turnover for the first nine months of 1921 exceeding the total for the three previous years—was reported on December 30th by the United States Commerce Department in a statement based on figures compiled by Bolshevik newspapers. Exports for the nine months aggregated 90,000 tons, as compared with a total of 42,000 tons for the previous three years, while imports amounted to 574,000 tons against 279,000 tons for the preceding three years. Analyzing the statistics for 1921, the Commerce Department declared that the most important item of imported goods consisted of foodstuffs, the next items of importance being represented by fuel and metal goods, the three groups together constituting eighty-nine per cent. of the total imports. The bulk of the imports came from England, with Germany, the United States and Sweden following in the order named. England and the United States supplied much of the foodstuffs and coal, while Germany supplied chiefly agricultural implements and railroad supplies. On the other hand, the export trade lags far behind the imports, representing but a minute fraction of the pre-war trade. The bulk of Russian exports consist of timber, flax, furs, bristles and manganese ore. England took about thirty-four per cent. of these exports directly, while forty-six per cent. of the total was re-exported through Latvia to various countries.

Italy.

On December 31st the King, at the instance of the Ministers of Industry and the Treasury, signed a decree postponing the December settlement, which was to have occurred on that day on all the Italian bourses, until January 4th. This action was taken as a result of the failure two days earlier of the Banca Italiana di Sconto, one of the largest banks in Italy, having more than one hundred and fifty branches in Italy, as well as branches in France, Spain, the United States, Turkey, Brazil and the French colonies. The latest reports available show that the institution had a paid-up capital of 315,000,000 lire, a reserve fund of 68,000,000 lire, and current deposits of about 3,540,000,000 lire.

The failure created an enormous impression throughout Italy, and the Government has granted the bank a moratorium of one year within which to straighten out its affairs. The total liabilities are estimated to be four billion lire. Before the War the bank had a capital of only 15,000,000 lire, which was increased by large amounts several times during the War till it finally reached the sum of 315,000,000 lire. The bank's holdings were augmented principally through its financing of the Ansaldo works, a large armament firm, which manufactured great quantities of munitions. Since the War the Ansaldo firm has naturally dropped enormously in value, and recently the Sconto Bank found itself in such a serious position that the Ansaldo had to be taken over by a consortium of the principal Italian banks. The announcement of the formation of the consortium caused public anxiety, and, eventually, a run on the bank. At present the Sconto Bank, sheltered by the moratorium, is calling in all the money owing to it, and until its real assets are better known, it is impossible to prophesy regarding its ultimate bankruptcy or solvency.

The failure also has a political aspect, as the bank was started in 1915 and controlled by ex-Premier Nitti and his friends, especially Senator Marconi, of wireless fame, and Marquis Menedici, a former Deputy of Rome, with the intention of supplanting other banks which were then accused of being under the control of German financiers. The property of Senator Marconi along with that of the other directors, including three more Senators, has been ordered sequestrated pending an official inquiry.

That Italy's general financial condition is improving is shown by a statement issued by the Italian Minister of Commerce shortly before the failure of the Sconto Bank. Reports of deposits received in the small popular and rural banks, representing the savings of the working people, showed that their total had in-

creased from 1,300,000,000 in June, 1914, to 4,100,000,000 on June 30, 1921. The total amount in all savings institutions in Italy amounts to 19,000,000,000 lire. With regard to Government finances, the last statement of the Secretary of the Italian Treasury, based on conservative estimates of Government revenues, shows that the estimated deficit in the budget for the next fiscal year may be reduced to 2,000,000,000 lire, representing less than half the deficit of the present fiscal year and only one-fifth of last year's deficit.

Italian political circles have been much disturbed by a law passed by the French Government stipulating that foreign subjects cannot make Tunis their permanent abode, unless they become naturalized French. This law is especially severe on Italians because the proportion of Italian and French residents in Tunis is about five to one, there being more than 100,000 Italians there. To the Italian Government's vigorous protest against the law, Premier Briand has replied that the decree would not be applied against Italians. But while M. Briand's declaration has had a soothing effect, it is not considered satisfactory, as it is pointed out that the Italians in Tunis need a guarantee that the decree will not be applied in the future. Foreign Minister de la Toretta is studying the question with a view to finding a formula satisfactory to both parties.

An armed attack by Jugo-Slavs, aided by Serbian police, upon sailors on shore leave from an Italian warship at Sebenico, Dalmatia, caused, late in December, a storm of protest in Italy. The Italian press has recently been reporting numerous acts of hostility on the part of the Jugo-Slavs against Italians, and the bitter feeling in Italy has been greatly intensified by the latest incident. Early in January, the Italian dreadnought, *Dante Alighieri*, was dispatched to Sebenico and is reported to have its guns trained on the town, pending the according of satisfaction by the Jugo-Slavs; other Italian warships are also said to be arriving in Dalmatian waters.

The official programme has been announced for the ceremonies incidental to the bestowal of the American Congressional Medal of Honor on the Italian unknown soldier by Major General Henry T. Allen, commander of the American forces on the Rhine. January 18th has been fixed for the ceremony, in which a detachment of American troops from the Rhine will participate. After the bestowal of the medal, there will be a reception by the Mayor of Rome and a dinner to the officers by General Diaz. On the following day the King will review the American troops and later will give a dinner to the American officers.

Germany. Despite several attempts by the German Government during the month to obtain a moratorium, so far the Allies have not alle-

viated the reparation terms, and on December 29th the Reparations Commission informed Germany that she must pay the January 15th installment without delay, or she would be considered to have violated the Treaty. The notification was given through Dr. Fischer, chairman of the German War Department Commission, who was in Paris conferring with the Allied representatives. Earlier in the month, in response to the German appeal for a moratorium, the Commission sent a note asking three questions: How much can Germany pay on the January and February installments? How much extension of time does Germany want on the balance? What guarantees can Germany offer for ultimate payment? The Commission, it is said, has been unofficially informed that Germany might be able to meet the two forthcoming payments, provided the Allies would agree to certain conditions, chief among which is believed to be a definite delay in the payment of subsequent installments.

Germany's outlook for 1922 depends entirely on the solution of the reparations problem. Further decline of the mark unquestionably will bring a stoppage of German industry and a great increase in unemployment, with all the consequences that these imply. In financial circles, it is feared that the mark will show another considerable decline, at least in the first few weeks of the year, for even if reparations are radically reduced, the payments which Germany will be compelled to make in January and February will be bound to produce an unfavorable reaction.

At present the entire German press is filled as never before with discussions of the Russian problem, towards the solution of which, and of Germany's own difficulties, a certain proposal has been put forward. This is the Stinnes-Rathenau-Radek scheme for the formation of an international consortium for the exploitation of Russia, from which Germany expects to divert sixty per cent. of her profits towards reparations. It is in Russia that Germany now sees her chief hope of economic salvation, and should the Allies and Germany fail soon to reach an understanding on Russia, it is predicted that the next twelve months will witness a gigantic contest in that country between England, France and Germany, which will have a more lasting effect on Europe than even the Versailles Treaty. As matters now stand the Moscow Government seems more eager to coöperate with Germany than with any other nation.

Germany, however, is taking more immediate and definite

steps to put her house in order. A serious beginning has been made to balance the internal budget by eliminating the deficit in the railroad and postal services. The Federal Council has passed a measure raising all postal, telegraph and telephone rates an average of 2,000 per cent. above pre-war rates. All railroad rates, both freight and passenger, will again be raised 2,000 to 3,000 per cent. above pre-war charges. Moreover, under Chancellor Wirth's spur, the National Economic Council has approved the draft of a bill enabling the Government to impose a compulsory credit on all Germany's trades and industries which are to be organized compulsorily into a "credit association." This, the most radical of all German measures, if passed by the Reichstag, will place practically all so-called gold values and all the assets of Germany's trades and industries at the disposal of the Government for the purpose of offering them as guarantees for foreign loans. Chancellor Wirth has announced that he will stand or fall on his taxation plans as outlined above.

According to an American investigator who has made a special and prolonged study of the subject, Germany to date has been disarmed ninety-five per cent. of the total disarmament figure set by the Treaty of Versailles, her disarmament being ninety-seven per cent. complete as regards artillery, and ninety-three per cent. complete as regards machine guns and rifles. In addition to this, of the 7,000 manufacturing plants and factories known to have been engaged at one time or another, wholly or in part, in manufacturing war materials, 5,000 have been demilitarized or industrially disarmed, five hundred are still in hand undergoing an enforced pacification process, while 1,500 still remain to be investigated and controlled, with the prospect that every one of them will be "visited" early in the new year. Of this remnant of 1,500 factories, the great majority are very small, as nearly all the big plants were investigated first and reduced to a peace basis. Besides the two big facts of military and war industrial disarmament, Germany's armed man power has been reduced within the permitted limits of 100,000 *Reichswehr*, though the organization and equipment of Germany's militarized so-called security police force is still receiving the serious attention of the Allied disarmament specialists.

The Council of Ambassadors has granted permission to Germany to retain until March 31st three hundred Diesel engines, which have been the subject of Allied controversy since the armistice. This is the third postponement of final decision on the matter. The engines were manufactured by Germany for her air service, but had not been placed in use when the armistice was

signed. The French have urged their destruction on the ground that Germany could not be trusted to put them to commercial use, but would retain them as potential war material. American and British interests have disputed this point of view, holding that it is foolish to destroy valuable commercial material which it would be hard to replace without great cost.

Germany will soon surrender to Great Britain the world's largest drydock, which recently held the *Majestic*, the biggest ship afloat. The dock, which is now at Hamburg, will probably be towed across the channel to Southampton, where it will be of service in accommodating the great transatlantic passenger vessels. The dock is not part of the reparation scheme, but is confiscated from the Germans as a punishment for the sinking of the German fleet at Scapa Flow.

In view of what was said in a previous paragraph regarding German plans, with regard to Russia, it is interesting to note the conclusion of an agreement with Russia early in December by the German East European Credit Bank to buy 20,000,000 marks worth of German goods. Russia is to pay a comparatively small sum in cash, while the bank will finance the remainder against Russian bills running up to eighteen months.

A few days before the end of the year an epidemic of railroad strikes broke out in Western Germany. Radical railroaders of the Elberfeld division led off with a strike suspending half of the traffic through the valley of the Wipper River, and this quickly spread to the Cologne, Essen and Düsseldorf divisions. The reason for the strike was the refusal of the Government to meet the railroaders' demand for an advance payment on January wages before Christmas, to meet the rising cost of living. The Wirth Government rejected the demand on the ground that if advance payments on wages were made, the railroad employees would simply strike again when the advances were deducted later from the wage payments. In other words, the Government took the ground that this was merely an indirect scheme to secure a wage increase. Indications are that the Government, while not agreeing to the wage demands of the men, will grant equivalent amounts in the form of bonuses in order to prevent a threatened general strike. The new tactics of demanding wages well in advance, is not a freakish demand peculiar to the railroads, but the new radical workers' policy throughout Germany. In Stettin the Stoewer automobile works locked out all workers and shut up shop, because the men demanded immediately an advance payment on January wages.

January 13, 1922.

With Our Readers

IT is with the combined emotions of joy and gratitude that we record here a matter of interest to all Americans and especially to all American Catholics. This cause of rejoicing and thankfulness is the establishment of an American Church in Rome. With the sanction of the Holy Father, and with the support of various members of the hierarchy in Rome and America, the Paulist Fathers have been given charge of this church, and have been requested to administer to the religious needs of American Catholics dwelling in Rome or passing through the city on their travels.

It is not without a certain fittingness that such a charge should be laid on the shoulders of the one community of priests founded in the country that is to be thus represented in the Eternal City. It is not without significance that thus, too, is realized one of the cherished hopes of the first Superior General of the Paulists, and the first Editor of *THE CATHOLIC WORLD*, Father Isaac T. Hecker. Over sixty years have fled since the first days of the community and fifty-six years since the founding of *THE CATHOLIC WORLD*; but at length this desire has been fulfilled.

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DURING past years, while nearly all the countries in the old world have had their national churches in the Centre of Christendom, one of the most progressive and most virile parts of the Divine Vineyard was conspicuous in having none. Spain, Austria, Belgium, France, Portugal, Ireland, Russia, Germany, England and Greece are represented by their national churches. Syria entered into possession of one in May of last year and the Argentine Republic also decided to have such a church. S. Andrea delle Fratte, near the Propaganda, was the national church of Scotland until the sixteenth century, and now the little Church of St. Margaret, Queen of Scotland, which is attached to the Scotch College on the Via Quattro Fontane, takes its place, although, like the church attached to the North American College, it is intended rather for the use of the students than for the public.

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NOT only countries, but provinces and cities, pride themselves in still having churches that represented them on the banks of the Tiber when they enjoyed the position of independent States. For example, Santa Maria in Constantinople on the Via Tritone belonged to Sicily; San Carlo on the Corso, to Lombardy; S. Croce dei Lucchesi, at the foot of the Quirinal Hill, was the property of the city of Lucca. Florence has San Giovanni dei

Fiorentini, which she built in 1448 and which, by the way, Michelangelo wished to build "such as the Greeks and Romans never had." In 1662 the people of Burgundy residing in Rome built San Claudio dei Borgogni and had a hospice attached to it. It now belongs to a congregation of priests of the Perpetual Adoration, the national church of the French, San Luigi dei Francesi serving for the use of all Frenchmen in the city.

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THERE is, therefore, nothing new in the idea of a church in Rome to meet the needs of the people of a particular country. Perhaps the strange thing is that there had not been established long since a church for Americans and, now that such a thing has become an actuality, it seems the most natural thing in the world. For American Catholics with their deep love of the Faith and with their devotion to the See of Peter, instinctively feel that, side by side with other nations, they, too, should be represented in cosmopolitan, central, Catholic and Eternal Rome. For those of our country who journey to the City on the Tiber this church will be a great convenience and a great blessing. Nor will interest in it be lessened, but rather will it be increased because of the fact that the church assigned for the use of Americans is not a new edifice, but rather one of those that reaches back into the centuries that are gone, one of the links in that historical chain of churches that joins the twentieth century to apostolic days.

The church assigned is that of Santa Susanna, which was rebuilt in 1603 by Carlo Maderno for Pope Sixtus V. on the site of an oratory founded by Pope Caius (A. D. 283) in the house of his brother, Gabinus, who was martyred with his daughter, Susanna, because she refused to enter into marriage with Maximianus Galerius, adopted son of the Emperor Diocletian, to whom this family was related. Paintings from the history of Santa Susanna and of Susanna of the Old Testament by Baldassare Croce and Cesare Nebbia adorn the walls. The church faces on the Piazza San Bernardo and is directly opposite the Church of San Bernardo. A rather curious fact is that at present the American Embassy occupies the building just next to the Church of Santa Susanna.

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THE Church of Santa Susanna has been visited by many Americans in past years as one of the smaller historic and handsome churches of a city that is filled with archaeological and religious treasures. Now, it is to be hoped, Americans, journeying to Rome, will turn their steps to this particular church with the added interest that its relationship to their own country must create. On one hand, it will be a little spot of home in a foreign

land; but, on the other, it will be only one more added feature of welcome to that wonderful City of the World, in which perhaps more than in any other, all the citizens of the world feel thoroughly at home.

May all who thus enter into this sacred shrine remember the martyred saint in whose honor it has been erected; may they likewise remember those other martyred saints of Rome—Peter, who led the way, and Paul, whose lowly sons now serve there; may they remember the hosts of those who died in Rome for the Faith that was in them; may they remember, too, that each and all of these were citizens of the City of God, followers of Christ, God and man, and that one of the most beautiful and significant prayers that went forth from His lips and heart was that one which went up on that darkest of nights in the Valley of Shadows beside the brook, Cedron:

And not for them only do I pray, but for them also who through their word shall believe in Me; that they all may be one, as Thou, Father, in Me and I in Thee; that they also may be one in Us; that the world may believe that Thou hast sent Me.

And the glory which Thou hast given Me, I have given to them; that they may be one, as We also are one: I in them and Thou in Me; that they may be made perfect in One: and the world may know that Thou hast sent Me, and hast loved them, as Thou hast also loved Me.

SPIRITUAL writers often speak of the virtue of indifference, but there is also the folly of indifference. The "holy indifference" of which masters in the ascetical life speak really means something very positive. It means continued confidence in God, no matter how much or how little of the things of this world we may possess; no matter whether in our devotion we have the grace of emotional fervor or not; no matter whether life deals out a greater measure of joy or of sorrow; no matter, in a word, what life brings as long as it is not something that of itself would lead us away from God. The indifference, which we would call the folly or the vice of indifference, is, in reality, just the opposite of the holy indifference, which is a virtue. For it is an indifference as to those things which are essential to our spiritual and moral life. In bringing up the subject here, it is not our intention to dwell upon what is no doubt the most serious form of this vice of indifference, that is, indifference as to religious beliefs, which is more properly called indifferentism. Never was there a greater fallacy uttered than it matters not what a man believes, and such indifference is most to be regretted.

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THERE are other phases of this folly, however, not so radical, but at the same time very detrimental to the best interests of human life either in the individual or in society. How often, when questions of the most serious import in the moral, social, industrial and political world are brought up, do we find those who will say: "What difference does it all make. As for me, how these things are decided or how these difficulties are adjusted does not matter in the least. I am not interested." Such an attitude of mind is not uncommon even among those of a high degree of intelligence and education. Did it become general it would carry with it most unfortunate consequences. Today, particularly, there are most vital questions of not only local and national, but also world-wide import being discussed, debated and decided. Can anyone afford to be indifferent to them? Are there not connected with them matters of a spiritual and moral nature which should demand the interest and, as far as possible, the influence of those who have right standards and just principles?

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NEVER has there been a day more than the present when important matters have been so dependent, we do not say upon public opinion, but rather upon the expression of partially public opinion. For the two do not always coincide. There have been mighty questions decided on the expressions of views which voiced opinions indeed, but which hardly voiced what could be rightly called public or general opinion. As a rule, however, the courts of arbitration, the assemblies of decision are much affected by the real views that come before them, constituting what may be classed as public opinion. There can be no doubt, for example, that the Irish question, which has been before the world acutely for the past few years, was largely decided in accordance with strong public opinion that flowed in from all quarters of the globe. Nor can we doubt that the deliberations at Washington have been largely influenced by the public opinion of the different nations as voiced in the presses of the different peoples and made known in other ways. The same is true of many other gatherings and will be true in the important assemblies that are to come. While newspapers, especially in their editorials, are not always reliable exponents of public opinion, yet one who knows how to read them can, as a rule, collect quite safely the real expression of public views back of the many distortions of the truth. An article in the January number of the *Atlantic Monthly* on "Newspapers and the Truth" brings out these facts in an able way.

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WHAT remains evident is that the expression of opinion is powerful and nobody who has at heart the welfare of humanity can be indifferent not only as to his views, but as to the expression of his views, when such expression is at all calculated to be effective. The last man that can afford to be indifferent, in this sense of the word, is the Catholic. He should have a deeper sense of his responsibility because the principles of his religious and moral code are more definite and more clearly defined than those possessed by his brethren not of the Faith. His opportunities for expression of views upon the great questions of the time are many. In conversations, in letters to papers, in efforts at more ambitious statements in magazines and books, he can make known those sound principles upon matters such as marriage, education, birth control, social and industrial ethics, the morality of business, art, music and many another phase of life. Indifference in these matters is deadly. Indifference breeds silence and silence, when the word should be spoken, breeds evil.

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SOME day, perhaps, there will be a daily Catholic press in the country; newspapers in various of our large cities that can give expression through the influential channel of the printed word, easily and frequently read, to the Catholic view of life and to the position of Catholics upon matters that affect the deepest interests of humanity. Perhaps, if we did not suffer considerably from the vice of indifference, we could establish such a press through the coöperation of those who possess in themselves the combined qualities of zeal and ability, and with the help of those who could back such a proposition from the business and financial point of view. This would at least afford one very powerful means for the expression of an opinion that now rarely reaches the assemblies that deliberate upon the most serious questions imaginable.

Before the day of the daily Catholic newspaper, of which there is now only one published in English in the whole United States, fully arrives, there is need of making known our views in every feasible manner. Much is done through the numerous weekly papers and the monthly magazines: much is accomplished through the efficient news service of the National Catholic Welfare Council. Recently, two Catholic business men in Pittsburgh had inserted in the daily papers paid advertisements, each of which stated a Catholic belief or explained a Catholic custom or ceremony. Each advertisement had the following announcement: "Contributed by two Catholic business men who believe in their

religion." Their example of zeal is a good one. If life is worth living, it is worth improving, too, in all its aspects. Such improvement requires interest—the interest in everything that affects humanity, the interest that is opposed to deadly indifference and that makes each and every true man or woman an influence for social good.

FOR those interested in the question of Christian unity and reunion—and who, that are serious-minded, are not?—an article on "Projects of Christian Union: A Catholic View," in *The Contemporary Review* for December, 1921, will afford instructive reading. The Union or the Reunion of Christians is a subject much mooted at the present time. Serious thought is being given to it in various areas of religious activity. Hardly a Church magazine or periodical is published in which there is not some article, or at least portion of an article, devoted to the problem and its solution. It is true that one falters almost hopelessly in the presence of an unreason that frequently is found in such articles: it is true that one is often appalled at the sacrifice of sacred convictions that is glibly asked for in order to secure a union that would be boneless and sinewless and, consequently, worthless. Nevertheless, the general discussion of the problem argues to an awakened interest in the pursuit of truth, and to the reasonableness of the hope that some day all will be one.

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IN the *Contemporary* article, J. W. Ponyter has this paragraph: "As regards schemes of, or aspirations towards, 'Christian reunion,' the conclusions seem to be, therefore, these: Free-will sufficiently accounts for the existence of divisions in belief, and also makes it improbable that, in our present state of being, such divisions are destined to disappear. With regard to present non-Catholic efforts towards union, no one will deny the nobility of the intentions, or the deep earnestness of the spirit, of those who are making those efforts; but, with all respect for that evident nobility and earnestness, it must yet be said that those who are making these non-Catholic efforts are either going in a direction not leading to the goal, or, if they are in the right direction, then they are so far from the goal that, before they reach it, their ideas of its nature will be drastically altered. Unity is the distinctive mark of 'Rome.' Disunion is the—or, at least, a—distinctive mark of Protestantism. Unity, however, is not only 'Roman,' but it is also true: in the sense that it is an indispensable mark of the visible Church established by Our Lord. Non-Catholics are

realizing the fact of its truth—its indispensability; but they do not yet realize the equal fact that it is essentially 'Roman,' and that Christian reunion is only attainable by communion with Rome. This, however, will have to be realized. One of the fallacies, hindering this realization, seems to consist in an untenable notion of the meaning of 'union:' the taking of that word to mean, namely, compromise on belief—whereas, of course, the nature of Revelation involves quite the opposite."

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WE recommend the reading of this article to all—because of its kindly spirit, its well-reasoned arguments, and its definiteness as opposed to that vagueness which characterizes so many efforts in the same direction. The quoting of his closing paragraph may induce some to read all that leads up to it. "The fact that many people reject the Church which agrees with the essential requirements of the very nature of Revelation, does not make that Church any less the true messenger of Christ, but only makes it evident that, however sincere those people be, yet their ideas of Revelation are inadequate, and that they should seek, as their goal, communion with that Church. The Papacy makes to be intelligible what otherwise is incoherent: creeds, Councils, Biblical doctrine, episcopacy, Church life. These things, taken by themselves, are beyond measure confused; but, in the union of the Catholic communion of the Holy See, they become intelligible. We would say what, centuries ago, St. Jerome said in his youth: 'It is but with the successor of the fisherman and the disciple of the Cross that I speak;' or, again, what he said many years later, near the end of his long life: 'I feel that I ought, with the deepest affection, to give you this advice, to hold the faith of holy Innocent, who is the successor and son of that man of the Apostolic See.'"

AN event of real significance in the field of missionary activity and one this is of more than local import, is the Silver Jubilee of the New York Apostolate. For twenty-five years, to quote the words of Archbishop Hayes, "The New York Apostolate has been singularly favored in its personnel, its spirit and its labors. Consistent and continuous has been its policy of burning zeal for souls within and without the Kingdom of Christ. It has repaired and built for Christ solidly and safely, far and near."

Sharers in the credit of their success with the present able members of the Apostolate are the former members of the band, some of whom are still living and some of whom have gone to

their reward. Notably among those of the past mention should be made of the first leader, Father Cusack, afterwards Auxiliary Bishop of New York and still later Bishop of Albany, which office he occupied when death called him. Nor should we fail to remember that the idea of the Diocesan band of missionaries sprang from the Catholic Missionary Union, of which the Archbishop of New York has always been the head, holding the office of President of the Board of Directors; and of which the veteran Paulist Missionary, Father Elliott, was the organizer and vivifying spirit.

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THROUGH the first year of the life of the New York Apostolate, indeed, Father Elliott was a co-laborer with the members of the band, giving them the benefit of his long experience in the mission field, and establishing those traditions to which the Apostolate has so faithfully adhered. This fidelity to the original spirit of its beginnings accounts, in large measure, for the unquestioned success of its efforts through all these years and for the maintenance of its vigorous life while many other such ventures have failed. Perhaps, more than any other one cause that has contributed to its success, has been the support consistently given by the three Archbishops of New York, under whom the Apostolate has prospered, Archbishop Corrigan, Cardinal Farley and Archbishop Hayes.

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WE congratulate the Apostolate upon the notable results of a quarter of a century of labor, results which cannot be scientifically measured, but which are treasured in the heart of God. We congratulate the members of the Apostolate upon the example of zeal for souls which they have been to all the people; and we wish them a continuation, into the many years of the future, of those elements that have made them truly God's "Fishers of Men"—vigorous and replenished life, an enthusiasm such as the spirit of God alone can inspire, and a love of humanity that calls in the voice of Christ.



THE Chaplain of Folsom Prison, California, writes asking us to invite our readers to send him any spare books, magazines or periodicals which they may have. He assures us that there is a daily demand for literature dealing with Catholic principles, and that the men have much time for reading. Many, we are sure, will take advantage of this opportunity of helping the Chaplain in his work. The address is: Rev. John H. Ellis, Prison Chapel, Represa, California.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

- E. P. DUTTON & Co., New York:
And Even Now. By Max Beerbohm. \$2.00. *Mediæval Heresy and the Inquisition.* By A. S. Turberville, M.D., M. A., B.Litt. \$4.00. *The Home of Fadeless Splendour or Palestine of Today.* By G. N. Whittingham.
- FUNK & WAGNALLS Co., New York:
Ireland and the Making of Britain. By B. Fitzpatrick. \$4.00 net.
- THE MACMILLAN Co., New York:
The International Protection of Labor. By B. E. Lowe, Ph.D. \$2.50. *The King of Ireland's Son.* By Padraic Colum. \$2.25. *Maria Chapdelaine. A Tale of the Lake St. John Country.* By L. Hémon. Translated by W. H. Blake. \$2.00.
- P. J. KENEDY & SONS, New York:
The Priest Before the Altar. Compiled by F. Macnamara, C.S.S.R. \$1.00. *When, Whom and How to Marry.* By Rev. C. McNeiry, C.S.S.R. 50 cents.
- LONGMANS, GREEN & Co., New York:
The Individual and the Environment. By J. E. Adamson. \$4.50 net. *The Mechanism of Life.* By J. Johnstone. \$5.25.
- HENRY HOLT & Co., New York:
When Lighthouses are Dark. By Ethel C. Brill. *Many Trails.* By H. M. Batten. *The Control of Life.* By J. A. Thomson.
- AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS CORPORATION, New York:
The Flight of Guinevere, and Other Poems. By G. V. A. McCloskey. \$1.50.
- DOUBLEDAY, PAGE & Co., Garden City, N. Y.:
Woodrow Wilson As I Know Him. By J. P. Tumulty. \$5.00. *The Uncollected Poetry and Prose of Walt Whitman.* Edited by E. Holloway. Vols. I. and II.
- HARPER & BROTHERS, New York:
More That Must Be Told. By Sir Philip Gibbs. \$2.50 net.
- HARCOURT, BRACE & HOWE, New York:
Goethe's Literary Essays. Edited by J. E. Spingarn. Foreword by Lord Haldane.
- THE ENCYCLOPEDIA PRESS, New York:
The Jesuits, 1534-1921. By Rev. Thos. J. Campbell, S.J. \$5.00.
- BENZIGER BROTHERS, New York:
The Summa Theologica of St. Thomas Aquinas. Part III. \$3.00 net.
- MARSHALL JONES Co., Boston:
The Spirit of the Common Law. By R. Pound. \$2.50.
- THE FOUR SEAS Co., Boston:
Igdrasil. By R. Snow. \$1.25 net. *Envy, a Tale.* By Ernst von Wildenbruch. *The Attitude of the Jew Towards the Non-Jew.* By J. Lauterbach. Pamphlet.
- THE EXTENSION PRESS, Chicago:
The Parable Book, Our Divine Lord's Own Stories Retold for You by Children. \$2.00. *Testimony to the Truth.* By Rev. Hugh P. Smyth. \$1.50.
- UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO PRESS, Chicago:
Evolution, Genetics and Eugenics. By H. H. Newman. \$3.75.
- B. HERDER BOOK Co., St. Louis:
The Children's King. By a Sister of Notre Dame 70 cents net. *The Counter-Reformation in Scotland.* By J. H. Pollen, S.J. \$1.00 net.
- THE BRUCE PUBLISHING Co., Milwaukee, Wis.:
Some Medical Ethical Problems Solved. By Rev. M. P. Bourke, A.M., LL.B. Pamphlet.
- DILLON & COYLE, Charlottetown, P. E. I.:
Way O'Dreams. By Lucy G. Clarkin.
- CATHOLIC TRUTH SOCIETY, London:
Thoughts for a Child of Mary. By Maisie Ward. *Catholics and the League of Nations.* By G. E. Anstruther. 2d. *Papal Infallibility.* By the Most Rev. John McIntyre. 2d. *Catholics and the Bible.* By C. E. G. No. 1. 2d. Pamphlets.
- P. LETHIELLEUX, Paris:
La dernière Abbessé de Montmartre. Par H. M. Delsart. 3 fr. *Traité de L'Amour de Dieu.* Par Saint Bernard. Traduction nouvelle. Par H. M. Delsart. 1 fr. 80. *L'idéal Monastique et la Vie Chrétienne des Premiers Jours.* Par D. G. Morin. 4 fr. *Le Contenu de la Morale.* Par Louis Rouzic. Tome I. et II. 4 fr. *L'Histoire et les Histoires dans la Bible.* Par Mgr. Laudrieux. 2 fr. 50. *Pourquoi je Crois en Dieu.* Par Abbé V. Dupin. 3 fr. 80. *Exposition de la Morale Catholique.* Par P. M. A. Janvier. 8 fr.
- P. Téquy, Paris:
Direction pour Rassurer dans leurs doutes Les Ames Timorées. Par R. P. Quadrupani. 1 fr. 50. *Direction Pratique et Morale pour vivre Chrétienement.* Par R. P. Quadrupani. 1 fr. 50. *La Femme Chrétienne et la Souffrance.* Par Abbé Henri Morice. 5 fr. *L'Esprit de Saint François Xavier.* Par J. E. Laborde, S.J. 5 fr. *Plans de Sermons pour Les Fêtes de l'Année.* Tome II. Par J. Millot. 7 fr. 50.
- P. MARIETTI, Taurini, Italy:
Rubricæ Generales Missalis Romani. Frs. 7. *Summarium Theologiæ Moralis.* Nicolaus Sebastiani, Sac. Frs. 12. *Memoriale Rituum.* Frs. 5. *Philosophia Scholastica, ad Mentem Sancti Thomæ.* R. P. Seb. Uccello, S.S.S. Two volumes. Frs. 28. "De Tempore." Par Iannes Lacan, S.C.I. *Missale Romanum.*

THE Catholic World

VOL. CXIV.

MARCH, 1922.

No. 684.

POPE BENEDICT XV.

BY EDWARD A. PACE, PH.D.



HE death, August 20, 1914, of Pius X. left the Roman See vacant at a critical moment. Three weeks previous, the War had set Europe aflame and spread confusion throughout the world. Nevertheless, the Conclave was assembled on August 31st. It followed the usual procedure, and on September 3d, the election was announced, "with great rejoicing," of Cardinal della Chiesa, who took the name of Benedict XV.

In his first official statement addressed, September 8th, to "all the Catholics of the world," the Pope declared: "Looking from the height of this Apostolic office upon the entire flock of the Lord now intrusted to Our care, We were stricken with horror and unspeakable anguish as We beheld the awful spectacle of this War and saw so vast an extent of Europe laid waste by fire and sword and running red with the blood of Christians. From the Good Shepherd, Jesus Christ, Whom We represent in ruling the Church, We hold the sacred duty of embracing in the arms of Our fatherly love, His sheep and lambs, each and all, whosoever they be. Since, therefore, following the Lord's example, We should be, and We are, ready

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IN THE STATE OF NEW YORK.

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to lay down Our life for them, We have made it Our steadfast purpose and resolve, that so far as lies in Our power, We shall leave no means untried to hasten the end of this calamity."

At the same time, he besought all the rulers of nations to put away their enmities for the welfare of human society. "Let them consider," he said, "that this mortal life, overwhelmed with misery and sorrow, ought not to be made more wretched and grievous than it is. Let them realize that already enough destruction has been wrought and enough blood shed: and, therefore, let them hasten to make plans for peace and join their hands in friendship."

This exhortation gave the keynote to the Pope's career. From the first hour of his Pontificate, he saw clearly what he should do. Once his course of action was determined, he followed it, unflinchingly, to the end. When at the close of seven years, that end had come, he was still "prepared to give his life, if necessary, in order to bring about peace."

What Benedict XV. saw from the exalted position to which he had just been raised was not merely the outward appearances of war. These, indeed, were amazing—in the number of nations involved, the efficiency of armament and the destruction which the first month witnessed. As to the final outcome, neither reason nor imagination could make any prediction. At sight of such ruin, the heart of the Pope was sorely grieved. But what caused him the deepest sorrow was the spirit that worked through it all. For the time being, it seemed as though hatred had triumphed. While it loosened all other evil passions, it placed at their service the cool calculation of intelligence and the shrewdest devices that science could invent. It spread its miasma beyond the area of actual warfare to countries which as yet were neutral. It threatened to sweep away all that centuries had achieved in the way of civilization.

After the first surprise had passed, men of learning and judgment began to account for the phenomenon. Much was said and written about economic pressure. History was consulted and the causes of earlier conflicts reviewed. Diplomacy, which evidently had failed, got its share of criticism. Militarism, bold in its guilt, was loudly condemned. And each nation, while it proclaimed the justice of its cause, cast

the blame on its enemies. The one thing that seemed quite plain was that wrong had been done and that greater evils would follow. Meanwhile, the struggle went on without regard to the value of such theorizing and with little care for the claims of humanity.

Before the conflict had gone very far, speculation regarding its meaning took a new turn. It was openly asserted that the War proved religion a failure. Christianity in particular had been powerless, had shown itself unable to meet the crisis and thereby had lost its hold on mankind. Naturally, the Catholic Church came in for the chief responsibility. Those who had been most active in hampering the work of the Church were loudest in their denunciation. They even set going a rumor to the effect that the War was brought about by the Roman authorities in order to secure greater power.

Thinkers of insight and honesty came nearer the truth when they traced the disaster to certain philosophical ideas. These had been discussed for some time with academic calmness. Shortly before the outbreak of hostilities, they appeared, as theories, in published form. It was frankly stated that might makes right, that stronger nations are justified in crushing the weaker, that war is a necessary means of progress, that compassion is weakness, and that any and every method of warfare is permissible provided it lead to success. International agreements were scorned—even those which formerly prevented excess and set limits to wanton destruction. The only law acknowledged by this philosophy was that which had been taken over from the brute creation and applied to human affairs, the law of the struggle for existence. And, according to this law, the survival of a nation, however accomplished, would be the one proof of its fitness.

Happily, this rude pragmatism was not universally accepted. Though it had prevailed for the moment, its ruthless application in the conduct of the War aroused indignation and protest. At any rate, it laid bare the issue as to whether war was a conflict among human beings or simply the struggle of brutes. It brought plainly to view the question: is there any significance in the moral sense and any validity in its demands? Or, is it to be stifled by physical force?

The situation was not promising. The world was in no mood to hear the gospel of good-will. Apparently, it was use-

less to speak, or even to think, of bringing order out of such chaos. With so many factors requiring consideration, it was hardly possible to take action that would meet any large approval. Worldly prudence recommended silence and neutrality.

Pope Benedict took another view and followed a different course. He saw that the time was opportune, not for winning applause, but for telling some plain truths. The first step, he resolved, was to dispel illusion by pointing out the real causes of the War. Whether his exposition of the facts would please or displease, mattered little. His duty, imposed by his office, was to compel recognition of the moral issues involved and of the moral principles upon which those issues should be decided.

In this he was encouraged by his thought of conditions within the Church. It was a relief, he said, to turn from the spectacle which the world presented and consider the progress which had been made in all departments of Catholic life. Intent on its own pursuits and misled by the vaporings of theory, the world had failed to note, or to appreciate, the vigor which the Church, during the two previous Pontificates, had developed. In many quarters it was taken for granted that the alienation of secular powers had not only destroyed the prestige of the Church in temporal affairs, but had also lowered its inner vitality to such a point that it could exert little or no spiritual influence. Against this erroneous impression, the Pope set a statement of fact.

In addition to the manifest proofs of the divine power and stability of the Church, We find no little consolation in the admirable fruits of the laborious Pontificate of Our predecessor, Pius X., who during that Pontificate adorned the Apostolic See with the example of a life in every way saintly. It is owing to him that We see the religious spirit of the clergy everywhere intensified; the piety of the faithful aroused; a disciplined activity promoted in Catholic associations; the sacred hierarchy consolidated or extended; the education of aspirants to the priesthood promoted according to the strict demands of ecclesiastical legislation and the needs of our own times; the danger of rash innovations removed from the teaching of the sacred sciences; music made to bear a worthy part in the solemn service of

God, and the dignity of the liturgy increased; the knowledge of Christianity more widely spread by fresh contingents of ministers of the Gospel.

The Pope was aware, moreover, that Leo XIII. had set forth the nature of society and laid down the true principles of human relationship. In his Encyclicals due warning had been given of the dangers which threatened the social order. Neglect of that warning had permitted the evil to grow until the menace became a reality and flung away its philosophical disguise.

In his first Encyclical Letter, November 1, 1914, after deploring the outbreak of war and its widespread ravages, Pope Benedict continued:

But it is not only the murderous struggle now going on that is ruining the nations, and filling Us with anxious alarm. There is another dreadful evil, which goes deep down in modern society, an evil that inspires fear in the minds of thoughtful men, because while it has already caused, and is threatening still to cause immense mischief to nations, it must also be recognized as the true source of the present deplorable conflict. Truly, as soon as the rules and dictates of Christian wisdom, which are the assured basis of stability and peace, came to be disregarded in the ordering of public life, the very structure of the State began to totter to its fall; and there has also ensued so great a change of thought and conduct, that, unless God comes to the rescue, the dissolution of human society itself would seem to be at hand. The more prominent disorders are these: the lack of mutual love among men; disregard for authority; unjust quarrels between the various classes; material prosperity become the absorbing object of human endeavor, as though there were nothing higher and better to be gained. These We regard as the four chief causes why the world is so terribly shaken. We must labor earnestly, therefore, by putting in practice Christian principles, to remove such disorders from our midst, if indeed We have at heart the common peace and welfare.

The source of these evils was not alone the unrest of the masses or the selfishness of individuals seeking their private gain. In large measure, the responsibility lay with those rulers who had forgotten that authority is from God and that,

consequently, they must render Him an account of their stewardship:

Let princes and rulers of the people bear this in mind and bethink themselves whether it be wise and salutary, either for public authority or for the nations themselves, to set aside the holy religion of Jesus Christ, in which that very authority may find such powerful support and defence. Let them seriously consider whether it be the part of political wisdom to exclude from the ordinance of the State and from public instruction, the teaching of the Gospel and of the Church. Only too well does experience show that when religion is banished, human authority totters to its fall. That which happened to the first of our race when he failed in his duty to God, usually happens to nations as well. Scarcely had the will in him rebelled against God when the passions arose in rebellion against the will; and likewise, when the rulers of the people disdain the authority of God, the people in turn despise the authority of men. There remains, it is true, the usual expedient of suppressing rebellion by force; but to what effect? Force subdues the bodies of men, not their souls.

But again he traced the conditions, whether in public or in private life, to the insatiate greed for gain which deadens both the perception of man's eternal good and the due consideration for others:

The evils We have just been deploring find their cause in a deeper root, and unless the good use their efforts to destroy it, We shall look in vain for the realization of Our desire for a solid and lasting peace among men. What that root is, the Apostle tells us: "The desire of money is the root of all evils," and to this root are indeed attributable all the evils now afflicting the world. When godless schools, molding as wax the tender hearts of the young, when an unscrupulous press, continually playing upon the inexperienced minds of the multitude, when those other agencies that form public opinion, have succeeded in propagating the deadly error that man ought not to look for a happy eternity; that it is only here that happiness is to be found, in the riches, the honors, the pleasures of this life, it is not surprising that men, by nature made for happiness, should attack what stands in the way of that happiness

with all the impelling force of their desire. But since earthly goods are unequally divided, and since it is the office of the State to prevent individuals from seizing at their own will what belongs to others, it has come about that hatred has been engendered against public authority, that envy of the more fortunate has taken hold of the less fortunate, and that the different classes of fellow-citizens are in open antagonism—those who have nothing striving by every means to obtain, and the others striving to keep what they have, and to increase it.

It was not sufficient, in the Pope's judgment, to point out and condemn the causes of the world's disaster. Measures of a practical sort were needed, and these naturally were determined both by the facts of the situation and by the position of the Holy Father as the head of the Church. At the beginning of the fourth year of the War, he addressed an appeal to the Rulers of the warring nations, in which he brought out clearly the objects which had guided his action:

From the beginning of Our Pontificate, amid the horrors which this terrible War has brought upon Europe, We resolved, above all else, on three things: to preserve complete impartiality with regard to all the belligerents, as is becoming in him who is the common Father and who cherishes with the same affection all his children; to put forth continual endeavors for the greatest possible good of all, irrespective of nationality and creed, as enjoined upon Us both by the universal law of charity and by the supreme spiritual office intrusted to Us by Christ; finally, in keeping with Our mission of pacification, to leave nothing undone, so far as lay in Our power, that might put an end to this calamity, by leading the nations and their rulers to greater moderation and to calmer counseling for the sake of a just and enduring peace.

To understand what impartiality meant for Pope Benedict, it should be remembered that Catholics were fighting under every flag. They were his children in war no less than in peace. They were acting in accordance with their sense of duty, and none valued patriotism more highly than did their common Father. While their fratricidal strife grieved him deeply, he realized that he could not, in justice,

show favor to any. There was little to gain by taking sides. There was much to lose. Whatever the result of the conflict, some portion of his flock would have been hurt and estranged.

In time of peace, the merits of international dispute can be fairly determined. It is possible, amid the tortuous ways of diplomacy, to lay hold of the facts and use them as a basis for decision. War blocks the way to reliable knowledge and makes judgment a mere conjecture. This was notably the case after 1914. Owing to the number of belligerent nations, it was practically impossible to secure accurate information. Under those circumstances, the settlement of rival claims would have been hazardous. The only effect would have been protest against the decision and hostility toward its source.

In some instances, however, the facts were clear, and the responsibility could be located. Then the Pope's action was prompt and decisive. He rebuked the doing of wrong, irrespective of the party by whom it was committed and of the attitude which any nation might consequently take toward the Holy See. He had preached the gospel of justice, and he was the first to put it in practice. Once handed down, his ruling was not reversed. He listened calmly to criticism, feeling sure that events would finally establish his fairness and sincerity.

However difficult it might be to mark out and follow the line of justice, there was no room for doubt as to the requirements of charity. Nor was any close investigation needed to find distress that called for relief. Europe, in agony, awaited the Samaritan. How zealously Pope Benedict bound up its wounds is now matter of record. His service to humanity in the exchange of prisoners, the conveying of information regarding their soldier relatives to those who remained at home in suspense and the systematic distribution of charity in all its forms, is now generally recognized. What he had was given freely, without respect of creed or nationality. And doubtless, among those who received aid through his generosity were some who had never thought that a Pope would take pity on any who were outside the fold.

The circumstances of war thus threw into sharper contrast a philosophy that mocked at compassion and a charity which found in suffering its stimulus and opportunity. Pos-

sibly, those who believe in pragmatism may apply its standards here and open the way to truth. In any case the common sense of humanity should easily draw its own conclusion.

Neither justice nor charity, however, could regain full sway as long as the struggle continued. The only hope for exhausted Europe was in the return to peace. And upon this the Pope bent all his energies. Once and again, he appealed to the belligerent Powers. From exhortation in general terms he passed to definite proposals. The fundamental point, he declared, was to replace the material force of arms with the moral power of right and to substitute for armies an equitable arbitration. He insisted especially on certain measures with which the world is now familiar; the freedom of the seas, disarmament, evacuation of conquered territory, the settlement, in a spirit of justice and equity, of the political problems which had emerged from the War. Such were his proposals in August, 1917, more than a year before the armistice was declared.

Why they were not accepted is a question which has been answered in various ways. Eventually, the true reason will be given. It is more important just now to note the spirit in which the Pope appealed to the Rulers.

In laying before you these basic principles—you who at this tragic hour are guiding the destinies of the belligerent nations—We are animated by the consoling hope of seeing them accepted and a speedy termination put to this terrible conflict which more and more clearly appears to be a useless massacre. The whole world recognizes that the honor of all parties is secure. Give ear, then, to Our prayer and heed the paternal invitation which We address to you in the name of the Divine Redeemer, the Prince of Peace. Weigh well your grave responsibility before God and man. Upon your action depend the comfort and joy of numberless homes, the lives of thousands of children, in a word, the happiness of the peoples whose welfare you are in duty bound to assure. May the Lord put into your minds and hearts such decisions as are in keeping with His holy will. Heaven grant that, while you merit the plaudits of your fellowmen now, you may secure for yourselves and receive from generations yet to come the glorious title of peacemakers.

Pope Benedict lived to see his desire, in large measure, fulfilled. Heavy as his burden had been, he must have rejoiced, more than others, at the ending of strife. But his efforts did not cease. He took up at once the work of restoration. His conciliatory spirit seemed to spread in all directions. Probably its most conspicuous effect is to be seen in the renewal of friendly relations with France. For the Eastern peoples he was especially solicitous; and he accomplished much in behalf of the Armenians, Syrians and subjects of the Ottoman Empire. The plight of Russia aroused his sympathy, and he took energetic measures not only to relieve the distress of that unfortunate country, but also to secure the return of its people to Catholic unity.

To Benedict XV. the Church in America is deeply indebted. On various occasions he expressed his joy at its prosperity. In his Letter to the Hierarchy, April 10, 1919, he commended, in particular, the work and the spirit of our Catholic schools. Catholic education, he said, "is the solid and secure foundation on which rests the fullness of civil order, faith and morality . . . the weal of Church and State depends entirely on the good condition and discipline of the schools, and the Christians of the future will be those, and those only, whom you will have taught and trained."

As he looked beyond the wreckage of Europe to our flourishing Republic, he saw the possibilities that lay before our people:

Retaining as they do a most firm hold on the principles of reasonable liberty and of Christian civilization, they are destined to have the chief rôle in the restoration of peace and order, and in the reconstruction of human society on the basis of these same principles, when the violence of these tempestuous days shall have passed.

The activities of the Pope in behalf of peace stand out, quite naturally, as his principal achievement. It should not be forgotten that he had, at the same time, to carry on the regular administration of the Church. In spite of the difficulties, notably in the way of communication, which the War occasioned, there was always the duty of providing for the spiritual welfare of the faithful, by the appointment of bishops, the adjudication of canonical cases, and the solution

of innumerable problems connected with distant missions. The record of these transactions is preserved in the *Acta Apostolicæ Sedis*, the official organ of the Holy See. Among the documents contained in that publication, the letters which the Pope addressed to persons of different countries and different positions or stations, afford an insight into his comprehensive interest and charity. They show him as a man who, amid the gravest official concerns, found time and opportunity to share the sorrow of others and to enhance their joy with his fatherly congratulation. He spoke from his heart to the heart of mankind.

It was not, then, surprising that the news of his death should have called forth expressions of regret from all who appreciated his character and aims—from those who loved him as their Father, and from many others who, though not of his fold, had learned to admire his qualities. These tributes are hopeful signs. They reflect, from countless angles, the good-will of the Pontiff, which sent its rays of comfort through the gross darkness of evil days and steadily pointed the way of peace. It is well that mankind should unite in expressions of sorrow at the loss of its chief benefactor. But the worthier tribute, which remains to be paid his memory, is the completion of the task of pacification. With the hope and prayer that, under God's providential guidance, this work of restoration might finally be accomplished, Benedict XV. entered into the peace which Christ alone can give.

JOHN GALSWORTHY.

BY MAY BATEMAN.



HE critic, if he be a critic worthy of his craft, should love the art of writing with nothing less than passion. He must be ready to guard its honor at the cost of sacrifice, and immolate the friend of his heart, if necessary, upon its altar. For, after all, it is the soul of the man in his work which true criticism seeks; his self-revelation in his art; and even if, humanly, we very often love best the thing which is unworthy, we can, in this case, pass over nothing that falls short of the best. That is the inexorable claim which art itself makes on the critic.

If it be true, as has been said, that "books are written by the mind and not the appetites, . . ." the function of criticism is, obviously, "to treat in their expression in literature the mind and the soul. To discover the soul of a book, of a writer, of art itself; that is a task difficult and perilous enough to be interesting."¹ But, alas, "only for some of us is the difference between good and evil vital, in the sense that the perception of it is the organizing principle of our lives."² Thus, "true criticism is distinguished from false by this, that while the latter studies" such things as style, subject-matter and conception, "as ends, . . . the former sees them in living relation." To the psychological critic, "style and treatment are symbols" of their creator's personal spiritual ardor and leanings. "*Criticism*," in fact, "*can only become*" really "*unique and fruitful by treating literature purely as the emanation of spiritual entities.*"³

An author's personal relation to reality, the effect of his expressed attitude towards life, is then what matters, when the critic focuses him in this soul-perspective. Its precise quality is what makes the writer either an artist or a mere word-stringer. Books that are real books, have an actual atmosphere of their own which many who are sensitive feel. Some of us have only to enter a library to be aware of the

¹ Edward Moore.

² *The Athenæum*.

³ Edward Moore.

spiritual character of its collection as a whole; to sense either interior tranquillity or actual disturbance. "They say that when night has fallen and the master of the house is asleep, the books in the library talk to each other; exchange their finest pages, their most brilliant phrases, from era to era and temperament to temperament. . . ." An incomparable honor for a writer to talk to Jean de la Fontaine, for example, in conditions of such intimacy!

Carrying on the pleasant fantasy, one asks oneself which specimens of our most famous modern novelists' work would meet on common grounds of intercourse with those of, say, the mid-Victorian epoch, whose code of ethics was so widely different? Picture, in your mind, the figure of some individual heroine of Charles Kingsley or George Eliot stepping clear of the printed page and encountering the creation of H. G. Wells or George Moore! Can you imagine a dialogue between Argemone Lavington,⁴ for instance, and Ann Veronica?⁵ Or seriously conceive that Dorothea Brooke⁶ and Esther Walters⁷ would find a point of union?

Take examples, even, from the writings of men who have more actually in common, Meredith and Galsworthy. Meredith serves as a connecting link between two eras. Both men view life from the standpoint of satiric observers; Galsworthy's innate love of the country, of every fleeting gleam of faery gold that shows in nature for the artist, is as tender and sensitive in its way as Meredith's, though he gives it less play. He shares with Meredith the faculty of making men and women live and move, so that we take them seriously, for good or ill, and suffer when they fail us, just as we suffer when our friends step off the pedestals our affection raised for them. Yet I doubt if Carinthia Fleetwood,⁸ with her loyal courage, or Emmie Dunstane,⁹ true throughout to a fine code, would walk in complete accord with Irene Forsyte,¹⁰ in spite of that pervasive charm of hers which steals upon you, like a breath, were those three graceful wraiths to pace the library floor at midnight in their printed shrouds.

There would be more instinctive sympathy, perhaps, be-

⁴ *Yeast*, by Charles Kingsley.

⁵ *Ann Veronica*, by H. G. Wells.

⁶ *Middlemarch*, by George Eliot.

⁷ *Esther Walters*, by George Moore.

⁸ *The Amazing Marriage*.

⁹ *Diana of the Crossways*.

¹⁰ *The Man of Property*, *The Indian Summer of a Forsyte*, *Awakening*, *In Chancery* and *To Let*, by John Galsworthy.

tween Renée de Rouaillout¹¹ and quiet Irene, who says so little and suggests so much, a triumph of faithful literary portraiture. But even so, between the French Marquise, her reserve of strength built on the habit of a lifetime's discipline, able "to act up to the scaffold" on which, at the eleventh hour, she sacrificed her happiness, and English Irene, faced with the same test, and acting differently, there is a great gulf fixed.

"Poetry, art and civilization all begin with an act of faith," Charles Maurras tells us. We know what Meredith's supreme act of faith was: "There is nothing the body suffers that the soul may not profit by." Does John Galsworthy's act of faith surpass, or even touch, it? How has he justified that "aspiration of life towards immortal beauty,"¹² which should be equally true of literature? And if his output as a whole be looked at from the standpoint of a critic who, however humbly, is intent on finding "spiritual emanation" wherever it exists in work, will his influence show for good or ill in a world which, more perhaps than ever before, needs sane and sound principles to guide it?

John Galsworthy's first book appeared in a restless transitional period of life and literature. The ball of change, rolling steadily on, gained momentum, and every obstacle it met, including literature, took fresh impetus and, possibly, another course. The new note in literature, if more spontaneous and natural in many ways than the old note, was one of almost reckless challenge; the new writers were nearly all preachers of a kind, if preachers of the gospel of negation and discontent rather than of affirmation and security. The fashion of what Michael Fane¹³ calls "mock-turtle" religious beliefs was already threatened. The new style, "with all its freshness, its living interest, its power to grip,"¹⁴ gradually "became less and less of an art, more and more a method of social propaganda. All the outstanding literary personages of today, first and foremost, are lay preachers—Shaw, Wells, Bennett, Galsworthy, Masefield, Chesterton, Hilaire Belloc."

Artists in words—John Galsworthy amongst them—stood out from the medley, for many of the new writers "threw grammar to the winds," and had no dignity. Galsworthy

¹¹ *Beauchamp's Career*, by George Meredith.

¹² *Sinister Street*, by Compton Mackenzie.

¹³ *Ibid.*

¹⁴ A. Compton-Ricketts.

was an observer; shrewd, ironic; versed in the mysterious ethics of upper middle-class families, those bulwarks of British civilization whose invincible belief in their integrity no cataclysm can shake; an enthusiast for justice, a staunch democrat. He published his first novel in the late eighties; his second in 1900, in the period of the South African War. His restraint, his ease, the beauty of his diction delighted lovers of literature. Here, surely, was a man who would never jeopardize the honor of his craft. "Rules," says a contemporary French writer,¹⁵ "are natural and spiritual laws; theories, too often mere prejudice and sophistry." John Galsworthy already saw profoundly into the darker side of life; surely, with time, he would achieve a clearer spiritual vision.

No one, more than Galsworthy, craves for the serenity and satisfaction that which is perfect brings. Tragedy lies in his failure to find it. For he desires it with insatiable ardor; his very ear is pricked to catch its echo. Like Ashurst, in his own story of "The Apple Tree," he is devoured by a sense of waste, which pulls him up short, time upon time, when the fire-fly gleam of promise has once again drawn him toward another futile quest. "One's mode of life may be high and scrupulous, but there is always an undercurrent of hankering . . . A mal-adjusted animal, civilized man! There could be no garden of his choosing, . . . no achievable elysium in life, or lasting haven of happiness for any man with a sense of beauty—nothing which could compare with the captured loveliness in a work of art, set down for ever, so that to look on it or read was always to have the same precious sense of exaltation and restful inebriety. Life, no doubt, had moments of beauty with that quality of unbidden, flying rapture, but the trouble was, they lasted no longer than the span of a cloud's flight over the sun: impossible to keep them with you, as art caught beauty and held it fast."¹⁶

We say of the work of certain writers that it leaves us with the sense that it was written "with the tongue in the cheek." John Galsworthy's work leads—whither? Until little Gerda's tears, falling upon Kay's eyes, in the old fairy tale, washed away the infinitesimal speck of glass which made him see the loveliest thing in the world out of perspective, everything was spoiled for him; he could not really

¹⁵ Emile Bernard.

¹⁶ *Five Tales*, "The Apple Tree," by John Galsworthy.

enjoy. Galsworthy, unlike Kay, perceives, is touched by beauty in many directions; is, for instance, "genuinely, almost religiously, responsive" to nature with its sense of a "brooding spirit" always eluding the heart expectant of Pan's piping in the copice; appreciates, with clear perception, men's stoic qualities, their efforts to break free from the rut of mean and petty circumstances. Much of what he sees is true, and he sees further into social wrongs than many of his contemporaries. But he does not see far enough. He does not see as far as Meredith, for instance, although Meredith's methods were often marred by obscurity, and Galsworthy's are always direct and to the point. In spite of his intense personal sincerity, his view of life is limited, because his moral vision is oblique.

Just as, with Meredith, it is impossible to separate his poetry from his prose when studying his work, so, with John Galsworthy, it is impossible to separate his novels from his dramas, as means of self-expression. The position of the weak, the wronged, the "lame dog" or fanatic, the woman who is broken on the wheel for the fault of the man, the poor who pay with liberty and honor penalties which the rich evade through wealth; these are the burning themes which rouse his most exalted, if sometimes his sentimental, championship.

The Silver Box, *The Mob* and *Strife* are typical examples of Galsworthy's work at its strongest. *The Fugitive* is a weak variation on a theme which obsesses the author: the rebellion of an artistic, sensitive woman, who has found out after a year of marriage that she has no ideas or sympathies in common with her ordinary, prosaic husband, and therefore breaks a bond whose claims she does not recognize or acknowledge. Clare's tentative entry into the underworld, to which sheer starvation drives her, after she has left her lover because she realized that she was ruining his career, costs her her life: she is "too fine, and not fine enough, to put up with things: too sensitive to take help, and not strong enough to do without it." But the setting of the final scene, with its lights and music and theatrical accessories, is tawdry and sentimental; a medley of cheap effects, carrying no conviction and utterly unworthy of the author.

Few of the ironies of so-called justice—administered in the courts or by the exponents of our social code—escape

John Galsworthy. In *The Eldest Son*, Sir William Cheshire is firm on the subject of "the unwritten law" which compels his underkeeper to marry the village girl he has betrayed: "He must toe the line or take himself off." But when his own eldest son, heir to a title that goes back to the thirteenth century, has brought his mother's young personal maid, daughter of the head-gamekeeper, "into trouble" and applies the same "unwritten law" in his own case, saying that he will marry her, there is a swift *volte-face* in honest Sir William's attitude:

"It's ruin. We've always been here. Who the deuce are we if we leave this place? . . . Good-bye to any prestige, political, social, anything! . . . If he marries her, I've done with him. As far as I'm concerned, he ceases to exist . . . The girl deserves no consideration. . . . (To Freda, the maid.) You haven't earned the right to be considered . . . You'll deserve all you'll get. . . . To expect me to . . . ! It's intolerable!"

Jack Barthwick, in *The Silver Box*, is the son of a prominent M. P. Young, drunken, dissipated, he takes the purse which contains all that his light-o-love has to pay her rent with, "to score off the cat," one night when he is intoxicated. Jones, the new, hard-working charwoman's out-of-work husband, helps Jack into the house at night, is given whisky, and "having had very little to eat all day," the "drink went to his head." "Something came over him," and he sees red and takes not only the purse, but a silver box. Mrs. Jones, who works at the Barthwick's, is accused of the theft; and Jones gives himself up and fights the constable, who believes he is only doing it to save his wife's honor. And the terrible irony of the whole travesty of justice comes when Mr. Barthwick, the honorable man—"so are ye all—all honorable men"—knowing the truth, stands by, although in mental agony, allowing Jones to be branded for life, imprisoned for theft and assaulting the police, his first offence, sooner than to allow his son's name to be dragged through the mire.

There is no weakness or artificiality, such as makes *The Pigeon*, as well as *The Fugitive*, ineffectual, in *Strife* which reaches the high-water mark of Galsworthy's dramatic power. Two iron wills—standing as symbols of the conflict between

the old order and the new, in the relations of master and man—are in bitter conflict. Throughout the play the tension is kept at straining point; both views are put fairly; both tell. Not until the last few moments do we realize that both of the honest enemies alike are broken by the weak compromise of the very men for whom they fought up to the last with their backs to the wall.

The note of sardonic futility, with which this play ends, vibrates again in Galsworthy's latest drama, *The Skin Game*. Class is matched against class here in an ignoble struggle for its "rights;" and as the fight goes on, the fine traditions of the class, which by birth and breeding is superior, sink to the level of its enemy, and worse; mere decency at last is thrown to the winds, and the two enemies face each other like dogs, intent only on tearing and rending each other by any means, however foul. Once more, a woman pays the cost of the victor's unworthy success. Hillcrist, the country gentleman, demands, despairingly:

"What is it that gets loose when you begin a fight, and makes you what you think you're not? What blinding evil? Begin as you may, it ends in this skin game. Skin game! . . . When we began this fight we had clean hands—are they clean now? What's gentility worth if it can't stand fire?"

Stephen More, the idealist, in *The Mob*, applies to the rights of countries the same rights which, theoretically, all just-minded persons claim for individuals. It is the plea of little nations to exist, and, knowing their needs, to govern themselves, which he voices:

"I love my country. It is because I love my country that I raise my voice . . . against the spectacle of one more piece of national cynicism. We have arrogated to our land the title Champion of Freedom, Foe of Oppression. Is that indeed a bygone glory? . . . A great country, such as ours, is trustee for the highest sentiments of mankind."

More carries his "forlorn hope not to let die a fire—a fire that's sacred," to the point of martyrdom. He gives up human honors; he sacrifices the happiness of his home; he ac-

cepts the scorn and derision of his fellow-countrymen and his friends, sooner than betray his ideal, for which, ultimately, he dies. There is a gleam of spiritual instinct in this strong play which shows too seldom in John Galsworthy's work, however much we individually may have abhorred Pacifist principles when misdirected in the case of the late War.

One passage in *The Mob* ought to be written in letters of gold on the door of the House of Commons and the Senate for members to read, mark, learn and generously apply: "*Mine is that great country which shall never take toll of the weakness of others.*"

Every writer of imagination has felt the individual "pull" of his "special" dream-children at his heart-strings. They will, not only to live, but to grow—sometimes to grow away from him; they are insistent, compelling. Until they get their way, he is their slave. They make his life intolerable until he has made them live for others as they do for him. Not just as types or symbols, but as separate entities—as real as our own friends and acquaintances.

The Forsyte family have haunted John Galsworthy for years. Probably, they will do so for some time yet. But because he is an artist and knows that we can have too much even of what is so significant and haunting, he has wisely written "finis" to a story revolving round an action which, inexorably true to life, has consequences affecting not only those immediately concerned, but many innocent persons about them, and ends by dominating the actions of a later generation. The unsuitable marriage of Irene and Soames Forsyte, centres of the psychological interest of the Saga—two beings who were always utterly apart in vision and who become, after marriage, actively hostile in temperament, thus takes a tragic force which, like the shadow of night, extends and deepens and covers everything within its sphere.

An "upper middle-class family in full plumage," the Forsytes are presented with uncommon skill. They are neither caricatured nor idealized; they are simply true. Given the Forsytes, they can only act Forsytically, for Forsytism, like Potterism, is a force. It crops up in unexpected places. It could only be utterly uprooted by an interior convulsion which the Forsyte proper would never be likely to experience. You may study its development in a variety of

phases, in *The Man of Property* and *The Indian Summer of a Forsyte*; in *In Chancery* and *Awakening* and *To Let*.

Such lessons in self-discipline as Mr. Galsworthy's work does show, are given quite unconsciously. But it is a searching study of human mentality, with the added interest of being carried on throughout three generations. The heroine, who belongs to the second generation of the family, is still holding our interest, *à la Couperous*,¹⁷ at fifty-seven, in the last book of the Saga.

The Forsytes afford an almost unique picture of British middle-class life and tradition at the close of the Victorian and during the Edwardian eras, and from the beginning of the Georgian era to the present time. Every Englishman knows that already the life, not only of 1898, but even of 1914 up to the memorable fourth of August, is much more remote from the life of 1922 than any normal span of twenty-four years, or eight years, would place them. John Galsworthy's history of the Forsytes during this period of tremendous transformations, will take, for the reader of tomorrow, the full value of a human document. He reproduces, with amazing dexterity, the color and the atmosphere of the period. His characters reflect its varying whims and decorations. They speak the changing vocabulary of the day.

The central theme, the failure of Irene's marriage, is treated with so much insight and human sympathy, that it is not altogether easy at the risk of the accusation of "narrowness and self-righteousness," which Mr. Galsworthy is ready to bring against those whose views differ from his own, to show how, unconsciously, in the very book upon which he has brought to bear the full weight of his personal bias, he actually condemns many of his own theories. George Meredith openly admitted he was "half in love with" his "Renée." John Galsworthy, wholly in love with Irene, makes nine out of ten of his readers in love with her, too. Her magnetic and mysterious charm pervades the whole Saga with fragrance. "Nothing so soft as a roseleaf's velvet, except her neck—Irene!"¹⁸ She is altogether womanly in her love and contempt; in her "fineness" and shrinking; her withdrawals and reticences; her passion and her despair. Made for love, there

¹⁷ The heroine of *Old People and Things That Pass* is either eighty-seven or ninety-seven years old.

¹⁸ *To Let*.

is something exquisitely tender in the way that dear old Jolyon and little Jon, to take two beings utterly apart in age, regard her. The love of woman herself is contained in the supreme love which Irene, elusive, magical, evokes.

Soames, the man of property, takes this woman, as just as much his possession as any other rare thing of beauty and value he has paid its price for, to enjoy, whenever he may choose. For that initial act of grossness, he pays and pays again, throughout a lifetime; pays much more heavily than, with his nature, he may ever apprehend. Not with impunity can we ever besmirch the dignity of a human soul. But, surely, Soames—Forsyte as he is through and through—could never, even as a lover before marriage, have been much less Forsytian? That is where the reader, just a little less Irene's man than Mr. Galsworthy is, feels the first indication of the "something wanting" in the delicacy of discriminations which later are the means of making so many lives rock.

Appeared upon the scene, young Bosinney, the architect, incidentally engaged to be married to Irene's greatest friend in the family, June Forsyte, a fact which neither he nor Irene permits to act in any sense as deterrent to their own desires. Bosinney, ardent, erratic, an idealist, something of a genius in his own line, swimming out of his depth in the Forsyte milieu, sees Irene, shining out like a star in a night of thick gloom. Irene "was brought up strictly;" but strictness is not the main armor of defence in such a case, as Mr. Galsworthy does not explain. "She was not light in her ideas," and there was struggle. What the author sees as inevitable, follows. For "love," as he says, "is no hothouse flower, but a wild plant, born of a wet night, born of an hour of sunshine; sprung from wild seed, blown along the road by a wild wind. . . . And where this wild plant springs, men and women are but moths around the pale, flame-like blossom."

It is his excuse for the tragedy of Irene and Bosinney.

And because Irene, repressed and disappointed, craves, like a hundred more of us, for the human satisfaction of human love; because in her immediate circle there is nothing very fine to live by, and Forsyte niches, when they have any niches at all, are usually filled up by false idols; because her vision of "life" is limited to the space contained in "here" and "now;" because, above all, she has no sense at all of the exist-

ence of any higher claim than the fulfillment of the temporary happiness for which her soul is sick, she is drawn, like "a moth," little by little to the enchanted forest where, hidden from the world, the "flame-like blossom" lifts its head, incomparably sweet.

There are stolen interviews; the lovers "love in deed as well as thought." But presently, with violence, Irene's husband asserts his "rights," and next day, half distraught, she tells Bosinney what has happened. Whether he committed suicide or whether he was accidentally run over in his distraction, is never known. But the young life of promise is cut short. And one more moth in the circle round the flame-like flower is dust. Irene's crowning tragedy does not come until she is past fifty. But it has been gathering through the years of passionate youth and ardor and surrender; rolling up, in its accumulated strength, ready to sweep upon her in its force, even when, for a time, she found sure anchorage. It breaks, finally, at the moment when, physically, her power of resistance is weakened by increasing age.

"Young Jolyon," now an elderly man, old Jolyon's son and Soames Forsyte's cousin, whom eventually she married, is confronted with the ordeal of writing the full story of Irene's life to their boy, Jon, who has, ironically, fallen in love with Soames' daughter by a second marriage, Fleur. It is Irene's wish that Jon should know the truth; but every human means to escape the confession is taken before Jolyon, realizing that "the murder's out," decides, for Irene's sake, to put the whole truth down in black and white. To speak of such things at all to a boy—his own boy—to speak of them in relation to his own wife and the boy's own mother seemed dreadful. . . . And yet . . . without them, how justify this stifling of the boy's love?

Your mother fled from [Soames' house] that night [the night when Bosinney was found dead]. For twelve years she lived quietly alone, without companionship of any sort, until, in 1899, her husband . . . became conscious, it seems, of the want of children, and commenced a long attempt to induce her to go back to him. I was her trustee then, under your grandfather's will, and I watched this going on. While watching I became attached to her. . . . His pressure increased till one day

she came to me here and practically put herself under my protection. . . . Our names were publicly joined. That decided us and we became united in fact. She was divorced, married me, and you were born. . . . Soames, soon after the divorce, married Fleur's mother, and she was born. . . . The idea that you should marry his daughter is a nightmare. . . . Your children, if you married her, would be the grandchildren of Soames as much as of your mother, a man who once owned your mother as a man might own a slave. By such a marriage you enter the camp which held your mother prisoner and wherein she eat her heart out. . . . You are just on the threshold of life, you have only known this girl two months, and however deeply you think you love her, I appeal to you to break it off at once. Don't give your mother this rankling pain and humiliation during the rest of her life.¹⁹

"'Wretched letter,'" as Jolyon tells himself. "'A cruel business—cruel to her—to Soames—to those two children—to himself. . . . Jon was such a tender-hearted chap . . . and conscientious, too. . . . Youth took things so hard.' And stirred, tormented by that vision of Youth taking things hard . . . Jolyon . . . tottered in through the long window and sank into old Jolyon's chair. . . . So it was like this, was it? . . . There was a great wrench, and darkness . . ."

"Nemesis?" Yes: in spite of himself, Mr. Galsworthy has written a story with a moral that "who runs, may read." He proves that what Bosinney said, talking of art, holds true: "In architecture, as in life, you'll get no self-respect without regularity. . . . It never occurs to us to embody the main principle of life into buildings." Nor, it seems, looking about us, into our modern views of marriage.

Bosinney's death—we will not call it suicide; Jon's rocking world; Fleur's marriage; Jolyon's death—for it is the shock of giving the letter to his boy which hastens his end; these are the immediate results of the moth flickering about the "flame-like blossom." Soames' unhappiness does not apparently count. Of Irene it may not be said, "she brought it on herself,"²⁰ yet Mr. Galsworthy's attitude towards Soames indicates, even if it does not expressly state, that judgment. Soames' unhappiness very clearly exists. To the last, he

¹⁹ Jolyon's letter to Jon, in *To Let*.

²⁰ *Ibid*.

keeps Irene's photograph concealed underneath the portrait of Fleur, the child he does undoubtedly love unselfishly and with devotion. "He slipped" Fleur's picture down, "and there was that other one—that old one of Irene. . . . The owl hooted, the red, climbing roses seemed to deepen in color, there came a scent of lime-blossom. 'God! That had been a different thing! Passion—Memory! Dust! . . .'" "The melancholy craving in his heart" endures beyond the printed page; just as Annette's, his second wife's, dissatisfaction will endure.

It is said that every man and woman has his blind-spot. Honesty in marriage certainly appears to be the blind-spot of the modern novelist. The possibility of applying the rudiments of common honor and good fellowship to its relations for the most part escape him. He pleads for "beauty;" uses the term widely, says, as Mr. Galsworthy himself says, that he means by it "good sportsmanship."²¹ Good sportsmanship is emphatically not to bag another man's bird, and admitted that the dignity of human life demands "just conduct and kind conduct, for there is no beauty in the sight of tortured things,"²² how can we justify, even according to this standard, the stealing of another man's wife any more than we can justify the stealing of his family heirlooms?

Mr. Galsworthy condemns the whole of religion as superstition with the exception of its "beautiful expression of exalted feeling," which is its "uplifting" part. He talks of salvation as "being commercialized;" says that "the only way in which each one can say '*Retro Satana*' is to leave his or her tiny corner of the world a little more dignified, a little more loveable than he or she found it."²³ How does he exemplify his point? Which of his dream-children lives up to this ideal?

He has spent years in the production of the "Forsyte Saga." It is the work of his youth and his maturity, a finished study. But, summed up, it comes to this. Told with incomparable magic, it is the story of a woman who bought human happiness at a price for which not only she, but those about her, paid in blood and tears, in some cases unto death.

Without vision the people perish. The vision which endures, is one Mr. Galsworthy, for all his deepening love of beauty, still lacks power to see.

²¹ John Galsworthy, in the *Yale Review*, October, 1921.

²² *Ibid.*

²³ *Ibid.*

The Saint's Progress is the least worthy of all John Galsworthy's books. The motif of the story, unpleasant though it be, is capable of fine treatment, as is shown by Henri Bordeaux' novel, *La Resurrection de la Chair*, which deals with exactly the same theme, from a spiritual view. In Bordeaux' novel, the mother of the young dead officer who, on the night of his departure for the front, stayed with the girl he loved till dawn, and who died without realizing the due weight of his wrong in creating a nameless human being and destroying his love's innocence, takes his sin on her shoulders: makes her vicarious sacrifice for him: immolates herself for the dead and triumphantly accepts the stigmas of the shame he never knew.

In John Galsworthy's story, Noel, the young daughter of a country clergyman who is constantly spoken of as a mystic by friends who, like most of us, use the word without the faintest knowledge of its real significance, gives herself to her young lover, also on the eve of his departure for France, in a mood partly of desperation, through the overwhelming force of love, partly because her father has refused to let her marry Cyril Morland on the score of youth and inexperience.

Cyril Morland is killed, and Noel finds that she is to become a mother. She "wants her baby." It is the consummation of her glorious hour. It is only because of her father's pain that she regrets the past at all. Her friends unite in consoling her. One of her nearest relatives "could not help applauding that hour of life and love snatched out of death." Another says:

"Life's going to be the important thing in the future; not comfort and cloistered virtue and security; but living, and pressure to the square inch . . . All the old, hard and fast traditions and drags on life are in the melting pot. . . . Regrets and repinings and repressions are going out of fashion. . . . You're going to make life—well, that's something to be thankful for. . . . If you put ashes on your own head, your fellow-beings will assist you, for of such is their charity."

The father's agony of doubt, his realization that his beloved child has sinned, is looked at as a sort of amazing aberration. The proper attitude for him to take would be to

knock down the first man who challenged his daughter's purity. But "the bells of" the faith he professes, "are beautiful, but out of tune with the music of the streets." The thought that there "will be no peace for" Noel "until she has atoned" for her sin shows positively "inhuman," in the light of today's ethics. Noel herself, whose brief suffering, whose brief sorrows are so easily assuaged in the arms of another man—incidentally, a former lover of a cousin who has befriended her—who is ready to accept her responsibilities and her child as his own, is held up, I think, for our admiration as a symbol of the New Age, waiting to break away the last remnants of the Tablets of Stone under her dancing feet.

"*You've been*" our father's "*deliverance*," Noel's sister assures Noel, when, owing to the scandal, the clergyman is forced to resign his living. Leaving his Church "will be a wrench," of course. "A man's bound to have a cosey feeling about a place where he's been boss so long; there is something about a Church . . . there's beauty in it, it's a pleasant drug. But he's not being asked to give up the drug habit; only to stop administering drugs to others."

Noel—in her all-embracing patronage—takes a step further. Resolving life's problems with youth's sublime assurance, she voices the individualistic standpoint.

"*Shall I tell you what I should like?*" she whispered. "*To take God's hand and show Him things. I'm certain He's not seen everything!*" The spirit of all modern thought indeed. Man, in his leisure hours and gracious condescension, is willing to place his services as guide and instructor at God's disposal!

How is it that a man whose sensitiveness errs in many ways on the quixotic side, as John Galsworthy's does; who can enter with innocence into the imagination of a child;²⁴ and into the mind of the old;²⁵ who can see the glimmer of spiritual radiance in a Magdalen's devotion to a scapegoat, in spite of the squalor and sin of their surroundings;²⁶ who can get under the skin of the country gentleman on the Jury who feels that he, even he, unbelievably, has something in common with the undersized "half-baked" little soldier of Kitchener's Army, whom "love of wife and little home" squeezed so tightly that it made him a coward; who can feel with the

²⁴ *Awakening.*

²⁵ *Indian Summer of a Forsyte.*

²⁶ *First and Last.*

prisoner in solitary confinement, as in *Justice*; still fails so utterly to test the worth of fortitude, endurance, discipline, where the love of man for woman and the love of woman for man obtains; and possess so little reverence for God?

The very Pagans knew more than most modern writers do about the fundamental virtues. The strengthening of the mind by acts of temperance; the quickening of the soul by flight from temptation; the wrestling of the spirit in prayer; the gain of trial by ordeal; the necessity of atonement for sin, even if the means of atonement were wrongly directed; all these were practised by them. Even before the Christian Ideal dawned upon the world to solve the burning inequalities and cruelty of human justice, to glorify nobly accepted suffering into a priceless gift, it was held to be a finer thing that a man should renounce greatly, than to be merely happy, and the sum of his life's quality was tested by others than Marcus Aurelius, rather in what it could endure for honor's sake, than what it left behind in worldly honors.

Today—"I want Life awfully!"²⁷ is the modern cry. In other words, freedom to taste, to see, to take, to possess whatever our ignorance desires, in a passing mood; to own no master but Self, the one relentless tyrant, and bow before no altar except the one where Self is glorified.

Not yet has John Galsworthy found that high and austere beauty at whose fount he could quaff full satisfaction. But the sincerity of his art, at its best in such dramas as *The Silver Box*, *Strife* and *The Mob*, may yet point to its way.

²⁷ *The Saint's Progress.*

THE STORY OF JACOPONE DA TODI.

BY M. I.

I.

SHE was so lovely that one caught one's breath
And stared at her mere passing. Strange she was,
And different from all others—gay and sweet
Her laugh, her speech, her glance, her ways, and yet
Something lay hid within, of mystery
That lit her with a radiance not her own.
She was Jacopo Benedetti's wife,
Of higher rank than his, but he had fame
As lawyer and as poet, and he loved
His fame and wealth, but more he loved his wife.
As for his God and for his own poor soul,
Little recked he, but lived his careless life
For glory and for pleasure and for her.
One day there was a pageant and a joust
And Benedetti bore his gallant part,
The brave, bold man who sought the world
And all the world could give of pastime perishing.
A large fair balcony was built to hold
The high nobility, and there, a queen
Among the queenly, sat that peerless one,
Vanna, Jacopo's wife—her smiling eyes
Were fixed upon him mounted on his steed,
Whose spirits he controlled with practised hand.
His gaze now seeks her out. Their glances meet:
He bows, saluting low his priceless love,
His soul, religion, heaven—all in one.
She laughs her debonair, bright laugh, and waves
White hands of recognition and "God speed!"
Jacopo fills his heart with one last look
And dashes forward in the tournament.
When lo! A crash: a cry: the balcony
Has given way and all its burden gay
Is flung upon the ground. Swift help is near

And rescued beauty soon is calmed and cheered,
All save the Lady Vanna. Prone she lies
And white with coming death. They call for air
And cut her bodice open. Jewels flash
And run upon the ground to left and right,
But hid beneath the gold and silken vest,
Is a harsh garment all of bristling hair,
And the fair skin sore wounded with its touch.
"Here comes Jacopo! Move away! Give place!"
They murmur as he pushes through the crowd.
"What! thou, my Vanna! All my life, my soul,
My all! Nay sweet; look up once more and speak.
Thou art not dead! O heaven, what is this?"
He cries in horror, looking at *that* thing
Of penance and of pain upon her flesh.
Slowly the sweet eyes open once again,
A soft blush flutters over cheek and brow—
"For thee, beloved," Vanna says—and dies.

II.

The years have passed since Vanna died and not
In vain that gracious giving up of life,
Which long had been for Christ and hid in Him.
And now in Todi's streets there may be seen
Jacopo, once the sinner, now the saint.
The pain that broke his heart, let in the light
To show him what he was. Distraught with grief,
At first for Vanna, then for Christ his Lord,
He sacrificed his name and fame and all
And gave himself to God in penitence.
Mad was he dubbed; but his the vision clear
That shows things as they are. His pride he slew
By meekly bearing all the city's scorn.
The boys would jeer and mock and pelt with stones
That once proud lawyer as he trod the streets;
And Todi's erstwhile poet was a jest.
He was a wretched object in the rags
That took the place of his old gay attire,
And for his body's softness and excess
There was no mercy in his punishment:

Spirit and flesh had sinned and both must pay
The price that he might fit himself to love.
Love was Jacopo's lure through all his pain—
The love of Love Itself. What then was scorn,
What then was loss, so Christ might be his gain?
One friend he had through all that bitter time
One who could get the water of his tears
Changed into wine of love by her sweet prayer,
That Queen of Innocence, that Pearl of Grief,
The Mother of all Sorrows. Her he sang
While yet he dared not sing of the Divine;
And, through her, kept his poet's heart alive
Until his chastened spirit could pour forth
Those other songs of love to Love Itself.
And when, at last, that creature he had tamed
Once called Jacopo, now Jacopone,
Of Todi the "mad penitent," he sought
Amongst St. Francis' sons a place of peace
As lay brother. Those were stormy times, and his
A stormy nature, but he held his course
Straight on to God, and, a Franciscan, died.
And so God's grace worked in this sinner's heart
Because of Vanna's prayer and penitence.
His lawyer's prowess led him into strife
Even amid his later sanctities;
But the true poet in him never erred;
And all his singing was of Mary's woes
And of his love for Mary's Wounded Son.

PROSPECT FOR CATHOLICISM IN NATIONALIST INDIA.

BY G. B. LAL.



THE high caste Hindus are the only people of Aryan, Caucasian or European race, who are still pagan or non-Christian. Their number is large and their influence is larger, in proportion, not only in India, but in all Asia. They are now on the point of establishing a great united, modern state, most probably under the British flag, but not impossibly without it. The imperial Conference in London had two representatives from high-caste India. At the Peace Conference, at Paris, while Ireland remained unrepresented, India had a seat with Canada and Australia. High-caste India is a member of the League of Nations.

British statesmen and publicists have ceased to speak of the people of India derisively as "the natives." And even Rudyard Kipling has laid his un-Christian pen aside, as far as abuse of the upper class Indians is concerned.

The British Dominions are beginning to understand that there is a world of difference, as far as racial stock and cultural inheritance is concerned, between the Mongolians and the dark whites of India. The India of today is a new, self-conscious, nationally-minded India.

The British Government has changed its attitude towards the people and the problems of India; what has the British Church done? By the British Church, I mean the Protestant or State Christianity of Great Britain. The British Church and British State are, from the nature of the case, pretty well linked; and the two change their policies simultaneously.

It is certainly most significant that a large number of Protestant missionaries have begun to evidence undisguised sympathy with the aspirations of the moderate Nationalists in India for "Home Rule." Such sympathy, mark well, is given by them, unsolicited by its recipients. Some British missionaries (Protestant) have gone so far as to join the ranks of the Nationalist propagandists. The most important among these, no doubt, is the Rev. C. F. Andrews, formerly a Fellow

of Pembroke College, Cambridge, England, and later Professor of English in the St. Stephen's College, Delhi, India. Professor Andrews came out to India with the intention of doing Christian missionary work among the upper class Hindus of Delhi, the capital city of India. He believed in Protestant Christianity and in the Protestant British monarchy. But instead of converting the young Hindus, he was converted by them.

Contrary to his expectations, and to the things he had been taught about India, in his British home and school and university, he discovered that the high-caste Hindu boys he had come to teach and convert were not a barbarous lot, ignorant of modern science, history, literature, philosophy, nor were they particularly conservative and retrogressive. The Brahman boys of Hindustan knew more of Kant and Hegel, and all that sort of thing, than did their Scotch instructors in English and philosophy. Theological controversy was of no avail in tackling these Rajputs, Brahmans, Sayyeds and the rest.

Rev. Mr. Andrews and his colleagues then assailed the caste-pride and caste-restrictions of mediæval Hinduism. The Hindu boys conceded that their mediæval Brahmanic system was out of harmony with modern prejudices, and began to violate caste restrictions. Mr. Andrews and his Hindu pupils dined and played together. And nobody paid any attention to what they were doing. The elder Brahmans had learned, long since, to let the younger generation strictly alone when it chose to violate the Brahmanic injunctions against mingling and mixing with non-Hindus.

That was all very good. But that was not the real object of Mr. Andrews' mission. In all the fifty years that his particular mission had been working in Delhi, there had been hardly any conversions, except a few from the very lowest and most famine-stricken classes.

What was the matter? The upper class Hindus were eagerly adopting English manners, customs, games, and even vices. They were sending their daughters to missionary and Government schools. They were quite willing to change in anything that helped them in practical life. The richer high-caste Hindus began to ask Mr. Andrews for letters of introduction to his friends and relatives in England: they were not only willing, but eager, to acquire the modern skill in science

and statecraft that had made the English so prosperous in recent times. But, somehow or other, they would not be converted. What was the source of their antagonism to Christianity?

Mr. Andrews undertook a study, through authentic translations, of the great scriptures and literature of the classic and mediæval Hindus. He found that the spirit of the ancient Hindus was extraordinarily akin to the spirit of the ancient Greeks and Romans. The three great Aryan nations of antiquity—Hindus, Greeks and Romans, as also the ancient Celts, Slavs and Teutons, spoke languages descended from the same linguistic stock, had identical family and community ideals and customs, and worked out their historic destinies along parallel lines. In 1906 or 1907, Mr. Andrews stated that the Brahman scriptures inculcated essentially the same moral and religious ideals as did the Old Testament, and the only thing the Hindu scriptural wisdom lacked was the great message of the New Testament. He argued, in other words, that the native wisdom of high-caste India had already prepared it to accept the Gospel of Christ.

Many of his Hindu friends and pupils said that he might be right, and that they regarded Christ as one of the great incarnations of Divinity, but they would not accept Protestant baptism. What was the matter? These Hindus were quite obliging, yielding, accommodating in interpretations of history; they were willing to show deep respect for Christ, still they balked at joining the Protestant British Church. At last the secret was out. What the Hindus objected to was not Christianity, but the British Church.

Since 1858, when the British crushed a powerful rebellion with its centre in this same city of Delhi where Mr. Andrews taught and preached, the Hindus had kept their patriotic emotions pretty well masked. Their nationalistic ranks had been utterly battered: old-fashioned patriotism was no longer possible. By old-fashioned, I mean Oriental or Eastern patriotism. The spirit of patriotism is, at its root, everywhere the same, but it becomes attached to various types of symbols in various epochs and climes. Fifty years ago, Indian patriotism evinced a liking for certain habits and customs acquired by the Aryans of India, in course of time, from the Western and Central Asiatic peoples who traded with, and sometimes invaded India. These Eastern—Saracenic, Turko-Persian

and old Brahmanic customs had given mediæval Hinduism a most non-Aryan form.

In the fifty years following the great rebellion of 1857, the Hindus learned that their racial instinct was really European (Aryan) and not Mongol-Asian or Turko-Semitic-Asian. So they started to purge out all non-Aryan superstitions that had become mixed with Hindu religion, morality and social customs. When this purification had progressed to a certain point, the old Aryan spirit of Hinduism stood out clear and strong. It was the spirit of simple, heroic Aryan nationalism. With this revival came a new hope for the unity, progress and liberty of the Hindu people. "The destiny of high-caste India was irretrievably European. India must become like, and join the ranks of, the modern European nations." This became the one absorbing passion of the younger Hindu patriots.

For a long time, this new nationalism remained more or less unexpressed. But the day came when it felt strong enough to declare itself openly, like the Irish patriotism of the day.

Mr. Andrews' pupils told him that as long as Christianity was presented to them furled in the imperial flag, they wished to be excused from accepting it. New India was saying virtually: "I regard your Christianity as an instrument of your State. I suspect that you bring it to me because you want me to forget my own indigenous ideas, ideals and aspirations. In other words, what you want to do, under the guise of religious conversion, is to denationalize me. As I wish to avoid that, I must, under the circumstances, stick to my temples and mosques, although I have lost all faith in them, as far as ritual and creed and social restriction go. But I can still use these ancient shrines and altars of mine as round-tables for self-organization as a nation. This sounds very Machiavellian, very opportunistic. I realize that. But I also realize that you, British Churchmen, are not less, but more, politically opportunistic than, I think, I am. When I—India—have attained my national wish, for unity and free government, I shall be glad to let you try to convert me. Meanwhile, take care that you do not cast your lot with those who are against my political aspirations. If you persist in helping those British Conservatives who are determined to oppose my realization of self-determination, you may never, never be able to win back my heart, or head. If you espouse our cause now, you

will be putting me under a heavy debt of gratitude. And who knows I may some day want to worship at the same altar before which you bow."

To such an attitude on the part of India, the British Protestant missionary was not accustomed. Mr. Andrews, and his fellow-missionaries, scolded the Nationalists, called them misguided idealists, reactionaries and what not. But the time came when they began to see with different eyes. Mr. Andrews, for one, espoused the cause of Nationalist India. He is, at present, preaching the gospel of Indian Nationalism as a follower of Mr. Gandhi, the great Indian Nationalist leader, who is the father of a "non-violent-revolutionary nationalism" in India.

The question now arises: if the position taken here be substantially correct, why have the Hindus not responded with more alacrity to non-British Christianity—Protestantism as inculcated by Americans, or Germans and Catholicism?

The answer is implied in the question itself. It is that non-British missionaries in India have, with rare and certainly not recent exceptions, resembled the British Protestant missionaries—minus their refinement. The German missionary, for instance, has been far more pedantic, controversial and unimaginative than the British missionary. The American Protestant missionary is indistinguishable from the British, save in that he has less influence with the authorities and is, therefore, less useful in the eyes of the Hindus.

All these European and American missionaries have imitated so far the methods of the British missionary. And their attitude towards the people of India has been less sympathetic than that of the missionary from Cambridge or Oxford, or London, or Edinburgh. Even the Irish Protestant missionaries have been no exception to this rule.

The European missionary is not, I believe, capable of doing much in India. India must be reckoned, from now on, as an English-speaking country. The leaders of India—and henceforth you can only deal with her through her leaders—are an English-speaking class. The French are the only Europeans who can, in the writer's estimation, win the hearts of the Hindus by their gift of sympathy and courtesy in dealing with strangers. French Catholics have been very popular in the past in many parts of India. Dr. Jagadish Chandra

Bose, the foremost Hindu scientist of today, received his first impulse towards scientific research from a French Catholic missionary, Father La Font. But the French do not seem to be in any missionary mood at present. They are interested in other things, the people of France.

It is only, I repeat, an English-speaking missionary who can achieve any results today in India. Now, there are three great English-speaking countries: Britain, Ireland and America. Of the missionaries from Britain the writer has already said all there is to be said. Ireland, it is obvious, is much occupied with herself. And yet, if there be any people who can bring the Hindus within the Catholic Church it is the Irish. And when I say "the Irish," I mean the Nationalists or Catholics.

The world outside does not seem to realize how profound is the sympathy for Ireland among the vast bulk of the people in India. The Nationalist organizations—the Indian National Congress, the Sikh Conference, etc.—went on record with a resolution of deepest sympathy with the "martyrdom of Mahatma MacSwiney." The point to be noted is that the Indian masses, touched by nationalism, have already canonized the late Lord Mayor MacSwiney as a "Mahatma"—"Saint."

This bond of understanding between the Hindus and the Irish is not a phenomenon of the turmoil following the World War. It goes back to the beginning of this century. There lived in Calcutta, until the day of her death in 1911, a young woman of Irish name and parentage. Her name was Margaret Noble. But she had assumed a Sanskrit name, Sister Nivedita. In every large public library in the United States may be found her book, *The Web of Indian Life*. No book dealing with the ideals of traditional Indian culture shows such penetrative understanding and such keen sympathy as this *Web of Indian Life*, untangled for the modern eye by the subtle hands of the devoted, Catholic-trained, Margaret Noble.

Young India was literally in love with this woman. She is remembered by many of the leading young Indian Nationalists as their Spiritual Mother. Sister Nivedita was the most influential woman in India when she was alive, and her memory continues to be enshrined in the hearts of the modern Hindus. Her success was due, without question, to her Irish

and Catholic (according to my information) early upbringing. She must be regarded, indeed, as one of the first leaders of that revived spirit of purified Aryanism in India, which later became "Nationalism."

Ireland, I repeat, is not in a position at present to send any workers to India. She needs all her workers at home. But the case is different with Irish-Americans. The Irish-Americans are, it would appear, in an ideal position to bring the Eastern and Southern Aryans of India into the same social and moral and religious fold as the Northern and Western Aryans. They can do this if they enter upon it with a realization of the present situation, and with the spirit of Sister Nivedita. Christianity, rejected by the high-caste Hindu when offered by the Scotch or English Protestant hand, may yet take root in India if brought there by Americans of Irish Catholic parentage and frame of mind.

The recent outstanding fact of the Indian situation is the spread of the Gandhi movement. Mahatma—Saint—Gandhi is known as the author of the non-violent, non-coöperative movement that aims at obtaining self-determination for India by paralyzing the British Government, the method used being the withdrawal of all coöperation on the part of the Indians from all British institutions—political, commercial, social, educational, religious and what not.

There is in this movement something quite familiar to the Western people: the attempt to obtain a national government from a foreign government. But there is another angle to the Indian situation. There is the peculiarly Eastern color of the Indian Nationalist Movement. I have already analyzed the psychology of this aspect of the Indian matter, and only wish to emphasize the statement that India is Eastern-European and not Far-Eastern or Mongol-Asian. The danger, however, of a sharp break between Indian and Western civilization is not to be underrated. Thoughtful Englishmen, who have a first-hand knowledge of the Indian situation, will agree that the supreme question today is whether India should cast her destiny with the West or with the Orient.

The Indian National Congress has grown exceedingly audacious and disobedient in the last three months. It has issued a manifesto informing "foreign nations" that India, "when she becomes free," will not feel bound by any treaties

that the present British Indian Government should happen to make in her name with any foreign powers. This is especially addressed to Japan. In a leading article in his weekly paper, the *Bande Matram*, Mr. Lajpat Rai—Mahatma Gandhi's close follower and colleague—appeals to Japan to refrain from doing anything that might hurt the Nationalist aspirations of India. This appeal is made, frankly, in the name of a common Eastern civilization between India and Japan. "Let the Orient unite." That is the attitude of the Non-Coöperators.

This brings us back to the question: Should India be driven into the arms of Japan? I confess I am thoroughly saturated with Western prejudices. I would like to see India organically related to Western civilization. For the sake of India, I hope she will become a permanent partner in the life-system of the West. That India can give much to the Westerner goes without saying. But at present she has to receive much from the West—receive, that is, not autocratic imposition, but the peculiar Western impulse of instinct, intellect and idealism combined—the spirit, the real spirit—and particularly the American spirit.

My own religious and philosophic ideas are peculiar and somewhat unorthodox. But for the vast bulk of the Indian people, it may be a good thing to adopt some form of religion that, while permitting the full play of their own artistic and emotional genius, will also relate them to Western life. That is why I am interested in the possibilities of Catholicism—that is truly Catholic in spirit, the kind one meets in America.

Ten years ago the leading Catholic organs in India were strenuously opposed to Indian Nationalism. Today the *Catholic Herald of India* says:

We do believe that if Mr. Gandhi succeeds in hammering his psychological ideals into his countrymen, there is not a nation on earth that will dare to lay hands on the Indian people. Had India been Christian, India would have stood free long ago, for the Catholic sacramental system is a source of soul-force no human conception could ever rival. But of its human substitutes Mr. Gandhi's system is certainly the best, and it were mean to close one's eyes to its beauty.¹

¹ July, 1921.

MITHRAS AND MITHRAISM.¹

BY SIR BERTRAM C. A. WINDLE, SC.D., LL.D., F.R.S., F.S.A.,
Professor of Anthropology in St. Michael's College, University of Toronto.



IN his most admirable little excursus on the Religion of Mithras,² Father Martindale regrets that he knows of "no English book which treats of Mithraism in a way which may satisfy, without misleading, the general reader." Possibly the translation of Cumont's³ smaller book had not at that time appeared. Mr. Paterson's book goes some way towards meeting this want, for it is a useful and scholarly work, although it relies rather too much on the writings of authors like Loisy and Robertson, and does not seem to be aware of Catholic writers, such as Father Martindale. Moreover, we gather from statements like the following that the author belongs to what is sometimes called the Broad division of that multiplex organism, the Anglican Church. Dealing with the question of the immortality of the soul as viewed by Oriental religions and by Christianity, he says:⁴ "We cannot believe that the all-wise God will allow His purpose to be finally thwarted, or that the all-loving God, or His saints, will take pleasure in the torments of the wicked. The only two alternatives consistent with Divine wisdom and love are either annihilation or universal salvation." A study of this very interesting book in any case suggests that some useful information may be afforded to readers of THE CATHOLIC WORLD not merely as to Mithraism—though that will be the chief objective—but generally as to the kind of attack often made, and sometimes with great plausibility, on the Church from the point of view of the history of religions.

¹ *Mithraism and Christianity*, by L. Paterson, M.A., Vice-Principal of Chichester Theological College. Cambridge University Press. 1921.

² In *The History of Religions*, published by the Catholic Truth Society of England.

³ Every student of Mithraism or of Oriental pagan religions in Rome must now, and always, go to the works of this writer. *Textes et Monuments*, in two volumes, is the great work. *The Mystery of Mithra* is smaller and translated, as is *Oriental Religions in Roman Paganism*.

⁴ Page 75.

"The thing that has been that shall be." Time after time are revived the old fables as to the Church and its relations to earlier forms of faith; fables for the most part, though there is, as will be shown, always or often some vague fact on which the fable is hung. These are sometimes put forward by scholars very well acquainted with the facts of classical paganism but very imperfectly instructed in those of historic Christianity.

The classical statement—one constantly quoted—is that of Renan:⁵ "If Christianity had been checked in its growth by some deadly disease, the world would have become Mithraic." Apart from the first part of the sentence, which is tantamount to saying: "If Christianity had not been Christianity," there is abundant other reason for saying that the prophecy or whatever one may call it, errs by its rashness. But it is in no way so absurd or unhistorical as the statement made by another writer, that "Christianity is only a sect of the Mithraists," perhaps one of the most absolutely wrong-headed utterances ever committed to print.⁶

Let us at once admit that Mithraism forms the high-water mark of the Pagan religions. For this reason, if no other, it would be well worth some study. Whatever the relations between the two, and we shall examine into that matter further on, there was a time in history when Mithraism was great and Christianity small—the mustard seed of the parable. "The Pagan world of that (the Antonine) age seems to have had little communication with the loftier faith which, within a century and a half from the death of Marcus Aurelius, was destined to seize the sceptre. To Juvenal, Tacitus and Pliny, to Plutarch, Dion Chrysostom, Lucian and Marcus Aurelius, the Church is hardly known, or known as an obscure off-shoot of Judaism, a little sect, worshipping 'a crucified Sophist' in somewhat suspicious retirement or more favorably distinguished by simple-minded charity. The modern theologian can hardly be content to know as little of the great movement in the heathen world which prepared or deferred the victory of the Church."⁷

There are three schools of thought in this matter of the

⁵ In his *Marc Aurèle*.

⁶ Dupuis, *Origine de tous les Cultes*, vol. II., part II., p. 203. See Paterson.

⁷ Dill, *Roman Society from Nero to Marcus Aurelius*, p. vii.

history of religions, each with some measure of truth as its foundation. There is the Plagiaristic school, which believes that where similarities exist between any two religions, one has copied the other. The second school is the Psychological, which argues that the minds of men, being similarly constituted, reach similar conclusions when working on similar problems. There is some truth in this way of looking at things, and so there is in that of the third or Progressive school, which treats of religions in terms of what is called evolution. No one doubts that the Oriental religions, as will later be seen, *did* in some measure, even in considerable measure, prepare the way for the coming of Christianity, but that is not the same thing as the claim that Christianity is no more than a development from these earlier creeds—"a sect of Mithraism" in fact. Such persons, for the most part, will have nothing to do with the idea of a revelation, primitive or otherwise. It is, as one of them has put it, a "puerile idea."

What are the data on which the very confident statements just quoted rest? It must be confessed, they are neither very numerous nor very convincing. Very unfortunately, from the antiquary's point of view, every book relating to the worship of pagan gods was destroyed as soon as Christianity became powerful enough to carry out its purpose. There must have been thousands of these books, and one would give a good deal to see them now, the two huge volumes on Mithraism which we know existed, for example. All the official information, so to speak, having vanished, we are thrown back upon two other sources: the allusions, sometimes copious and always valuable, to different pagan beliefs, in the non-religious and light literature of the period; and the denunciations of the early Christian writers, St. Augustine for example. Much is to be learned from the latter, though, no doubt, one has to remember that it is an enemy who is writing, and that he is not likely to take too favorable a view of his opponents' opinions and actions. Lastly, and perhaps most valuable, of all sources of information are the monuments in stone, of which quite a number have been discovered.

The Mithræa or temples of the sect were always underground, whether caves or crypts, and have thus, in many cases, escaped the destruction which has overtaken more ambitious buildings above ground. The lapidary inscriptions, which

suffer from the terseness of all such things, teach us some things of value, but the sculptured tablets are much more useful, although, also, much more puzzling. These consist usually of a central scene, almost always Mithras slaying the Bull, an event to be described later on. Very often around this, and forming a kind of frame for it, are a series of compartments each containing a minor sculpture representing something associated with Mithras. At least, so we suppose, for almost everything concerning these sculptures is matter for interpretation. Interpretations differ, and we are constantly confronted with the disquieting idea that, where our opinions are not supported by something in such literature as we possess, our interpretation of the sculptures may be miles away from the truth. From all this the reader will conclude that the study of these religions is not all smooth, solid ground, and will feel it wise when he comes to a sweeping statement to ask on what evidence it is based.

Before examining Mithraism, we will briefly consider the religious history of Rome up to the time of its introduction. The Old Religion of Rome, which cannot here be discussed, according to Dill,⁸ "along with much that was sound and grave and fortifying to character, was also cold and hard and ceremonial. It could mold and consecrate a militant and conquering state; it did little to satisfy the craving for moral regeneration or communion with a Higher Power. It could not appease the sense of error and frailty by ghostly comfort and sacramental absolution. It was, moreover, wanting in that warmth and sympathy, linking the human and the Divine." Hence, as we learn from indisputable evidence, at the time of the fall of the Republic, religion in Rome was practically extinct and most of the temples falling into ruin. Now a religion of some kind all peoples must have and, if they cannot attain to knowledge of the truth, they will fasten upon the nearest and most fascinating form of faith at hand. If any person doubts this statement, let him cast his eye on the religious state of the world from the time when the War commenced down to the present day. The progress of Spiritualism, so-called, for example, is evidence for this statement.

Into a population, rid of its old religion and ready for a new one, poured the religious, as well as many other, in-

⁸ *Op. cit.*, p. 554.

fluences from the Orient, brought in by merchants, by alien legionaries, above all, perhaps, by slaves, many of whom, it must be remembered, were highly educated, indeed, in this respect, often greatly the superiors of their owners. All these religions of the Orient introduced to Rome two new religious ideas according to Cumont:⁹ "Mysterious methods of purification, by which they claimed to wash away the impurities of the soul, and the assurance that a blessed immortality would be the reward of piety." Thus they supplied two factors in which the old religion was deficient. The worship of Cybele, which came from Asia Minor, was the first to arrive. Her symbol, the black meteoric stone of the Magna Mater, was brought from Pessinus to Ostia and afterwards to Rome in B. C. 204. The religion itself did not actually become naturalized for a number of years to come, but it was there and exercising its influence, afterwards to become much greater. Egypt, later on, supplied the worship of Isis and Serapis and the former, if we are to judge from statuary representations, was a much more gracious, sweeter and more seductive goddess than the stern Mother of the Gods. Moreover, from the contemporary accounts we learn that initiates did really go through a genuine spiritual crisis.¹⁰

Both of these alien religions, if not in essence obscene, became tainted with indecencies and excesses which must have disgusted those who entered them with a genuine longing for a spiritual life, and such undoubtedly there must have been. Upon these followed a swarm of Baals from various parts of the Empire. The best known of these is Jupiter Dolichenus, whose memorials have been found all over the Empire, even in distant Britain, yet who was in origin only the local Baal of Doliche, a small town in Commagene, a province of Asia Minor near Cappadocia.

To all of these religions succeeded the worship of Mithras, an Indo-Persian faith. It was a part of Mazdaism, the worship of Ahura Mazda, a sky divinity as Zeus and Jupiter had originally been. In the hierarchy of this religion, below Ahura came certain deified abstractions, and still lower, spirits of nature amongst whom was Mithras, the pure genius of light. He was not the actual sun: there was a clear distinction drawn

⁹ *Oriental Religions*, p. 9.

¹⁰ See the delightful and close reproduction of the classical account given by Father Martindale in a story, called "God's Orphan," in his *In God's Nursery*.

here which reminds one of an Egyptian instance of a similar kind. That people had a sun-god, Ra or Re, worshipped in many places. There arose a king, Amenophis IV. (who afterwards changed his name to Akhenaton), who endeavored to introduce a rigid monotheism in the shape of the worship of the sun's disk. Despite the apparent close similarity between this and the older sun-worship, this religion never took root; was denounced as heresy and rapidly died out. Mithras was the light at mid-day when it is strongest. In the sculptures (and apparently the same two figures were placed on either side of the temples) he is accompanied by two Dadophori or torch-bearers, Cauti and Cautopati. One, with flaming torch held upwards typifies the dawn and stands on Mithra's right hand. On his left, the other, with torch turned downwards, represents the sunset.

The story of Mithras' birth is in accordance with his solar origin, for he is fabled to have sprung from a rock, in other words the firmament regarded as a solid structure. In Egypt it was a roof of iron, supported on four great pillars; in other lands it was of stone. Mithraism was the soldiers' religion, and wherever they went their religion went with them, so that Mithræa are to be found from the Sahara to the Wall in North Britain, which was the *Finis Imperii*. Maps giving the sites of such buildings as have been so far laid bare, show how numerous and widespread they were, but as no Mithræum could contain more than about one hundred persons, the existence of numerous temples in one place does not mean very much. For example, Ostia was a very important seaport town. It contained at least six such temples, but after all that need only indicate six hundred adherents as a maximum.

The spread and rapid progress of Mithraism may, in some measure, have depended upon its supplying some of those factors which were absent from the old religion. M. Cumont thinks, however, that there was another and more important reason for the popularity of this particular creed. It was firmly founded on dualism; that is to say, there were both good and evil principles, and both were deified and to be worshipped. Thus was offered an answer to that crux of all theologies, the origin of evil, which could, and did, appeal to cultured as well as uncultured. That the evil deity was to be struggled against and eventually conquered, imparted a

certain virility to the religion and, no doubt, commended it to the legionaries of the Empire who, being constantly engaged in earthly warfare, were well able to imagine one of a spiritual character. Thus the religion had many characteristics making for success, and for a time it did succeed. Yet today it is, as it has been for many centuries, a mere archæological curiosity. How is this and what was the cause of its failure?

In the first place, Mithraism appears to have completely excluded women from its services. The female counterpart of the male Mithraist seems to have been relegated to the worship of Cybele. Now, it seems perfectly obvious that any religion which excludes the devout female sex can neither be true nor have any lasting measure of success. This fact alone would seem to negative Renan's confident statement. But there was another and most potent reason for its failure. Here let it be understood that we are writing of Mithraism and Christianity from the purely historical point of view, and without any kind of reference to the Divine origin of the latter. Dill, who speaks quite tenderly of Mithraism, says it "is perhaps the highest and most striking example of the last efforts of paganism to reconcile itself to the great moral and spiritual movement which was setting steadily, and with growing momentum, toward purer conceptions of God, of man's relations to Him, and of the life to come." And, he continues, "it is also the greatest effort of syncretism to absorb, without extinguishing, the gods of the classic pantheon in a cult which was almost monotheistic, to transform old forms of nature worship and cosmic symbolism into a system which should provide at once some form of moral discipline and real satisfaction for spiritual wants."

Syncretism—the absorption into the new of all or most of the features of the old faith—that was what was at the core of all the religions of the Rome of the Empire. It made no matter how many gods or godlets a man worshipped. The Roman who adored, say, thirty-nine, had no comments to make on his neighbor who added a fortieth, perhaps in the person of Mithras. There was only one non-syncretic religion, and that was Christianity, and it was the victor. The believer in Mithras or in Jupiter Dolichenus, or in both, with his syncretic ideas had no sort of difficulty in also worshipping the divinity of the Emperor when that became the recognized

State religion. The Christian refused to do so and, no doubt, the non-Christian Roman, with his bundle of deities, looked upon the Christian not only as a disloyal person, but also as a sort of fool—fit provender for the lions. *Prima facie*, it would have seemed certain that the easy, convenient, syncretic religion would gain the victory. But it was the non-syncretic which won. Dill and Cumont both agree that the syncretic character of Mithraism was its destruction. It could not free itself from the obscene and foolish fables attached to the religions whose tenets it had more or less absorbed. And so it failed to satisfy that desire for a religion pure and undefiled which was growing rapidly. Harnack thought that the failure of Mithraism to capture Hellenic thought was a main feature in its fall. Others have pointed to the severe persecution to which it was in later days subjected, but if persecution could kill a religion, there would be no Christianity today.

We have seen that there is more than a tendency in some writings to place Mithraism on a plane considerably higher than it would appear to deserve. The more it is exalted—though this is a point which seems to have passed unobserved by these writers—the greater the success of Christianity in vanquishing it. This, from a purely human point of view. In fact, from this point of view alone surely we may demand some reply to the question as to why Mithraism, with apparently so much in its favor, is an archaeological curiosity today and Christianity, with apparently everything against it, is the greatest factor in modern civilization. No doubt there is one way of getting out of this difficulty by the old formula, "*plus ça change, plus c'est la même chose*." "Christianity is a sect of Mithraism"—*voilà tout!* If few would imitate the foolish temerity of the coiner of that phrase, there are many so-called historians today who would claim that all religions are syntheses and that Christianity, as the last of them, is the master-synthesis of them all. No doubt Christianity *did* make use of such items in earlier faiths as she thought might be serviceable. The early Christian writers, *e. g.*, St. Augustine, frankly admit this. "But in borrowing, it transfigured them. In all that was essential, the Church would hold no truce with paganism," says Dill, certainly an unprejudiced and well instructed authority.¹¹

¹¹ *Op. cit.*, p. 625.

Christianity was a sect of Mithraism or at least borrowed some of its most important features from that form of belief. That is the statement we have to examine. In order to do so thoroughly it will be necessary to take each of the points relied upon and see what its real bearings are.

I. *The Birth of Mithras.* There is an obscure tradition from Armenia that Mithras had a virgin birth. It conflicts with the legend—much more probable and apparently much earlier—of his birth from a rock. It is not heard of until the *fifth century after Christ*, so that if there is borrowing, the presumption is all the other way. And, finally, when carefully examined, as Paterson¹² shows, the tradition recounts a form of virgin birth—if indeed that is at all a correct term—which only by an unwarrantable stretch of words can be brought to anything like the meaning attached to them by Christian writers. There is nothing in this, and we may pass to another and more picturesque feature. According to some authorities, the birth of Mithras was observed by adoring shepherds. What is the evidence for this? Out of a considerable number of sculptured slabs, seven exhibit figures in compartments of the frame which, from their relation to sheep or goats, would appear to be shepherds. Let it be noted they are never in the same compartment with the figure of Mithras nor are they ever in the attitude of adoration. In fact, we can feel quite sure that had there been no mention of anything of the kind in the Gospel narrative, we should never have heard a word about this story in connection with Mithras, and some other tale would have been invented to account for the shepherds. M. Cumont thinks the incident may have been borrowed from Christianity. Perhaps it may.

If the legend, as it seems to be, is original, that there were no men until Mithras created them, it is clear that the shepherds cannot have been present at his birth in adoration or otherwise. Here is an excellent example of the difficulties previously alluded to which arise from the necessity of attempting the interpretation of sculptured scenes, as to which we have no literary information. In connection with this, it may be mentioned that two writers¹³ have actually argued that the visit of the Wise Men to the infant Christ was copied from a visit known to have been paid in A. D. 66 (note the

¹² Page 13.

¹³ Réville and Dieterich. See Paterson, p. 15.

date!) to Nero by Tiridates, King of Armenia, with attendant magi. We need not waste time over wild imaginings of this kind, the fruit, it would appear, of minds which must find some new explanation of Biblical occurrences at all cost, even of common sense.

The last point in this connection is more worthy of consideration. Mithras' birthday was ultimately fixed on December 25th: is not the inference irresistible? This is a point on which it is difficult to speak with any assurance. There is no doubt that the day of the winter solstice was that selected by all solar cults for celebrating *Natalis Invicti Solis*—the birthday of the Unconquered Sun, which on that day began to reverse the period of decline, which had commenced with the summer solstice. Thus it became the birthday of Mithras. But why was it selected as the official day for commemorating the birth of Our Lord? In our complete ignorance of how it came to be selected, for, of course, no one supposes or has ever supposed that it was His actual birthday, it is better frankly to say that we cannot answer the question. We do not know whether the choice came from the East or from the West. It does not appear to have been known as the festival of the Nativity in Rome before A. D. 354 or in Constantinople before A. D. 379. All that Father Martindale, in his learned article on the subject in the *Catholic Encyclopædia*, feels inclined to say as to the Christian choice of that day, is that "the same instinct which set *Natalis Invicti* at the winter solstice, will have sufficed, apart from deliberate adaptation or curious calculation, to set the Christian feast there too." It may have been a case of "spoiling the Egyptians" or it may not.

II. *Titles.* Mithras is invoked as "the incarnate word," which is certainly reminiscent of Scripture phraseology. But, as Paterson¹⁴ points out, the term is used in the same sect for others, even for an ordinary priest, and thus loses all the significance which it might otherwise have been claimed to possess. "Mediator," another term employed with regard to Mithras, had, says the same authority, at first a physical or astronomical significance, since its possessor occupied a middle place between light and darkness, heaven and hell. But it also obtained a theological meaning when he became a mediator "between the unknowable and inaccessible god and

¹⁴ Page 17.

the human race," which is a conception in every way foreign to that of Christianity in its use of the same term.

III. Amongst what Dill calls the "futile" attempts to associate Mithraism and Christianity, none is more prominent nor, it may be added, more futile than that connected with *The Slaying of the Bull*. It is perfectly clear from the monuments that this was the central fact of Mithraic worship. The legend relates that the bull was the first animal created by Ahura. Mithras overthrew it and, after dragging it to his cave, killed it by thrusting a knife above its shoulder. This is the action represented in the sculptures where Mithras, with a Phrygian cap on his head, stands astride over the bull which he has just stabbed, whilst Cauti and Cautopati, with an air of complete indifference on their countenances, stand on either side. In one case, instead of blood, corn is seen emerging from the wound, symbolic of the belief that the slaying of the bull was the regeneration of vegetation. In the picture, also, are often noxious animals sent by Ahriman, the evil deity, for the purpose of drinking the blood and thus preventing the return of vegetation.

It will scarcely be credited that, as Dill puts it¹⁵ to certain writers this "mystic sacrifice of the bull . . . seemed to occupy the same space in Mithraic devotion as the Sacrifice on Calvary." In further extension of the comparison here suggested, but actually made by others, another writer compares the dragging of the bull to the cave with the Way of the Cross. Well may Sir Samuel Dill, who is a scholar and a man of judgment, as we have just said, speak of the "futile attempts (which) have been made to find parallels to Biblical narrative or symbolism in the faint and faded legend of Mithras recovered from his monuments."

IV. *The Taurobolium*. There is some doubt as to whether this disgusting ceremony, described in a previous article,¹⁶ was associated with the Mithraic worship as well as that of the Magna Mater with which it was originally introduced. Some authorities stand for one, others for the second theory.¹⁷ *One inscription at least* seems to prove that there was a connection. This baptism of blood, from which the

¹⁵ Page 622.

¹⁶ "H. G. Wells on Christianity" in *THE CATHOLIC WORLD*, August, 1921, p. 643.

¹⁷ See Paterson, p. 30, note 4.

participant emerged *renatus in æternum* has also been put forward as the forerunner, and even the origin of various Christian ideas to which we need not more particularly advert. The last Taurobolium of which we have lapidary evidence took place on the spot now occupied by St. Peter's at Rome. There is about as much connection between the Taurobolium and Christianity as there is between these two facts.

V. *Sacraments.* What are called, perhaps by some abuse of language, the sacraments of Mithraism, demand some attention, since some of the wildest theories concerning the relationship of this religion to Christianity have been built upon them. First of all, there is baptism. It is undoubted that the initiates of Mithraism, like the initiates of Isis and of other faiths, did undergo ceremonial and symbolic washings. The idea is perfectly simple, perfectly natural and likely to occur to various persons without necessary copying. To enter the portals of religion one should be clean of soul. The body is cleansed by water, and this external washing typifies the internal purification. Such was the pagan theory. And with perfect logic it was felt that these purifications could not be too frequently renewed. So we are told that Ahura Mazda ordered that neophytes should wash their bodies for three nights and three days. That there is a superficial resemblance between the general action and Christian baptism, is shown by the fact that Tertullian and other writers comment on and compare the two ceremonies. But the underlying idea of Christian baptism—a ceremony which can never be repeated, whilst the pagan lustrations must be—is quite different from the Mithraic ceremony, though, no doubt, the idea of purification exists in both.

The Mithraic feast, in like manner, has been associated with the Eucharist, and here we meet with some of the wildest statements of all. In this feast small cakes marked with a cross and the juice of some tree, called *haoma*, appear to have been partaken of. Afterwards, in the West, wine was used when *haoma* was unobtainable. What was the exact significance we do not know, but probably it was like the *agapè* or feasts of love or friendship associated with other religions. The little loaves, on account of the cross marked upon them, have been associated with our altar-breads by

those who ignore the fact that all sorts of cakes, including the hot cross bun, are notched in this way and probably have been from the time that cakes first were made, for the very obvious purpose of enabling them readily to be broken up into bits. It is like the perforated intervals between postage stamps in sheets, for which, no doubt, some occult and unnecessary explanation would have been found had they been objects of antiquity.

Another writer, ignoring the settled judgment of scholars as to the origin of the word "Mass" (the religious ceremony, of course, is meant) tells us that it was derived from this round cake of the Mithraic feast, which was called *Mizd* or *Myazd*. As to the ceremony as a whole, no doubt there is a superficial resemblance between it and the Mass which commemorates the Last Supper—also a feast. Tertullian and Justin Martyr both denounce the Mithraic feast as a diabolic imitation. Such, no doubt, it appeared to them, but in all probability it was nothing of the kind but just a love feast like many others, even perhaps like the mythical feast of the dead, represented on so many tombstones and partaken of symbolically by all Romans at the graves of their relatives. Of course, there are those who would have us believe that the Mass is nothing more than a copy or descendant of this feast. Christianity, again, is "a sect of Mithraism." Paterson very shrewdly points out that one body would hardly copy deliberately the practices of another and then pour abuse on that body as the copyist, nor we may add, is it likely that such a process could have been successful in the times as they were.

It is extraordinary how little attempt is made by writers of this kind to put themselves into the time of which they write. The Canon of the Mass, as we have it, is, by general consent of scholars, of apostolic or early post-apostolic time. The Church was then in the Catacombs, celebrating Mass much as it is now celebrated. Mithraism was an important religion smiled on by the powers that were, who were, at the same time, doing their best to exterminate the weaker faith. In the long run, that apparently weaker faith won. Why, if Christianity was a copy of Mithraism—a mere sect of that faith—and its central ceremony nothing more than a copy of the love feast of Mithras—why, if this be true, did the Christians find it necessary to betake themselves to the Catacombs at all? Why

undergo persecution whilst the religion of which they were only a sect was basking in official smiles, or at least pursuing an unpersecuted career? To the writers of the period, Christianity was an obscure offshoot of Judaism and there is not a single word as to any relationship with Mithras. That was left to latter day writers to discover, as well as that marvelous mare's nest which ascribes the origin of the Eucharist to St. Paul's studies in Tarsus¹⁸ of Mithraism and its doings. Paterson says that "Professor Percy Gardner suggests that St. Paul was influenced by the Eleusinian mysteries,¹⁹ and that his account of the Last Supper was one of his ecstatic revelations. Mr. J. M. Robertson argues that St. Paul was practising a supper of which he had no Jesuine record."²⁰ And Paterson very properly adds: "But even if St. Paul was not dependent on apostolic information, either of St. Peter or St. James,²¹ it is difficult to believe that he concocted the Christian rite out of his own head with a few heathen ideas."

It is indeed! Further it is not explained to us how St. Paul, born out of due time, as he tells us himself, after inventing this wholly new thing, was able to persuade the other Apostles that it was part of the teaching of their Lord so that they and the whole Church were practising it within a few years. St. Paul, no doubt, was a forceful personage, but so, after his conversion, was St. Peter, and surely this tale is more incredible than any of Munchausen's adventures. There seems to be no end to these ingenious *deliramenta*. A much more likely result of St. Paul's knowledge of Mithraism and its ways and of the Eleusinian mysteries, as Paterson again points out, is that he was warning Christians against them when he told them that they could not drink the cup of the Lord and that of devils, nor sit at both of their tables. After all, St. Paul is not our only authority for the institution of the Blessed Sacrament.

Confirmation, so some have suggested, derives the signing with the holy oil from the fact that at the initiation into one of the grades of which we have shortly to speak, the neophyte was branded on the forehead with a hot iron. The originator of this suggestion may be complimented on his ingenuity rather than his sense of humor.

¹⁸ Page 54.¹⁹ *Origin of the Lord's Supper*, 1893.²⁰ *Religious System of the World*, p. 209. ²¹ Galatians i. 18, 19.

VI. *Grades in Mithraism.* There was a graded system in Mithraism: of that there is no doubt, for St. Jerome gives an account of it with the names of the grades, which are quite interesting. But except that there are seven "Orders," major and minor, in the Catholic Church and seven grades in Mithraism, there is no other connection. Seven was possibly chosen by both as the perfect number. To an outsider, there is much more likeness to the grades in Masonry and other secret societies. Indeed, Kipling in his tale has used a novelist's license to introduce secret signs which, of course, may have existed, though history knows nothing of them. In this connection, it may be mentioned that the spirit of fraternity inculcated by Mithraism was within the brotherhood as with Masonry, and not for all mankind as taught by Christianity. It is one of the ways in which the *Ethics* of this religion differed from those of the Christian faith.

Mithraism taught rigid adherence to the truth, and urged abstinence and continence, indeed it was distinguished from Oriental religions in general by the purity of its adherents, or at least the purity enjoined upon them. Yet Father Martindale says of it, and he is an authority on the subject, "in no case have we evidence of a true code or system of ethics, or any trace (historically verifiable) of moral effort or ideal which can bear any relation to the Christian, save that of a will-o'-the-wisp to the noon-day sun."

This observation, we think, is the high-water mark of what may be said, with any truth, of all the alleged resemblances.

IRELAND AND THE SEA.

BY JAMES F. CASSIDY.



IT is difficult to think of Ireland without thinking of the sea. Nature has decreed that that land should forever feel the beat of the ocean's heart and hear, without ceasing, its thunder voice. History has wrought for Ireland an acquaintance with the sea that has been illumined by many a glory and darkened by many a sorrow. And these twin forces of nature and experience have added to her character notes that express in many a mood and gesture the molding power of the eternal waves. "It may well be," says Yeats, speaking of the influence of the sea on Irish character, "that the elements have their children . . . and I am certain that the water, the waters of the seas and of the lakes and of the mist and rain, has all but made the Irish after its image."

It is within the realm of Irish imagination that this spell of the waters is most potent. Nature gives the Irish a remarkable imaginative power, and this faculty finds a welcome field of activity in the watery stretches of the ocean over which the spirit of immensity seems to brood. From this lightning fancy spring many of the fires of an ardent curiosity which hungers for the unknown. This curiosity, hot on the trail of the unrevealed, finds pleasing hunting grounds in that indefinite shroud of mist which cloaks so often Irish waters, and seems to hold a something not of sea or land. Gray mists, gray seas, by virtue of their spectral coloring and strange bridging power between heaven and earth, are ever potent to coerce the fancy into flights in realms never scanned by human eye. It is little wonder, then, that in the days of the dim pagan past the Irish thought the secrets of Paradise dwelt upon the bosom of the deep or within the recesses of its watery heart. Amid the waves they fashioned in fancy for themselves a haunt where youth and beauty and happiness should never fail to woo the heart of man. And today, in spite of fifteen centuries of Christian tutelage, many a dweller by the Irish coast line will not hesitate, in moments of romantic

exaltation, to tell of abodes of magnificence vaguely viewed within the circle of the sea's horizon.

Though this pagan philosophy of a marine Paradise seems to submerge the teaching of the Gospel at times when the Gaelic tradition is in the ascendant, it no longer claims the serious attention of any save the most unsophisticated. Christian dogma has transferred the Isles of the Blessed to the domain of the folklorist and the poet. Yet for the Christian Gael, there is still a something in the sea that speaks of an invisible world. The Irishman's simplicity and closeness to nature grant a ready admittance to the feeling of religious awe, when might and majesty confront him in the heaving strength and unearthly sublimity of the roll of myriad waves. His tendency to exaggeration and giantism in imagery revels in the immensity of the sea, lifts him in spirit to Immensity Itself and makes the briny vastness a vivid reflex of Omnipotence. So profound is this consciousness of God's presence on the main that, in the age of his most vivid faith and unhindered devotion to nature, the Irishman was wont to make the sea his favorite haunt when he heard the pilgrim's call.

Many in the first days of Ireland's Christian fervor, loved like Conall the Red to "seek the Lord on the sea." There were not a few who saw the beauty and omnipresence of the Deity so clearly manifested in the glory and magnitude that made upon the deep their dwelling place that, with oarless currachs, they sought the peace that is divine upon its bosom. Such were the good Columba and his companions who committed themselves to the waves as to the arms of God Himself. "Let us quit our voyaging," said they, "save the path that our currach will take us . . . and let us go over the long waves of the flood." Besides such religious romanticists as Conall and Columba, there were thousands of others who sought the Lord on the sea through the more commonplace adventure of monastic life. Several quiet homes of piety were established on islands off the Irish coast where the heart of the recluse should always feel the thrill of the sea's undying Magnificat. Here the fugitive outline of the ocean's circular symbolism of eternity summoned the mystic's soul to realms where nothing terrestrial could check the progress of its immortal flight. Here, too, the distractions which haunt the ways of men and

hamper the silent converse of the soul with its Creator seldom found a residence.

The great quiet of the lonely waters crept irresistibly into the mind of the isle-dweller, and kept it longing for that primal peace which abides for aye round the Throne. And the beauty that caught the eye was that which most befitted the devotee of the spirit. The æsthetic appeal of northern seas possesses very little that is fundamentally sensuous. Their coldness and austerity invest them with a spiritual attractiveness which charms the minds of those who wage war upon the senses, and tends to raise them to the Spirit-Beauty they reflect.

When the mind operates within the sphere of the unseen it seldom fails to harbor a sense of mystery. Things that cannot be submitted to the scrutiny of the senses, usually supply material for wonder. This is especially true when the invisible occupies the attention of one so imaginative as the average Celt. Throughout his history a vivid and luxuriant imagination has coöperated with his immaterialistic conception of life, and the permanence of this union leaves him today a stanch defender of wonder-haunted, poetic ground against the onslaughts of modern science. It is natural, then, that he should love the sea for the wealth of wonder that is coupled with its spiritual significance. As Sidney Lysaght said:

... between the veiled and shown,
Wonders hidden are our own;

Secret vision hides we find
Written in the undefined;
Revelations in the guessed,
Treasures in the unpossessed.

The Irishman's ability for finding wonder "between the veiled and shown," owes much to the fact that he is not an extensive traveler. The non-emigrant Gael is compelled, in spite of his natural love of travel, by circumstances not under his control, to be conservative in his movements whether commercial or pleasurable. Hence actual contact with strange territory finds him seldom beyond the limits of his native county. This limited physical experience of distance only

serves as a goad to a travel-hungry imagination, when confronted with objects suggestive of a vastness that only the steeds of the mind can traverse. The imaginative realization of what is physically unattainable, adds immensely to the craving of fancy and to the resultant activity to satisfy that hunger. Such a craving is created by the vision of the sea. Its giant stretches are a great "undefined" for the untraveled Gael because their power to suggest distance is remarkable. The wonder-seeker finds a strong stimulant for his fancy in the indefiniteness of expression that characterizes Irish seas where the mystery color of grayness so constantly abides. In these northern waters indefinite and spectral mists, uniting by their eerie bridge both sky and waters, seem to hold the secrets of the earth's quiet converse with the heavens. No wonder that the mystery-haunted fancy of the Gael should love these cloud-strewn seas, and even yet in moments of imaginative vigor discover the mystic glory of a lost Moy Mel within their obscure ways. No wonder that the rapture of the world's greatest dreamer is still a splendid reality.

The magic of distance holds for the Irishman more attractions than wonder. The call of the wilderness and the enchantment of the far-away, everlasting properties of the ocean, are a constant challenge to the love of travel and the spirit of adventure that have been his since history introduced him to the world. The Irishman is abnormally curious; he longs to probe the unknown and discover the things to which the unexplored may lead. Hence the spell of the sea is upon him, for its long, dim lanes seem to lead to a wealth of the unrevealed in the far-off parts of the world. Like Brendan of old, "the Sinbad of clerical romance," whose boat sought the Land of Promise beyond the waves' horizon, the average Gael finds a something in the sea that speaks more gloriously of the promise of a future than of the record of a past, a something that appeals to his sense of destiny, a something that gives strength to his endeavors to snatch from the womb of futurity the full flowering of the arrested genius of his race. And as he loves the sea for its message of things-to-be, he likes it, too, for its kindred utterance of ceaseless change. Its mutability pleases his very temperamental character, for it suggests an emotionalism that mirrors the passionate depth and very transitory nature of his own feelings. Its many pas-

sions, ranging from great serenities to titan rages, act as a magnet upon the heart swayed by kindred varied and intense emotions.

This passion, which holds the great flood, begets its inevitable offspring of poetry. This latter furnishes a great lure upon the deep for the poetic soul of the Gael. That the whisperings of the muse are most distinctly heard where the voiceful sea sings its song of majesty, is a creed of the Irishman as old as his history. Though this association of the gift of poetry with water is closely connected in pre-Christian times with the religion of the druids and as a mystic dogma of ancient pagan faith merits no serious consideration, it throws light on the part that nature played in developing the poetic mind of Ireland.

Nature-worship entered conspicuously into Irish paganism and demanded a very close study of natural phenomena. As a result, the Irish mind cultivated an intimate friendship with the sea and saw how fruitful it was as a source of poetic inspiration. Hence, mystic dogmatizing aside; there was much truth in the belief that the secrets of the muse were revealed by the water's edge. In the rhythmic advance and retreat of the waves, there was much to suggest the poetry of motion. In their varied, yet restrained, coloring, there existed an appeal for hearts cherishing novelty and the chastened shades of northern lands. In their perennial freshness and marked immunity from earthly impurities, there was a charm for those who knew little of the blighting monotones and taints of an artificial life. And, finally, the sea's simplicity, manifested in its singular freedom from the complexities that man's rule has imposed upon the more tractable land, was admired by a people who lived in considerable isolation from the intricacies of European civilization.

It is, however, the melancholy of the sea that most of all appeals to the poetic instinct of the Irish race. It has been said that the element of sadness supplies the noblest thoughts to poetry; this is certainly true of Gaelic verse. The inspired numbers of the Irish people are the product of a race that has known many sorrows. It is this heritage of grief that makes Ireland feel that there is a certain sympathy in nature, and, above all, in the sad sea-breakers, for her woes. Convinced of this bond of sorrow between Ireland and the sea, Lionel

Johnson penned this salutation to the land whose feelings he so nobly interpreted:

Thy sorrow, and the sorrow of the sea,
Are sisters; the sad winds are of thy race:
The heart of melancholy beats in thee,
And the lamenting spirit haunts thy face,
Mournful and mighty mother!

The "lamenting spirit" of the sea sings a sad song for hearts that are schooled in sorrow, for its wail is the keen of an element. It voices a grief so instinct with the note of universality and so suggestive of all the tears that time has witnessed, that it seems the most fitting tribute of sorrowful sympathy that nature could pay to a people whose sufferings are symbolic of the elemental pain that the soul of humanity harbors. Then Irish seas beat upon a coast line that is pierced by many a deep wound, and resembles a gaunt tortured figure expressive of age-long anguish. These waters are more frequently garbed in the mourning apparel of the mists than in the sunlit robes of jubilee. Historically, they have many associations that tell of the national tragedy of Ireland. It is over the waves that the stranger came who took away the patrimony of the Gael. It is the sea that has been the greatest barrier to Irish freedom. It is the sea that has heard the lamentations of countless exiles, forced by a bitter fate to live the life of the stranger far from their motherland.

And Irish seas are as lonely as they are sad. In days gone by a prosperous merchant marine did business between Ireland and the Continent, and helped to relieve to some extent the dreariness of the Atlantic. Today that shipping life has almost vanished, and the few vessels that traverse the waters serve only by their solitary forms to add to the desolate aspect of the seas. And those deserted seas circling round the shores of Ireland make that land more isolated than any other country of Europe. Situated beyond the most western point of the Continent, Ireland stands apart from the company of the other nations, and is compelled to find within herself something to compensate her for her aloofness from international society. In her solitude, she naturally inclines to meditative and introspective ways, and broods with intensity upon her past and present. This loneliness of concentration upon self

is magnified by the extremely social nature of her soul, which hungers most for human intercourse through its vivid conception of what the lack of society means.

However, within this gloom of her solitude Ireland has cultivated patriotic virtues, which are largely responsible for the brilliant struggle she has maintained for the preservation of her national individuality. Her isolated position has kept her more racially pure than any other European people. It has so focused her thoughts upon her national being, that she has developed a very vivid consciousness of her distinctive character as a people who, primarily, owe their racial unity and continuity to the saving power of their spirit. It has given her the sublime inspiration of the waves which ever preach to her amid their mutability the grand doctrine of fidelity to duty. This sermon of the sea has found favor in her soul, for, despite the extremes of her passions, she has never ceased to struggle for the final accomplishment of what she believes to be her destiny. And the God-given freedom that hovers o'er the deep, constantly reminds her of loyalty to the principle of liberty that heaven has commissioned the great sea to communicate through majesty of action to the heart of man.

What wonder, then, that Ireland should love and admire the sea which she has known so long and so intimately! If she loves it for the sweetness of its sorrow, she loves it still more for the silver of its joy and the gold of its promise. In the past, the great sea has wept with Erin in her sorrow and smiled with her in her joy: surely, the glory which it has promised to the isle of shadow and sunshine shall be a splendid reality in the future. Is it too extravagant to hope that a nation so buoyed up by a sense of destiny, so firm in the belief that the future holds the supreme revelation of her greatness, shall not realize what in dreams she has ever sought? Is her mystic vision of The Little Dark Rose, of the tear-sprent petals donning the glory of the Rose flushed with red of the sunlight, to be deemed a dream that time must shatter or the offspring of true prophetic insight?

THE RIGHTS OF THE CITIZEN.

BY JOHN A. RYAN, D.D.



THE citizen possesses two distinct classes of rights. One of these belongs to him as a human being, the other as a member of the State. Rights of the first class are called natural, those of the second class civil. The distinction between the two depends, not so much upon their nature, as upon their source. Natural rights are those which are derived from the individual's nature, needs and destiny. They are those moral prerogatives which the individual needs in order to live a reasonable life, and attain the end appointed for him by God. Civil rights are conferred by the State for the promotion of the common good, and for the welfare of the individual as included among the purposes of the State.

Probably a majority of the writers on political science, as well as the greater part of non-Catholic authorities in economics and sociology, reject the doctrine of natural rights. In their opinion, all rights are derived from the State. Hence, the citizen possesses only civil rights. It is not necessary in this place to set down a formal refutation of this theory. It will be sufficient to point out that the theory inverts the position of the State relatively to the individual. According to its logic, the individual exists for the State. Against the State he has no moral rights, but only those which the State itself is willing to grant. Consequently, the State may, if it chooses, deprive the citizen of all rights whatever, may arbitrarily take away his liberty and his property, and even put him to death. According to the Catholic doctrine, the State exists ultimately for the individual, and the individual is endowed with certain natural rights which belong to him because of his nature, because he is a person and because of his intrinsic sacredness. As the State does not create or confer these rights, it cannot take them away.

This doctrine is not only Catholic, but it is a part of the traditional American political theory, and it is specifically in-

cluded in the Declaration of Independence. The second paragraph of that immortal document begins thus:

We hold these truths to be self-evident, that all men are created equal, that they are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights, that among these are life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness.

Although the last clause of this statement is not an explicit enumeration of all man's natural rights, it does embrace them all implicitly. Life and liberty cover a very large part of the field of natural rights; the pursuit of happiness implies the rights of marriage and of property, which embrace the remainder of that field. Man's natural rights may, therefore, be summarized as those of life, liberty, marriage and property. Liberty is, of course, a wide conception extending to physical movement, education, religion, speech and writing. Under the head of life is included immunity from all forms of arbitrary physical assault. All these rights belong to the citizen as a human being because they are all necessary for his existence, for the development of his personality, for reasonable human living and for the attainment of the end which God commands him to attain. In the United States they are all likewise rights of the citizen as citizen. In other words, they are civil, as well as natural, rights.

A systematic exposition and defence of these several rights is not necessary in this article. The right to life is intrinsic; is an end in itself, being directly based upon the sacredness of personality. The right to the various forms of liberty is a means to the end of right and reasonable living. It does not include the right to do or say unreasonable things. Like all other rights which are means, it is limited by the ends which it is designed to promote. The right to marry is directly necessary for the welfare of the individual. Even though an individual does not need to marry and can secure his welfare as a celibate, he has, nevertheless, the right to determine for himself whether or not he shall marry. The State has no right to decide this question for him. Property in those kinds of goods which meet man's immediate wants, such as food, clothing and shelter, is directly necessary for individual welfare; therefore, the individual has a natural right to acquire them as his own. Property in goods which have a more re-

mote relation to individual needs, such as land, machinery and the instruments of production generally, is not directly and immediately necessary for the individual; but the *institution* of private property in such goods is essential to human welfare, inasmuch as no other arrangement is adequate. All the foregoing natural rights belong to the individual, as such, and consequently are valid against the State.

The rights of the American citizen, as such, are set forth in the Constitution of the United States and in the constitutions of the various commonwealths. They are substantially the same in all these documents. The First Amendment to the Constitution of the United States reads thus:

Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion, or prohibiting the free exercise thereof; or abridging the freedom of speech, or of the press; or the right of the people peaceably to assembly, and to petition the Government for a redress of grievances.

While the language of this amendment seems to guarantee unlimited freedom of speech and of the press, it has never been so interpreted by the lawmakers or the courts. Rather has it been construed as that reasonable degree of liberty of speech and writing which had prevailed in the American colonies and in England for generations. During the recent War, therefore, Congress and many State legislatures enacted laws forbidding men to speak or write anything tending to hinder effective prosecution of the War. These laws were enacted under the authority of the war-making and war-legislating powers contained in Section 8 of Article 1 of the Constitution of the United States.

That form of liberty which consists in immunity from invasion of one's home is secured in the Fourth Amendment to the National Constitution:

The right of the people to be secure in their persons, houses, papers and effects, against unreasonable searches and seizures, shall not be violated, and no Warrants shall issue, but upon probable cause, supported by Oath of affirmation, and particularly describing the place to be searched, and the persons or things to be seized.

This means that no private individual, nor any officer of the law, may enter a man's house without permission, unless

a formal warrant has been obtained from court. Over-zealous or malicious officers may not enter a house against the wish of the occupier on mere suspicion.

Security against unjust or arbitrary prosecution by officers of the law is guaranteed in the Sixth Amendment:

In all criminal prosecutions, the accused shall enjoy the right to a speedy and public trial, by an impartial jury of the State and district wherein the crime shall have been committed, which district shall have been previously ascertained by law, and to be informed of the nature and cause of the accusation; to be confronted with the witnesses against him; to have compulsory process for obtaining witnesses in his favor, and to have the assistance of counsel for his defence.

This civil right is of the highest importance. Its principal effects are to protect the citizen against a prison sentence until he has had a fair trial; to assure him a trial as soon as possible after his arrest; to allow him witnesses on his behalf and the assistance of a lawyer; to give him liberty on bail until his trial begins, unless the crime with which he is charged is very serious; and to enable him to appeal to the higher courts against an unfavorable sentence. To be sure, these guarantees are occasionally disregarded by the officials, but the number of such violations of civil right is not large. They become considerable only in time of war, or in a period immediately following war, when the calm judgment of the law officers is disturbed by fear or some other passion.

One of the most important individual guarantees is contained in the Fifth Amendment to the Constitution, which declares that no person shall be "deprived of life, liberty, or property, without due process of law; nor shall private property be taken for public use without just compensation." The phrase, "due process of law," has, in the course of time, acquired a very wide and rather indefinite comprehension, but its elementary and traditional meaning is fairly definite. At the least, it means that a man's life, or liberty, or property may not be taken from him without a regular trial.

It should be noted that the foregoing amendments and provisions are binding only upon the Congress of the United States. With the exception of the prohibition against depriving the citizen of life, liberty and property without due process

of law, all these individual guarantees could be disregarded by the several States. For example, if the State of Georgia were to pass a law forbidding Catholics to assemble publicly for purposes of worship, or denying trial by jury to any of its citizens, it would not violate any of these provisions of the Constitution of the United States. The prohibitions contained in these provisions are addressed to Congress, not to the several States. Nevertheless, practically all, if not literally all, of the State constitutions contain similar guarantees of individual rights and similar prohibitions to their respective legislatures regard interference with these rights.

The provision of the Fifth Amendment forbidding Congress to deprive the citizen of life, liberty and property, without due process of law, is repeated in the Fourteenth Amendment, and is there addressed to the States. In the latter amendment the guarantee reads as follows:

No State shall make or enforce any law which shall abridge the privileges or immunities of citizens of the United States; nor shall any State deprive any person of life, liberty, or property, without due process of law; nor deny to any person within its jurisdiction the equal protection of the laws.

Such are the principal civil rights conferred upon and assured to the citizen by the organic laws of our country. They include all the liberty that anyone can reasonably claim, whether as a human being, or as a citizen. Inasmuch as they are matters of constitutional rather than statute law, they cannot be abolished through a temporary whim of the electors or by a simple act of the National or State legislatures. They can be repealed only by amending the constitutions, which is always a sufficiently slow process to give time for the better judgment of men to reassert itself.

The political rights of the citizen are sometimes distinguished from his civil rights. The most important difference between them is that the former are intended primarily for a public purpose, while the latter have as their immediate end the welfare of the individual. The chief political rights of the citizen are those of voting and holding office. According to the Fifteenth Amendment to the National Constitution, the right

to vote "shall not be denied or abridged by the United States, or by any State, on account of race, color, or previous condition of servitude." It is true that this right has been denied to colored voters in several of the States through various devices for evading the Fifteenth Amendment. However, it should be noted that these evasions do not amount to a violation of the *natural* rights of the negro. The elective franchise is not among the natural rights of the individual. It is created by the State for a civil purpose. Inasmuch as this purpose might conceivably be fulfilled, and in several States has been fulfilled, with the suffrage restricted to males and even to certain classes of males, it is clear that the power to vote is not a natural right inherent in every individual. It is a political privilege.

VISION.

BY BRIAN PADRAIC O'SHASNAIN.

THEY said that You had gone and that no longer
Would seekers find You in this haunted world,
And that the questing mystic dreamed in vain
Watching from some lone height the heavens unfurled.

The wise said thus—Ah, then it was a sorrow
Only to know the emptiness of space
And the unmeaning days, each with its morrow—
And nature stript of the old passionate grace.

Awhile I mourned—awhile I wandered lonely
All through the emptiness of night and day
Dreaming of You and thinking of You only—
You—Who had made me out of fire and clay.

And then I found You—with a sudden wonder—
Walking the purple hills You'd made in play—
Or with Your lightnings tearing clouds asunder—
How does it matter what the wise ones say?

THE BEGINNINGS OF A NOVELIST.

TWO EARLY MSS. OF THE LATE MGR. R. H. BENSON.

BY ALBERT B. PURDIE, O.B.E., B.A.



IN the course of the last two years it has been my privilege to pay several happy visits to Hare Street House, Buntingford, in the pretty county of Hertfordshire, as the guest of His Eminence, Cardinal Bourne, to whom (and his successors in the see of Westminster) the late Monsignor Benson bequeathed this, his residence, as a country property. There is a mural tablet in the little chapel close by, which commemorates the gift and tells of the generosity of the donor, whose wish it was that Hare Street House should be a place of *otium et levamen*, where an Archbishop fatigued by the multifarious business of a large diocese might find rest and escape. The charms of this rural seat have been already eulogized by the late Monsignor's biographers and, indeed, by the novelist himself in one of his later novels, *Oddsflash*. They have all written of its old-world beauty and pervading sense of peace, its quiet seclusion and glad remoteness from all loud noises of the world. It has also been told how the late owner impressed his wonderful personality upon the home in which he took so much delight, and which he fashioned and arranged after his own choosing. Who has not read of the quaint tapestries, of the Dance of Death and the Quest of the Holy Grail, and of the oak panelings pictured with various devices? From every nook and corner speaks the spirit of Robert Hugh Benson.

It is seven years now since he was laid to rest in the orchard near by, and there is little new in the surroundings with which he was so lovingly familiar. The rose-garden, indeed, the last delight of his devising, is a blaze of glory in summer time and gives a sad sweetness to the scene, whilst over his dead body has sprung a nobler bloom—the beautiful little chapel of St. Hugh of Lincoln. In the house itself a tender devotion to his memory has suffered most things to stand as he left them: his own bedroom, unoccupied, but

appointed exactly as in his lifetime, seems yet to call his tired exhausted body there to rest: on the library door is still the correspondence card, secured by a drawing pin, on which he wrote, requesting borrowers to return books to their proper places on the shelves!

It is with the library that I am mostly concerned in these few notes, or rather with a little discovery I made there a few days ago. It was not long before his death that Monsignor Benson set his many books in order and made a card-index catalogue of them all. This must have cost him a lot of hard work; all the cards are in his own handwriting. One shelf is devoted to his own numerous works. What a wonderful output it was! When one considers it, and the time and energy devoted to sermons, addresses and innumerable contributions to periodicals at home and abroad, one is amazed at the fierce activity he displayed and the amount he achieved in his all too short span of years. One can comprehend, too, that such an unrelenting, pitiless expenditure of power must have come soon to a tragic term.

Apart from editions published in England and America, many of his novels and devotional works were translated into French, German, Italian, Spanish and Dutch, and all these he kept carefully together and catalogued with due precision. It was whilst looking through these and making a little necessary re-arrangement that I happened on a thin manuscript brochure, that had lain hidden between the larger books. This circumstance of place made it clear at once that this was something of his own authorship, but there was evidence of a more direct nature.

It is a document of four pages of large, blue note paper—a shop's specimens, such as we cast to children to scribble their serious unseriousness thereon. Hugh bore them doubtlessly to his nursery in triumph, and there achieved the child's labor of pen and ink, little dreaming that one day he was to be happy bondsman to both. It is a baby's piece of work, with big, inky letters and joyous smudges, with lines that dip precipitately to the margin, with bold, shameless erasures and an artless *insouciance* of the idle way letters fall together to make a word. The sheets are carefully sewn together with cotton thread and fitted into a neat, brown paper cover, with edges overturned and gummed. This, perhaps, is the loving handi-

work of kindly Beth, his nurse. In big, uncertain, block letters the cover bears the legend, ROBERT HUGH BENSON, ESQ., OF UPSTAIRS IN THE NURSERY PR—. The last word is unfinished, but no doubt he intended to write PRIVATE, with a child's pride of personal achievement and possession.

I think the nursery must be that in the house at Truro, whither the Bensons went in 1877. Hugh at that time would be about six years old. Mr. A. C. Benson has given¹ us an account of the building and its surroundings—"it was a charming house about a mile out of Truro above a sequestered valley, with a far-off view of the little town lying among the hills. . . . The house had some acres of pasture land about it and some fine trees; with a big garden and shrubberies, an orchard and a wood." There are several phrases in little Hugh's stories that fit this description: he sees the same picture, but through the wonder-eyes of a child. However, it is time to place these two interesting documents before the reader. We have printed them just as they stand: the few sentences in capitals in the first piece are written in another and older hand; perhaps Beth came to the rescue here, when the young novelist was puzzled how to go on.

STORY ABOUT FLORIANCE AND EDWIN.

Oonce upon a time there lived a littel boy and girl and they were very naughty and there was a wall round a particular part of the forest which they lived in and there was a door through it & THEIR NAMES WHERE FLORENCE AND EDWIN AND ONCE THEY WENT THROUGH IT AND WENT A LONG WAY AND THEY SAW ROUND THEM A GREAT MANY WILD CATS AND THE CHILDREN JUMPED DOWN A LARGE HOLE THAT WAS NEAR THEM and they fell for a long way at last they stoped and they had to scambel up a long ditry bank till they began to see light and they were very glad and Florence seid to Edwin What shall we do. because they will ask us where we have been because they will know that we could not get so dity in the gaden and Edwyn said Oh I shall say that I have being triying to gaden and Florence said Oh you must not say so because it would be a lie but Edwyn said Oh please mind your own business and at last they got home and they did ask them where they had been and

¹ *Hugh*, p. 30.

Edwyn said Oh I have only been gerdening, but Florence has been outside the door you told us not. And Florence said, Oh no Edwyn has been with me and we have gone a long way away and suddenly we saw round us a ring of wild cats and then we jumped down a lage hole that was near us and we went on falling for a long time and at last we got to the bottom. and we had to go up a long dity bank and there we got so dirty. and then their mother said that Edwyn should be whipt and put to bed and that Floriance should have have a feast and after that thay lived happily ever since

THE NAUGHT (Y) BOYS.

There once lived a little boy and girl and once the little boy went out to play and he saw some boys coming up to him and they shouted out to him Hollo you must come with us and he said no I wont but the boys said Oh wont you you must or we will take you but just then his mother came up and he told her and she called the policeman who was passing by, and he took them up. and the littel boy was very glad. and then they went home and had diner

II CAPTER

The next day they went out together to play while they were playing some cows came by and they were very much afraid and they got up to run away but just then a cow ran at them but just missed them. and then they went home and told their mother and their mother kissed them and told them that they were very clever children.

THE END

In these two simple stories we probably have the reflection of some little escapades which Hugh engaged upon with one of his sisters. They belong to the fairyland of a child's imagination, where all ordinary mortal values are transmuted. Francis Thompson reminds us of what it is to be a child: "It is to be so little that elves can reach to whisper in your ear; it is to turn pumpkins into coaches, and mice into horses, lowness into loftiness, and nothing into everything."² So, Hugh found a magic realm in the shrubberies about his father's door, and magic chasms down which he went falling, falling, falling. And there were wild cats! The cat always

² *Shelley*, p. 29.

had a fascination for him throughout his life and plays a rôle in some of his novels, the *Necromancers* in particular; in fact, the Bensons appear to have had a peculiar regard for, and understanding of cats, and Hugh's sister, Maggie, especially was gifted with a wonderful insight into feline psychology. Her essay on the Soul of a Cat³ is a remarkable piece of work, and there is one passage in it which I think must refer to the house at Truro; we have the same local color and sense of fearsomeness that little Hugh has put into his first story: "We went to a place which was a paradise for cats, but a paradise ringed with death; a rambling Elizabethan house, where mice ran and rattled behind the panels; a garden with bushes to creep behind and strange country creatures stirring in the grass . . . it was surrounded by woods carefully preserved."⁴ That was an atmosphere suited enough to the adventurous spirit of a boy, and well calculated to keep alive and develop that love of the mysterious, which afterwards characterized his outlook on life.

But do these early productions betray anything of the personality of the grown man? Perhaps it is too much to expect that they should: a child at the age of six is in a passive, impressionable state. He is absorbing and giving off the influences of his surroundings. Thus the diet of Scriptural reading, which the good Archbishop prescribed for his children, is evident enough in the turn of many of Hugh's sentences, and distinct in such phrases as "they did ask them" and "were very much afraid." However, I think we may detect a hint of that willfulness and impulsiveness which showed in his maturer character. Edwin (*i. e.*, Hugh) is a very determined little fellow, who knows his own mind and states it emphatically: he says to Floriance: "Oh, please mind your own business," and to the boys who tell him he must come with them, there is the decided rejoinder, "No I wont!" One can imagine how Hugh would have spluttered it out. The tendency to picturesque and romantic forms is also noteworthy—Edwin (which a little later becomes Edwyn) and Floriance.

For the rest, the traits are simply those of a healthy and very human little boy. There is the hard difficulty of spelling and the *anima naturaliter phonetica*: "dity," before the effort

³ In *The Court of the King*.

⁴ *Op. cit.*, pp. 11, 12.

is over, finds its truant r; and there is only a very incipient feeling for punctuation, which, however, improves as the composition proceeds. But Edwin is much like any other boy: he risks a bold lie, but does not shrink from the just retribution that must overtake him; he is whipped and sent to bed. He barely suffers the protesting Eve and is glad in a human way to use her as a scapegoat. "Oh, please mind your own business!" They never do, and here the child has put his finger on the eternal tragedy of things!

Perhaps we have already read too much into these *juvenilia*; at any rate, it is pleasing to have such relics of the young days of one who in his prime wielded his pen to such advantage, charmed so many readers, won so many hearts—and souls—and who, though dead, yet speaketh.

WINTRY WINDS.

BY HARRY LEE.

O WINTRY winds a-blawin'.
 O starry roads and bare,
 How fain I am to follow
 The lonely ways ye fare.

For, O, I seek a wee lamb,
 Wha wanners i' the cauld,
 I'd lift it frae the shadows,
 I'd bear it tae the fauld.

For, O, I seek a wee bird,
 Wha's fallen frae the nest,
 I'd pick it up and haud it close,
 And warm it at my breast.

O wintry winds a-blawin',
 O starry roads and bare,
 How fain I am to follow
 The lonely ways ye fare.

A MID-WESTERN EXPERIMENT IN CATHOLIC COMMUNITY LIFE.

BY JAMES LOUIS SMALL.



DISTURBANCES, whether political or religious, have not infrequently borne fruit in regions very far distant, geographically, from the scenes of active conflict. It is not strange, therefore, that the stirring events which took place in Germany during the middle years of the nineteenth century should have resulted in important social modifications in the newly admitted State of Wisconsin, a section of country regarded at that time by the citizens of the United States itself as scarcely more than an outpost of civilization. In the late forties there began a migration from Germany to the Middle West, notably to Wisconsin, that increased in volume with the passing years and that was to prove a factor, by no means inconsiderable, in determining the future complexion of the commonwealth.

The foregoing provides the background against which the present narrative is set. It has to do with a band of heroic Catholic pioneers, one hundred and thirteen in number, who in the early summer of the year 1854, set sail for the land of promise under the leadership of a pious and well-learned priest, the Rev. Ambrose Oschwald.

Despite the fact that this feeble undertaking eventuated in one of the best known and most efficiently conducted community plans in the central West, the sources of information concerning it are surprisingly scant. They are to be found principally in the very few survivors of the original colony; in fragmentary references in the State Historical Collection; and in a quaint old German pamphlet, published in 1867, entitled, *History of the Founding of the German Colony of St. Nazianz, in the Duchy (!) of Manitowoc, in the State of Wisconsin, in the United States of North America. From the year 1854 to the end of 1866. Together with a Description of the Economical, Political and Religious Conditions.*

The chronicle, quite obviously that of an eyewitness, is homely and direct in its wording and replete with a vividness

that is often lacking in more technical historical record. The writer enumerates the causes that led to the exodus from the Grand Duchy of Baden: density of population (a condition prevalent in many European countries at that time, but particularly so in the southern states of Germany); consequent inability to achieve progress; a bad political situation, arising from the revolution of 1848 and the occupation of the land by Prussian troops; the persecution of Catholics, and the evils of famine and poor crops. The chronicler goes on to say, with an emphasis touched by asperity, that the emigrants who initiated this venture were *not* political offenders. Actuated by a common motive, they had gathered together from the Black Forest, Klettgau, Breisgau, Schwabia and the Odenwalde, and placed themselves under Father Oschwald's guidance.

The description of Father Ambrose Oschwald, as given by the colonists themselves, is that of a man with high priestly ideals, sunny disposition and considerable executive force; one, in brief, who was eminently fitted, not only to begin, but to carry on a work of the sort contemplated. Born March 14, 1801, at Mundelfingen, in the Grand Duchy of Baden, of respectable peasant parents, his boyhood was in no wise different from that of his companions. He was accustomed to help his father, who was a miller, and to take his part in the life of the community. At an early age, he manifested signs of vocation. These were encouraged by his parents, and young Ambrose was able to make his studies, first, in the gymnasium at Donaueschingen, then, at the University and the Seminary in Freiburg, Baden. In 1833 he was ordained.

In the early years of his ministry, Father Oschwald entertained the idea of laboring in the foreign missions, an ambition which he finally relinquished to devote himself to the needs of his countrymen. In 1852, at the age of fifty-one, he matriculated at the University of Munich, where he spent two years in the study of medicine, a step actuated by plans for an American colony, which he seems to have been already considering. It was his desire to be not only priest, but also physician to his little flock. This by the spring of 1854 was organized under the name of the Emigrant Association of St. Gregory Nazianzen, consisting in part of married folk with their children; in part of young unmarried men and women.

It is probably true that some of Father Oswald's earlier ideas were open to criticism, and it is fairly well established that certain of his writings had met with the disapproval of the ecclesiastical authorities. That he submitted to the decisions of the latter is evident, since he was in good standing at the time he left his native land, having obtained permission to head the enterprise from his ordinary, Archbishop Hermann von Vikari of Freiburg. Also, he had opened a correspondence with the Right Rev. John Martin Henni, first Bishop of Milwaukee, and from the date of his arrival in America until his death, nineteen years later, there would seem to have been cordial agreement between himself and his superiors. On the testimony of all who knew him, he was a man of great zeal and personal holiness of life.

The colonists, so we are informed by the anonymous author of the queer, old, green-backed pamphlet, harbored no delusions as to their future. "They were told that they must be prepared for almost anything; for the pleasant and the unpleasant; for the sweet and the bitter; for dangers, deprivations and the difficulties of the journey; for exertions, cares, hard and heavy work. Nothing was concealed, but everything was explained before the setting-out."

At last the long looked-for day of departure came; the final farewells were said, and the pilgrims started on their way, overland through Paris, to Havre. Thence, on the Feast of Corpus Christi, 1854, they turned faces westward to the open sea. They were divided into two companies, one of which was fifty-two, the other, fifty-five days in crossing the Atlantic; and both were beset with sea-sickness and storm, aggravated by all the disagreeable adjuncts of an ocean voyage of that time.

The prospective colonists did not remain long in New York, but started almost immediately for the Middle West, arriving in Milwaukee in August. Worn out with fatigue, a number fell prey to illness and died. Shortly, there appeared upon the scene the inevitable land speculator, with whom a contract was concluded by which Father Oswald purchased 3,840 acres of land some eighty miles north of Milwaukee and twelve miles west of Lake Michigan, in Manitowoc County, for \$3.50 an acre. Fifteen hundred dollars were paid down; the balance to be discharged in five installments.

The last week in August saw the deal with the land speculators closed, and six men of the party on board a lake steamer en route to Manitowoc. There they hired a team and drove a number of miles inland through the woods, where they spent the night. Early next morning, they journeyed on. They were obliged to hew their own way through the wilderness, cutting down trees and making a road, until at last, that very day, they reached the spot where the village of St. Nazianz now stands. The following day a rainstorm came on, and they were drenched to the skin. Nevertheless, they had managed by nightfall to put up a little hut with the wood they had chopped.

The naïve story of these beginnings, as one gleans it from the old chronicle, reads very like a page from the *Jesuit Relations* of two centuries before, when the intrepid Marquette, Allouez and others of the valiant Company of Jesus had prayed and lived and ministered not so many leagues from that self-same spot: "We were very, very tired, made a fire and boiled some potatoes. These were all our provisions. Our bed was the earth, and a huge fire was our light and our warmth. Already, on this day, we had seen Indians, the original inhabitants of America—heathen. It was the first day in our new fatherland, our new home. We closed it by saying the rosary, by religious conversation and by plans and arrangements for the future."

Next, a cross was raised "with great joy." This first cross disappeared long years ago, but on the front of a neat, stucco cottage, standing close to the village street, a large crucifix with a weather-stained, oddly carved figure of the Mother of Sorrows at its foot marks the site.

Very soon the hardy settlers set about building a block-house, of which they had seen models on the way. The first of September brought to them their leader, Father Oschwald, accompanied by eighteen or twenty men of the colony. A sort of community life was inaugurated at once. "The elevated cross was our church; the praying of the rosary at morning and night our Divine service; and our community was now, after eight days, increased to twenty-five or twenty-six persons."

The succeeding weeks were hard ones. Unaccustomed to the severity of the climate, half of the colonists fell ill, and

before the setting-in of the new year six or seven lay buried in the little God's acre. But the survivors never lost courage. Often, we are told, as they sat about the blazing fire at the close of the day's work, Father Oswald was in their midst entertaining and cheering them. Morning prayers were said beneath the trees; everyone was present at daily Mass, said in the log church, which by strenuous effort had been completed by late October and dedicated to St. Gregory Nazianzen; and in the rude "refectory" the Lives of the Saints were read at meals.

The years that followed witnessed a development quite unique in the Catholic history of the State. This expansion, both spiritual and material, was accomplished in the face of adversity of almost every kind. There are simple, homely references to fires and harvest failures, to say nothing of trouble with the land speculator, as a result of which the best part of the holdings was sold at auction because of non-payment. It seemed for a time as if the colony were doomed. Father Oswald, however, was successful in his attempt to secure the aid of some Catholics outside, who advanced money and thus saved the day.

In the meantime, women had come from Milwaukee to join the ranks, and the settlement began to assume the special form by which it was thereafter distinguished. The married people constituted the nucleus of the village, and the unmarried lived apart, the men in one building, the women in another.

Much that is legendary, not to say fantastic, has been related of the life at St. Nazianz. Yet the plain truth of the matter is that the Oswald community never contemplated, in itself, any plan beyond that of the primitive Christians, who held all things in common. They added to this a willingness on the part of "Brothers" and "Sisters" to live a single life, dedicated to God. They were simply Franciscan Tertiaries, each of whom was at liberty to leave the community whenever he wished—a privilege, in fact, of which a number, from time to time, availed themselves. Upon departure, each member was allowed to withdraw from the common fund the share that was his.

In 1858 a Sisters' House arose, and six years later, on the Feast of St. Ambrose, December 7, 1864, the Brothers, who

had been occupying the first floor of the old log church, moved into their permanent home. Both of these are standing today. The Sisters' House is as it was over a half century ago. Its rose-pink plaster walls and graceful, cross-crowned cupola suggest those old buildings of which Mrs. O'Shaughnessy has written so charmingly in her *Alsace in Rust and Gold*. In the centre is a courtyard and on one side of it a shadowy chapel. In the late sixties it must have been a veritable hive of activity, for at that period the community, which had reached the zenith of its prosperity, counted no less than one hundred and fifty Sisters, many of whom were engaged in needlework, gardening, housework and various handicrafts, and some of whom were teaching schools throughout the country.

But now most of the rooms are empty and the corridors resound to but few footfalls. Here a half-dozen of the "Old Sisters," as they are familiarly known, are spending the evening of their days. They still recite the Breviary in German, as they have recited it these many years past; still wear their picturesque habit, a plain black dress, with short cape and broad-brimmed bonnet; and still bake the weekly supply of bread in the huge oven built by the colonists.

The Brothers' House is a quarter of a mile beyond that of the "Old Sisters." It, too, is of plaster—roomy, solid, three-storied, with beams as sound as on the day when they were hewn from the virgin forest. Like the Sisters' House, it has its bit of history. In 1867 eighty Brothers lived and toiled here. Downstairs in the low-ceilinged refectory one may read many of their names. They stand in a brave list, with a request that the reader pray for their souls. Today the Brothers' House is part of the Salvatorian Fathers' College, set in the midst of fruitful orchard and fields of waving grain. In a large, sunny room of the old building lives Brother Wenzel, the very last of the Oschwald Brothers, only a year or so short of eighty, but hale and hearty for all that.

In the course of a very few years the rich land of the neighborhood became peopled with thrifty Catholic immigrants. The frame church of the first days was too small to accommodate the growing congregation, so the fine stone Church of St. Gregory Nazianzen was built upon the hill above the village. It stands there now, sturdy and strong, dominat-

ing the broad, cup-like valley at its feet; its stately tower a landmark for miles around; its bells pealing out their summons to Mass and Angelus. Clustered about it is the parish cemetery, where rows of wooden crosses mark the last resting place of Brothers and Sisters.

The day that saw the death of the saintly Father Oswald, February 27, 1873, saw also the beginning of the end of the colony, as such. There were legal complications and other difficulties, such as are likely to follow upon a change in leadership. Father Oswald's successor, the Rev. Peter Mutz, who was likewise his *protégé* and a convert from Lutheranism, was a zealous and able priest. But in spite of his careful administration the community, as far as numbers were concerned, was undeniably on the decline. The Brothers and Sisters were growing older, and few recruits came to fill the gaps made by death.

In 1896, there were in the community seventy-five, all told, and many of these were advanced in age. The Most Rev. F. X. Katzer, Archbishop of Milwaukee, realizing the necessity of action, if the property of the colony was to be saved to the Church, offered to the Society of the Divine Saviour, more commonly known as the Salvatorian Fathers, with whom he had become acquainted in Rome, the land and buildings of the Brothers. The terms of transfer stipulated that the Society should care for the surviving Brothers as long as they lived, an obligation, it may be remarked in passing, that has been faithfully discharged.

The community founded by Father Oswald, as has been previously stated, was misunderstood and its aims misinterpreted, even by Catholics. Various ideas were entertained concerning it, none of which had basis in fact. One catches a hint of this in the note of acerbity struck in the concluding chapters of the chronicle, which set forth the plan, purpose and work of the society. Its existence is justified by Holy Scripture, and reference is made to the mode of life of the early Christians as recorded in the Acts of the Apostles. It is active-contemplative. It has no secrets, political or religious. Neither is it a ". . . factory, in which man is misused . . . to enrich one man, or a company." On the contrary, "It is free." Neither is it a strict religious house, though it may become such. "Our society wishes to help each one who enters it to

save both body and soul from temporal and eternal destruction." "Our community (*verein*) is a preparatory school to the cloister." There is, too, an invitation to the reader to St. Nazianz, there to "serve God day and night," followed by a rather blunt intimation that "if you do not wish to hear about poverty, chastity and obedience, you cannot stay long here, for what the Nazianzers love, that you do not love; and what you love, that the Nazianzers hate."

That the colonists wished, as far as possible, to remain separate from the rest of the world is a well established fact. We find in the chronicle strong expressions of aversion to admitting into their midst those of different racial origin than their own, coupled with equally strong expressions of fidelity to the Government of the United States, their "new fatherland," and a desire to abide by its laws. The Wisconsin of the fifties witnessed troublous times, with free-thinking "forty-eighters" bitterly aligned against both Catholics and Lutherans of German birth, which may account for the care taken by the community at St. Nazianz to abstain from a too active participation in politics.

And what of the St. Nazianz of today? There are probably few places in the central West that time has touched with gentler hand. To be sure, the primitive roads of sixty years since have been replaced by broad, well-kept highways threading their way through the fertile valley to the railway station six miles distant. The rural mail routes and the ubiquitous Ford have brought the great outside world very close to what was once a wilderness. But for the five or six hundred people of "the settlement," as it is still called, life goes on tranquilly and, for the most part, undisturbed.

In the centre of the village is the first St. Gregory's, combination church and dwelling, in a room on the ground floor of which Father Oschwald breathed his last. The quaint, old-world carvings in the church above remain as they were in his day, and once in a long while Mass is celebrated at the altar where he broke the Bread of Life for the first Brothers and Sisters. He lies buried in the white-washed crypt of the Brothers' House, adjoining the college on the hill, and occasionally an aged priest comes from some distant point to say a prayer at his tomb and to tell of the days when he learned his classics in the *Petite Seminaire* that does present duty as

the Salvatorian novitiate. In the college museum are a few carefully preserved mementos of the colony's founder: his vestments; his sick call outfit; his biretta; his high silk hat, worn on state occasions; various altar ornaments, and a small volume, without title, written in precise script and dealing with various phases of medicine.

The old liturgical "blessings" are still observed at St. Nazianz, that of the fruits of the earth on the Feast of the Assumption and of the chalk, incense and salt on the Epiphany. There are out-of-door processions on the Rogation Days and the Feast of the Ascension, and on the Festival of Corpus Christi a procession of the Blessed Sacrament that lingers long in the memory of one who is so fortunate as to be a participant.

After Solemn High Mass at the parish church the *cortège* emerges from the main doorway and wends its way down the village street. The flag is at the head, followed by the crucifix; then the children of the school, with the Sisters; priests and lay brothers with surplices of snowy white over their habits, and a bevy of little girls wearing wreaths and veils, who scatter the flowers of early summer before the Host, borne aloft beneath a gold-broidered canopy. Last of all, march the women and the men—scores of them, many reciting the rosary as they walk. The blue June sky shines warmly upon the scene; the hammer and the forge are idle; and fields and meadows lie in silence on either side as the King of kings goes by.

Before the convents and at the college there are altars of repose, where the procession pauses for Benediction. Along the roadway fragrant hay has been spread by loving hands for the passing of the Royal Guest, and there are triumphal arches of evergreen, topped by the Papal colors and the red, white and blue. Along the road and up the hill the long cavalcade winds, while the bells scatter their message of joy far across the countryside; then back again to the church for Solemn Benediction. It takes one back and away from the feverish activities of the age to times of greater quietude and, it may be, greater faith.

Has the experiment at St. Nazianz turned out a failure? A casual observer would say, no doubt, that the prophecy made by a writer some years ago, that "the society does not

seem destined to a long life,"¹ has found its fulfillment. Closer examination, however, discloses the wide differences existing between such a venture as that at St. Nazianz and the more ephemeral efforts at community life inaugurated by non-Catholics. Brother Wenzel, the last of the Oschwald band of men, and Sister Victoria, the Superior of the "Old Sisters," probably spend little time in speculating as to whether they or their communities have been "successes." They are content to leave the delivery of that verdict to God.

Nevertheless, the results of the experiment are not to be despised. To have been responsible, in part at least, for the raising up of a number of other men and women for the service of God (for the roll of priests and religious that St. Nazianz has given to the Church is no mean one); and for the foundation upon which the work of the Salvatorian Fathers in America rests today, assuredly does not indicate failure. On the contrary, it spells achievement, not alone in tangible things—such as the fair acres wrested from the tangled wilderness—but in the deeper things of the spirit, the things of which the founder of the colony may well have had inner vision on that Feast of Corpus Christi, 1854, when he set sail from Havre-de-Grâce.

¹ *Geographical Origin of German Immigration to Wisconsin*, by Kate Everest Levi, in *Wisconsin Historical Collections*, vol. xiv., pp. 385-387.

THE SERBIAN ORTHODOX CHURCH: ITS RELATIONS WITH ROME AND CONSTANTINOPLE.

BY F. AURELIO PALMIERI, O.S.A., D.D., PH.D.



THE origins of Serbian Christianity are thoroughly Latin, and, indeed, Roman. According to the imperial historian, Constantine Porphyrogenetos, the Emperor Heraclius (610-641) intrusted to Roman priests the task of baptizing the Serbs, and teaching them the Christian faith. These Serbs near the shores of the Adriatic were the first to abandon their idols, and to be drawn within the fold of Christ. Croatia contributed also to spread Christianity in Serbia.

The early period of Serbian evangelization extends from 642 to 731, while the second begins with Basil I. (867-886).

During the tenth and eleventh centuries, the Serbian Church developed under the sway of Rome. The names of the Serbian princes (*Zupany*) are derived from Latin Christianity. The fragmentary inscriptions of the most ancient Serbian churches and monasteries are Latin, and Latin words are scattered through Serbian liturgical books. The Russian historian of the Serbian Church, Eugenius Golubinsky, declares that the Popes exerted their jurisdiction upon the Serbian territory. The western portion of the Balkanic peninsula, down to the reign of Leo, the Isaurian (717-741), was placed under the jurisdiction of the Popes, and even the diocese of Saloniki was administered by a vicar of the Holy See.

Constantine Porphyrogenetos tells us that Basil I. received an ambassador from Mutimir, Prince of Serbia, who called for Greek missionaries to preach the Gospel among his subjects. He promised, if his request were granted, to put himself and his principedom under the high protection of Byzantium. The Emperor complied with his wishes, and sent to him several Greek priests. This was the first contact of Serbia with Byzantine autocracy. The Serbs, however, made no formal submission to the Hierarchy of Byzantium. In the first half of the eleventh century, Stephen Voisthlavos negotiated with Rome concerning the foundation of the Latin

See of Antivari, whose archbishop was the primate of Serbia. The Serbian Prince, Michael (1050-1084), son of Stéphen, asked Gregory VII. (1073-1085) for the royal crown. The Pope granted it to him, and in one of his letters he calls him the dearest son of St. Peter: *charissimum Beati Petri Filium*.¹ His son and successor on the throne of Serbia, Constantine Bodin (1084-1100), openly made profession of the Catholic faith. Hence, it follows that the history of Serbian Christianity in the eleventh century is a chapter of the annals of the Catholic Church.

For political reasons, Stephen Nemanya proclaimed the supremacy of the *Orthodox* faith within the limits of his kingdom. According to some historians, he was born a Catholic and, until after his thirtieth year, remained faithful to the Catholic Church. But in 1144, he allowed himself to be re-baptized in the Greek Church, abolished the autonomous principalities of his State, and set out to *extirpate the Latin heresy*.² From that time on Serbia was lost to the Catholic Church, and became the seat of a stubborn religious intolerance.

In his old age, Stephen entered the monastery of Studenica, and later on went to that of Vatopedi on Mount Athos. He died February 13, 1199, in the monastery of Khilandar. His name is linked with that of his youngest son, Rastko, who early embraced the monastic life, and changed his name to Sava. He is venerated by Serbians as the founder of their national Church and the pioneer of their national literature. He left Mount Athos after the death of his father, and took the helm of Serbian policy. Thanks to his efforts, his brothers, Stephen and Wuk, were reconciled, and a treaty of peace was concluded with the Hungarians and Bulgarians. He founded the monastery of Zicha, which became the seat of the Serbian archbishops. He died at Tirnovo on January 14, 1236. His relics were transferred to the monastery of Milieshevo, and there they were venerated by the Serbians till 1594, when Sinan Pacha ordered them to be thrown into the fire, and their ashes to be scattered to the winds. The names of Stephen Nemanya and Sava fill the first pages of the national history of Serbia. Bishop Nicholas Velimirovich has remarked that

¹ *Epist.*, lib. V. 13, P. L. V. CXLVIII., col. 498.

² I. Markovic, *Gli Slavi ed i Papi*, Zagreb, 1897, tome II., pp. 318, 319

Stephen formed the body of Serbia, her political and ethnical unity, while his son, Sava, infused the soul by creating her religious unity.³

In fact, the autonomy of the Serbian Orthodox Church is the result of the diplomatic skill of Sava. In the earliest times, the spiritual chief of the Serbian Church was the Bishop of Rascia (Novi-Bazar). Later, he was subject to the jurisdiction of the Bulgarian Archbishop of Ochrida. Sava aimed to make his Church independent of both the Bulgarians and the Greeks. He traced out a scheme of religious autonomy, and submitted it to the approval of Emperor Theodore I. Laskaris (1204-1222), and of Manuel Sarantenos Charitopoulos, Patriarch of Constantinople. The Greek hierarchy was not willing to grant to Serbia an independent metropolis. However, the persistency of Sava won the day. Ipek became the seat of an autonomous archbishop, and Serbian territory was divided into ten dioceses. As a mark of a nominal dependency on the See of Constantinople, as well as of the orthodoxy of its teaching, the Serbian Church was pledged to mention the name of the Patriarch in the liturgical functions. With regard to the Serbian clergy, the Archbishop of Ipek exercised the same jurisdiction as the Patriarch of Constantinople over the Byzantine clergy. Sava was the first Archbishop of Ipek, and by the promulgation of several ecclesiastic constitutions, contributed to the organization of the Orthodox Serbian Church.

In spite of Sava's religious hostility to Rome (he had imbibed it in the monasteries of Mount Athos), the relations of Serbia with the Holy See were not broken. His brother strove to maintain the union with Rome. "A skillful diplomat," writes Louis Leger, "he contrived to receive his crown from Rome, and to create in his Kingdom an orthodox archbishopric."⁴ First, he opened negotiations with Innocent III. (1216-1227). - According to Thomas, archdeacon of Spalato, Stephen sent to Rome his ambassadors, who asked the Pope to grant their sovereign the royal crown. Complying with their request, the Pope sent a precious diadem. The ceremony of the crowning was performed by a Papal legate.⁵ The earliest biog-

³ *The Soul of Serbia*, London, 1916, p. 57.

⁴ *Serbes, Croates et Bulgares*, Paris, 1921.

⁵ *Historia Salonitana*, edited by F. Racki, Zagreb, 1894, p. 91.

rapher of Sava relates that the ceremony took place in the monastery of Zicha, and Sava officiated.⁶ Because of the privilege granted to him by the Holy See, Stephen was called *Prvovencani* (the first crowned). After the death of Stephen, the Serbian Church followed in the wake of Byzantium. Now and then, the Serbian Kings proposed to Rome the union of their independent Church with the Holy See. These propositions, however, were suggested only by political reasons, and therefore, invariably failed. Nicholas IV. (1288-1292), wrote a letter to Stephen II. (Urosh Milutin), extolling the truth and beauty of the Catholic faith. He exhorted the King to follow that faith, and by his example, to reconcile his subjects with Rome.⁷

Later, the most celebrated among the Serbian Kings, Stephen Urosh Duchan (1331-1385), sent to Innocent IV. (1352-1362) a Catholic profession of faith. The Pope believed in his good will, and expressed his joy, and complained that, by fanaticism, some Serbian priests baptized and confirmed again those who had received their baptism and confirmation from the Latin clergy. Trusting in his promises, the Pope sent his legates to the court of Serbia. As soon as they reached their destination, they were forbidden to step out of their residences, to perform their religious functions, to approach the Catholics, and after a short time they were forced to depart in the deepest humiliation for the failure of their mission. By his offer of reunion, Stephen Duchan was attempting to secure the title of Captain General of the crusade against the Turks, in order to exert a great influence upon European politics, and when his desires were frustrated, he became a violent foe of the Catholic Church.⁸ His code of laws, which is praised as a monument of civil legislation, sanctioned the most severe chastisement of the Orthodox Christian who embraced the Catholic faith: the confiscation of property, exile, penal servitude in the mines, burning of the eyes and the like.⁹

The Russian historians of the Serbian Church praise the

⁶ B. Danicic, *Zivot sv. Simeuna i sv. Save* (Life of St. Simeon and St. Sava), in Serbian. Belgrade, 1865, p. 245.

⁷ A. Theiner, *Vetera monumenta historica Hungarica sacram illustrantia*, Romæ, 1859, tome I., p. 360.

⁸ Theiner, *op. cit.*, tome II., pp. 8-17.

⁹ S. Novakovic, *Zakonik Stefana Duchana* (Code of Stephen Duchan), in Serbian. Belgrade, 1870, pp. 23, 24, 44.

disloyalty of Duchan, and declare that no Orthodox King can be sincere in his relations with Rome. According to Cheltzov: "The Serbian Tzars were stanch defenders of the Orthodox faith against Latinism and the heresies. There were among them the promoters of a change of faith and of Roman Catholicism. Their conversions, however, were not sincere. They aimed only to take advantage of the moral authority of the Popes to improve their political condition. When the danger had vanished, they broke their friendship with the Popes. Mostly, their conversions were but indecisive relations with Rome."¹⁰

Under Duchan, the Serbian Orthodox Church proclaimed her independence from Byzantium. In 1345 or 1346, the king convoked a synod of the Serbian clergy. Symeon, the Bulgarian Patriarch of Tyrnovo, and the Bulgarian bishops, as well as the superiors (*hegumonoï*) of the Greek monasteries on Mount Athos, were invited to attend to it. The synod took place in the town of Skopia (Uskub), and it may be considered as the first alignment of the religious forces of Slavism against the Greek Church. Joanniki, Archbishop of Ipek, was elected Patriarch. Thus by the will of the King, the Serbian metropolis became a patriarchate. Callist I., Patriarch of Constantinople, did not conceal his irritation, and in 1352 anathematized the Serbian Church. The Serbian clergy paid no attention to the drastic step of the Greek Patriarch. Joanniki continued consecrating Serbian bishops. Civil war, however, broke out among the monks of Mount Athos. The Greek monks broke off their relations with the Serbian Church. The influence of monasticism at that time was so great that Duchan sought a peaceful settlement of the conflict between the two Churches. In 1375, Philotheos, Patriarch of Byzantium, reëstablished the ecclesiastical communion between the Greek and the Serbian Churches, and validated the decisions of the Synod of Uskub. The Patriarchate of Serbia was solemnly recognized by the Church of Constantinople on condition that freedom and protection be granted to the Greek metropolitans who lived in the territories conquered by the victorious Serbian armies.

The Serbian Patriarchate endured four centuries. In

¹⁰ *Tzerkov korolevstva serbskago* (The Church of the Serbian Kingdom), in Russian. Petrograd, 1899, p. 29.

1389, Serbia lost her independence after the disaster of Kosovo, and became a province of Turkey. The Serbian Church, however, kept her organization. The dioceses founded by Stephen Duchan were not abolished. But after the fall of Constantinople, the conditions of the Church grew worse. The Slavic clergy at one time faced two enemies: Mohammedan intolerance and Greek nationalism. The Greek Patriarchate of Constantinople strove to hellenize the Slavic peoples of the Balkans and, at the end of the seventeenth century, its efforts met with success.

In 1557 the Serbian Church had a short period of prosperity, thanks to the protection granted her by Mohammed Sokolovic, a Serbian who had apostatized from the Christian faith. His brother, Macarius, a monk in Mount Athos, was elected Patriarch, and set about organizing the Serbian dioceses in Serbia, Macedonia, Bosnia, Montenegro, Albania, Croatia, Hungary and Transylvania. Churches and monasteries that had been destroyed were rebuilt. Mohammed died in 1574, and thereafter the Greeks renewed their attempts to subject Serbia to their religious influence. To escape their Mohammedan and Christian enemies in 1691, under the leadership of the Patriarch Arsenius III., 37,000 families emigrated to Austria; and in 1738 similar action was taken by Patriarch Arsenius IV. Such a large emigration furthered the Greek plans for the abolition of the independent Slavic patriarchates. First, they obtained from the Sublime Porte a ruling that Greek bishops must be selected for the Serbian dioceses. After the flight of Arsenius IV., a Greek, Bishop Joannikios III., assumed control of the Serbian Church. In 1762 the patriarchal dignity was vested in another Greek bishop, Gabriel IV., who abjured the Christian faith and embraced Mohammedanism under the name of Mehmet Effendi. Practically, the Serbian Church ceased to exist. In their national fanaticism, the Greek bishops burned the Slavic liturgical books, and forced the Serbian priests to adopt the Greek liturgy.

In 1766 Samuel Khantzeris, Patriarch of Constantinople, thought the moment had arrived to extirpate the Slavic Patriarchates of Ochrida and Ipek. In September of that year, he convoked a synod of Greek bishops and proclaimed the abolition of the latter Patriarchate. In vain, the Serbian

bishops raised their protest. They were expelled from their dioceses, and replaced by Greek bishops. Ecclesiastically, the Serbian dioceses passed under the jurisdiction of the Patriarch and of the Greek aristocracy of Constantinople—the so-called Phanariotes. “But the Serbian clergy withstood all the attempts to denationalize them, and remained faithful to their Slavic liturgy. Under the Greek hierarchy, popular instruction sank into decay, and the Episcopal Sees were put up for sale by the Greek Patriarch and the Turkish Government.”¹¹

The rebirth of the Serbian Church followed closely the insurrectionary movement for political independence. The latter was inaugurated by Karageorgi in 1803. The Greek bishops sided with the Turks and one of them, Metropolitan Leontius, became a spy for them. The lower clergy, all Serbians, gave their blood for the triumph of the revolution. Many of them were murdered in Belgrade; many others were martyred. The most venerated among these martyrs are *hegumon Paisius*, and deacon Avakum, who were impaled.

The first revolution failed. A new one broke out in 1815, following the unspeakable cruelties of the Turks. Milosh Obrenovic took up arms against them, and by glorious deeds, the Serbian priests and monks won the gratitude of their countrymen. The energetic support of Russia saved Serbia from a new catastrophe. In 1830 she was recognized by the Sublime Porte as an independent State. A special paragraph of the proclamation of her independence (*hatti-sherif*), set forth that “the Metropolitan and the bishops of the Serbian nation shall be confirmed in their dignities by the Patriarch of Constantinople, without any obligation on their part personally to visit him.” In order to avoid annoyance from the Greek Hierarchy, in 1832, the Serbian Government formulated a convention with the Patriarchate of Constantinople, by virtue of which the Serbian Church was accorded entire freedom in the election of its bishops. The Archbishop of Belgrade assumed the title of Metropolitan of Serbia. The Serbian Government promised to communicate the names of the new bishops to the Patriarch, and to have his approval. A sum of three hundred Turkish lire (\$1,300) a year was fixed as an

¹¹ A. Lopukhin, *Istoriia khristianskoi tserkvi* (History of the Christian Church, in Russian, tome II., 1901, p. 407.

indemnity to the Patriarch for the loss of his Serbian Sees. The Metropolitan of Belgrade could not be deposed without the previous consent of the Patriarch. The name of the Patriarch had to be commemorated in the Divine offices celebrated by the Metropolitan.

In 1836, a national consistory was founded for the better organization of the Serbian Church, and in 1847, when the ecclesiastical constitution of the Serbian Kingdom was promulgated, Belgrade became the seat of a Synod of bishops. In 1862, the Serbian Church passed through a storm of liberalism. The Government attempted to laïcize her institutions. The lay department of the Church was established with the purpose of restraining the liberties of the clergy. It was during this period of lay control, and particularly in 1879, that the Serbian Church proclaimed her complete independence from Constantinople. The bonds of union with the Greek Patriarch were limited to the commemoration of his name in the liturgy, to notice as to the nomination of the new Metropolitan of Belgrade, and to the purchase of the Holy Oils. The Metropolitan Michael fought valiantly for the defence of the ecclesiastical liberties. In 1881, the Government expelled him from his See, and forced the clergy to pay a duty for the exercise of their ministry.

In 1890 a new ecclesiastical constitution was elaborated. Some changes were made in 1893, 1894 and 1901, when King Alexander Obrenovic promulgated the new constitution of his Kingdom. According to the new constitution, the Orthodox faith is the official religion of Serbia. The Serbian Church does not depend on the See of Constantinople. She is governed by a Synod of five bishops. The Synod elects archbishops and bishops, upon the approval of the King. The relations between the Church and State are regulated by the Department of Worship. The Synod assembles twice yearly under the presidency of the Metropolitan of Belgrade. The affairs of the eparchies are attended to by a consistory of four priests under the presidency of the bishop. When this constitution was issued the Serbian Church had only five dioceses: Belgrade, Chabatz, Negotin, Nish and Ushitza. The Serbian monasteries numbered fifty-four.

The political reunion of all the Southern Slavs under the political sway of Serbia makes necessary a reorganization of

the Serbian Church on broader lines, and a new alignment towards the Catholic faith. Before the War, the Orthodox population of the Serbian Kingdom amounted to 2,880,000. With her new territorial conquests, the Serbian Church embraces at the present time about six millions of Orthodox within the limits of Jugo-Slavia. Therefore, the first task of the Serbian Church is the religious unification of all Serbians. This problem was discussed in the meeting of all the Serbian bishops, held at Belgrade, May 26, 1919. A decision could not be taken without a preliminary understanding with the Greek Patriarch. At the end of the same year, the Patriarch consented to renounce his jurisdiction over ten Metropolitan Sees of Bosnia-Herzegovina, Old Serbia and Macedonia upon the payment of an indemnity equivalent to \$300,000. At the same time, the Serbian Government negotiated the exemption of the Metropolitan Sees of Zara and Cattaro from the jurisdiction of the Patriarch of Cernowitz.¹² The Serbian Orthodox bishops have also discussed the opportunity of reviving the ancient Patriarchate. According to Dr. R. Kazimirovia, the reestablishment of the Patriarchate is an historic necessity for the Serbian Church, because the Patriarch would be the centre of unity for all the Orthodox of Serbia, Croatia and Slovenia. A full scheme of the duties and prerogatives of the Patriarch was inserted in the *Srpska Crkva* (The Serbian Church), the Orthodox Serbian review of Sarajevo. In the month of October of last year the same review published a proclamation issued by the regent, Alexander, and Paul Marinkovic, Minister of Worship. According to this document, "the Patriarchate of Serbia is restored. Its titular, the successor of St. Sava, Arsenius, Daniel I., Joanniki, Macarius, Gabriel, Arsenius and other illustrious hierarchs will bear the name of Serbian Patriarch of the Orthodox Church of the Serbian, Croatian and Slovenian Kingdom."¹³

The restoration of the Patriarchate took place on August 30th (September 12th). Of course, the Serbian press expects from the change of a title the best results for the united Serbian Orthodox Church, and a renewal of religious life. In 1909 Dr. Sava Urosevic, Dean of the University of Belgrade, said: "Our Church is in arrears as concerns her task of edu-

¹² F. Grivec, *Srbski cerkveni* (Serbian Ecclesiastical Problem), *Cas*, 1920, xiv pp. 85, 86, ID.; *Pravoslavje* (The Orthodoxy), Ljubliana, 1918, pp. 89-92, in Slovenian.

¹³ *Srpska Crkva*, 1920, n. 5, pp. 193, 194.

cating the common people. Christian faith among us is only a series of ritual ceremonies. Our clergy are not awakening from their torpor, and they are unable to preserve the purity of their faith. The Serbian Church is not equal to her mission."¹⁴

At the moment when we write, the relations between the two clerical orders have been embittered, because of the question of the second marriage of widowed priests. In 1907 the Dalmatian Bishop Nicodem Milas published a treatise about the sacerdotal consecration not being a canonical impediment to marriage. His daring assertion opposed the constant tradition of the Orthodox Church that does not allow the marriage of the priests after their consecration. The pamphlet of Milas gave rise to a lively polemic. In the congress of the low clergy, held at Belgrade, August 21 to 23, 1919, the Serbian priests invited their bishops to sanction the second marriage of the widowed priests. But in a pastoral letter, signed by seven metropolitans and ten bishops (December 14, 1921), the Serbian episcopate rebuked the lower clergy for the request.¹⁵

Some Serbian Orthodox writers suggest a *rapprochement* with Rome. The reunion with the Catholic Church is to be discussed in the meeting of the Serbian episcopate, and has already found a sturdy defender in the person of Bishop Nicholas Velimirovic, the great friend and admirer of the Episcopal Church of the United States.

The situation of the Catholic Church in Serbia has recently improved considerably, following the concordat of June 24, 1912, between Cardinal Merry del Val and the Serbian delegate, Milenec R. Vesnic. The concordat was incorporated in the Serbian Civil Code (July 2, 1912). Its first paragraph grants freedom to the Catholic Church in Serbia. The constitution of July 11, 1861, had already proclaimed freedom of worship on condition, however, that nothing be attempted against the welfare of the Orthodox Church. These words meant that conversions of Orthodox to the Catholic faith were strictly forbidden. The concordat abolishes this restriction and opens the frontiers of Serbia to Catholic missionaries. Other paragraphs concern the restoration of the Catholic archiepiscopal See of Belgrade—which had existed in the

¹⁴ F. Grivec, *op. cit.*, p. 93.

¹⁵ *Srpska Crkva*, April, 1920, p. 67.

fourth century—and of the diocese of Skopia (Uskub), which in 1745 was included in the diocese of Prizren.

Before the War, these dioceses contained 17,000 Catholics, ten parishes, twelve churches and fourteen secular priests. The State assigns an allowance of 16,000 dinari (\$3,200) to the Archbishop of Belgrade and \$2,000 to the Bishop of Skopia. The concordat is also concerned with the privileges of the Catholic clergy, the hierarchy, ecclesiastical goods, seminaries, the relations of the Catholics with Rome and of the use of the Slavic tongue in the liturgical prayers.

No doubt, the rights and life of the Catholic Church are satisfactorily guaranteed by the Serbian concordat. Some Orthodox writers even complain that too much freedom is allowed to Catholic Serbians, while the State exerts severe control over the Orthodox clergy.¹⁶ In spite, however, of some opposition, for the present, the Serbian Government seems disposed to observe the clauses of the concordat.

Still more important, the Orthodox clergy are voicing peace and concord. Bishop Nicholas Velimirovic writes that Catholic and Orthodox, with a common inheritance of sufferings, should exercise mutual tolerance in their denominational divergencies and mutual affection in the things which they hold in common. The former are only ten per cent.; the latter ninety per cent. Jugo-Slavia is convinced that a complete harmony will establish closer relations between the two clergies and the two Churches.

"I am fully convinced," he writes, "that to love rather than to logic belongs the primacy in the problem of the reunion of Christianity. We must unite in action, in our daily relations, and give each other a helping hand in charitable works. This mutual help will make us tolerant, and tolerance, in turn, will open the way to reunion and find us a common logical foundation. . . . All we Jugo-Slavs are sure that there will be harmony and unanimity between the two priesthoods, the two confessions and the two Churches in the future Serbian State."¹⁷

These words from the pen of an Orthodox Serbian bishop are consoling. They are more authoritative than the vulgar

¹⁶ G. Rozman, *Srbski konkordat iz l. 1914*, *Cas*, 1920, Ljubljana, 1920, I., pp. 9-29, 87. Cardinal N. Marini, *La conclusione del Concordato fra la Santa Sede e la Serbia*. Bessarione, Rome, 1914, pp. 26-32.

¹⁷ *The Soul of Serbia*, pp. 70-72.

invective of some bigoted Orthodox of the old sort, who deprecate the reunion of Eastern and Western Christianity as the ruin of the political grandeur of the Southern Slavs.¹⁸ It is a widespread calumny that the Catholic Church is responsible for the national misfortunes of the Slavic peoples.¹⁹ The truth is some Slavic nations lost their independence and underwent a lasting martyrdom under the intolerance and shortsighted policy of an Orthodox nation. Poland, for example, in her national distress, under the tyrannical yoke of Orthodox Russia, found the bulwark of her national spirit in the Catholic Church and in the Catholic clergy. The first and constant apostle of the union and solidarity of all the Slavic peoples was a Catholic Croatian priest, Sergius Krizanic (seventeenth century). The pioneer of the literary renaissance of the Southern Slavs was a Catholic bishop, Strossmayer, founder of the Academy of Sciences and of the University of Zagreb. During the War, the Catholic clergy of Slovenia and Croatia paid dearly for their Slavic patriotism. If the apostles of the Slavs came from Greece, they went also to Rome for help, guidance, approval and encouragement. In its most brilliant periods, the history of the Slavs is intertwined with the history of the Papacy. And now that Orthodox Serbia may bathe in the azure waves of the Adriatic, near the shores whence civilization and Christianity came to her ancestors, an opportunity is given the Orthodox Serbian Church to renew her spirit and life in a closer contact with the Church that needs no unity for herself, but is the source of unity for the other Churches withering in their national isolation.²⁰

¹⁸ See the fanatical pamphlet of Dr. Grubac, *Pravoslavlje i uniti ili Srbi braco, cupajte pradedovsku veru* (The Orthodoxy and the Union, or, Serbians, My Brothers, Be True to the Faith of Your Ancestors). Karlowitz, 1920. In Serbian.

¹⁹ *The Serbian People, Their Past Glory and Their Destiny*. New York, 1910, vol. 1., p. 344.

²⁰ For a complete bibliography concerning the Serbian Orthodox Church, see: A. Palmieri, *Cattolicesimo e ortodossia nella Serbia*, Florence, 1921, pp. 21-23, 41-44, 64. R. M. Grujic, *Pravoslavna Srpska Crkva* (The Serbian Orthodox Church), in Serbian. Belgrade, 1921, pp. 180-196.

LILY LORE.

BY HARRIETTE WILBUR.



THE lily, more than any other flower, appeals to the æsthetic, the spiritual, the religious side of man's mind. The very word, used as an adjective, is always synonymous with pale, delicate, white, pure: "The earth was pushing the old, dead grass with lily hand from her bosom," says Phoebe Cary in one of her poems, using the word with a pretty double meaning. The mental picture created by the word *lily* is always that of a white, trumpet-like blossom, shooting from its earthy-brown body and towering high above the green leaves surrounding it, typical of the human soul in its strivings heavenward, and universally accepted as the emblem of innocence and purity. This mental picture persists, in spite of the well-known fact that many members of the lily family are not white at all, but purple-spotted, orange-striped, yellow-tipped or red-leaved, the most garish and worldly flowers to be found anywhere. For the mind of man has intuitively idealized the large white species (*Lilium candidum*), originally from the Levant, but cultivated for centuries in garden-beds and flower-pots; it is "the lily," while the more showy species must be designated by specific names.

The Greeks and Romans regarded it as a symbol of purity, and among many nations it was the emblem of virginity and innocence. Because of its spiritual character, this flower is the one most frequently seen in religious paintings, being dedicated to the Blessed Virgin, to many of the saints and to the Angel Gabriel and other heavenly messengers. As one writer has said: "It is especially fitting that the lily should represent the Virgin Mary, for as the venerable Bede pointed out long ago, the pure white petals signify her spotless body, and the golden anthers within, typify her soul sparkling with divine light. Hence, its common name of Madonna Lily. It is also the Annunciation Lily, because in Italian art the Angel Gabriel, when appearing before the Virgin, holds in his hand a branch of the blossoms. Because of its association with

Annunciation Day, observed on March 25th, the flower naturally became used and cultivated for Easter decorations, the trumpet-shaped blossoms seeming particularly fitted for announcing spiritual tidings. Rossetti, in describing that hand-maid of the Virgin, *The Blessed Damozel*, speaks of the lilies three, which "lay as if asleep along her bended arm."

The lily is also dedicated to the service of St. Swithin, who is called the "rainy saint," because the pre-harvest showers are under his care. It was probably made St. Swithin's flower because of its large cup, which, however, as poets have observed, can be filled to overflowing:

And her head droop'd as when the lily lies
O'er charged with rain;—*Lord Byron.*

My heart
Is little, and a little rain will fill
The lily's cup which hardly moistens the field.
—*Edwin Arnold.*

You have been wretched, yet
The silver shower, whose reckless burthen weighs
Too heavily upon the lily's head,
Oft leaves a saving moisture at its root.—*Wordsworth.*

As the symbol of purity, the white lily has received many lovely tributes from the poets. It is "the lily without stain," "the lily, wearing the white dress of sanctuary, to be more fair," "the lily, of all children of the spring the palest, fairest," "the lady lily, looking gently down;" they are "lilies angelical," "pure lilies meet for a young virgin's bier," and "Mary's lilies like virgins white and pure."

and she that purifies the light,
The virgin lily, faithful to her white,
Whereon Eve wept in Eden for her shame.
—*Thomas Hood.*

The nun-like lily bows without complaint,
And dies a saint.—*Susan Coolidge.*

The nobility of the flower has also become proverbial.

Linnaeus speaks of the lily tribe as "nobles (or patricians) of the vegetable kingdom," and Pliny remarks, "*Lilium nobilitate proximum est*—The lily is next in nobility to the rose." In France, where the lily was largely employed as an emblem, it was regarded as the king of flowers, the rose being their queen:

Shining lilies tall and straight
For royal state.—*Christina G. Rossetti.*

However, one poet writes of "alabaster lilies" and calls them "graceful slave girls, fair and young, like Circassians."

In German folk-lore, the soul is supposed to take the form of a flower; and from the grave of one unjustly executed, white lilies are said to spring as a token of martyred innocence. A legend current in Spain is to the effect that after a particularly devout inmate of a monastery near Seville was buried, a lily sprang from the grave, and, curious to know its origin, the abbot ordered the body to be exhumed, whereupon it was found that the heart of the good man had become the root of the flower.

Above his head,
Four lily stalks did their white honors wed
To make a coronal.—*John Keats.*

A natural reincarnation is hinted in the poetical line "drifts of lilies which mimic winter's snows," and beautifully described by Lucy Larcom in "Snow-Bloom:"

Where does the snow go,
So white on the ground?
Under Mary's azure
No flake can be found?
Look into the lily
Some sweet summer hour;
There blooms the snow
In the heart of the flower.

In many rural districts in England, white lilies are believed to be a charm against evil spirits, and so are placed over doors and about the house, to protect a home and its inmates from witchcraft and such ill fortune. The Great White

Lily (*Lilium candidum*) was believed by the Jews to counteract all witchcraft and enchantments, for which reason Judith is said to have crowned herself with a wreath of lilies before she went to the tent of Holofernes, to protect herself from the very evil she meant to inflict upon him. In Spain, it was long held powerful to restore human form to any who had fallen under enchantment and been changed to beasts. In a garden in that land, in 1048, an image of the Blessed Virgin was seen to issue from one of these flowers in the royal garden, which restored the king, who lay ill of a dangerous disease. In recognition of the Divine help, the king organized the Knights of St. Mary of the Lily, three centuries before a similar order was instituted by the ninth Louis of France. This idea has been used by Longfellow:

Bear a lily in thy hand;
Gates of brass cannot withstand
One touch of that magic wand.

Shakespeare has used the lily to point a moral, which he does with such brevity that it has much the nature of a proverb:

Lilies that fester smell far worse than weeds.—*Sonnet XCV*.

In *Titus Andronicus*, he has made good use of the observation that when drying, the flower exudes a sort of thick sap:

then fresh tears
Stood on her cheeks, as doth the honey dew
Upon a gather'd lily almost wither'd.

Omar Khayyam, too, found a moral in the lily, which might with profit be pondered by the Russian peoples while seeking democracy:

Know ye why the Lily fair as freedom's flower is shown?
With ten well-developed tongues, the Lily never speaks.

Aside from any symbolical meaning, the lily has a physical beauty which has appealed to the poet as well as to flower-lovers everywhere. There are "gold-hearted lilies,"

"lilies of the moorland, amber-eyed," "pale hedge-lilies that round the dark elder wind," "lily bells that trembling laughter fills," "milk-white lilies, stately and tall," "lilies crouched under the mossy-green parapet, rocking their white heads like mourners," "tall June lilies in raiment white and gold," "lilies in white veils," "flashing lilies," "tall white lilies gleaming athwart the dusk like spears of silver;" and

the milk-white lilies

That lean from the fragrant hedge,
Coquetting all day with the sunbeams,
And stealing their golden edge.—*Alice Cary.*

And the wand-like lily, which lifted up
As a Mænad, its moonlight-colored cup,
Till the fiery star, which is its eye,
Gazed through clear dew on the tender sky.

—*Shelley.*

It is now commonly believed that the lily referred to in the Sermon on the Mount is some liliaceous plant, such as the wild tulip, or even that gorgeous member of the buttercup family, *Anemone coronaria*: "And why take ye thought for raiment? Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow; they toil not, neither do they spin: And yet I say unto you, that even Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these." It would be expected that the poets would make generous use of this beautiful parallel, yet two references to it by Alice Cary are the only ones I have found in a list of nearly ninety quotations:

The lily wears a royal dress
And yet she doth not spin.—"*Signs of Grace.*"

And the right royal lily, putting on
Her robes, more rich than those of Solomon,
Opened her gorgeous missal in the sun,
And thanked Him, soft and low,
Whose gracious, liberal hand had clothed her so.
—"*Field Preaching.*"

And in these, particularly in the second quotation, some one

of our native species is implied, such as the Canada Lily (*Lilium canadensis*) or the Red Lily (*Lilium philadelphicum*).

Leaving the White Lily, we find that the poets have not been blind to the colored members of the family, "like torches lit for carnival." Robert Browning has devoted some half-dozen lines or so to a colorful description of the Garden Turk's Cap Lily (*Lilium martagon*) when he has Pippa exclaim with joy:

Oh, is it surely blown, my martagon?
New-blown and ruddy as St. Agnes' nipple!
Plump as the flesh-bunch on some Turk-bird's poll!
Be sure if corals, branching 'neath the ripple
Of ocean, bud there—fairies watch unroll
Such turban-flowers! I say, such lamps disperse
Thick red flame through that dusk-green universe.

The Tiger-Lily of the garden (*Lilium tigrum*) comes in for her share of praise, or of blame, according to the viewpoint of the poet observing her. Richard Henry Horne, describing Orion's hounds, speaks of their "skins, clouded or spotted, like the tiger-lily." Another poet mentions a "sable butterfly, the tiger-lily's knight, that flutters round her theft of evening sky." Titus M. Coan mentions "the panthers of the meadows, tiger-lilies," Austin Dobson speaks of tiger-lilies which "swayed, like courtiers bowing till the queen be gone," and to Alfred Tennyson "heavy hangs the tiger-lily." On the whole, she is much admired.

The California poets have noted that the "leopard lily lights the heather dun," that "among the reeds and rushes wild leopard-lilies drop the while to hide their conscious blushes," and the "late shorn meadow red with the leopard lily blossoms"—all referring to the *Lilium paradalium*, a western species having mottled orange flowers.

The Red Lily (*Lilium philadelphicum*) is one of the most beautiful of our midsummer blossoms, found rather plentifully in open copses and among bushes in the pasture lands of New England. Lucy Larcom writes of "red lilies blazing out of the thicket," Lowell knew of a nook "where red lilies flaunted," Paul Hamilton Hayne, in his poem, "The Red Lily," compares a certain maiden he knows to this flower which "stands from all her milder sister flowers apart." And Elaine

Goodale, not to be outdone by her sister, has written a poem to this rival of the Canada Lily, entitled "Wood Lilies:"

Through trellised roadway edges
And open woodland range,
By ruined walls and hedges,
Laid low through endless change,
They kindle sparks of beauty,
Flow upward ever higher,
And break the moveless verdure,
With shifting lines of fire.

There are in all about fifty species of the genus *Lilium*, or the true lilies; but the poet has limited his observation to these half-dozen common species. To be sure, the name lily is applied to many other plants, members of the lily family which belong to different genera, such as *Tulipa*, *Yucca*, *Hyacinthus*, *Fritillaria*, and so on, and even to lily-like plants of different families, such as *Amaryllis*, Lily of the Valley and such "false" lilies. But to quote everything the poets have had to say of the lily's kinsfolks, near and distant, would take us too far afield, so it is wiser to hurry back to our own home garden, from whence we started, where we may still

See the young lilies, their scymitar-petals
Glancing like silver 'mid earthier metals;
Dews of the brightest in life-giving showers
Fall all the night on these luminous flowers.
Each of them sparkles afar like a gem,
Wouldst thou be smiling and happy like them?
—James C. Mangan.

DEDICATION.

BY MARIE ANTOINETTE DE ROULET.



NO one in the house knew anything about the young stranger's antecedents. No one had even known that he was ill until the landlady, trudging up to his room with a fresh supply of clean towels, found him lying unconscious across his bed. She had sent for the doctor, and had then put the white, emaciated lad to bed.

Now doctor and priest both had come and gone. The doctor had diagnosed the case as hopeless—weak constitution, slow starvation, and, as a finishing touch, pneumonia. The priest had waited for an interval of consciousness, and had then administered the Last Sacraments. But in that neighborhood the calls on them were so many and so urgent, neither priest nor doctor could linger long at one bedside.

The kind-hearted landlady had many duties awaiting her, and the poor lad would have been left to die alone, had not the little artist from the floor above offered to watch with him.

"There's not much you can do for the poor boy, except say your prayers," said the landlady, "but it do seem awful pitiful to die alone."

"It does," agreed Martha, "what was it Cardinal Newman said?

"'God grant me in a Christian land,
'Mid Christian friends to die.'"

So saying, she left the landlady's little office and mounted the stairs. There was a set of drawings awaiting completion in her tiny studio—the only order in two weeks—but Martha's was the whole-hearted charity of the poor, that forgot its own need in ministering to another's.

The stranger was unconscious or asleep when Martha entered. She sat on a chair beside the bed, her rosary slipping through her fingers.

At length, the sufferer opened his eyes. They rested questioningly on Martha's strong, young face.

"Was I wounded, Madam?" he asked.

"I think it's pneumonia," Martha answered gently.

"No matter what, if it's for Ireland. We're holding out?"

"I—do not know," Martha evaded.

"Madam would *know*. It's not Madam! Who are you?" the tired voice insisted.

Martha was an idealist, a dreamer, but in all her vague and romantic fancies she had never imagined anything stranger than this situation. Trying to make her voice and manner natural, she replied:

"I'm just Martha Fleming. I came in to sit with you. You are sick, you know."

"I thought—I thought this was Easter Week. I have been dreaming of them. Why didn't they shoot *me*? I was as much against them as Pearse and MacDonagh. We all wanted to get back Kathleen Ni Houlihan's four green fields from the stranger. They shot the others—and let me go."

He was wandering; half delirious. Martha laid her cool, artist's hand on his hot forehead, and he continued in a weary monotone:

"They put me in prison—the English, and when I got out I came on the ship to New York. But I could not find work, and I think I caught a bit of a cold. It's chilly here in the winter.

"Living, I could do little to serve my country, and I could not even die for her."

"You are dying in exile for her," Martha suggested shyly.

"So many have died in exile, and she is still in chains. The Irishmen who died fighting in foreign armies used to say: 'Would that this blood were shed for Ireland.'"

"Offer your death as a sacrifice for—for—"

"For the freedom of Erin! For the freedom of Erin!" He half rose to a sitting posture, but Martha's quiet hand restrained him as he started to sing:

" 'Princely O'Neill to your aid is advancing
With many a chieftain and warrior clan.
A thousand proud steeds in his vanguards are prancing
'Neath borderers brave from the banks of the Bann.
Many a heart shall quail
Under its coat of mail;

Deeply the merciless foeman shall rue,
When on his ear shall ring
Borne on the breeze's wing,
Tirconnell's dread war-cry, "O'Donnell aboo!" ' ' "

When he came to the chorus, Martha, who had heard the song before, joined in, and her clear mezzo-soprano mingled with what had once been a fine barytone.

He was weakening rapidly, and babbled feverishly of Meath and his boyhood dreams.

"Weak always in body," he muttered, "but never a sup of food did I take without praying it would make me strong to serve Erin. And who should serve Her if not myself—the last descendant of the O'Neill?"

"Is there no one to whom you wish to send a message?" ventured Martha, wondering if some mother was waiting in vain for news of her son.

"I have no one," he answered. "There are none of us left there, where my ancestors presided over the Feis at Tara!"

"At Tara!" she echoed, summoning her vague knowledge of Irish history.

His mind seemed to clear a little as he answered:

"My boyhood thrilled with Irish history. I traced my ancestry back to the days when the O'Neill, King of Ulster, was the Ardri of all Erin; and farther back when the McLaughlin, King of Meath, was Ardri. Meath was absorbed by Ulster, and the O'Neill, the over-king, married the McLaughlin's daughter. I am the last direct descendant of the O'Neill.

"I am the rightful king of Eire, and I wanted to make Ireland free."

"They went forth to battle, but they always fell;
Their might was not the might of lifted spears.

.

Their wreaths are willows, and their tributes, tears;
Their names are old, sad stories in men's ears;
Yet they will scatter the red hordes of Hell,
Who went to battle forth and always fell,' "

quoted Martha who was kneeling beside the bed.

The O'Neill came back to the present painfully.

"It is good of you to stay here to—help me die," he whispered.

"Oh, no," she exclaimed with a sob, "you are helping me to live! All my life I have dreamed of faith and heroism and devotion—and have never seen anything but the prosaic and the commonplace. With your example—"

"Will you live *for* me then—to serve Ireland?" asked the last O'Neill.

"I will live and use my talents as you would wish me to, until Ireland is free," she promised.

It was a strange scene for that bare, paltry chamber. The little artist, whose life had been as gray and sober as her dreams were idealistic and beautiful, kneeling at the side of the dying young patriot and dedicating her life to the service of his cause.

At last Martha roused. He would be gone in a moment, and she must fortify him for the journey.

"Hugh O'Neill, you received Holy Communion this morning," she began. "Say with me this prayer: 'O my God, I at this moment accept readily and willingly whatever death it pleases Thee to send me with all its pains, penalties and sorrows.'"

He repeated the words after her, and adding faintly, "For Eire Aroon," he passed away.

After he was dead, Martha knelt like one turned to stone, her rosary still slowly passing through her fingers. She rose when the landlady came to the door, and, to the latter's unspoken question, replied:

"He is dead."

"Poor boy," the old woman said, blessing herself.

"No boy!" said Martha with white lips—her eyes were like stars and her cheeks blazing. "No *boy*, but one of Ireland's noblest heroes."

New Books.

LOUISE IMOGEN GUINEY. By Alice Brown, with portrait frontispiece. New York: The Macmillan Co. \$1.50.

In this little book of slightly over a hundred pages, Miss Brown pays glowing tribute to one of the finest artists of our time, albeit one scarcely known beyond the small circle of the *cognoscenti*. Louise Imogen Guiney at the last, indeed, was in a fair way toward becoming a legend. Her books were hard to come by, she wrote distressingly little and that little in out-of-the-way corners, and she made her home abroad. Add to this, that for many years previous to her death in November, 1920, she had chosen to live a life withdrawn from the clamors of the literary market-place, and one has all the elements of the familiar situation of genius neglected and obscure.

Miss Brown was an old friend of Louise Imogen Guiney's, and from long intimacy she presents those personal and vivid touches which go to the making of an authentic portrait. She tells many characteristic stories of her heroine—some amusing, some a little wistful and sad, but nearly all evincing the high native courage of one whose father was a soldier and whose chief praise was reserved for fighters, for those who "die, driven against the wall." Her humor, which turned to jest her deafness and poor sight, her titanic conflicts with refractory printers unaccustomed to such a meticulous punctuator and proofreader as herself, her childlike impracticality in worldly concerns, her love of walking, her notable gift for friendship, her unfailing kindness for aspiring writers, her romantic loyalties to lost causes, her generosity in writing long and delightful letters, "those floating immortalities she cast about with so prodigal a hand"—all these are set forth with judgment and skill.

Then, too, there is literary appraisal and quotation, though of quotation, perhaps, not quite so much as we could desire. As a writer of prose, Louise Imogen Guiney was scholarly, and even bookish, her work in this kind being "the despair of the less agile and instructed mind." "She tended more and more to the obscure, the far-off and dimly seen . . . the restorer of names dropped out of rubricated calendars through sheer inattention of an unlearned world, or rusted by time in chantries no longer visited." In her verse, quoting her resumé of Hurrell Froude's, Miss Brown finds "the clearness, simplicity, orderly thought and noble severity" which Louise Imogen Guiney found in him, and

her poems also, like his, " 'have a strong singleness and sad transparency, the tone of them a little chilly, yet almost Virgilian, and arrestingly beautiful; . . . abstinent, concentrated, true.' " And finally the author concludes that Louise Imogen Guiney "has done the most authentic and exquisite verse America has yet produced."

Miss Brown writes in picked and fragrant phrases in consonance with her theme. At times, she verges on preciosity, and her allusiveness will not make easy going for the average reader; but then the average reader would probably not be interested in her subject in the first instance, and preciosity may well be considered a virtue in these days of careless authorship. Miss Brown has produced a finely wrought piece of work, which most admirers of Louise Imogen Guiney will find singularly satisfying. A splendid woodcut portrait of the poet by Timothy Cole adds interest and artistic value to the book.

SAINT JOHN BERCHMANS. By James J. Daly, S.J. New York: P. J. Kenedy & Sons. \$1.50 net.

A peculiar difficulty lurked in the writing of this biography. Its subject led a life extraordinarily devoid of unusual incident and outward adventure, and the telling of his story offered an almost unbroken opportunity for dullness and tedium. John Berchmans, indeed, was the saint of the commonplace. He won his sainthood not by martyrdom or fiery ordeals or marvelous visitations common in other saintly lives, but simply by an assiduous attention to the humdrum duties of every-day living. In his acts and in the circumstances surrounding them there was nothing whatever out of the ordinary, so that it is doubtful if any other saint had less of what the world calls romantic appeal. And yet, as Father Daly presents him, John Berchmans stands out as a figure both romantic and appealing—appealing because the difficulties and problems he met were altogether of the same dusty, workaday sort with which the great majority of us have to deal, and romantic because of the high spirit, the engaging humor, the pervasive charm and the invincible courage with which he met and conquered them. The Saint was only twenty-two years old when he died at the Jesuit novitiate at Rome on August 31, 1621, but into that short space he crowded such a multitude of heroic acts of ordinary duty as to merit the crown of sanctity.

A frequent complaint brought against hagiographical writers is that they turn out stained-glass figures or plaster casts with which the average mortal feels little in common. No such charge will lie against the present work. Father Daly gives us a human

picture of a human being, though a human being, it is true, all of whose powers were fused and held at a white heat by a consuming love of Christ. The author assuredly does well by his hero in listing such items as the saint's personal likes and dislikes. It is pleasant to learn that the saint had a prejudice in favor of smiling faces and gentle manners, and it somehow brings us into closer sympathy with him to be told in his own words that "Frequent contradictions displease me" or that "Being too dainty displeased me" or that "An ironical way of talking displeased me." Moreover, John was a collector of stories, of which the following was one of his favorites: "Someone said to Father Ledesma when he was dying, 'Father, you are still needed here for the welfare of the Church.' Father Ledesma looked sharply at the speaker and replied, 'Peter and Paul are dead, and the Church has suffered no harm.'"

That the literary quality of the present work is exceptionally fine will of course be no news to those familiar with Father Daly's work in the periodical press. As a stylist, indeed, we have long considered him in the front rank of contemporary critics. Here, as elsewhere, his work is characterized by an unfailing deftness of phrase and by a cool and penetrating observation of human nature. In this book, he has various angles of approach, but whatever his approach, he succeeds in making it a source of lucid commentary on his subject. As an example of biographical skill and literary management, it is no exaggeration to say that *John Berchmans* is a veritable achievement and an event.

ESSAYS ON CRITICAL REALISM: a Coöperative Study of the Problem of Knowledge. By Durant Drake, Arthur O. Lovejoy, James Bisset Pratt, Arthur K. Rogers, George Santayana, Roy Wood Sellars, C.A. Strong. New York: The Macmillan Co. \$3.00.

Only a specialist in this department of philosophy can appreciate the full significance of the series of essays on Epistemology which compose this volume. The subtle abstruseness of the subject-matter almost defies the power of human language to clarify. And we doubt if the masterly analysis and vigorous presentation of the authors could be excelled.

The collaborators of *Essays On Critical Realism* set out to demolish the ingenious theories of the pure subjectivist, and of the invalidity of knowledge, and construct their rational system on the undeniable facts of common experience. Truly, the volume might well be entitled "Back to Sanity and Common Sense." What a gratification for the Catholic philosopher to find seven

prominent professors of our leading American Colleges and Universities arrive at conclusions that but reproduce and confirm the Scholastic Epistemology that has prevailed in more or less perfect form since the time of St. Thomas! And what reënforces the value of this corroboration is, these authors seem unconscious of their accord with the Scholastic theory of knowledge, and reach their conclusions by a thorough and independent scrutiny of the mental processes of cognition. Were they more familiar with Catholic philosophy, they might encounter the experience described by G. K. Chesterton.

In his *Orthodoxy*, he tells how after independent investigation of the facts of life, and a thorough examination of the conflicting writings of rationalist and infidel critics, he felt the thrill of adventure in the discovery of certain definite conclusions about man and the universe, only to learn that Christianity had been ahead of him and had preached these doctrines and principles centuries previously! We congratulate these learned authors on their discovery of critical (or moderate) Realism as the best theory of Epistemology—a discovery none the less real and meritorious, but all the more trustworthy, because Catholic philosophy, which is reason kept sane and illumined by faith, has for centuries stoutly championed the same system.

To the Catholic student of Epistemology, we strongly recommend *Essays on Critical Realism* as a valuable constructive treatment of the theme, and a complete and satisfying refutation of the false contemporary theories of Idealism, Pragmatism and Neo-Realism.

JOHN MARTINEAU. *The Pupil of Kingsley.* By Violet Martineau. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. \$4.50.

This is the biography by his devoted daughter of a fine old Mid-Victorian Tory squire and philanthropist, one of whose titles to distinction and remembrance is that Charles Kingsley was his tutor. Kingsley is a large and important part of the book, and the letters in which we catch glimpses of him are among the most entertaining and interesting of those here reprinted. Kingsley was very much of a lay parson. "On one occasion . . . when he was dining at my house, I asked him to say grace. 'I will say it this once, as you have asked me,' he answered, 'but,' he added with emphasis, 'never ask me again! Every man is priest in his own house.'" There is a letter from the pen of John Martineau's mother describing the advent to her home of "Currer Bell"—the pen-name at first used by Charlotte Brontë—whom she had invited to be her guest without having previously learned Currer

Bell's sex or age! After a day spent in wondering whether Curren Bell would turn out to be "a tall, moustached man, six feet high, or an aged female, or a girl or—altogether a ghost or a hoax or a swindler," great relief came to all when "in came a neat little woman, a very little sprite of a creature, nicely dressed, and with tidy bright hair." A biography well worth reading, if only for such choice morsels.

THE CATHOLIC CITIZEN. By John A. Lapp, LL.D. New York: The Macmillan Co. \$1.00.

The Catholic Citizen is a text-book of civics for upper grammar grades or high schools. It is very excellent for this purpose. A thoroughly Catholic tone pervades the book and the author quotes freely from Catholic sources. This gives a moral background so often lacking in books on the same subject. Those of our schools that can find room for a course in civics could not do better than adopt this text. Among so much that is admirable, it may seem hypercritical to point out that Dr. Lapp is wrong in giving the impression that the Federal Constitution guarantees religious freedom. It restrains only Congress, not the individual States, from infringing upon religious liberty.

SOME MODERN FRENCH WRITERS. By G. Turquet-Milnes. New York: Robert M. McBride & Co. \$2.50.

M. Turquet-Milnes purposes to show that, latterly, certain French writers have, with Bergson, reacted from Positivism, which reigned in France from 1850 to 1890, and that others reflect Bergson's influence. The Positivists, it will be remembered, believed that life originated spontaneously from inorganic matter. Although they regarded man as an automaton, yet Science, the "new idol," would, they affirmed, provide for his needs, moral and spiritual, as well as material.

This conceptualist philosophy, chiefly based upon the authority of Taine, Renan and Comte, was early opposed by such men as Pasteur, Boutroux, Bergson and Henri Poincaré. Bergson more than any other proved to be an exponent of free will, conscience and spiritual life. He rejected intellectualism because it had misinterpreted nature with her infinite fecundity. In the evolution of life, he perceived a definite design of nature to realize in man her most perfect creation, a conception which afterwards enabled him to comprehend the immortality of the soul.

A spiritual doctrine of this sort, which dispelled the depressing clouds of Materialism, so appealed to the younger writers that they acclaimed Bergson as the greatest living philosopher.

Hence, the prominence accorded to him in the present volume. Along with Bergson, Mr. Turquet-Milnes considers, besides foreign influence, the principal French philosophers and scientists since 1840. Of novelists he treats Bourget and Barrès, who view with particular favor the Bergsonian philosophy. As literary disciples of Bergson, he discusses especially Charles Péguy and Paul Claudel.

Thanks to a thorough acquaintance with his subject, Mr. Turquet-Milnes analyzes with unusual discernment the confusing tendencies of philosophy and literature. If he magnifies the influence of Bergson, and occasionally exaggerates the philosophic contributions of England and Germany, yet his opinions are generally trustworthy. Much as the critic praises Bourget's art and philosophic ideas, it is rather in the evolution of Barrès from individualist to nationalist that he sees a triumph for pragmatism. Likewise, he attributes chiefly to Bergson the spectacular conversion of Péguy from rabid Socialism to Christian idealism. Paul Claudel, also, whom M. Turquet-Milnes holds to be Bergson's most gifted literary disciple, certainly is imbued with that master's spiritual doctrine. Indeed, no other French poet of today exhibits greater disdain of materialism. Nevertheless, Claudel and Péguy, too, have traveled far beyond the influence of Bergson in their pursuit of the spiritual and the mystical.

Similarly, an examination of the remaining writers analyzed by M. Turquet-Milnes leads to the conclusion that the vogue of Positivism in France has passed. As our critic remarks, it is obvious that the ideas accepted between 1850 and 1880 by so many French scientists and men of letters regarding the efficacy of reason, the infallibility of a certain kind of science and the insignificance of our sentimental life are no longer current. Few writers, whose views find acceptance, still believe that reason offers a serious basis for morality or that it will ever explain the origin of life.

BIOCHEMISTRY. By Benjamin Moore. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. \$7.50.

This book by the distinguished professor of the subject concerned in the University of Oxford, will necessarily find a place in all libraries connected with public institutions since the discussion of subjects such as photo-synthesis, which are yet in their infancy, is undertaken by one whose experiments are the foundation of much of our modern knowledge of the chemistry of the living thing. The Scholastic philosopher, well aware that the author of the book will have none of the materialistic theory of

living things, will look with interest for his account of his own opinion on this matter, and, perhaps, will even be a little amused at it. For the author is very anxious to guard himself against what he believes to have been the fallacies of the past and, therefore, selects the term, "biotic energy," for the older title. We will not quarrel as to terminology if we agree on facts, though we may reasonably ask what there is to prevent the use of the Aristotelian word, "entelechy," used by Driesch in his great work. The "biotic energist," at any rate, refuses to believe that there is nothing more than chemistry and physics in the workings of the living thing. Yet he differs from holders of the older views, since the power he envisages is not something entirely distinct from the well-known forms of energy. We confess that we find this a little difficult to follow. If it is convertible into other forms of energy, "biotic energy" falls into the category of chemico-physical operations. If it is not convertible, and we have so far no reason to suppose that it is, then it is distinct from chemico-physical operations by whatever name we choose to call it. And that is the doctrine of modern vitalists.

OUR HELLENIC HERITAGE. By H. R. James, M.A. Vol. I.
New York: The Macmillan Co. \$2.00.

The object of this work is to preserve the content of "the influences of Greek literature and Greek life on the formation of mind and character." Throughout the greater part of the volume this is accomplished with interest and ingenuity in the description of the thrilling military expeditions of this great epoch. Frequent quotations from Greek classics and passages from Herodotus are especially to be commended. They are naturally introduced and should stimulate students to further investigation of them.

However, the method of "leaving out what is less admirable or not admirable at all," has led to an excessive admiration for Greek culture that results in an unbalance of critical judgment when this merely pagan civilization is compared with civilization of the Christian Era. It says almost nothing about the unspeakable immorality of Greek religion, and praises at length its nobler side; it lauds the keenness of its natural intellectualism and forgets the absurdities of its unguided mental wanderings; it speaks of Grecian art as the most perfect in the history of human endeavor, and makes no mention of the sublime loveliness of Gothic achievement. This is to produce a *chiaroscuro* all light and no shade. It leaves us ashamed of the comparative backwardness of Christianity.

An excellent antidote for such historical poisoning is Allies' chapter, "Heathen and Christian Man Compared" (*Formation of Christendom*.) In lighter vein, Francis Thompson in "Paganism Old and New," distinguishes the highly idealized Paganism of the Renaissance from the real "Pagan Paganism" of Greece and Rome with which Mr. James confuses it in his appreciatory comments, which are often one-sided and empirical.

CIVIC SCIENCE IN THE HOME. By George W. Hunter, Ph.D., and Walter G. Whitman, A.M. New York: American Book Co. \$1.40.

The aim of this book is to demonstrate how scientific methods of thought and work may be applied to the problems of the home, and such an aim deserves high commendation. Teachers of the sciences, which are made tributary to its contents, will find much rich suggestion for correlation, but it seems to us the book calls for wisdom and knowledge in the teacher who uses it. We do not quite like statements to the effect that in ages less enlightened than ours, certain scourges and epidemics were thought to be sent by Providence, but now we know they are caused by germs. Also we find many half-truths in the little volume. The section on vitamins (page 107) is superficial and decidedly misleading; in the illustration of foods rich in protein (page 95), the vegetable proteins are wholly omitted; and in many places theories are asserted without qualification, and may be, by the untrained reader, mistaken for laws. Nevertheless, there is a great deal of valuable information in the book, and we appreciate the difficulties of the task undertaken by its writers.

THE KNIGHTS OF COLUMBUS IN PEACE AND IN WAR. By Maurice Francis Egan, LL.D., and John B. Kennedy. New Haven, Conn.: The Knights of Columbus. Two volumes. \$10.00.

The intention of the authors in compiling this work is, as stated in the preface, "to explain the objects and activities of the Knights of Columbus." The record they have set forth is so remarkable in its recital of the origin, growth and activities of this fraternal organization that these volumes become at once a monument to the unselfish, devoted and untiring efforts of this group of Catholic patriots, who loved their Country and their Church and who found in the one, inspiration for service to the other.

This record could not have been possible were it not for the fact that the Knights of Columbus was an outgrowth of the prin-

ciples of the Catholic religion and guided by the Divine influence of that religion, which every Knight of Columbus must practically profess. Because the fabric of the order was made of the warp and woof of Catholicism it has endured and prospered, and was able to perform its great service to mankind.

During the early part of the nineteenth century, there was considerable prejudice against Catholics throughout the United States. To overcome this bigotry and bring about a furtherance of Catholic ideals by means of an organized group of laymen, Father Michael J. McGivney, a priest of the diocese of Hartford, Connecticut, called around him a group of Catholics for the purpose of organizing a Catholic fraternal organization with insurance benefit features like those of the other fraternal organizations of the country. Under his guidance, a charter was obtained from the State of Connecticut and the order formally organized in New Haven on April 3, 1882.

The outstanding characteristic of the new organization was its conservatism. Its aim was to grow in power, but its founders desired that this growth should be attained by no sacrifice of principle. They fought against hasty over-expansion, that would bring about a weak, over-extended organization. When it did grow, therefore, the order was strong and sound. Inherently right in principle and endowed with the most laudable ideals, its growth was inevitable. From Connecticut, it spread throughout New England; sent its tendrils into the Middle West and, finally, attained full growth with branches in every large city of the United States.

Up to the days of the United States' entry into the War, the work in establishing Knights of Columbus scholarships and the splendid aid to the Catholic University at Washington, gave unmistakable signs that the order had become a great power among Catholic laymen. The World War was to make use of that strength, and send the name of the Knights of Columbus across the reaches of the world, beloved and revered by the countless thousands who received its succor, and respected by all the people of the world who saw the remarkable service to humanity that it was rendering. All this, in sufficient detail, the authors have set forth in these volumes. It is a proud story they tell, and one that reflects credit upon the order and the Church from which it sprung.

The Knights of Columbus are to be congratulated in their foresight in thus setting forth in tangible and easily accessible form an explanation and record of their society. The organization has been many times misjudged and its aim and ideals mis-

understood. This has been particularly true regarding the publication of the so-called "bogus oath." All such bigotries can no longer stand in the face of the information that is contained in these volumes. The order will, if it lives true to its ideals, grow to still greater power. This work paves the way, for knowledge must precede where people would, at times, willingly misunderstand.

The task performed by Dr. Egan and Mr. Kennedy has been no light one, and they have "carried on" like true knights. Theirs, no doubt, was a work of pride and love, but this in no way detracts from the tremendous problem that confronted them in putting into two volumes a comprehensive story of the Knights of Columbus. Their efforts have resulted in an intensely interesting, scholarly history of a real movement in American life.

The Knights of Columbus in Peace and War is a great chronicle of a great organization.

THE VICTORY AT SEA. By Rear-Admiral William S. Sims, U. S. Navy. In Collaboration with Burton J. Hendrick. Garden City, N. Y.: Doubleday, Page & Co. \$5.00.

This coöperative work is marked by that fullness of information to be expected of a high official, and by that clear and entertaining style which one looks for in the composition of a man of letters. To what extent Mr. Hendrick acted as a thought-clothier, the present reviewer is not informed. All he knows is that this joint work of a technical expert in the science and art of naval warfare and of one who knows what is literatesque, makes easy and instructive reading. Over the heterogeneous facts of correspondence, of theories and of statistics this master of expression throws a raiment at once useful to the memory and pleasing to the fancy.

At the outset, the reader is explicitly informed that this narrative was primarily intended by the author as a popular, not a technical, account of the misunderstood submarine campaign, especially of the means by which it was defeated. During the War, as was quite natural, the secret of such activities was carefully guarded. To be sure, the public read more or less detailed statements of such actions as that of the Falkland Islands and that off the peninsula of Jutland. But, as is well known, the naval war was largely made up of contests between single vessels or between small groups of vessels.

In March, 1917, Rear-Admiral Sims was summoned to Washington from the War College, over which he had presided at Newport. Without reporting at the Navy Department, lest he might

have been seen by unfriendly eyes, he communicated by telephone with headquarters. War against Germany appearing inevitable, it was decided that he immediately proceed to London, fully learn the situation, and determine how best to coöperate with the British Admiralty. Traveling without uniform, the Admiral, with a single companion, his aide, sailed on the *New York* for England, where he arrived on April 9th. The existence of a state of war between the United States and Germany had already been declared.

At the time of the Admiral's arrival in London, English society was hopeful, because it had been fed on information which, though accurate, was so incomplete that the alarming condition which had been brought about by the submarine campaign was not clearly revealed. His impressions were soon changed by facts frankly placed at his disposal by the Admiralty Office. During the month of February, 1917, there had been sunk of British and neutral shipping 536,000 tons, during March 603,000, while in April, at the rate of progress when the calculation was made, it would total 1,000,000 tons. In a word, the losses were three and one-half times as great as those conceded by the press.

When Rear-Admiral Sims expressed his concern, Admiral Jellicoe quietly said: "It is impossible for us to go on with the War if losses like this continue." Indeed, unless they could be stopped—and stopped soon—the Germans would win the War. In fact, at that moment they *were* winning the War. Only fifty-four German submarines were positively known to have been sunk since the beginning of the conflict. Moreover, their shipyards were turning out three boats every week. What seems more remarkable was the fact, noticed by Admiral Jellicoe (April, 1917), that no voluntary surrender of a German submarine had ever taken place. Stories to the contrary were circulated to weaken enemy morale. That high official actually expected the situation to grow worse. Ambassador Page, about that time, declared: "What we are facing is the defeat of Great Britain." One object of this book is to show precisely how such an issue was averted.

By those who sympathize with the cause of Ireland, Admiral Sims has been sharply censured for his attitude toward the people of that oppressed country. This criticism they justify by his official conduct, as well as by his speeches. To the present reviewer, however, he does not appear to differ greatly from the majority of Anglo-Americans, though he has shown himself more imprudent than most of them. His account of the Cork incident is temperate and entirely lacking in bitterness. However, as he

has seen fit to give to *that* part of Irish participation in the World War more of prominence than it deserves, he should, in a footnote or in a parenthesis, have described for his readers that other scene on the shores of Suvla Bay and V Beach, where the bodies of men of Munster covered the Turkish sands and became the playthings of the tide. He who wills may tell this tale, and when the bloody narrative is complete, readers in general will learn who it was that flinched at Gallipoli.

To a clear understanding of the forces that won the World War, there has been made, in our opinion, no contribution of greater worth than this book of Rear-Admiral Sims.

MARIA CHAPDELAINE. By Louis Hemon. New York: The Macmillan Co. \$2.00.

The one who peruses this book is likely to forget he is reading a story, likely to forget both the book and himself, while he enters, like a possessing spirit, into the lives it portrays. The narrative, stamped as it is with reality, deals with a little-understood people, the French-Canadians. It is told by one of their blood-brothers, in a simple and direct style, free from effervescence and exaggeration. In it we learn to know the *habitant*, not as he plays his part in an Expeditionary Force; or as guide through the woods and portages; or as voyageur, shantyman, or any other of the fictional stereotypes; but at home on the farm which he compelled from the wilderness. We touch the profound seriousness beneath the Gallic sparkle, we encounter the stoicism, the endurance, the courage and fidelity of a people of inestimable worth to the country they have made their own.

The story is as full of charm as its heroine. It is an idyl, but one with epic qualities. The book is one to be treasured and lovingly re-read. It promises to be a veritable classic in Catholic fiction.

McLOUGHLIN AND OLD OREGON: A CHRONICLE. By Eva Emory Dye. Garden City, N. Y.: Doubleday, Page & Co. \$1.75.

This book purports to be the story of the "Making of Oregon," also, "An Informal Biography" of the man who played a conspicuous part in an eventful period in the history of the Northwest, Dr. John McLoughlin, Factor of the Hudson's Bay Company at Fort Vancouver during the time that this territory was in dispute between the United States and Great Britain.

In her foreword, the author says: "To this intimate, stirring and authentic narrative of pioneer life the historian will turn for fact, the rest of the world for entertainment and stimulus." A

careful reading of its nearly four hundred pages signally fails to carry out this fair promise. No word of authority is given for a single statement. The historian who looks for information will find himself befogged in a maze of assumption, falsification of facts and suppression of truth. The silly, apocryphal story of the four Flathead chiefs who went to St. Louis in 1832 in search of the Bible, is served up as "authentic history." The exploded "Whitman Saved Oregon" fable is retold with all the embellishments of an unrestrained imagination. The author has even invented dialogues between President Tyler and Dr. Whitman, also between Secretary of State Daniel Webster and Whitman. Dr. Whitman never claimed that he had met President Tyler or Daniel Webster and, as a matter of historical fact, both of those distinguished statesmen stood unalterably for forty-nine degrees as the northern boundary of the United States.

If that grand old man and chivalrous gentleman, Dr. McLoughlin, could but speak, he might well pray to be delivered from his friends, seeing the situations the author has invented for him and the preposterous twaddle she puts in his mouth in this "Informal Biography," which he would undoubtedly repudiate with all his soul were it possible for him to do so.

That the *Chronicle* will help to galvanize the dry bones of the Whitman fable into a feeble semblance of life, in the minds of the credulous, is a possibility, but as "history" it is valueless, while, from a literary standpoint, it is crude and trivial.

THE WORD OF GOD. By Mgr. Francis Borgongini-Duca. Translation by Rev. Francis J. Spellman. New York: The Macmillan Co. \$2.00.

This volume, to which the Apostolic Delegate at Washington contributes an introduction, consists of sixty-one sermons on the Gospels for the Sundays and principal feasts of the year. The Gospel of the day is printed in full at the head of the sermon. Then, in words of limpid simplicity, a short, but substantial, explanation is given, mingled with appropriate exhortation, homily and exposition. The faithful, who will use this book, will acquire, with fuller knowledge, a deeper reverence for the Gospel; and they will obtain also a better insight into the mind and intentions of the Church in the various liturgical functions she places throughout the year. The book is preëminently a book for popular use, no less than 120,000 copies of the Italian version having been published. We augur a similar success for the English edition as set forth in Father Spellman's excellent translation.

WITH STAR AND GRASS. By Anna Spencer Twitchell. Boston: The Cornhill Publishing Co. \$1.50.

The author has gathered here many poems which have appeared in some of the foremost American magazines, and a considerable number of them deserve this more permanent form. Some of the most poignant inspiration of these poems come from motherhood, its joys, its fears, its hopes, its abnegations, its losses. Love is a frequent theme, its sentiment and tenderness, rather than its passion. "The Day Love Came" and "Mother Heart" are beautifully done, and in each the point of view is unusual. There is grace in these poems as well as power, and a certainty of touch which comes from keenly observant eyes and the mastery of poetic art. Effectiveness is unfailing, and yet there is no straining after it. The diction is chaste, simple, restrained.

Among the best things in this excellent volume are "Loss," "Before Dawn," "After Loss," "I Know," "Rahab," "Transfiguration" and "Disillusion." *With Stars and Grass* is a highly valuable contribution to present-day poetry.

THE DIRECTION OF HUMAN EVOLUTION. By Edwin Grant Conklin. Humphrey Milford: Oxford University Press.

Lectures like these, intended to adjust matters relating to science and religion, should be delivered by one at home in both subjects. As a man of science, the writer is well known, and our only complaint about his book is its rather dogmatic assertions as to matters still under dispute, such as the heredity of acquired conditions, Natural Selection and the development of man's spiritual part from that of the beast. None of these are settled questions, and it would not be difficult to name men of great distinction holding a different opinion from that set down in this book as definitely held today. As to religion, our criticism on the book is that its author knows little about the tenets of the largest body of Christians in the world, the only body which really counts and will continue to count more and more every year, and what little he knows is very inaccurate and incomplete. If he made a little study of Catholic writers, he would find that the views which he puts forward in connection with Biblical interpretation and evolution in general, have very largely been anticipated by Catholic writers of undoubted orthodoxy, such as Wasmann and de Dorlodot. From a former book, we learned some of the writer's views on eugenics, amongst them the proposal that no person should be allowed to join a celibate order or priesthood who was not physically damaged, and in this book we are told that the number of births must be controlled, if the world is not to be over populated

—something of a change of opinion. However, we must not diverge into eugenics. There is much of interest in the book, notably the discussion of democracy today, and the instructed reader will easily observe and correct the flaws to which we have drawn attention. By the way, it was not Galileo, but a Cardinal, who said that "the Bible was not given us to tell how the heavens go but how to go to Heaven." Neither that, nor the better known, "Yet it moves!" were uttered by that much-quoted man. With a gentle murmur at the absence of an index, we may commend this book to the attention of serious readers.

THE NORMAN AND EARLIER MEDIEVAL PERIOD. By Ernest R. Hull, S.J. New York: P. J. Kenedy & Sons. 50 cents.

The traditional Protestant version of English ecclesiastical history has been taught for so many years that this book is a revelation as well as an important and truthful statement of facts. The references and source books are recognized authorities, and the quotations serve to clarify and refute many heretofore anti-Catholic theories. The discussion of William and Lanfranc, as well as the statements concerning the effects of the Norman Conquest, are particularly well given.

The writer possesses the ability to state historical facts with conciseness and accuracy, and we have the feeling, both from his comparisons of the Protestant and Catholic versions, and his extremely well-written comments, that the book has been carefully written after conscientious research. The set, of which this is merely one volume, should prove of particular value in the teaching of history to Catholics.

ORTUS CHRISTI. By Mother St. Paul. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. \$1.75 net.

These meditations are based on a study of the lessons and liturgy of Advent. Although styled meditations, they may be used by everyone for daily spiritual reading in preparation for Christmas. As Father Rickaby well says in his preface: "Mother St. Paul is always a heart-searcher. She presses self-reform upon souls, who to the eye of outward observers and, perhaps, in their own conceit have little or nothing to amend. We must always be following Christ, and Christ is ever moving forward. Deliberately to stand still is to widen the distance between ourselves and Him, an ungenerous, not to say a dangerous, thing to do. Advent is a season of joy, and these meditations must be taken in a joyful spirit."

TEACHING THE DRAMA AND THE ESSAY, by Brother Leo (New York: Schwartz, Kirwin & Fauss. 75 cents). The young teacher who desires some worth while suggestions in methods of teaching certain types of English literature is often discouraged by the pedantic phraseology of the books she consults. This tiny volume by Brother Leo is totally different from others dealing with the same subject. The language is dignified and beautiful in its simplicity. There are no puzzling psychological terms, no irrelevant discussion. Very briefly and clearly, the author explains the best method of having literature mean something vital to the student, from the primary class to the senior year at college. This may be accomplished if literary study concerns itself with the relation of books to life, the structure and technique of books, and their personality. The keynote of the book is contained in the last chapter, which the author has titled "Some Principles in the Teaching of Literature." There is no one who cannot be benefited by the thoughts set forth in those few short pages. This is, in short, a book that one will want to share, a book that has a definite purpose in mind and accomplishes it.

THE EXERCISES OF ST. GERTRUDE, translated by Thomas Alder Pope, M.A., of the Oratory (New York: Benziger Brothers. 85 cents net). St. Gertrude belonged to that Benedictine school of spiritual writers which began with St. Gregory the Great and ended with Louis de Blois. She lived in the second half of the thirteenth century and the beginning of the fourteenth, and was elected abbess of the Benedictine monastery of Rodersdorf in 1294. While in that office, which she held for forty years, she drew up for the use of her Sisters the Exercises which bear her name. They are seven in number and are intended to cover a week of spiritual exercise. They embrace the whole work of the sanctification of a soul and, while intended for religious, contain much that will prove highly edifying to the lay reader. The present work is a translation from the French edition of Dom Guéranger.

EVERYDAY GOOD MANNERS FOR BOYS AND GIRLS, by Ernestine Louise Badt (Chicago: Laird & Lee. Cloth, 60 cents; paper, 25 cents). This is a book that might be described as *multum in parvo*. It is compact and concise in form, practical and useful in material. While its largest field will be in our schools and settlement and community houses, nevertheless, it should prove a helpful adjunct to home training as well. Good manners are a very essential part of our civilization. To be able to spell correctly is scarcely an accomplishment: not to be able to spell correctly is a serious fault. To have good manners and to employ them is hardly a wonderful attainment; but to be without them is a serious drawback. Still we must learn how to be well-mannered. This little book will be to many boys and girls a help along the road.

THE FORMATION OF CHARACTER, by Ernest R. Hull, S.J. (St. Louis: B. Herder Book Co. 50 cents.) This new edition of so excellent a book seems to revert to the old order of common sense and sound economics, for it supplies a grave need already existing rather than creates an artificial one. There are excellent passages comparing the Christian with the Catholic gentleman; education, with culture, and hedonism, with utilitarianism. It is refreshing, too, in our day, amidst much talk about, and little understanding of, "morality" to read so clear and intelligible an enunciation of the Christian and Catholic idea of it as the author presents. One point, particularly well emphasized, is that the purpose of college training is to teach men how to educate themselves. It is not merely the struggle for existence, but rather a man's education that begins in real earnest on Commencement Day.

HELPFUL THOUGHTS FOR BOYS, by Rev. Peter P. Conaty, Arlington, N. Y. This volume, calculated to inspire Catholic boys with laudable ambition, meets a real need. Through several chapters, the possibilities and advantages of higher education for boys in a variety of circumstances are discussed, as well as practical means for bringing about any sort of self-improvement. These chapters will be helpful to serious-minded youth. On the other hand, the chapter that will appeal most forcefully to those who have dealt much with American boys, is the necessity of a definite purpose early in life. Catholic parents, as well as Catholic youth, would do well to read this chapter. The frequency with which Catholic boys drift through college, with no definite plan for the future, is appalling, and the utter lack of any practical direction in this matter from Catholic parents is a neglect of duty that is as serious as it is frequent.

The timely examples, which the author cites, are often very effective. However, many instances in which names of persons and places are suppressed might better be omitted. Such examples will not appeal to most American boys and, in many cases, will serve only to arouse their suspicion.

The author does not forget the importance of a deep foundation of strength of character and uprightness of life upon which the superstructure of education and culture is to be reared, and it is to various phases of this question that the first five chapters of the book are devoted.

THE PARADISE OF THE SOUL—a Treatise on the Virtues Suitable for Use in Mental Prayer, by Blessed Albert the Great, O.P. (New York: P. J. Kenedy & Sons. \$1.25.) This *Paradise of the Soul* attributed to Albertus Magnus, is a treatise in brief chapters on the various virtues that should grace the Christian character. Though each virtue is given only a brief treatment, still, being done by a master hand, it is sufficient to guide the Christian into its proper practice. The perusal cannot but be profitable.

THE STORY OF MANKIND, by Hendrik van Loon (New York: Boni & Liveright. \$5.00). When we first opened this book and glanced at its rather amazing illustrations and some few of the passages which caught our eyes, we thought that it must be a somewhat elaborate and costly parody of Mr. Wells' notorious compendium. It appears that we were wrong and that it was with the printer before the other vessel was launched. Mr. van Loon is remarkably free from prejudices, and writes with a real desire to be fair to Catholics and with more understanding of our position than has ever been vouchsafed to Mr. Wells. "One thing—and one thing alone—saved Europe from complete destruction, from a return to the days of cave-men and the hyena. This was the Church—the flock of humble men and women who, for many centuries, had confessed themselves the followers of Jesus, the carpenter of Nazareth." Thus the writer on the years following the Fall of Rome, and it might almost be the voice of Belloc to which we were listening. But, unfortunately, the book would need too much editing before it could be placed in uneducated hands. Purged of a few errors, we should have welcomed it gladly.

THE FOUNDING OF A NORTHERN UNIVERSITY, by F. A. Forbes (St. Louis: B. Herder Book Co. \$1.75 net). This interesting volume describes the founding of the University of Aberdeen by Bishop Elphinstone in 1495, and gives a perfect picture of Catholic life in Scotland in mediæval times. The author describes the Scottish schools in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, the town life of the people, their religion, their customs, their guilds, their municipal institutions. He gives a good sketch of the Reformation in Scotland, and a brief biography of the Scottish Catholics in exile.

Two appendices deal with church music in the Middle Ages, and the number of convictions for "popery" in seventeenth century Scotland.

ANTHROPOS, January to June, 1919, issued July, 1921. This well-known journal maintains the high standard which it has shown from its commencement: it is an achievement possible only in the Catholic Church and highly creditable to its energetic promoters. In this number interest will largely centre round the editor's article on the cultural historic method and North American Ethnology, in which the writings of several American Anthropologists are criticized very favorably, and notably an address by Swanton, in which it is maintained, contrary to many efforts to establish the "primitive promiscuity" and "group marriage" ideas, that monogamy has probably always been the normal form of human marriage. Further, that monotheism goes right back to the commencement of man's history. Very refreshing statements from so well known an anthropologist.

EPITOME THEOLOGIÆ MORALIS is a handy and useful digest of moral theology, published in Latin, by L. Pustet, New York.

MY MASTER'S BUSINESS, by Rev. Daniel L. Scully (St. Louis: B. Herder Book Co. \$2.00 net). Though there is nothing particularly distinctive in method of approach or manner of development in this collection of sermons, priests may find in them some fresh suggestions on well-worn themes, especially in their abundance of Scriptural allusion and quotation, and in the author's adroit use of history and literature as a source of illustration. The utility of the book will doubtless be restricted by the apparently haphazard arrangement of matter. The table of contents gives no indication of the Sunday or feast for which a given sermon may be adapted, and, as the titles listed in the table are often figurative, this is a real deficiency.

PAMPHLET PUBLICATIONS.

Papal Infallibility, by the Most Rev. John McIntyre, makes clear this most important doctrine of the Church; *Catholics and the Bible and Catholics and the League of Nations*, both from the pen of G. Elliot Anstruther; *Thoughts for a Child of Mary*, by Maisie Ward, suggesting various good works for the benefit of Church and poor, to which the Child of Mary may profitably lend her energies; and a story with a moral, *The Bishop and the Three Poor Men*, retold by Emily Hickey, are some of the pamphlets (sold at 2 d. each) from the Catholic Truth Society of London. *The Catholic Mind* (New York: The America Press. 5 cents a copy, \$1.00 per year), devotes the issue of December 8, 1921, to two articles on the Labor Question, and the issue of December 22, 1921, to "The Church's Divine Authority," "Sodalities for Catholic Girls" and "A Christmas Meditation"—all by able and well known writers. *Kahalekat* for this year (Washington: The Ursulines of Seattle, Washington, gives a short sketch of the life and death of Archbishop John Charles Seghers, Martyr, of Alaska. *Latin Hymns*, edited by Rev. Matthew Germing, S.J. (Chicago: The Loyola University Press); *A Selection from a Child's Prayer to Jesus*, by Father W. Roche, S.J. (New York: Longmans, Green & Co.), a collection of fourteen prayers in verse, easy for the little ones to learn, and *Une Gloire de L'Eglise du Canada*, which gives (in French) a brief outline of the life of Mother Catherine-Aurélie of the Order of the Precious Blood (Saint-Hyacinth, Canada: Monastery of the Precious Blood), are other pamphlets received. Another useful one for Tabernacle Societies is *The Art of Making Altar Laces* (Huntington, Ind.: Our Sunday Visitor. 25 cents), in which directions are given for the making of cinctures, altar linens, etc., etc.

Where Current Events are of interest, the following list of pamphlets may prove useful: *Dante's Attitude Towards the Church and the Clergy of His Times*, by Right Rev. Mgr. J. T. Slattery, Ph.D. (Philadelphia: John Joseph McVey. 35 cents); *The International Conciliation*, a monthly (25 cents a year, \$1.00 for 5 years), the December number of which is devoted to a history of the *Washington Conference on the Limitation of Armaments* (New York: American Association for International Conciliation); *The Anglo-Japanese Alliance and America*, by Taraknath Das (Washington, D. C.: Southern Building); *The Disarmament Conference at Washington Will Be a Failure* (with which sentiment we do not agree), by Luigi Carnovale (Chicago: Italian-American Publishing Co. 25 cents).

Recent Events.

Italy.

On January 22d, at six o'clock in the morning, His Holiness, Pope Benedict XV., died following an attack of broncho-pneumonia brought on by influenza. The death of Benedict, who was sixty-seven years of age, came as a great shock to the world, and universal sympathy was expressed, even in those quarters where, during the heat of the War, Benedict's motives were misunderstood and impugned. Although his Pontificate covered one of the most critical periods in the world's history, Benedict not only increased the prestige of the Church throughout the world in a religious way, but also recovered something of the political prestige of the Papacy as a factor among the Governments of the world. At the beginning of the War, when he assumed the tiara, about twenty nations had more or less formal diplomatic relations with the Vatican. At the end of the War there were thirty-one, twenty-five of which were active in their association. Relations with France had been restored, and the British Empire had taken steps to have a more intimate representation. Portugal renewed its diplomatic connection, and negotiations were pending for an exchange of envoys between the Vatican and Tokio.

Ten days after the death of Benedict, the conclave of Cardinals opened to select his successor, and on February 6th, on the seventh ballot, Cardinal Achille Ratti, Archbishop of Milan, was elected Pope. He assumed the name and title of Pius XI. The new Pontiff gave his first blessing to the people from the outer balcony of St. Peter's, something which has not happened since the election of Pius IX., in whose reign the temporal power of the Papacy was lost. He also speedily announced that he would retain as Secretary of State Cardinal Gasparri, thus strengthening the belief that he will carry out the policy of his predecessor. The new Pope is sixty-five years of age, and besides being a great scholar and one of the most scientific librarians in Italy, is a member of the Italian Alpine Society, and before the War was one of its most active members. During the War he did notable work in connection with the organization of Chaplains for the Italian army, and in the spring of 1918, as Nuncio at Warsaw, he won high praise for his skill in withstanding the flood of Bolshevism which poured in on Poland when that country was

set up as an independent State. In April, 1921, Monsignor Ratti was made Archbishop of Milan, and two months later was created Cardinal.

Owing to complications, of which its cordiality towards the Vatican on the death of Pope Benedict was one of the most prominent, the Cabinet of Premier Bonomi, which took office early last July in succession to the Giolitti Ministry, presented its resignation to the Chamber of Deputies on February 2d. The decision to resign was made when it was discovered that the Government could no longer count on the support of the Giolitti Liberal Democrats and the Nitti Liberals, offended at a visit of condolence paid to the Vatican by one of the three Catholic Ministers of State and by the announcement that eulogies of the late Pope were to be pronounced in the Senate and Chamber by their respective Presidents. Since the fall of the Bonomi Ministry, the King has had numerous conferences with former Premiers Giolitti, Orlando, Sonnino, Luzzatti, the Presidents of the Senate and Chamber of Deputies, and even Benito Mussolini, leader of the Fascisti, but none of them has yet succeeded in forming a new Government owing to the opposition of one or more of the leading parties. To break the deadlock, it is considered probable that Parliament will be dissolved and a general election held.

Conflicts between the Fascisti and Communists again broke out late in January in several provincial centres, and a number of strikes were declared. Throughout Tuscany, particularly, there is much unrest. At Florence, the police arrested a number of Communist leaders identified with a plot to recruit a Red Army through organizations of young men in the newly-called classes. Details of the scheme, designed to be carried out and engineered by leaders in Communist youths' organizations, were discovered in possession of a club of young Communists.

Thieves have broken into the tomb of St. Ambrose in the basilica of Milan and despoiled the body of some of its jewels. The body lies in the crypt of the church immediately under the famous altar of gold. The casket is bound with a stout cord of silver, sealed with the seal of the late Archbishop Ferrari, who affixed it in 1898. The saint's body has been turned so that it lies on its side. A ring has been removed from the left hand and a diamond clasp, which held the vestments in place at the throat, also is missing. The fingers are covered with rings of very great value, some of which, apart from their antiquity, are said to be worth 50,000 lire. The robes in which the body is dressed are also extremely valuable, but nothing except the two articles mentioned were removed.

France.

The meetings of the Allied Supreme Council at Cannes came to an abrupt conclusion on January 12th when Premier Briand hurried to Paris and resigned. The Premier's action was the result of a long series of attacks on his policies in the French Senate, culminating in a warning telegram sent to him at Cannes, on January 11th, by the Senate Commission for Foreign Affairs and signed by his bitterest critic, ex-President Poincaré, head of the Commission. The telegram, which was an embodiment of a resolution adopted unanimously by twenty-five Senators after a long discussion, expressed the opinion that the proposed compact with Great Britain could not become effective without the approval of Parliament, and that France could not attend the proposed Economic Conference at Genoa unless definite and effective assurances were given her beforehand that her rights would be respected, and that the terms of the various peace treaties concluded since the Armistice would not be discussed. Feeling that he lacked the necessary backing at home in his negotiations at Cannes and elsewhere, M. Briand handed in his resignation without even calling for a poll of the deputies.

The resignation was immediately accepted by President Millerand, and Raymond Poincaré, former President, agreed to take over the Premiership and form a new Cabinet. The new Ministry, which was announced several days later, is composed almost entirely of members of the National Party, and contains no member of the Radical Left and no member of the Clémencist group. Five of the fourteen Ministers were members of the preceding Cabinet, though an alteration has been made in the offices of two of these, Barthou, who was Minister of War, now holding the Ministry of Justice, and Maginot having been assigned the Ministry of War, with which his former office of Minister of Pensions is now amalgamated. The new Premier on his declaration of policy on January 19th received a vote of confidence from the Chamber of Deputies of 472 to 107. The chief points of difference between his policy and that of Briand involves a more uncompromising attitude towards Germany in the matters of reparations, disarmament and punishment of the War guilty, a declaration that existing treaties must stand and must not be discussed at Genoa, and the abolition of the Supreme Council in favor of the old system of negotiations through individual Ambassadors.

M. Poincaré, since his accession, has been engaged almost continuously in conversations with Great Britain. One result of these has been the indefinite postponement of the proposed meeting of the Italian, British and French Foreign Ministers, which

was to have been held toward the end of January to settle upon a common policy towards Angora and the Greco-Turkish conflict.

One of the most important steps of the new Premier has been his revision of the alliance between Great Britain and France drawn up by Lloyd George and tentatively agreed to by Briand. M. Poincaré proposes (1) that the duration of the alliance shall be unlimited instead of for ten years; (2) that reciprocity be specifically mentioned, *i. e.*, France promising aid to Great Britain in case of aggression as well as Great Britain promising to come to the aid of France; (3) the exact definition of "German aggression" shall include an attack against the Allies in the neutral or occupied zones of the Rhineland instead of only an invasion of French territory; (4) that there be an immediate discussion if a menace should arise on Germany's eastern frontier; (5) that permanent contact and coöperation be established between the French and British army and naval general staffs. In reply, the British refuse to go beyond their original offer, objecting particularly to the inclusion of the Rhineland in the compact. On the question of the Near East and the Greco-Turkish situation, also, the British attitude remains unchanged, laying down the principle that until absolutely solidarity is effected between the three great Powers concerned, Great Britain, France and Italy, there is no prospect of a solution.

As to the Genoa conference, Premier Poincaré insists that France be given preliminary guarantees that none of her rights under existing treaties or conferred by the League of Nations shall be jeopardized, asks that a definite programme of agenda be drawn up beforehand, and requests, in view of the time necessary to draw up such an agenda and the fall of the Italian Cabinet, that the Conference date of March 8th be postponed for several months. The British view is that the Conference should be held on the date set, unless the Italian Government desires a slight postponement. On all these questions discussions are now going forward between the British and French Governments.

Before the resignation of M. Briand, much had been expected of the Genoa Conference, and every nation in Europe except Turkey had been invited to attend. Invitations had also been sent to the United States, Japan and the South American States. Altogether forty-five nations had been expected to participate. American participation is contingent on President Harding first obtaining authority to attend from Congress, and no steps have yet been taken to that end. Indications are that this country will not participate in the Conference unless the European Governments show a disposition to balance their budgets, reduce large

standing armies, and make some settlement of the reparations problem.

According to French Government proposals, which have just been examined by the Army Commission of the Chamber of Deputies and will undoubtedly be later approved by the Chamber, the French army will in future number 690,000 men, of whom 478,000 will be French-born, 107,000 North Africans, 100,000 Colonials, black and yellow, and 10,000 foreigners serving in the Foreign Legion. Provision is made for the reduction of the forces on the Rhine from more than 90,000 at present to 69,500, and within France instead of 400,000 engaged in home service, the number will be reduced to 334,000. The only new development of consequence is the provision for thirty-two battalions of machine gunners. This enormous increase is due to the demonstration during the War of the importance of machine gun forces for defence.

The Washington Conference on the Limitation of Armament held its final session on February 6th, when the delegates signed the various treaties that had been adopted. In all, four treaties were signed and the supplement to a fifth, namely: the five-power naval limitation treaty, the nine-power Far Eastern treaty, the nine-power Chinese tariff treaty, the five-power submarine and poison gas treaty, and a supplement to the four-power Pacific treaty, which had been previously signed on December 13th, which supplement excludes the Japanese mainland from the scope of the treaty. The other three covenants of the Conference, those relating to Shantung, allocation of the former German Pacific cables, and cable rights in Yap, are yet to be put into final form through the ordinary diplomatic channels.

Since the close of the Conference, the American delegation has completed its report and submitted it, with the treaties, to President Harding, who has indicated that he will lose no time in transmitting them to the Senate who, it is expected, will act favorably upon them. Meanwhile, in anticipation of the ratification by the Senate of the naval limitation treaty, construction work on fourteen capital ships has been suspended by order of Secretary Denby under direction of President Harding. Under the treaty only three of the fourteen vessels are to be completed as war craft, the other eleven to be destroyed or converted to merchant ships. This halting of building operations will save the United States about \$5,000,000 a month.

Following the adjournment of the Washington Conference, the Disarmament Commission of the League of Nations has decided to meet in Paris on February 20th to discuss further means

of world disarmament. The Commission, which has twenty members representing the chief countries of Europe, has been working on a detailed report since last September. The report deals with all the problems of disarmament, and it is believed to contain a number of recommendations for the control of the manufacture of munitions and armament.

The Council of the League of Nations meeting at Geneva in January gave its first guarantee in connection with the neutralization of the Aland Islands. Among other matters, at this and subsequent sessions, the Council refused to take action on the German protests against the rulings of the Saar Commission as to what constitutes an "inhabitant" on the Saar, created a permanent commission to take up the study of the white slave traffic, and declared itself ready to coöperate in every measure prescribed to insure protection for the Armenians and other minorities in the Ottoman Empire. The Council acknowledged its inability to settle the Vilna dispute between Poland and Lithuania, which has again come to the fore, and referred the matter back to those countries, which have promised to try to reach an agreement. The Council, which was in session a little over a week, adjourned until April 25th. Dr. Gastão de Cunha of Brazil was chosen President in succession to Paul Hymans of Belgium.

The Permanent Court of International Justice held its first meeting at The Hague on January 30th, and several days later elected Dr. B. T. C. Loder, a former member of the Dutch Supreme Court, as President. He will hold office for three years. Eighteen nations have agreed to give the court compulsory jurisdiction in all disputes arising among them, but so far no case has been presented. Lack of business, however, is no indication of lack of importance, since the Supreme Court of the United States had an empty calendar for two years after its organization, and it is expected that cases will be brought before the World Court shortly after it is finally organized. Besides being the accepted court of eighteen nations, the Court received, through the League of Nations, compulsory jurisdiction over disputes relating to international labor and transit conventions, treaties recently adopted concerning the importation of liquor into Africa, traffic in arms and the protection of minorities in countries of mixed populations. The Court must meet at least once a year, the usual date of assembling being June 15th.

In a debate in the French Chamber of Deputies on February 8th, Charles Reibel, the new Minister for the Liberated Regions, gave the following data of reconstruction in the districts occupied by the Germans during the War. Of 280,147 houses destroyed

and 422,736 damaged, 335,479 had been restored by January 1st of this year. Of 53,976 kilometers of roads destroyed 31,965 kilometers had been put in repair by October 1st last. Of 1,112 kilometers of navigable streams destroyed, 1,027 have been made navigable. Of 4,084 industrial establishments destroyed, 3,986 have been operating since October 1st. Of 3,337,000 hectares of land devastated, 2,009,693 hectares have been restored.

Germany.

The most complete railroad strike Germany ever experienced, not excepting the railroad strike in defence of the republic

during the Kapp counter-revolution, began at midnight February 1st, when 250,000 railroad workers throughout the country quit work. The strike came in the midst of renewed negotiations for a wage increase which, with intervals of apparent quiescence, had been going on between the Government and the workers since last October. On January 8th the Government agreed to re-open the negotiations for an increase. The negotiations were renewed on January 25th, but were postponed to February 1st. When the unions suddenly demanded a favorable answer, with the alternative of a strike, the Government remained silent and the railway men passed a vote to walk out. To add to the confusion, another strike was declared by the Berlin municipal employees, on February 5th, completely paralyzing the city's tramway service and the gas, water and electric supply. The municipal workers struck partly out of sympathy with the railroad strike, and partly to exploit the opportunity of obtaining wage increases, but the real significance of both strikes in the opinion of some observers, is that they were the radical workers' rebellion against an increase in taxation and hence directly against the reparations terms.

After a week of idleness, during which the economic loss entailed by the strikes was probably greater than the daily reparation installment, on February 7th the railway strikers notified Chancellor Wirth that they would resume work on the Government's assurance that it would refrain from reprisals in the nature of wholesale discharges. The Government, in reply, reserved the right to reprimand the leaders, but promised that the regular workers would be reinstated. On the following day the strike of the municipal workers was declared at an end, and the public utilities plants resumed operations.

On January 31st Dr. Walter Rathenau, former German Minister of Reconstruction and recently German representative at various economic conferences with the Allies, was appointed Ger-

man Foreign Minister. This post had been held by Dr. Joseph Wirth, in addition to the Chancellorship, since the reorganization of the Cabinet last October. Dr. Rathenau, who has been prominent in German Government affairs for many years, has been particularly active since the formation of the first Wirth Cabinet in May, 1921. He held the post of Minister of Reconstruction in that Cabinet, which continued until October of last year, when the Cabinet was reformed and the office of Minister of Reconstruction eliminated. Since that time, Dr. Rathenau has not been a member of the Cabinet owing to the opposition of his party, although he has represented the German Government on a number of missions.

Besides the fact that it brings one of the ablest men in the country into the Cabinet, Dr. Rathenau's appointment has great political significance, since it means that the Democratic Party, of which he is a member, has withdrawn its ban against his entry into the Cabinet, and is the first of the broad coalition parties to show a willingness to share government responsibility with the Clerical, Centre and Majority Socialist parties, who have constituted the coalition since the last Cabinet crisis. On the other hand, the German People's Party, or the party of the great industrial interests typified by Herr Stinnes, on which Chancellor Wirth was counting as another party of the new coalition, has withdrawn its support. The Industrialists fear that Rathenau will carry the reparations fulfillment policy too far, and they are also dissatisfied because Wirth selected Rathenau without their approval.

Up to February 8th the German Government had made three payments of 31,000,000 gold marks each, in accordance with a decision of the Reparations Commission at Cannes, providing for such payment every ten days pending a decision of the whole reparations issue. The Reparations Commission also decided to change the system of the monthly programme of coal and coke for a total to be delivered in three months, namely, 5,750,000 tons. The German Government has formally accepted this change.

As to the reparations question, this is still in a state of indecision. At Cannes, after long and stiff debates, the amount agreed on among the Allies for payment by Germany this year was 720,000,000 gold marks. This figure was far above the British estimate of Germany's paying capacity and, at the same time, far below the French and Belgian estimate. The consent of the British delegation was only won to it by the argument that it would meet the amount of interest necessary for release of bonds on the market, but no real decision was ever taken because of the

break-up of the Conference at the resignation of Briand. Hence, the figure of 720,000,000 was only tentative, as was also that of 1,450,000,000 gold marks for delivery in kind. The German Government has taken these figures as the basis of what it must pay, but has asked that the figure of cash payment be reduced, while liberty be given to increase the figure of payment in kind. It is improbable, however, that this will be allowed.

As a result of pressure by the Reparations Commission, on the Wirth Government, Germany's budget, for the first time since the War, is prepared and ready for submission to the Reichstag before the fiscal year begins, on April 1st. The new budget rests on a basis of doubtful soundness, with the estimated deficit of 183,000,000,000 paper marks, which must be covered by loans or the issue of fresh paper money. The largest deficit item is 171,000,000,000 paper marks "for carrying out the Peace Treaty," for which there is no concrete cover in sight except the 1,000,000,000 gold marks compulsory loan, recently railroaded through the Reichstag. German opinion holds that the only solution to the entire reparations problem is that afforded by an international credit operation, and to this conclusion the majority of the Reparations Commission at present seem to be tending.

That German plans for Russian trade are meeting with success, is shown by recent developments. For one thing, the new Russian State Bank has established connections with the Deutsche, the Disconto and the Dresdner banks at Berlin, and with the Warburg firm at Hamburg. The Deutsche Bank is arranging a credit for a Russian order to be placed with the Krupps and other German firms for material to be used in repairing two hundred Russian locomotives in Esthonia. The German East European Bank is also stated to have closed an arrangement of credit for exports direct to Russia. In the matter of the proposed order for locomotives and machine tools, worth 4,000,000,000 paper marks, Russia will pay the German shippers one-seventh in gold, will get a credit for three-sevenths until July, 1924, and will pay the balance in mining, agricultural and forestry concessions. Arrangements have been practically completed for granting to the Krupp concern concessions for 100,000 acres of land for agricultural pursuits in connection with sugar making and distillery privileges. Concessions also are pending for nurseries in Southern Russia. Moreover, M. Yakovenko, Russian Minister of Agriculture, has announced that timber contracts in various parts of Russia, which are also about to be entered into with the Krupp company, will include fur trapping privileges. The Russian Government's trade report for 1921 shows that one-third of

the imports via Petrograd were German, and that of 224 ships entering Petrograd, 106 came from German ports. Of 1,551,000 Russian goods of metal wares delivered in all Russia during November, 1,354,000 came from Germany.

Russia. The Russian famine still has its grip on millions of people. According to a statement by Dr. Fridjof Nansen made at Geneva on January 26th to the League of Nations International Relief Committee, 19,000,000 Russians are suffering intensely for want of food and 15,000,000 will certainly die unless succored. He declared that the total population affected was 33,000,000 and that it was now too late to save all, even if the workers were able to use the railroad lines at full capacity. He gave it as his opinion that it would only be possible to move sufficient grain between now and the harvest to save 6,000,000 or 7,000,000 persons.

On the other hand, Walter L. Brown, European director of the American Relief Administration, has issued a statement to the effect that notwithstanding the disorganization of the Russian railways, thousands of tons of foodstuffs and seeds purchased through the American Government's appropriation would reach the famine-stricken districts on schedule time, because the American supplies constituted almost the sole freight moving over the roads, other traffic being at a standstill. Mr. Brown said that the movement of grain from the ports to the interior would be 150,000 tons monthly, which would enable the American Relief Administration to initiate an adult feeding programme for 5,000,000 persons before the end of February, and to bring the child-feeding programme up to 2,000,000 by the middle of February. The allocation of shipping between Baltic and Black Sea ports would be roughly on the ratio of one to three.

Since the Congressional appropriation of \$20,000,000 for Russian famine relief was passed, twelve food cargoes, consisting of 3,000,000 bushels of grain, have been shipped from the United States, according to a statement made by Secretary Hoover on January 23d. Expenditures out of the Congressional authorization at that time amounted to about \$12,000,000. He added that eighteen additional vessels were loading, which would sail within from three to twelve days, carrying a total of more than 3,000,000 bushels of grain.

An agreement whereby the Ukraine Soviet Republic undertakes to place \$2,000,000 in gold at the disposal of the American Relief Administration for the purchase of food and seed grain,

was concluded in London on February 3d. The agreement stipulates that all the supplies shall be bought in the United States on orders furnished by accredited representatives of the Ukraine to the Relief Administration's London office. The supplies are to be distributed to the Ukraine famine sufferers. In order to facilitate purchase of the necessary supplies, a shipment of gold will be made immediately to a Stockholm bank.

On January 27th the Executive Council of the Soviet Government ratified, by unanimous acclamation, the list of the Genoa delegation presented by Foreign Minister Tchitcherin. Premier Lenine was named head of the delegation and Foreign Minister Tchitcherin vice-chairman with full powers to act in case Lenine eventually decided not to go. Full plenipotentiary powers were given to the delegation to negotiate, conclude and sign the treaties or agreements that may be reached. Though border States of the Russian Federation will also send delegations, it was decided that the delegation should be a unit representing Russia, and that all the delegates be a part of that unit and not representatives of the different sections. Because of the French change of ministry, the Genoa Conference has been put off indefinitely, as told above, but if the Conference is held, Russia will attend with a detailed statement, showing the position of industry, commerce, railroads, agriculture, the budget and other matters, and an estimate of the figure required to set Russia on her feet again. At the same time, she proposes to put forward a statement of the compensation due her as a result of the armed intervention undertaken or fostered by the foreign Powers. These claims will be set against the demands upon Russia for compensation, for confiscation and nationalization. Premier Lenine has formally notified the Italian Foreign Office of his acceptance of the Genoa invitation.

Despite earlier reports that the Soviet forces had defeated two of the largest bands of Karelian partisans and driven them back across the Finnish frontier, a dispatch from Helsingfors, on January 24th, stated that the Karelians had resumed the offensive and defeated the Bolsheviki with large losses. The Bolsheviki are concentrating on the Finnish border, and refugees state that troops from all districts are rushing into East Karelia. Women and children, crossing the frontier, are being interned in camps, where they are fed by the American Red Cross.

Advices from Moscow, on January 20th, reported that the White, or anti-Bolshevik forces, had captured Blagovieshtchensk, capital of the Amur Province, Asiatic Russia; and on the same date a wireless message from Chita, capital of the Far Eastern Republic, stated that the anti-Bolshevik Government in Vladivos-

tok, headed by M. Merkuloff, had leased to Japanese business interests the Ussuri railway line from Vladivostok to Khabarovsk.

Meanwhile, the special trade delegation from Chita which attended the Disarmament Conference at Washington, though disappointed so far in its hope of obtaining recognition from the United States Government, has decided, nevertheless, to remain in Washington for some time in the endeavor to interest American business men in the trade and development of their territory. Trade with the Republic's territory is hampered at present by the fact that the natural outlet, Vladivostok, is held by a hostile government, but imports for Chita and the surrounding country are landed at Dairen and taken by the South Manchurian and Chinese Eastern railroads to Harbin, which has become an important trading centre.

The Congress of Oppressed Far Eastern Peoples opened in Moscow on January 21st under the Presidency of Zinovieff, head of the Communists' Internationale. Upwards of one hundred and fifty delegates assembled from China, Japan, Korea and Mongolia, representing Communist parties and the radical workers and press. Though capitalism was a prominent subject of discussion, the general feeling seemed to be that Japan was the real oppressor, and that China, Korea and Mongolia were groaning under Japanese militarism rather than under "wage slavery."

The Russian trade mission, invited to Brussels by Belgian manufacturers having large interests in Russia, has proposed that these manufacturers resume possession of their properties. The mission, headed by General Ipatieff, said to be a representative of the Russian coöperatives, held conferences with representatives of a number of large Belgian concerns. The Belgian manufacturers proposed as a condition to resumption of operations in Russia, the complete reëstablishment of property rights, the suppression of extraordinary tribunals, guarantees for the security of Belgians who return to Russia, indemnities for damages done to their plants and recognition of debts. General Ipatieff transmitted these conditions to the Soviet Government and departed for Paris, where he is at present negotiating with French manufacturers.

February 13, 1922.

With Our Readers

OUR tribute to the dead Pontiff! Since our last issue one of the great figures of the world has disappeared. Benedict XV., universally beloved, has passed through the gate of death into eternal life. In these perplexing times, facing a doubtful future, strange though it may seem to say it, his death has wafted a heavenly zephyr over the arid earth. For the revelation of the spiritual appreciation of the man voiced by the people of the world is nothing less than such an influence.

Just at the moment when hope for humanity was at a low ebb, and when, to all appearance, men had lost sight of spiritual values, there comes this overwhelming proof of man's possession of spiritual ideals, his ability to recognize the moral significance of a spiritual power, and his deep regard for spiritual achievement. No less than in life, Pope Benedict XV., in death, has been Heaven's trumpeter of hope. The composite tribute, gathered from the public press, from secular platform and from non-Catholic pulpit, is nothing short of marvelous in that it registers a reassuring conviction of man's fundamental love of what is highest and best. Various, indeed, are the reasons for this praise. Glowing tributes have been accorded him because of his wisdom in government, because of his skill in diplomacy, because of his democratic spirit, because of his broad outlook upon life, because of his sympathy with a suffering humanity.

* * * *

PERHAPS, from these sources, the most common tribute of all is the practical unanimity expressed in favor of the attitude of Benedict XV. during the World War. While that War was being waged, the White Father in Rome was compelled to bear attacks from either side because he did not pronounce in favor of either side, as such, but contented himself with voicing the principles of justice and advocating repeatedly, in the cry of his own heart, a return to peace. Nothing could have satisfied the belligerents except his partisan favor, and this he steadfastly and consistently refused to give, not because he did not appreciate the terror and evil of war, not because he was not longing and praying for peace, but because, on account of his position, universal in its

scope and its view, he was compelled to maintain a perfect neutrality. So, in spite of many diatribes against him, in spite of all kinds of attacks, he remained unshaken on the mountain-top, not standing with folded arms and gazing with cynic glance upon the poor forces of humanity contending in their madness, but kneeling, his hands clasped, his head bowed in prayer, his heart begging the mercy of God to descend upon the nations. Now, in the days of calmer judgment, he is universally hailed as the great peacemaker, and there is given by the world a tardy recognition of the supreme value of the many efforts he made during the years of war to bring about reconciliation between the struggling peoples. Now he emerges from the blackness of distorted criticism into the clear light of justice, that surrounds him with a halo fitting for him who was the true representative of the Prince of Peace.

* * * *

THAT Benedict XV. should have been the peacemaker was quite to be expected. A love of peace runs through the very blood of the Papacy. If the recent Holy Father gave his days and nights, gave his heart and soul to repeated efforts, little appreciated at the time, towards the reestablishment of peace, he was but living up to the inheritance he had received from the long line of his predecessors, he was but giving expression through his voice of that one continuous voice of the Christian ages. In line with this policy, too, his Pontificate, forming in this respect a part of that period in the history of the Church since the Holy Father was deprived of his temporal dominions, has been characterized by a notable advance. The years of the last three Pontificates register a recovery from this blow which the Papacy, and consequently the Church, had received in the later years of Pope Pius IX. Although the temporal dominions have not been restored, there has been a gradual and notable improvement of relations between the Vatican and the important nations of the world. This reestablishment of cordiality is a witness to a new-born political friendship and, at the same time, augurs stability for the future.

Clearer and clearer will it appear, as time goes on, that in filling the position of Peter under the exceptional circumstances of his reign, Benedict XV. bore a tremendous burden and carried the awful weight of its responsibilities. So great was the burden that only one with heavenly support could have borne up under it. Providentially he carried it through the days of war, through the days of trial after the War, until the stress was beginning to pass, until the world came to give that approval of his deeds

which heaven had already given. One of the important papers of our country has put it thus, editorially: "The fruitful labors of Benedict XV., so bitterly misunderstood and calumniated in the distress and passions of the War, remain to praise him, even in the minds of his former detractors. He left the Church much stronger than he found it, for all the wounds of war."

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THOSE many and glorious tributes, in the last analysis, vaguely and unconsciously correlate that reality which is the main reason for Catholic honor and devotion. For, underlying almost all of them is the craving for something of a definite nature in spiritual and moral guidance. They ask for that leadership in world-life which the Catholic knows he possesses in the person and office of the Pope. In that person and office, the Catholic beholds a Divine Force, divinely led and divinely protected for the teaching and blessing of mankind. He sees in the Papacy one of the main features of the religion of the Incarnation, by which the very life of Christ is continued on earth, by which the human soul may arrive at a certainty of conviction just as strong as if that soul were addressed by the Saviour Himself.

With such a faith, it is not strange that, however glowing and however deserved human tributes of praise for human achievements may be, they pale almost into insignificance before the spiritual conception realized by Christ when He chose Peter to be His Vicar upon earth, and realized equally in every successor of Peter. With such a faith, too, it is easy to conceive how, in the mind of the Holy Father, everything of a purely earthly, political or diplomatic nature is weighed in the scales not of temporal advantage, but of eternal value. For him the Church is Christ, the members of the Church are the members of Christ's Body, he himself is a member of that Body and, at the same time, its Head on earth; and so, his outlook upon the world is from the centre of all things, which is Christ. In the name of Christ and in the Life which is Christ, a Life given by the Holy Spirit, he speaks and acts always for the welfare of mankind indeed, but always, too, with the consciousness that such welfare can be secured only through and in Christ.

Such is the Catholic conception of the Papacy, and such the reason for the devotion and love that have gone out from Catholic hearts towards Benedict XV., whom we have lost, and now go out to Pius XI., whom we have gained.

OUR salutation to the new Pontiff. On February 6th, Achille Cardinal Ratti, Archbishop of Milan, forty-two years a priest, three years a bishop and seven months a Cardinal, was selected by the Sacred College to serve as the two hundred and sixty-first Pope. Details of his life, more or less fancifully given in our daily press, at least reveal a versatile man. Writer of books, professor of theology, linguist of no mean attainments, head in turn of the Ambrosian and Vatican Libraries, mountain-climber of distinction, accomplished diplomat, spiritual director, successful and beloved Archbishop, these are some of the rôles that give indication of the character of the new occupant of the throne of Peter.

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AS a young priest, he was appointed, by his Archbishop, Chaplain of the Convent of the Cenacle, then just founded in Milan and, for thirty years, he gave to the Religious and their work the enthusiastic devotion of his sacerdotal heart. This was but one of his priestly activities, but one which must have done much in confirming him in that spiritual calmness, which is said to be characteristic, and which will be a helpful asset in the days that are to come.

The many years, however, during which he performed the ordinary duties of priest and teacher and spiritual guide and during which he perfected himself in the study of languages and wrote books and, when vacation-time afforded him a little leisure, climbed Alpine mountains, were only a long preparation for the special work that was given to his hands in the more recent days of his career.

The years which have witnessed his most active relations with the great forces of the times, have been those spent as Nuncio to Poland and as Archbishop of Milan. These years, in either position, were years of mighty disturbance. A man, who stood as the representative of the Catholic Church, was required to have the highest qualities of mind, the vision of a prophet and a heart of sympathetic understanding to meet successfully, as he did, the issues that arose. Thus was he made ready, in a long novitiate, for the high honor and the supreme position to which God has called him.

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ALREADY, if we can judge from expressions of the press, he has won the heart of the world. When, on the day of his election, he insisted upon going out upon the balcony of St. Peter's, to bless the multitude, a blessing which had not been given from

that place since the day of the election of Pope Pius IX., he found a way into the affections of the people; and when, on the day of his coronation, he repeated this ceremony of blessing over the two hundred thousand who were gathered in the piazza, he stood as the great symbol of Christian peace, inviting all the troubled peoples of the world.

He speaks many languages, but most significant is it that he speaks the languages of the human heart, a language that, as on the day of Pentecost, can be understood by peoples of every nation.

"He loves America," we are told, because he is a big-minded, broad-minded man that recognizes the good qualities of our fair land; but he is so big and so broad that he loves the whole world.

He loves peace; a worthy successor to Benedict, to carry on that reconciliation so well begun and to institute a harmony that will spell spiritual happiness and contentment.

He is the Head of the Catholic Church, and the heart of that Church is the Heart of Christ, bearing in its depths every honest soul upon earth.

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AS Pius XI. faces the future, with a consciousness of his task, with the courage of the mountain-climber, with the calmness of spirit that his daily life has engendered, our prayer is that God may bless him and give him that one strength that can uphold him, that one guidance that can lead him, that one life that has been promised him, the strength and the guidance and the life of the Holy Spirit.

ONCE in a while an expression of thought appears that has an altogether exceptional spiritual value; and when it does, it is a joy to pass on the news. We heartily advise the reading and deep study of a little work, called *The Christian Mind*, by Dom Anscar Vonier, O.S.B., Abbot of Buckfast. There is in it an originality of presentation of old truths that fascinates and convinces. There is a unity that coördinates all Christian thoughts and acts in the one great fact of the Incarnation. Lovers of St. Paul, especially, will be drawn to the book, because, throughout, the author speaks by the voice of the Apostle of the Gentiles and, in doing so in our own language and after our own manner, illuminates the inspired words. We permit ourselves one quotation which shows, to our mind, the timeliness of the book and also suggests its main thesis:

"In our own days, thinking men have soared high in their

efforts to put great distances between themselves and the soul killing misasmas of modern materialism. They have elaborated all kinds of ethical philosophies. There are philosophies of the Mind, the philosophies of the Infinite, the philosophies of the Divine in man, the philosophies of the Absolute, and so on.

"They are pathetic efforts indeed, and a very good sign of the times in which we live; but one of their most interesting features is this, that many of them are ready to receive Christ, are houses that seem built just for such a guest as the Incarnate Son of God. What they call Mind, Infinite, Divine in man, Absolute, is an empty thing by itself, a house without an inhabitant, without any life in it. They are mere expressions of unlimited, undefined and indefinite longings.

"But let Jesus of Nazareth be called Mind, and He is the Word of God; let Him be called Infinite, as in Him all fullness dwells; let Him be the Divine in man, being the Word made flesh; let him be the Absolute, as He is the Alpha and the Omega; and you have a most perfect, a most heavenly philosophy, besides having a philosophy that is as true, as practical, as real, as a living Person can be."

ONE of the good signs of the times, and one that is finding various expressions, is the getting together of representatives of different nations for laudable purposes. A result which is certain to ensue in all these deliberations, whether in Washington or Cannes or Genoa or London, is a better understanding among the nations, one of another. It is good to learn that among all the questions that have inspired these gatherings, political, industrial, social, the religious is not to be neglected.

The twenty-sixth International Eucharistic Congress has been called to meet in Rome this year from May 25th to May 29th. Catholics from every country will meet there to pay public homage to the King of kings and to listen to addresses of a religious nature, especially on the Divine Sacramental Presence and Its effects in the hearts of men and nations. This will be the first International Eucharistic Congress since the World War. Those who have been present at other gatherings of a like nature, will realize that the assembly of this Congress will mean a great spiritual awakening, a magnificent profession of faith, an effective union of prayer, all augmented and intensified because of the fact that the assembly is to be held in the Centre of Christendom and under the direct charge of the Holy Father.

A SOCIAL movement of importance that has been operating for some time past is that embodied in the Catholic Boys' Brigade of the United States. It is an organization that gives to boys all that any other of a secular nature affords, and much more besides. For it is thoroughly and completely Catholic, as well as enthusiastically patriotic. Its pledge to the Flag of the country is supplemented by a pledge of Catholic loyalty and devotion. While securing for its members all the features of an athletic and social nature which they could find elsewhere, it also keeps alive the religious motive and contributes much to the development of character by means of the proper religious instruction. Many branches in various parishes are now in existence, but it is hoped that many more, through the coöperation of clergy and laity, will be established. General Headquarters are situated at 128 West 37th Street, New York, and the Chief Commissioner is Father Kilian, O.M.Cap.

WE are happy to call the attention of our readers, and especially those who are deeply interested in social work, to the Report of the Seventh National Conference of Catholic Charities, which has been published recently. The treatment of a long list of social topics and the character of the contributors of the various papers, unite to make of the volume a work invaluable to all social workers, necessary to all who wish to keep abreast of Catholic social effort and calculated to interest even those who, as yet, have failed to realize either the extent or the importance of social activity.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

THE MACMILLAN CO., New York:

The Book of Saints. A Dictionary of the Servants of God canonized by the Catholic Church, extracted from the Roman and other Martyrologies. *Selected Poems.* By Wm. B. Yeats. \$2.50. *Four Plays for Dancers.* By Wm. B. Yeats. \$2.00. *An Introduction to the History of Christianity, A. D. 590-1314.* By F. J. F. Jackson. \$4.00. *California Trails, An Intimate Guide to the Old Missions.* By T. Hall. \$2.50. *The Study of American History.* By Viscount Bryce, O.M. \$1.50. *One.* By Sarah W. MacConnell. \$1.75. *Russia in the Far East.* By L. Pasvolksy. \$1.75. *Life and Death of Harriett Freau.* By May Sinclair. \$1.25.

LONGMANS, GREEN & Co., New York:

A Short History of the Irish People, from the Earliest Times to 1920. By Mary Hayden, M.A., and G. A. Moonan. \$7.00 net. *Thomas Hardy, Poet and Novelist.* By S. C. Chew. \$1.50. *Richard Phillip Garrold, S.J. A Memoir* by C. C. Martindale, S.J. \$1.75 net. *Lady Agatha.* By Beatrice Chase. \$2.00 net.

OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS, New York:

The Second Person Singular, and Other Essays. By Alice Meynell. *The Proceedings of The Hague Peace Conference.* Translation of Official Texts. The Conferences of 1899 and 1907. Index Volume.

- E. P. DUTTON & Co., New York:
Simon Called Peter. By R. Keable. \$2.00. *Some Notes Historical and Otherwise, Concerning the Sacred Constantinian Order.* By E. Gilliat-Smith.
- SCHWARTZ, KERWIN & FAUSS, New York:
The Esthetic Motif from Thales to Plato. By Dr. M. Bailline, B.V.M.
- P. J. KENNEDY & SONS, New York:
Monasticism and Civilization. By J. B. O'Connor, O.P., P.G. \$1.75. *A Boy Knight.* By M. J. Scott, S.J. \$1.50.
- BENZIGER BROTHERS, New York:
The Light on the Lagoon. By Isabel C. Clarke. \$2.00 net. *The Ideal of Reparation.* By R. Plus, S.J. Translated by Madame Cecilia. \$1.50 net.
- CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS, New York:
The Everlasting Whisper. By Jackson Gregory. \$1.75.
- G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS, New York:
Abraham Lincoln, Man of God. By J. W. Hill.
- ALLYN & BACON, New York:
Le Tour de la France Par Deux Enfants. Par G. Bruno. Abridged and edited by E. A. Whitenack. 80 cents. *Teachers' Course in Latin Composition.* By H. C. Nutting. \$1.00.
- JAMES T. WHITE & Co., New York:
Songs of Florida, and Other Verse. By G. G. Currie. \$2.00. *Spring Flowers and Women.* By Doris Kenyon and James Kenyon. \$2.25.
- HARVARD UNIVERSITY PRESS, New York:
Pneumonia. By Fred. Taylor Lord, M.D. \$1.00.
- GOVERNMENT PRINTING OFFICE, Washington, D. C.:
Excavation of a Site at Santiago Ahuizotla D. F. Mexico. By A. M. Tozzer. *Thirty-fifth Annual Report of the Bureau of American Ethnology.* Part II.
- THE CORNELL PUBLISHING Co., Boston:
Solitary Hours. By F. S. Schlesinger. *Tree-Top Mornings.* By Ethelwyn Wetherald. \$1.50.
- SMALL, MAYNARD & Co., Boston:
Veils of Samite. By J. C. Miller. *The Modern Ku Klux Klan.* By H. P. Fry.
- THE FOUR SEAS Co., Boston:
The Malden's Prayer. By K. I. Balse. Pamphlet. *Famous Stories from Foreign Countries.* Translated by Edna W. Underwood. \$2.00 net. *Brazilian Tales.* Translated from Portuguese by I. Goldberg. \$2.00 net.
- THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY PRESS, Boston:
Shackled Youth. By Edward Yeomans. \$1.60.
- THE STRATFORD Co., Boston:
Damien and Reform. By Rev. G. J. Donohue. \$1.50.
- THE GORHAM PRESS, Boston:
The Door, and Other Poems. By Daniel Sargent.
- LOYOLA UNIVERSITY PRESS, Chicago:
The Catholic Church in Chicago, 1673-1871. By G. J. Garraghan, S.J. \$2.50.
- PRINCETON UNIVERSITY PRESS, Princeton, N. J.:
The Work of the Bollandists. By Hippolyte Delehaye.
- ARCHABEY PRESS, Beatty, Pa.:
The Science of Education In Its Sociological and Historical Aspects. By O. Willmann, Ph.D. Translated by F. M. Kirsch, O.M.Cap.
- THE NORTH AMERICAN ALMANAC Co., Chicago:
The North American Almanac, 1922, The Aristocrat of Almanacs.
- MATHE & Co., Chicago:
Lamps of Fire. By Marian Nesbitt. \$1.00.
- J. M. KLUGH, 2842 State Street, Chicago:
The Etymologic Cipher Alphabet of One Hundred and Twenty Letters with a New Arithmetic System. By J. M. Klugh.
- B. HERDER BOOK Co., St. Louis:
Once Upon Eternity. By E. Dinnis. \$1.75. *A Great Mistake.* By Mrs. G. J. Romanes. \$2.00 net. *Lourdes.* By V. Rev. Magr. R. Hugh Benson. 90 cents.
- THE CATHOLIC SOCIAL GUILD, Oxford:
The Catholic Social Year Book, 1922. 1 s. net.
- BROWNE & NOLAN, LTD., Dublin:
St. Bernard's Treatise on Consideration. Translated from original Latin by a Priest of Mount Melleray. 7 s. 6 d.
- IMPRIMERIE LESBORDDES, Tarbes, France:
Une Ame Forte, Le Venerable Michel Garicotts, F.V.D. 3 fr.
- E. THIBAUT, Louvain, Belgium:
Le Récit du Pèlerin. Par Eugène Thibaut, S.J.
- ST. JOSEPH'S INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL PRESS, Trichinopoly, India:
The "Hope" Series. No. 1.—The Star-Dusty Road. No. 7.—The Seven Last Words. By T. Gavan Duffy. Pamphlets.

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